OLUME VI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1872.

NUMBER 30.

OWN FOR TRIAL at a Court of Comis, to be held at Ebensburg, com-Monday, the 2d day of September

IST OF CAUSES

FIRST WEEK. vs. Martz. vs. Black. vs. Wendel. vs. Paddock & Adams. vs. Bracken. vs. Fitzpatrick. McGuire. vs. Powell. vs. Prosser.

vs. Vaughn. vs. Bennett. SECOND WEEK. vs. Lloyd & Co. vs. Aaron. vs. Davis et al. vs. Ragers. Barberick's Adm'rs. Behe.

vs. Zech. vs. M'Gonigle's Ex's et al vs. Preffley et al. vs. M'Cance & Kline. vs. Risban. vs. Cowan et al. vs. Cowan et al.vs. Brady. Co. vs. Gahegan & Ogden.

.vs. Dunegan. .vs. Murphy. vs. Christy & Liddy. vs. Behe. vs. Gibson Executors. Dumfee & Co. J. K. HITE, Prothonotary ry's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1872.

Register's Notice. CE is hereby given that the following ounts have been passed and filed in the r's Office at Ebensburg, and will be preto the Orphans' Court of Cambria coun-r confirmation and allowance, on Wednes-ne 4th day of September next, to wit: oud Account of Stephen Stutzman, Ad-trator, &c., of Lewis Cobaugh, late of the Johnstown, deceased. and Fl.ial Account of Sarah Gallagher chael Maloy, Executors of Thomas Galier, late of Loretto borough, deceased.
nal Account of John M. King, Administraof John B. Fromald, late of Johnstown,

ria county, deceased, at Account of John Bicket, Executor of at Will and Testament of D. M. Cooper, of Clinton e unty, Iowa, deceased, ount of Joseph Hogue, Guardian of minor of Peter Scanian, late of Cambria townof the last Will and Testament of John , sr., late of the Borough of Ebensburg,

and Final Account of F. D. Storm, Adof D. T. Storm, late of Washington of C. B. Ellis, Trustee of the Estate Hosch, late of Johnstown, dec'd, of Mary Heslop, Administratrix cum nuncro of Joseph Heslop, late of ogh, Cambria county, dec'd. Account of John A. Kenne-

of Dominick McBride, late uship, deceased.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Register. OENA FOR PERPETUATING

RIA COUNTY, SS. alth of Pennsylvania: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: To Jacob Moses, Daniel Carns, (surviy-ing husband of Margaret Carns, former-aret Moses.) Catharine Moses and Jacob children and heirs at law of Adam Abraham Moses, and Daniel Sills, (sur-justiand of Mary Sills, formerly Sarah ohn Moses, Rev. George Fickes, (sur-usband of Sarah Fickes, formerly Sas.) their heirs and representatives, and concerned in the premises-Greeting; amand and firmly enjoin you, that, all business whatsoever, you be before the Judges of the Court of ide all business whatsoever. Pleas of the said county, to be held arg on the first Mondoy of September how cause, if any you have, why the in behalf of Robert L. Johnston, in intagainst you, before cur said Court, should not be examined and their reduced to writing and filed of record aid Court, in order to perpetuate the recably to the Constitution of our Govt and the Act of Assembly in such case of provided; and hereof fail not at your

s the Honorable JOHN DEAN, Presid't our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 10th me, in the year of our Lord one thousand seventy-two.
K. HITE, Prothonotary. st-W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. [8-9.-4t.]

Vidows' Appraisements. OTICE is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Real and Personal Pro-y of decedents, selected and set apart for lows of intestates under the Act of As-of 14th April, 1851, have been filed in the Office, and will be presented to the Court for approval on Wednesday, the day of September next, to wit entory and Appraisement of the personal orty of Evan Roberts, deceased, elected to

ed by his widow, Lucinda H. Robentory and Appraisement of the personal rty of William Orr, late of the Borough hustown, deceased, elected to be retained widow, Harriet Orr. - \$271.75. entory and Appraisement of the personal rty late of Peter Allbaugh, deceased, re-

ment of certain personal property for the use of Eleanor Powell, widow Powell, jr., late of Blacklick township, ent of the personal property and

te of William Riley, late of Prospect deceased, set apart for Susan Riey, said deceased, +\$300.00,

GEO. W. OATMAN, Cerk. s Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 3, 1872.-4t.

Sheriff's Sale.

tue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of Court of Common Pleas and to me di-here will be exposed to Public Sale, at the transfer of the court of the art House in Ebensburg, on Saturday, I day of August, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., owing real estate, to wit: All the right, d interest of Lawrence Stich, of, in and t of ground situate in Carrolitown bor-Cambria county, fronting on Main street east and extending back to heirs of Campbell, dee'd, on the Iwest, adjoin-of Simon Schroth on the north and lot Kennedy on the South, having thereon a two story frame house and a frame ow in the occupancy of Lawrence Taken in execution and to be sold at of Albin Oswald.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. 's Office, Ebeusburg, Aug. 8, 1872.

PENA IN DIVORCE.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS. MMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA:
To the Sheriff of Cambria Co., Greeting:
You are hereby commanded that
you summon W. W. H. FREEMAN to be ou summon W. W. H. FREEMAN to be ar at our Court of Common Pleas, to a for said county at Ebensburg, on the of September next, to answer a cer-in Divorce filed against bim in said MARY M. FREEMAN, by her next friend RLIN; and this you are not to omit at

the Honorable JOHN DEAN, Presid't our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 10th
ne, in the year of our Lord one thoushundred and seventy-two.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary. -W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. [8-9.-4t.]

MINISTATOR'S NOTICE —

Estate of MARY MCGUIRE, dec'd. Administration on the estate of CGUIRE, late of Borough of Loretto, d those having claims against the same be present them properly authentica-cttlement. FRANCIS O'FRIEL. 6. July 20, 1872,-6t. Administrator.

TICE. All persons are hereby notified ne sole and exclusive right to make, and my PATENT ROTARY PUMP in y of Cambria and State of Pennsyl-wned by WM. H. WORK, of Indiana and the public are cautioned against mg the same from any other party. S. M. SNYDERust 3, 1872,-3t.-\$14.

MOTHERHOOD

My neighbor's house is not so high, Nor half so nice as mine: I often see the blind ajar. And tho' the curtain's fine, 'Tis only muslin, and the steps Are not of stone at all, And yet I long for her small home chances were that he would not see her. To give mine all in all.

Her lawn is never left to grow, The children tread it down, And when the father comes at night I hear them clatter down The gravel walk, and such a noise Comes to my lingering ears As my sad heart's been waiting for

So many silent years. Sometimes I peep to see them Seize his coat, and hand, and knees-All three so eager to be first-And hear her call, "Don't tease Papa!"-the baby springs,

And then the low brown door Shuts out their happiness, and I Sit wishing, as before, That my neighbor's little cottage And the jewels of her crown Had been my own. My mansion,

With its front of freestone brown, Its damask, and its Honiton, Its lawn so green and bright, How gladly would I give them For her motherhood, to-night.

DIVORCED.

"He'll go to the dogs, now." "Of course he will."

"By all means. Only see how he acted when his wife lived with him! Now that she's left him, and all restraint removed he'll go the rest of the downward way in no time. Poor Nettie! I wonder she stood

"I'll give him just one year to be buried." "Pshaw! Half that time will finish him." "Well, I pity him, too; but I pity her more. He brought misery on both.

Such was the gossip of half a dozen villagers, who stood in front of one of the principal stores, one summer evening, while the subject of their remarks went staggering along on the opposite side.

It is evident he was trying to walk straight and not to appear intoxicated, but such endeavors always seem to make a drunker man walk more crooked. Well, it proved one thing: that he was not yet lost to all sense of shame—that he still retained a little pride, and a lingering aversion to being ridiculed and despised.

But Harry Rogers had carried on at a fearful rate for a year or two past. He had just one vice-drink-but that was enough. He had married a worthy farmer's daughter, Nettie Ray, only a few years previously, and such had been his conduct during more than a year past that she, seeing no hope of his reform, had been obliged to cut him loose to pursue his profligate course alone; and a legal separation had just been effected. It was sad, indeed, but no other course seemed to be left her.

Harry's home was on a little farm, a mile from town. He owned it, but then it was just then. heavily mortgaged, and in another year foreclosure was certain. It was not likely his creditors would spare him when he made no effort to meet his obligations, and spent his time in riotous and disgraceful

A week passed after that Summer evening on which all had agreed in predicting his early ruin-two weeks-three weeksa month or two. What strange mystery is here? To the utter bewilderment of the prophesying sages, Harry discontinued visiting the tavern, and was rarely ever seen in the village. When he did come in the store, he speedily transacted his business and then went home-sober.

But wonders never cease when they get a start. He was next reported as actually at work on his farm. Had but one man seen this, and told it in the village, he me do so. It was only passion for drink, would have been marked as a man lacking | that it seemed impossible for me to oververacity: but a number of ladies saw it and told it, and their combined testimony was worthy of all credence.

The little farm began to look healthier as the Summer wore on. The fences straightened up; the weeds disappeared; the corn grew marvelously; the briars and elders were rooted up from the fields and fence-rows; the animals looked fatter, sleeker, and happier, and the little cottage looked neater.

Time wore on, and the great change was the more strangely remarkable each day. Harry's creditors called and told him they would not be hard on him, and he might have his own time about paying his debts and clearing his farm of the mortgage.

The Fall came, and the farm yielded an abundance of golden corn and fruits-such a crop indeed as it had never produced before; and Harry found himself beginning to drift along with a tide of prosperity.

And Nettie Ray had begun to live her young girlhood over again, as it were, under her father's roof; but, somehow, it was not like the happy, joyous girlhood of memory. It was sober and quiet now, and Nettie fell into trains of musing; every now and then there passed through her mind a certain thought-she was neither | Nettie, dear, what do you say?"

She avoided the vicinity of her late home, nor had she once seen Harry since the sepcounty, dec'd, having been granted to aration, but she had heard of him occasion- eloquent "Yes!" than she could have spoken resigned by the Register of said coun-resons indebted to the estate in ques-requested to make payment without Still this knowledge brought her but a mel-Still this knowledge brought her but a melancholy satisfaction. The reform had come too late-too late! There was a wide gulf between them now.

> But, one evening in the golden October, Nettie found herself rather obliged to pass Harry's farm. It lay between her father's house and the village, but she had heretofore taken a round-about road in going to beating" and gone to work.

and from the village. On the evening in question, however, she had been detained in the village unconsciously till it was nearly dark, and she determined to hazard the nearest road home. It would be fully dark when she would pass his house, and the

She wouldn't have him see her for the world. When she arrived opposite the house, she perceived a light in the sitting-room. Her first impulse was to hurry by; but some powerful influence prompted her to stop. She did so, and stood timidly at the further side of the road, gazing longingly at the house that had been a home for her -first of happiness, then of misery. Bylook at the interior of the room once more. He was evidently within, and there was no behavior! But she could not help it.

The little room was as neat as when she had herself watched over it. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, although it was not very cold; and a lighted lamp stood sitting. How her heart bounded as she caught sight of him! He held in his right hand a book from his scanty library.

She recognized it at once; but he was not reading now. He had allowed it to drop, with its open pages looking mutely to the ceiling-and his face was supported, half concealed in the left hand, the elbow resting on the table. Was he asleep-or was he buried in a sad reverie? Nettie thought that the latter was the case, and her heart was touched.

"I wish I had borne with him," she said. But a moment later her heart was touched when she saw a tear roll down his cheek, and drop upon the book. The lonely man was not asleep-he was crying.

She could not help it. All that was manly in her heart was aroused, and she was at the door in a moment. No ceremony-she burst into the sitting-room and was at his side!

"Oh, Harry!"

Her voice quivered with emotion. "Why, Nettie!" he exclaimed, trying to hide his tears-men are ashamed of them -"Is-is it you?"

"Yes, Harry," holding her face in her hands, "I was passing-I looked in-I saw you sitting here so lonely, and could not help coming in. I thought of the time when we were happy here, and-"

Then her own womanly tears could be repressed no longer. There was no use trying to hide them. Besides, her voice broke down and she could say no more

"Nettie," he arose, and took both hands from her face and held them in his own. "I thought you had blotted me out of your

"No, no, Harry," she sobbed. "I could not do that. I could not help leaving you; but I left you loving you more than ever. Oh! I have been unhappy."

"Nettie, you have heard that I-"

"Yes, I have heard that you have changed-that you do not drink any more -that you are again manly and industrious as you used to be; but how lonely you must be here?" and the tears gushed forth anew, as her heart felt what her lips spoke.

"Yos, I'm lonely, Nettie-more so than you may think; but I deserve this punishment for the way I have acted. I had no discouragements, I had nothing to make come. You were all a wife should be or could be. When you left me, I thought I should become more reckless than ever. Only a day or two after I knew you had left me for good, I was in town drunk, and I heard some village people—they thought I couldn't hear them across the streetpassing all sorts of remarks about me, saythat my destruction was near. Although intoxicated, it startled me, and for the first time I felt the full force of our separation, and realized that ruin stared me in the face. I had a bottle of whiskey in my pocket at the time, and when I went out of town, I smashed it, bathed my face in a little clear stream of water at the roadside, and resolved never to touch whiskey again. I hard to keep my resolve for the first week or two, but I stood it, and soon my taste for drink disappeared. I care nothing for it now, and would not touch it if it ran in streams. Now, Netttie, if you love me as well as ever-and God knows that I love you the same-let us get married over two years will only enhance our happiness.

She could not answer; she was crying as if her heart would break, and her head was pillowed upon his breast. It was a more

The moon was rising, and it had never looked so happy as it did while he walked home with Nettie to her father's.

So Harry Rogers and Nettie Ray were married again, and there is no divorce that could separate them now.

THE "immortal J. N." has quit "dead

AN OUTCAST AN HEIRESS. THE GOOD FORTUNE OF A SERVANT GIRL.

Some twelve years ago, says the Detroit Free Press, a man named Strickland, a widower, living in Franklin county, Pa., died, leaving property amounting to \$6,000. He had but one child, a little girl named Agnes, then about seven years old. Both of Strickland's parents were dead, and the only relative he had was a brother, named William. This brother succeeded in getting himself appointed administrator of the estate and guardian for the child, and then moved his family into the house and took full possession. From that day he and his and-by, she felt an irresistable yearning to family set about making Agnes's life a wretched one. She was beaten and starved, half-clothed, kept from school, not allowed danger that he would see her. So she to associate with children, and it would she walked hurriedly across the road, open- seem that the brother was bent on getting ed the gate, and softly stepped into the her out of the way so that the property lawn. Another moment, and she was at should legally fall into his hands. Agnes the window, looking in. What singular was hardly old enough to realize the death of her father, and when told that she was a beggar, and was kept out of the poorhouse by the charity of her uncle, she did not know to the contrary. When she was eight years old she remembers being taken on the table. It was there that Harry was to a city where she saw the lake and a great many ships. She went in company with her uncle, and she has never been back to Franklin county since. She cannot now remember all that happened, but thinks that he deserted her there. She recollects being sent to some house where there were lots of people, probably a county-house, and remained there a good while. She finally left there in company with a man named Howard, who took her home, and up to the time that she was twelve years old or thereabouts she lived in his family. They then removed to Akron, Ohio, taking

Shortly after settling there some jewelry was missed, and the theft was left to Agnes, and she was sent to jail for three months. On being released from jail, Agnes went to Cleveland, and for four years was employed in various families, whose names and numbers she had with her. She went from there to Buffalo, and says that she worked for nearly a year in the family of one of the editors of the Post. She exhibits recommenda-Buffalo to come to Detroit two years ago, and Las worked in two different places here, her last and present place being in the family of a Mr. Kelly, on Eighth street About two weeks ago, while with the fam, ily on a river excursion, Agnes made the acquaintance of a woman named Mrs. Rogers, who is here visiting friends on Congress street, east, and whose husband is bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery house in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Rogers lived for many years in Franklin county, and something came up which made her speak of some one in that county. Agnes had forgotten where she was born, but knew it was somewhere in that State. She had always preserved the name of Strickland, and when she gave it to Mrs. Rogers that lady inquired if she ever had an uncle William. Agnes remembered him, but thought him dead. Mrs. Rogers was convinced that she had found the orphan whom Strickland

had reported lost and then dead. On his return from his trip with the girl he had given out that she had lost herself in the city (Erie), and he published notices offering a reward for her. He pretended that he had detectives hunting her up, and that he was much grieved about her disappearance. After a year or two he advertised to pay all claims upon the estate of "Agnes Strickland, deceased," and it was generally understood that the little girl had been drowned in Ericharbor. Living near ond election of Lincoln. Cozzens was a Strickland, Mrs. Rogers knew all these facts, and both she and Agnes were fully convinced that Agnes was the lost child. When the affair was made known to Mr. Kelly, he at once employed a lawyer to write to parties in Franklin county, and they replied that Strickland lived on the ing that now I was a doomed man certain; farm yet and that the general idea was that Agnes had been dead for years. The value of the property is nearly \$10,000, every shilling of which belongs to Agnes. A letter from an attorney who was written to

"It will not be a difficult task to put the girl in possession of her rights. There are several families here who can no doubt identify her, as all were acquainted with had tried it long enough to know that I her parents, and an ambrotype of Agnes could not drink and be temperate. It was when she was five years old is in the hands of a young lady here, it having been given her long ago by one of Strickland's girls, If Agnes wants to institute criminal pro-I think she will be satisfied with being put in possession. She had bettter come down as soon as possible." Miss Strickland puragain, and the bitter experience of the last | chased ticket on Saturday, and will start on Monday, Mrs. Rogers going part of the way with her.

> A FEW weeks since a well educated young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, suddenly disappeared from her home in an eastern city. She was finally discovered, dressed in a s suit of her brother's clothes forty miles away. When taken back, she avowed that her sole object was to be talked about. "Didn't the neighbors talk when all these years the faithful pair have each I left," she said, "and won't they talk more | written and received two letters every week now, when they hear where I have been | till a week or two ago, when the swain reand what I have done?"

PEACH parings make the best of jelly,

THE KEY OF DEATH.

The following singular tradition is related of a key in a collection of curiosities pre-

served in the arsenal at Venice: About the year 1600 one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon that could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned around with little difficulty. When turned, it disclosed a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such fineness that it entered the flesh and buried itself there without leaving any external

Tabaldo waited at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction .-The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the unsuspecting bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sharp and sudden pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his own house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the young maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal; they, too, perished

miserably in a few days. The alarm that these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examinations of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first month of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak to her at the gate. Her reply was most decisively in the negative. Tebaldo, beside himself with e, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded. The obscurity of the place prevented his actions from being On her return to her room the covering it she found it spotted with a sin- and friendly regards, gle drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, lost no time in conjecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State Inquisition did everything to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was searched, the famous invention

discovered, and he perished on the gibbet. From the Senate to the Gutter.

On Wednesday evening a ragged, filthy, utterly abandoned-looking vagrant, a young man, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, while grossly intoxicated fell down a cellar, corner of Mangin and Houston streets, and sustained such severe injuries to his head as compelled his removal to Bellevue Hospital. He gave his name as Luke F. Cozzens. When he recovers he will probably be sent to the Penitentiary for ten days as a vagrant.

Luke F. Cozzens was born, some say in Ireland, some up the Hudson. At any rate he married the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Albany, who was afterward obliged to leave him on account of his habit of drinking. Cozzens studied law in this city and soon made a name for himself among the profession. He began to dabble in local politics about 1850, and in a few years had almost mounted to the topmost round. In 1852 he was a prominent member of the Young Men's Democratic Union Club, of which the Hon, Daniel B. Taylor was Pressen its presiding officer, a position which he held during three or four years. This was a very influential organization in those times. It died out at the time of the secpower in the Seventeeth Ward. His appearance was handsome and winning; his manner genial and free hearted. Everybody liked him, and he had hosts of friends who would go through fire and water to serve him. His talents were of the most brilliant character. He was highly educated, exceptionally intelligent, and possessed a rare gift of eloquence which took the hearts of his auditors by storm. He was accounted one of the best orators in the local Dem-

ocratic party. In 1864 his constituents substantially testified their confidence in his merits by electing him State Senator from what was then the Fifth District-the 10th, 11th, 13th, and 17th Wards-by a large major-That was the only office he ever held. He had always been a drinking man, but about this time rum became his master. He never was the man to save his money, and never was rich. What little he had was soon wasted in the corner liquor stores. Self-respect, everything, followed. His friends, noable to control his appetite and disgusted with his conduct, abandoned him one by one until he became at length a wandering, houseless, bloated vagrant-a ceedings I am ready to take the case, but lodger in friendly station houses not so often as in the first gutter.

For a long time he has been constantly dragged up in one police court or another morning after morning for intoxication, and as often let off on account of what he once was.

He is utterly past reformation, and the most charitable thing that can be done he cannot obtain the only thing his soul heart : craves-rum. His case, on account of the extraordinary brilliancy of his prospects such a short time ago and his unparalleled degradation now, offers an unusually imand working in a carriage factory, about following in his footsteps.—N. Y. Paper.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO an Indianian left

THE NEXT PRESIDENT HEARD FROM HORACE GREELEY AT PORTLAND MAINE.

The Keynote of the Campaign.

A MODEL SPEECH.

Following is the report of a speech made by Hon. Horace Greeley, the next President of the United States, at his reception in Portland, Maine, on the 15th inst. :

Mr. Greeley said he had struggled through-

out his life for-first, impartial and univer-sal liberty; second, for the unity and greatness of our common country; third, and by no means the least, when the former end was attained, for an early and hearty reconciliation and peace among our countrymen. He recognized the propriety of a candidate for the Presidency making no speeches, yet there is truth to be uttered in behalf of those who have placed me before the American people in my present attitude, which does them such henor that I claim the privilege of stating it here. Now, this is, that in truth no person has ever yet made the fact that he proposed to support, or actually did support, my nomination, whether at Cincinnati, Baltimore, or in any action which resulted in sending delegates to either Convention, a basis to a claim for office. No one who favored my nomination before either Convention has sought office at my hands, either for himself or any one else, nor, has any one suggested to me that I might strengthen myself as a candidate by promising to appoint any one to very important offices whatever. In very few instances, I am certain, (some of the smaller fry of politicians have,) since my double nomination hinted to me by letter that I might increase my chances by promising a post-office or some such place to my volunteer correspondents respectively. I have not usually responded to these overtures, but I now give general notice that, should I be elected, I will consider the claims of these untimely aspirants after those of the more modest and reticent shall have been fully satisfied. In two or three instances I have been asked to say whether I would not, if elected, confine my appointments to the Republicans. I answer those by pointing to that plank of the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth are cordially invited to participate in their estabhonest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform as my political brother,

maiden felt a pain in her breast, and un- and as such fully entitled to my confidence One other point demands a word. Those to those lately hostile to the Union to secure their favor and support. I answer, no man r woman in all the South ever asked of me. whether directly or through another, any other pledge than is given through all my acts and words from the hour of Lee's surrender down to this moment. No Southern man ever hinted to me an expectation, o hope, or wish that the rebel debt, whether Confederate or State, should be assumed or paid by the Union. No Southern man who ould be elected to the Legislature or made Colonel of a militia regiment ever suggested the pensioning of rebei soldiers, or any of them, even as a remote possibility. All who nominated me were perfectly aware that I had upheld and justified federal legislation to suppress the Ku-Kluk conspiracy out-rages, though I had long ago insisted as strenuously as I now do that complete amnesty and genuine oblivion of the bloody and hateful past would do more for the suppression and utter extinction of such outrages than all the force bills and suspensions habeas corpus ever devised by men .-Wrong and crime must be suppressed and punished, but far wiser and nobler is the

egislative policy by which they are prevent-For those who support me in the South have but one demand-justice; but one desire-reconstruction. They wish to be heartily reunited and at peace with the North on any terms which do not involve the surrender of their manhood. They cherish the joyful hope that the time will soon come when they will be treated under Federal authority as citizens, not culprits. So long as they obey and uphold every law consistent with equality and right they desire a rule which, alike for white and black, shall encourage industry and thrift, and in which I

fully concur. Between the 5th of November and the 4th of March next quite a number of Governors and some other dignitaries who in the abused name of Republicanism and loyalty have for years been piling debts and taxes upon their war-wasted States, will follow the whole some example of Bullock, of Georgia, and retire to the shades of private life. The deeper and darker these shades are, the better for themselves and for mankind; and the hope that my election may hasten the much de sired hegira of the thieving carpet-baggers has reconciled to the necessity of supporting me many who would otherwise have hesitated and perhaps refused. Fellow citizens, the deposed and partially

exiled Tammany ring has stolen about thirty

million of dollars from the city of New York That was a most gigantic robbery, and hurled its contrivers and abettors from power and splendor to impotency and infamy. But the thieving carpet-baggers have stolen at least three times that amount, and have stolen it from an already impoverished and needy people. They still flaunt their prosperous villainy in the highest places of the land, and are addressed as "Honorable" and "Ex cellency." I think I hear a voice from Ale honest people of all the States declaring their iniquity shall be gainful and insolent no longer, at the farthest, than till the 4th of next By that time those criminals will have heard a national verdict pronounced that will cause them to fold their tents like Arabs and as silently steal away. That, I trust, will be the end of their stealing at the cost of the good of our country and wellbeing of our people.

MORE FROM THE SAME SOURCE. In the evening of the same day Mr. Greeley was serenaded, when he stepped forward, and, after an apology for his inability to speak, owing to fatigue and the weather, troops !" made the following brief remarks, which with him is to place him somewhere where are alike creditable to his head and his

The sixty years that have passed over my head have taught me broader charity and kindlier consideration for those with whom I have differed. I have learned to believe pressive warning to the thousands who are | that there is reason on the opposite side. It my life and time I have aimed to do what was right-often, doubtless, being mistaken -often grieving old friends and alienating other friends, and sometimes turning a few to downright enemies; and while thus with and received two letters every week till a week or two ago, when the swain returned to claim his bride. They have a pile of two thousand nine hundred and twelve love letters to begin housekeeping with other friends, and sometimes turning a few love letters to begin housekeeping with | see many of the young men of Portland in ates Grant, and is out for Greeley.

this crowd, and to such I would say, be patient, be resolute. If the doors of opportunity are reluctant to open, no not be discouraged, but be sure that in the good providence of God success will come to you. It may not be such success as you would choose-such as you would prefer-but it will be a real and genuine success. There is no land like ours for its opportunities to poverty-to industrious, honest and conscientious poyerty. To those of you who are struggling now as I struggled in my young life, I repeat, be patient and resolute. If my life were to end to-night, or if my future were to compass only disaster and defeat, I would still consider my life a success, because I had been permitted to live in this country and in this age; and thus, friends, I bid you good-night

Interview with Grant.

His Recent Tour-He Propounds a Conundrum---Fighting It Out on One Line. [Correspondence of the New York Telegram.]

ONE THOUSAND ISLANDS (More or Less), August 8, 1872. I sent my last letter to you when the President and myself and the rest of our illustrious party were about starting for the

Thousand Islands. We are now among them, and between boating, fishing and lieing under the trees; the time passes agreeably. I find that Grant is fond of Fish, although at times I have some difficulty in determining whether the fish don't think the real bait is on the other end of the line and angle accordingly. Nearly all these Islands are surrounded by water, but right around this Island on which I am writing there is now more whisky than water. The President says he'd like to sit under a long branch here and fight it out with a line all summer. He prefers it to a Long Branch by the sea side-everything is so n-ice and cool, and the "straws" tell which way the wind blows.

While the General and I were on a tramp the other day, he startled me with a connu drum. We had started out in the morning for flounders in the harbor, but the day promised to be so warm that when we came to a little pond in the woods, near a mill, the General said he guessed we had better stop under the trees and catch our flounders there. So we each baited our hooks and fell to work. There was a pleasant spirit (in a glass concern that held a pint) about lishment and vindication. I never yet heard | the place that made it comfortable, and we of a man who invited his neighbors to raise | sat talking very contentedly till the Presia house, who proceeded to kick them out of dent said he felt a nibble. He whipped up it so soon as the roof was fairly over his his hook and found it was caught on the bark of an old log. He pulled this off, and tried again. The next time he landed a small, still-looking dog-without any bark. He laid him one side, in a melancholy way, and tried again. This time he snared au old shirt, tied up and full of young kittens: The President looked still sadder at this. and, winding up his line, began to muse, He said he guessed he'd go. I asked him what he was thinking of. He remarked, "Colonel (he calls me Colonel now,) if Dr. Greeley was here why would he say this pond was like my Cabinet?" I said I could not think unless because he had kept Shurtz out of it. "No," he said, "its because it seems to be full of corruption." I laughed, and the General added that he thought we might as well leave the pond and go home, for he didn't believe that even Justice herself could find a scale in it. When we're out so, we talk over politics a good deal. and generally agree on most points. The President says he thinks most of my ideas are very sound, and he has promised when he gets back to Washington to make a change in the Cabinet.

The General feels quite hopeful as to the success of his ticket this fall, made up as it is of a tanner and a shoemaker. He says it will be a tough ticket to beat. I suggested that the Convention might perhaps have done better than to put Wilson on, for it seemed a little like getting down to take a cobbler for Vice-President. He said he didn't look at it in that light, for he rather liked cobblers, and it didn't make a straw's difference to him, if they only drew well. PAUL PEPPER, P. P.

A MIDDLE SIZED BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.—Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world-except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clear to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do first rate; but I can't cipher out a proper or improper girl, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of Old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they could't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as possible, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense, is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummux her; and when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after awhile, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle.

But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me-and they don't care either. The hoitytoytiest girls in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like and pull as steady as any old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the feller they have spliced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

THANK GOD .- At the close of the Revolution, George III. desired his Chaplain to return thanks to God. The Chaplain replied, "Sire, do you wish

me to thank Got that you lost so many

"Do you wish to thank God because you have lost so many millions sterling?"

"Do you wish to thank God because you have lost thirteen of your best colonies?" "Then what do you want to thank God

"I want to thank God because it is no 1002286. 11 So it is with the Radicals: They fire sa-