



H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1869.

NUMBER 38.

**1869. A NEW THING, 1869.**  
**A BIG THING.**  
 And a GOOD THING IN EBENSBURG.  
**ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!**  
 The "House of Tudor" Surrendered  
 TO THE SMALL FRY!

**NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!**  
**New Inducements!**

**High Street! Low Prices!**

**A. G. FRY**  
 Has taken possession of the rooms on High Street, (three doors from Centre Street,) recently occupied by R. H. Tudor, into which he has just introduced a mammoth assortment of

**DRY & DRESS GOODS,**  
 Groceries, Hardware, &c.,

consisting of everything and much more than any dealer in this neck of timber has ever pretended to keep, and every article of which will be

**SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!**  
 IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

**NO DEALER KEEPS BETTER GOODS!**  
**NO DEALER SELLS MORE GOODS!**  
**NO DEALER SELLS CHEAPER!**  
**NO DEALER SELLS MORE!**

**TRY FRY! TRY FRY! TRY FRY!**  
 Buy from Fry! Buy from Fry!

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 the finest Dress Goods at the fairest prices.

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 Millins, Checks, Gingham, Tickings, Shirt, Hosiery, Denims, Drills, Jeans, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Dolmans, &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 Boots and Shoes for Men, Ladies' and Children's wear, unexcelled in quality and nowhere undersold in prices.

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., of the handsomest styles at the lowest figures.

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 Meats, Sides, Shoulders, Mess Pork, Fish, Salt, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Soap, Candles, Spices, or anything else in that line.

**TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY**  
 anything and everything worth buying, and be sure that at all times you will be supplied at the LOWEST CASH RATES.

Oh my! my eye! it is no lie  
 That at the Dry Goods Store and Grocery  
 Just opened by A. G. Fry,  
 On the street called High,  
 More for your money you can buy  
 Than from any one else, far or nigh.

I design to keep a full line of  
**DRESS GOODS** of the most  
 desirable styles and textures,  
 and as I am determined to sell as CHEAP AS  
 THE CHEAPEST, I respectfully solicit a call  
 from all the ladies, and especially from those  
 who have been in the habit of visiting other  
 places to make their purchases. Whatever  
 you want to buy, be sure first to try the store  
 of A. G. Fry.

Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

**DR. C. K. ZAHM, JAS. B. ZAHM**

**ZAHM & SON,**  
 DEALERS IN

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
**HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,**  
**AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES**

usually kept in a Country Store.

**COOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE**  
 TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

**STORE ON MAIN STREET,**  
 Next Door to the Post Office,  
 Oct 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

**NEW MERCANTILE FIRM!**  
**IN EBENSBURG!**

**EDWARD ROBERTS** hereby gives  
 notice to his old friends and customers  
 on the first day of July, last, he admitted  
 into partnership with him, full partner-  
 ship, G. ROBERTS, into full partner-  
 ship with him in the mercantile business in  
 Ebensburg, and that hereafter the firm name  
 be EDWARD ROBERTS & SON.

Every stock will embrace everything in the  
 Staple Dry Goods line, Groceries of  
 all kinds, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,  
 and all other articles of all qualities, a full line  
 of Hardware, Queensware, &c., and in fact  
 every article to be found in a well regulated  
 mercantile store.

Having enjoyed a successful and pleas-  
 ing experience of more than twenty years in the  
 business at this place, and having completed a  
 new edifice on High street and increased  
 facilities for supplying my friends at all  
 seasons at the lowest prices with the best ar-  
 ticles in the market, I confidently appeal to  
 those who have so generously given me their  
 confidence and support in the past to continue  
 a measure of patronage towards the new  
**EDWARD ROBERTS.**

Ebensburg, July 15, 1869. M.

**KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace**  
 and Claim Agent.—Office removed to  
 office formerly occupied by M. Hasson,  
 No. 2, on High St., Ebensburg, 118.

**ALTOONA NOT YET IN RUINS!**  
**WOLFF'S MAMMOTH**  
**CLOTHING BAZAAR!!**  
**STILL RIGHT SIDE UP!**

**SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!**  
 IN IMMENSE PROFUSION!

**ALL WANTS SUPPLIED!**  
**ALL TASTES SUITED!**  
**ALL BUYERS PLEASED!**

**SUITS FOR OLD PEOPLE!**  
**SUITS FOR MIDDLE AGED!**  
**SUITS FOR YOUNG AMERICA!**

**CLOTHING! CLOTHING!**  
**TO FIT EVERY MAN AND BOY!**

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS**  
 OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

**BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,**  
 OF ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

**Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags,**  
**Umbrellas &c., &c.**

**STOCK THE LARGEST!**  
**GOODS THE VERY BEST!**  
**STYLES THE NEATEST!**  
**PRICES THE LOWEST!**

**CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER**  
 of any goods or style desired.

**CALL AND SEE!** **CALL AND SEE!**

**CAN SUIT YOU IN GOODS & PRICES.**

**STORE ON ANNIE STREET,** one  
 door north of the Post Office.  
 Don't mistake the place and there will be no  
 mistake about you getting the best bargain.  
**GODFREY WOLFF.**  
 Altoona, April 28, 1869. H.

**THOMAS CARLAND,**  
 WHOLESALE DEALER IN

**GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,**  
**WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,**  
**STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,**  
**FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,**  
**BACON, FLOUR,**  
**FEED AND PROVISIONS,**  
 NO. 136 VIRGINIA STREET,  
 Between Julia and Caroline, - ALTOONA.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood  
 and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Station-  
 ery will be sold from manufacturer's printed  
 price lists, and all other goods in my line at  
 Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pitts-  
 burgh current prices. Dealers may rest as-  
 sured that my goods are of the best quality and  
 my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing  
 a fair, upright business, and by promptly and  
 satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit  
 the patronage of retail dealers and others in  
 Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders re-  
 spectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed  
 in all cases.  
**THOMAS CARLAND.**  
 Altoona, July 29, 1869. M.

**WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,**  
 WASHINGTON STREET,  
 Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,  
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,**  
**MILLINERY GOODS,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**QUEENSWARE,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**HATS AND CAPS,**  
**IRON AND NAILS,**  
**CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
**GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,**  
**WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,**  
**PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,**  
 Together with all manner of Western Produce,  
 such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT,  
 CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited  
 and promptly filled on the shortest notice and  
 most reasonable terms.  
**WOOD, MORRELL & CO.**  
 Johnstown, April 28, 1869. M.

**LAWSON & BAKER,**  
 FRANKLIN STREET,  
 In the Old POST OFFICE BUILDING,  
**Johnstown, Pa.,**  
**WHOLESALE GROCERS**  
 AND DEALERS IN

**WESTERN PRODUCE!**

**LAWSON & BAKER** keep constantly on  
 hand a large supply  
 SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, TEAS,  
 COFFEES, FLOUR, BACON, POTATOES,  
 DRIED AND GREEN FRUITS, TOBACCO  
 CIGARS, &c., &c.

Orders solicited from retail dealers, and sat-  
 isfaction in goods and prices guaranteed.  
 Johnstown, April 28, 1869.

**PETERSIDES,**  
 WITH  
**HICKMAN, HOLL & CO.,**  
**WHOLESALE TOBACCO DEALERS,**  
 S. E. Corner Third and Market Sts.,  
 Jan. 22, 1869. PHILADELPHIA.

## Original Poetry.

### LEANING O'er THE GATE.

BY G. L. H.

Of all the joys earth can bestow  
 On forlorn mortals here below,  
 Why with a kiss just seal your fate  
 Across some neighbor's garden gate,  
 You'll surely never go amiss.  
 If you will only practise this:  
 For there's no harm, with pretty Kate,  
 To lean across a garden gate.  
 No matter how the hours do fly,  
 Nor how the dawn lights up the sky;  
 For all the good and all the great  
 Would talk across a garden gate.

If with the world you get disgusted,  
 Or your friend are crabbed and crusty,  
 Why with a kiss just seal your fate  
 Across some neighbor's garden gate.  
 And when you're settled down in life—  
 A happy man and happy wife—  
 Do not forget the hours so late  
 Spent leaning o'er a garden gate.

### Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

#### DOWN IN A DIVING BELL.

Haven't you often wondered what mys-  
 terious things were hidden in the far-dun-  
 depths of the waves of the great lakes? W-  
 ondered how the bottom looked; of  
 the strange fishes; the sensations that a  
 living man would feel down there in the  
 morning waters? When you have read  
 of some good ship, freighted with many  
 happy souls, plunging down into the dark  
 depths haven't you wondered how she  
 rested, and even, like a vision, the pale  
 faces, and staring eyes and floating locks  
 being washed hither and thither, their fin-  
 gers clenching stiffly at one another as the  
 cold water swept them back and forth? We  
 can see nature in the forest, in the air,  
 in all her workings but that of the wa-  
 ters. And that is why we seek to  
 penetrate the hidden mysteries; why the  
 diver who descends into her closed cells is  
 an object of awe and admiration. We  
 who live upon the shore see him in his  
 armor often, hear of his successes and  
 failures, sometimes of his death, and yet  
 but few of us know his courage, his en-  
 durance, his perils, his feelings down there  
 alone, knowing that he descends with his  
 life in his hands, and that the waves  
 above him would gladly chant his death-  
 song for his boldness.

Foremost among the bold divers of the  
 lakes is John Quinn, a resident of Detroit,  
 and, from a long and varied experience,  
 eminently qualified to tell the readers of  
 the *Free Press* of the mysteries of which  
 we have spoken, and with a little help to  
 polish his words, he says:

"It is a strange business, this diving.  
 The danger fascinates some, but the peril  
 is never for a moment lost sight of. I put  
 on the helmet for the first time more than  
 ten years ago, and I never resume it  
 without a feeling that it may be the last  
 time I shall ever go down. Of course,  
 one has more confidence after awhile, but  
 there is something in being shut up in an  
 armor, weighed down with 100 pounds,  
 and knowing that a little leak in your life-  
 pipe is your death, I should care to banish  
 the feeling, for the sight of the clear, blue  
 sky, the genial sun and the face of a fel-  
 low man, after long hours among the  
 fishes, makes you feel like one who has  
 suddenly been drawn away from the grasp  
 of death. I have had some narrow  
 escapes while pursuing my strange profes-  
 sion; every diver has, or has been un-  
 usually lucky to escape them. I think the  
 most dangerous place I ever got into was  
 going down to examine the propeller  
 Comet, sunk off Toledo. In working  
 about her bottom, I got my air-pipe coiled  
 over a large sliver from the stove hole,  
 and could not reach it with my hands.  
 Every time I sprang up to remove the hose  
 my under would give me the 'slack' of  
 the line, thus letting me fall back again.  
 He did not understand his duties, and did  
 not know what my signals on the life-line  
 meant. It was two hours and a half be-  
 fore I was relieved, and there wasn't a  
 moment that I was not looking to see the  
 hose cut by the jagged wood. It's a  
 strange feeling you have down there. You  
 go walking over a vessel, clambering up  
 her sides, peering here and there, and the  
 feeling that you are alone makes you ner-  
 vous and uneasy. Sometimes a vessel  
 sinks down so fairly that she stands up  
 on the bottom as trim and neat as if she  
 rode on the surface. Then you can go  
 down into the cabin, up the shrouds, walk  
 all over her, just as easily as a sailor  
 could if she were still dashing away be-  
 fore the breeze. Only, it seems so quiet,  
 so tomb-like; there are no waves down  
 there—only a swaying back and forth of  
 the waters, and see-sawing of the ship.  
 You hear nothing from above; the great  
 fishes come swimming about rubbing their  
 noses against your glass, and starting with  
 a wondering look into your eyes. The  
 very stillness sometimes gives me a chill.  
 You hear just a moaning, wailing sound,  
 like the last notes of an organ, and you  
 cannot help but think of dead men float-  
 ing over and around you. I have been  
 down especially to rescue the bodies of  
 those drowned. About four years ago,  
 the propeller Buckeye, belonging to the  
 Northern Transportation company, went  
 down in the river St. Lawrence, in seven-  
 ty-eight feet of water, and it was known  
 that a mother and child were asleep in  
 their state-room at the time of her sink-  
 ing. The father begged of me, and offer-

ed me a good deal of money to take out  
 the corpse, and though I dreaded the  
 work, I at last consented. I had been  
 all over the wreck two or three times, and  
 I knew just where the state-room was.  
 The door was fast locked, and I waited a  
 good while before bursting it open. Of  
 course, a dead person couldn't harm you;  
 but even in broad day, on shore, and the  
 people around you, don't you know that  
 the sight and presence of a dead person  
 brings up solemn thoughts and nervous  
 feelings? I knew how they would look,  
 how they were floating around in the  
 room, and if the father hadn't been look-  
 ing so wretched above, there was no money  
 to tempt me in there. But, at last I got  
 a crowbar from forward, and not letting  
 myself think, gave the light door a blow  
 that stove it in. The water came rush-  
 ing out, the vessel just then lurched over  
 towards my side, and out they came, the  
 woman first, her eyes wide open and hair  
 trailing behind, and in her left hand she  
 held the hand of her child. I knew how  
 they would look, but I screamed out and  
 jumped back. Her face was fearfully  
 distorted, showing how sharp death had  
 been met, and the eyes looked through the  
 green waters at me in a way that made  
 my flesh creep. The child had died easi-  
 ly, its livid, white face giving no sign of  
 terror. It was a good while before I fas-  
 tened the line to them and gave the signal  
 to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I  
 was not long in following. This is one of  
 the drawbacks to any feelings of curiosity  
 a diver might otherwise have. I never  
 go down to the hatchway or the cabin  
 steps without thinking of a dead man  
 floating about there. When the Lac la  
 Belle sank on the St. Clare flats, the en-  
 gineer was caught in the rushing waters,  
 and no trace was ever found of his body.  
 His wife came to me, hearing that I was  
 to go down to the wreck, and asked me  
 to find the body if possible. I remem-  
 bered this when I went down, and I went  
 groping around the engine room in mo-  
 mentary expectation of encountering the  
 body. I looked so long without finding  
 it that I had got nervous, and had started  
 for the ladder to go up, when I felt some-  
 thing strike my helmet and give way, and  
 a chill went dancing over me as I thought  
 the dead body was at hand! But on  
 reaching up I found that I had run against  
 the fire hose, the end of which was hang-  
 ing down, and that what I so dreaded  
 was still out of my sight.

"A diver does not like to go down more  
 than 120 feet. At that depth the pres-  
 sure is painful, and there is danger of in-  
 ternal injury. I can stay down for five  
 or six hours at a time at 115 or 120 feet,  
 and do a good deal of hard work. In the  
 waters of Lake Huron the diver can see  
 30 or 40 feet away, but the other lakes  
 will screen a vessel not 10 feet from you.  
 "One of the strangest of the strange  
 things that I ever knew of in my line,  
 was the case of the propeller J. W.  
 Brooks, a Northern Transportation boat.  
 It was about ten years ago, when she was  
 about forty miles off Salmon Point, Lake  
 Ontario, and the next day was found by  
 the steamer Wellington floating near the  
 point. She was end up in the water, her  
 bow standing out and stern down, perpen-  
 dicularly, and was towed into shoal water,  
 and I went down to make an examination.  
 As sure as I'm living, there wasn't a hole  
 in her sides or bottom that would have  
 sunk a basin; she was as sound and per-  
 fect as on the day the last nail was driven  
 home; but there wasn't a sign of her boiler  
 or machinery left in her, nothing but  
 the bed-plate on which the boiler had  
 stood, and she had neither burned nor  
 blown up; and, yet, the boilers and ma-  
 chinery had gone out, and there was no  
 sign or sign of how they did it, and no  
 living man can explain it. She had been  
 seen only the day before, and was next  
 found floating, and there never had been  
 found either captain or crew to unravel  
 the mystery, none of them ever having  
 been heard of. She is yet running, having  
 been raised, converted into a tug, and is  
 now towing on the St. Lawrence under  
 the name of William the Fourth.

"Yes, we get pretty good pay—\$40  
 and \$50 a day, and sometimes more, but  
 outfit costs \$1,500, and there is a good deal  
 of wear and tear. And the lonesome,  
 uneasy feeling is worth a round sum. Up  
 here, you seldom think of accident or  
 death, but a hundred feet of water dash-  
 ing over your air-pump, a leak in your  
 hose, a careless action on the part of your  
 tender, and the weight of a mountain  
 would press the life out of you before you  
 could make a move. And you may 'fool'  
 your pipe or fine yourself, and in your  
 haste bring on what you dread. I often  
 get my hose around a star or rail, and  
 though I am not called cowardly, and  
 generally release it without much trouble,  
 the bare idea of what a slender thing holds  
 back the clutches of death off my throat  
 makes a cold sweat start from every pore."  
 —Detroit Free Press.

**A WONDERFUL LAKE.**—There is a lake  
 in Harrison, Ind., within a mile of Pal-  
 myra, three quarters of a mile in length,  
 with a breadth of a quarter to half a mile.  
 In some portions of it the bottom has  
 never been sounded. It has neither inlet  
 nor outlet, so that its waters must be sup-  
 plied by numerous springs, and it is pre-  
 vented from overflow solely by evapora-  
 tion. Its waters are beautifully clear,  
 and abound with most excellent fish.

The rightful heir—not the "chignon."

## Last Words of Great Men--The System a Failure.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Marshal Niel's last words were: "L'ar-  
 mee Francaise!" (The French Army).—  
 Exchange.

What a sad thing it is to see a man  
 close a grand career with a plagiarism in  
 his mouth. Napoleon's last words were  
 "Tete d'armee." (Head of the army).  
 Neither of these remarks amounts to any-  
 thing as the "last words," and reflect little  
 credit upon the utterers. A distinguished  
 man should be as particular about his  
 last words as he is about his last breath.  
 He should write them on a slip of paper  
 and take the judgment of his friends on  
 them.

He should never leave such a thing to  
 the last hour of his life, and trust to an  
 intellectual spurt at the last moment to  
 enable him to say something smart with  
 his latest gasp, and launch into eternity  
 with grandeur. No—a man is too much  
 fagged and exhausted both in body and  
 mind, at such a time, to be reliable; and  
 may be, the very thing he wants to say  
 he cannot say to save him; and besides,  
 there are his weeping friends bothering  
 around; and worse than all, as likely as  
 not, he may have to deliver his last gasp  
 when he is not expecting to. A man can  
 not always expect to think of a natty  
 thing to say under such circumstances,  
 and so it is pure egotistic ostentation to  
 put it off. There is hardly a case on re-  
 cord where a man came to his last moment  
 unprepared and said a good thing—hardly  
 a case where a man trusted to that last  
 moment and did not make a solemn blotch  
 of it, and go out of the world feeling ab-  
 surd.

Now there was Daniel Webster. No-  
 body could tell him anything. He was  
 not afraid. He could do something neat  
 when the time came. And how did it  
 turn out? Why, his will had to be fixed  
 over; and then all his relations came;  
 and first one thing and then another in-  
 terfered, till at last he only had a chance  
 to say "I still live," and up he went. Of  
 course he didn't still live, because he died  
 —and so he might as well have kept his  
 last word to himself as to have gone and  
 made such a failure of it as that.

A week before that, fifteen minutes  
 would have enabled that man to contrive  
 some last words that would have been a  
 credit to himself and a comfort to his  
 family for generations to come.  
 And there was John Quincy Adams.  
 Relying on his splendid abilities and cool-  
 ness in emergencies, he trusted to a happy  
 hit at the last moment to carry him  
 through, and what was the result? Death  
 smote him in the House of Representa-  
 tives, and he observed casually, "This is  
 the last of earth." The last of earth!  
 Why the "last of earth," when there is  
 so much more left? If he had said it  
 was the last rose of summer, or the last  
 run of shad, it would have had just as  
 much point to it. What he meant to say  
 was, "Adam was the first, and Adams is  
 the last of earth," and he put it off too  
 long, and so had to go with that unmean-  
 ing observation on his lips.

And there we have Napoleon—"Tete  
 d'armee." That don't mean anything.  
 Taken by itself, "Head of the army," is  
 no more important than "Head of police."  
 And yet that was a man who could have  
 said a good thing if he had barred but the  
 doctor and studied over it a while. And  
 his Marshal Niel, with half a century at  
 his disposal couldn't dash off anything  
 better in his last moments than a poor  
 plagiarism of another man's last words,  
 which were not worth plagiarizing in the  
 first place. "The French army." Per-  
 fectly irrelevant—perfectly flat—utterly  
 pointless. But if he had closed one eye  
 significantly, and said, "The subscriber  
 has made it lively for the French army,"  
 and thrown a little of the comic into his  
 last gasp, it would have been a thing to  
 remember with satisfaction the rest of his  
 life. I do wish our great men would quit  
 saying these flat things just at the mo-  
 ment they die. Let us have their next-  
 to-their-last words for a while, and see if  
 we can not patch up something from them  
 that will be a little more satisfactory.  
 The public does not wish to be outraged  
 in this way all the time.

But when we come to mind the  
 last words of parties who took the trouble  
 to make proper preparation for the oc-  
 casion, we immediately notice a happy dif-  
 ference in the result.  
 There was Chesterfield. Lord Ches-  
 terfield had labored all his life to build up  
 the most shining reputation for affability,  
 and elegance of speech and manners the  
 world has ever seen. And could you sup-  
 pose he failed to appreciate the charac-  
 teristic "last words" in the matter of seiz-  
 ing the successfully driven nail of such a re-  
 putation and clenching it on the other side  
 forever? Not he. He prepared himself.  
 He kept his eye on the clock and his finger  
 on his pulse. He awaited his chance.  
 And at last, when he knew his time was  
 come, he pretended to think a new visitor  
 had entered, and so, with the rattle in his  
 throat emphasized for dramatic effect, he  
 said to the servant: "Shin around, John,  
 and get the gentleman a chair." And then  
 he died amid thunders of applause.

Next we have Benjamin Franklin.  
 Franklin, the author of Poor Richard's  
 quaint sayings; Franklin, the immortal  
 axiom builder, who used to sit up nights  
 reducing the rankest old threadbare plat-  
 itudes to crisp and snappy maxims that  
 had a nice, varnished, original look in  
 their new regimentals; who said "Virtue  
 is its own reward;" who said "Procras-  
 tination is the thief of time;" who said  
 "Time and tide wait for no man;" "Neces-  
 sity is the mother of invention;" good  
 old Franklin, the Josh Billings of the  
 eighteenth century—though sooth to say,  
 the latter transcends him in proverbial or-  
 iginality as much as he falls short of him  
 in correctness of orthography. What sort  
 of tactics did old Franklin pursue? He  
 pondered over his last words for as much  
 as two weeks, and then when the time  
 came he said "None but the brave deserve  
 the fair," and died happy. He could not  
 have said a sweeter thing if he had lived  
 till he was an idiot.

Byron made a poor business of it, and  
 could not think of any thing to say, at  
 the last moment, but "Augusta—Sister—  
 Lady Byron—tell Harriet Beecher Stowe  
 —&c.;" but Shakespeare was ready, and  
 said, "England expects every man to do  
 his duty!" and went off with splendid  
 eclat.  
 And there are other instances of sagacious  
 preparation for a felicitous closing  
 remark. For instance:  
 Joan of Arc said—"Tramp, tramp, the  
 boys are marching."  
 Alexander the Great said—"Another of  
 those Santa Cruz punches, if you please."  
 The Empress Josephine said—"Not  
 for Jo—" and could get no further.  
 Cleopatra said—"The Old Guard dies,  
 but never surrenders!"  
 Sir Walter Raleigh said—"Executioner,  
 can I take your whetstone a moment,  
 please?"  
 John Smith said—"Alas, I am the last  
 of my race!"  
 Queen Elizabeth said—"Oh, I would  
 give my kingdom for one moment more  
 —I have forgotten my last words."  
 And Red Jacket, the noblest Indian  
 brave that ever wielded tomahawk in de-  
 fence of a friendless and persecuted race,  
 expired with these touching words upon  
 his lips: "Wawkawanoosackatche-  
 wan." There was not a dry eye in the  
 wigwam.  
 Let not this lesson be lost upon our  
 public men. Let them take a healthy  
 moment for preparation, and contrive some  
 last words that shall be neat and to the  
 point. Let Louis Napoleon say:  
 "I am content to follow my uncle, still  
 —I do not desire to improve on his last  
 words. Put me down for *tete d'armee*."  
 And Garret Davis: "Let me recite the  
 unabridged dictionary."  
 And H. G.: "I desire now to say a  
 few words on political economy."  
 And Mr. Bergh: "Only take a parting  
 word at a time, if the load will be fatiguing  
 to the hearse horses."  
 And Andrew Johnson: "I have been  
 an alderman, member of Congress, Gov-  
 ernor, Senator, Pres—adieu, you know  
 the rest."  
 And Seward: "Alas!—ka."  
 And Grant: "0."

And there are other instances of sagacious