

A. McFike, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME VII.

New Advertisements.

WELCH & CRIFTHS,
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Sole Agents for ALL OTHERS.
MILLS, BROS. & CO. MACHINERY,
LIBRARY DISCOUNTS,
Sole Agents for...
Welch & Griffiths,
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PUBLIC SALE

Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises near Loretto, Cambria county, Pa.,

No. 1-A Farm
Containing 4 ACRES and 20 PERCHES, about 20 Acres of which are cleared, well fenced, and in a high state of cultivation, having the iron and wood sheds, barn, and other buildings, with an OIL CHAND of about 1000 gallons.

No. 2-A 1 1/2
Containing 4 ACRES and 20 PERCHES, adjoining the above and the property of the Sisters of Mercy; very valuable.

No. 3-A 1 1/2
Containing 4 ACRES and 20 PERCHES, cleared and very desirable, adjoining Farmingburg property.

No. 4-A 1 1/2
Containing 4 ACRES south of the Plank Road and adjoining the above; valuable as meadow or pasture land.

No. 5-A Farm
Containing 20 PERCHES of cleared and improved land, situated south of the Plank Road and principally cleared and in a high state of cultivation; has a large, well-shedded barn, and other buildings, with an OIL CHAND of about 1000 gallons, and is a very valuable property.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.
By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the hotel of Florian Bengner, in Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., on Tuesday, 27th day of March, 1873, the following described real estate, to-wit: One lot of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., containing 10 ACRES, more or less, about 20 ACRES cleared, having a well-shedded barn, and other buildings, with an OIL CHAND of about 1000 gallons, and is a very valuable property.

The Cherry Wood Clock.

With a cherry wood case,
And a jolly round face,
Standing just in the niche in the wall,
Ticking all night and day,
In the steadiest way,
Is an old-fashioned clock in the hall.

There's a spot on the face,
And there's many a trace
Of a scratch and a scar on the wood;
And the hands made of brass,
With an odd shadow pass
O'er a dial, that ages have stood.

Yet the old clock is ticking,
The second hand picking
Its way round to "90" so sure;
And it strikes with a ring,
Like an animate thing;
And the while looks old and demure.

Al! that cherry wood clock,
Standing firm as a rock,
Looking down on the folks of to-day,
In its own solemn tone,
Of the past, in its old-fashioned way,
It has ticked slow and strong,
In its monotone song,
When the house was all quiet and still;
It has spoken so loud,
Almost joyous and proud,
When the blast without whistled so shrill.

It has ticked with the bell,
That a wedding would tell,
It has ticked keeping time with the song;
It has ticked at the birth
Of a soul brought to earth,
To battle and grow with the strong.

It has ticked through the night,
When the small shaded light
Saw the weary, food watchers above,
With the breath dying fast,
Eye like life leaves was past,
Of a parent or child whom they loved.

It has ticked to the tread,
As they carried the dead
Thro' the old-fashioned hallway and door,
With its wailing and woe;
And it ticked right along
Just as steadily and strong
When the funeral services were o'er.

'Tis an honest old hand,
With a diggy brass band,
Tracing round the dial each day,
But it seems to fortell,
With a mystical spell,
How swiftly our lives pass away.

'Tis an heirloom at best,
Looking odd, with the rest
Of the new-fashioned and ware;
With its wandering gaze,
At the present odd ways
Of the new generation and fare.

There's a problem to solve,
As the hands slow revolve,
Whether modern fash, manners and all,
Are as true and good
As the old folks so rude,
Whose hands placed the clock in the hall.

consequence of the complicated manner in which I disposed of my dwelling in this city, I should otherwise have had no place of residence. It is true that I take upon myself the new responsibilities with considerable reluctance, not more, I am assured, than they felt in bestowing them upon me. This mutuality of feeling is to me a source of the liveliest satisfaction and is one of the most violent assurances of our future mutual good understanding. Had the other individual who failed, in consequence of the alarming increase in the number of my friends in Pennsylvania, been elected, a large body of persons who are now gaining their honest bread by the sweat of their virtuous brows would have been deprived of the means of subsistence, the progress of administrative reform and competitive examination would have been thrust back for at least four-fifths of a century. It is proper on this occasion that I should allude to the successor which the constitution has appointed in case of my removal by natural causes before the expiration of my official term. With my last Vice, Mr. Colfax, I part with feelings of the profoundest variety. My relations with him, as with any other Vices, have been cordial. Few men have been endowed by Providence with a larger allowance of vital piety or by nature with a shorter memory, the first of which is a preservative of his religious character and the last of his moral integrity; and, while he retires to the enjoyments of private usefulness, from which it is not probable he will again emerge, it affords me great pleasure to reflect that my incoming Vice will not fall apart behind him in either of these endowments. I have feelings of great respect for Mr. Wilson, especially on account of his poverty, as he was a poor shoemaker and a poor Senator. There is every reason to believe that he will be a poor Vice President—in fact, that he will be a model of destitution in all the departments of social and official life.

It is proper that on this occasion I should indicate, so far as is consistent with my private interests, the individuals of whom my civil staff will be composed during my coming term of office. I am informed by the Secretary of the Navy that not less than four more years will be required to meet in a way that is satisfactory to them, the calls of several parties upon the Treasury, on account of his Department. Any officer less interested in the subject might be inclined to regard the different claims—for instance, of Secor & Company and Ames & Company—as only various ways of stating the same demand, and be likely therefore to infer that they had been paid several times over already, an inference under which it is obvious their losses would be very considerable. It is, I may be allowed to remark, to be regretted that it has never been definitely settled how many times the same account against the government may be legitimately liquidated, in consequence of which there has been no little diversity in the practice of the Navy Department.

It seems imperative under the circumstances that I should retain the services of Mr. Reber, and I shall do it the more willingly from my conviction that his fitness for the office he occupies. It has been urged against him that he has no knowledge of naval affairs. I do not, judging from my own experience, consider this an objection. It is decided that Mr. Boutwell will leave the position he now holds in my official family, in case he is elected to the Senate from Groton, the place he formerly represented. In case somebody else should be elected he will, in obedience to the Constitution, not take his seat. In respect to the person who may be required to fill the place of Mr. Boutwell, I confess that I have not been without my feeling of perplexity. The splendid portrait of Hon. William A. Richardson, engraved on steel by a first-rate artist in the Treasury Department at the public expense and widely distributed, has inspired all beholders with esteem for his integrity as well as for his physiognomy. This tribute to an eminent official personage to his virtues is touching in the extreme. It appeals to all the nobler sentiments of our nature, and is honorable alike to his head and his heart. This engraving, in steel, which the Attorney General, who is a lawyer, informs me bears but a faint resemblance to the original of engravings, has of late been carried to a high state of preservation in the Treasury Department. I was in favor of Mr. Boutwell before his retirement providing himself with a similar testimonial of personal regard and admiration. I am compelled, however, to say that he has hitherto conscientiously confined his requisitions upon the artistic resources of his department to the provision of visiting cards for himself and a pretty extensive family—a fact which proves that even when bent upon the pleasures of social intercourse his mind remains all of its original frugality. Of these, however, it is gratifying to know he will carry into his retirement sufficient to supply his needs for all time in the future.

The public debt, as I am informed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who before he entered my service, was a practical professor of mental and physical arithmetic in a primitive seminary in Massachusetts, and who as such was familiar, not only with the apple and potato, but with the dollar and fractional currency examples, has realized a handsome increase since the second day in November. This is a striking proof of the accurate workings of our fiscal machinery, public debts being of such a nature that, as the Secretary informs me, they are apt to expand considerably before Presidential elections. In financial affairs, so the Secretary thinks, elasticity is a thing of the first importance. Very much has been done during my past administrative term to provide a elastic currency for the people, and it is one of the incidental happy results of these measures that the debt has become as elastic as the currency.

With Mr. Boutwell, who has, probably, succeeded in effecting other arrangements, I separate with feelings of the kindest sort. Elastic as to his financial ideas and practice, and elastic as to his mind and conscience, he has introduced an elasticity into the public services; in his department which has answered several important purposes; as in one of its forms it is of great assistance in moving the crops; so in another it has from time to time excited considerable sums of money to emigrate to the great encouragement of individual activity, though not without introducing some inconvenient complications into the book-keeping of the department.

It is customary, as I am informed by my pastor, Rev. John P. Newman, a man deeply read in the Apocrypha, the Apocrypha, and other writings of a mythological character, for Presidents and Emperors to signalize their entry into power by some act of official clemency. In accordance with this precedent, I design, at no distant day, to pardon certain atrocious criminals now imprisoned at Albany. It has been urged in their favor that they were not guilty; but it is obvious, even if this were the case, that a hasty pardon would have been inadvisable; at least it could not have been afforded at any time before the second Tuesday in last November.

The trial and conviction was a heavy expense to the government, for which justice demands it should realize some compensation. If they were not guilty, it was either their fault or misfortune; and for neither the faults nor the misfortunes of its citizens is the government, while I am President of the United States, to be held answerable. The domestic relations of potatoes, being subjects of public interest, it will be expected of me to say something of mine. Within the last four years my family has not increased numerically to a great extent; but circumstances have been such as in a remarkable degree to bring to my knowledge the persons of whom it is composed. I had never before any idea of the feelings of affection entertained for me by individuals of whose existence until after my first election I was totally unaware. It is thus that we come under the influence of the tenderest and holiest influences. A cousin is a very loving party; a second cousin still more so; in fact, the more sympathy seem to grow stronger in the ratio of the square of the distance in the line of consanguinity. One of the most positive injunctions of the New Testament is to take care of one's own household, and I have the assurance of my pastor, the Rev. John P. Newman, whose claims may be heard every Saturday evening in verification of my statement, that in this respect I have done my duty.

There is reason to expect difficulty with a horde of squatters who have settled themselves in a remote corner of my dominions and call themselves Latter Day Saints. They have adopted a style of religious belief unauthorized by the constitution of the United States, and a habit of marrying their concubines, which is contrary to the practices of the patriarchs of our government. Not being able to secure the services of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose acquaintance with this branch of the clergy is profound and extensive, as a missionary for their conversion, I was constrained to send unto them my pastor, the Rev. John P. Newman, an ecclesiastic to whom a private heathen is an utter abomination. I regret to confess that the reverend gentleman did not fare as successfully as he expected; that in fact he was well known and badly maltreated with a Bible in the hands of one Orson Pratt, who is a sort of champion of these heretics, and whom he confidently expected to demolish. My legal missionary also, the Hon. James McKean, received but little better treatment, and found the heathen posted in positions of such strength as to afford him great trouble and small satisfaction. This, of itself, as I am informed by the Secretary of State, who has studied Puffendorf until it produced a marked effect upon his department, is an offense justifying reprisals exclu-

ply in character and amount. The matter, however, is before Congress, where, I have no doubt, such measures will be taken as will best exemplify the Christianity of the government, the superiority of our practice, and the personal purity of the pious and conscientious individuals of whom the public councils are composed.

It is an agreeable task to a man of my feelings to acknowledge the receipt of articles of use or ornament presented to him as memorials of past and especially of future good offices. In this department of public duty the demands upon my attention have been numerous, not so numerous, however, as to leave any dislike to their repetition, and it is but fair for me to suggest that my hopes for the future are in every respect as lively as my gratitude for the past. If I have anything to regret it is that things have now and then come to hand, doubtless through the inadvertence incident to emotions of thankfulness, marked with the characters of C. O. D., which I am given to understand means either Call On Dent, or Collect On Delivery. In either sense these letters are unwelcome, and, in justice to myself, I am constrained to express the hope that no occasion will hereafter be afforded for their repetition.

Since I stood here four years ago I have been made a L. L. D., (as I am told by General Howard, who runs a college with great profit and satisfaction), means Doctor of Laws, tho' how it can mean it I do not exactly understand. It was done at a place near Boston, where they can make them very easily and at a small expense, the principal cost being in Latin and sheepskin, the first of which is manufactured on the spot, and the last tanned by a new process in the vicinity—since I received my license as physician I have gone into practice pretty extensively.

My last patient was Louisiana, which has suffered a good deal with intestinal difficulties of a fundamental character. Dr. Morton, whom I called in consultation, says that her constitution has broken up entirely, and that nothing but emetic applications to the spine—in which he has had great experience—will work her restoration. I am compelled to admit that my prescriptions thus far have not done as well as I expected, and if things do not work better in the future I shall feel compelled the next time I go to Boston to apply for the well-known degree which in order follows the one I have received.

Courtesy to a co-ordinate branch of the law-making power requires I should not close without saying something about Congress. But it has been suggested to me by the laundress of the House—the experienced—that the best thing to say will be to say nothing. Senator Pomeroy informs me that the time has not come for justice to pronounce her final verdict upon himself and his co-Senators, and that they are all perfectly willing to wait until she has disposed of the other business on her docket even if it should require two-thirds of a century. This spirit of self-denial on the part of our public men cannot be too much commended. The duties of the last session have been arduous and to many of the leading men of both branches extremely onerous.

The Credit-Mobiler required a great deal of deliberation of the most delicate character. Credit-Mobiler (as I have been informed by one of my near relatives, who is a corrector of the press), means credit that emigrates in spite of the utmost care on the part of members. Considerable credit has emigrated from Congress during the past Winter, the effect of which, it is to be feared, will be unwelcome, not having been placed where it will do the most good to the parties concerned. It is a fact easily demonstrated that the country is larger the more square miles it contains, and the more populous in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. This should lead us to consider the means by which national greatness may most easily be obtained.—The people of St. Domingo are pressing for admission into the Republican party, and will add much to our force at my next election. What the policy of my government will be in that respect will depend upon the views I entertain. The Secretary of the Navy informs me that, under the present forms of construction, it will be impossible for our ships of war to carry with them those dry docks and coaling stations, away from which their perils are extreme. The safest place in the world (as I am informed) for a ship of war is in a dry dock. The next is a coaling station. We need these, therefore, whenever our ships of war go in search of our absconded commerce, in the finding of which they have hitherto not been very successful. And now, fellow-citizens and citizenesses, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, I thank you for your attendance and bid you a welcome adieu.

U. S. GRANT.

MARK TWAIN assails the character of J. Escariot, by calling him a premature Congressman.

WHAT A BRAVE MAN DID.

One night, in the long galleries of an immense convent at Castro, during the retreat of Sir John Moore immediately preceding the battle of Corunna, several thousand British soldiers were sleeping heavily, exhausted by the fatigues of the past day, and by the evening of recovery which had followed.

The corridor below was completely filled by the horses of the men and of the artillery. These were packed so closely that there was no room to pass between them, and there was but one door of entrance.

At a late hour of the night, two officers who were crossing the bridge of Castro perceived that one of the shutters of the convent was on fire, and that the flame was fast spreading to the roof above. The peril was extreme, for had a chance spark fallen on the straw beneath, the whole would have blazed up at once, and hundreds at least of those senseless men who lay sleeping there in the deep stupor of intoxication must inevitably have perished.

Not a moment was to be lost. One of the officers, Captain Lloyd, of the Forty-third—his name deserves to be remembered—made a sign to his companion to keep silence; then ran on fast to the convent, and making his way into the corridor, leaped on the back of the nearest horse. On he sprang from horse to horse—for there was no room to move in any other way; it was giddy work, but with strong courage and steady nerves he went bounding on over that living bridge.

Will he be in time? Already the flames are licking the rafters of the roof above, and the wood is old and rotten.

One more flying leap and he has gained the window; the next moment he is tearing away frantically at the shutter, to loosen it from its hinges.

It was a moment of fearful excitement. One false step now, one cruel spark, and all his work would be in vain; he and the doomed men he was trying to save would alike have been crushed or stifled or burnt to death, amongst the falling ruins. Still he kept his place at that giddy height, tugging away manfully at the shutter. Well done, Captain Lloyd! Hold on, but a little longer, keep a good heart, and you will save them yet.

The fire helped rather than hindered him now, charring and loosening the frame-work, which at any other time it would have taken a very Hercules to move. He worked on against time through moments which seemed like hours, till at last he had wrenched the shutter from its hinges, and the mass of flaming wood was loose in his hands. Then, with one final desperate effort, he hurled it down, as far as he could, into the courtyard beneath, there to smoulder and burn itself into a white ash, and do no harm to any one.

We fancy the man's heart must have beat fast and proudly when he looked down afterwards and realized what he had done—done all alone, too, and silently, without a single cheer to help him all the time.—TRISSLEY'S MAGAZINE.

A MAN'S WAY AND A WOMAN'S WAY.—When a woman has a hen to drive into a coop, she takes hold of the coop with both hands and shakes them quietly towards the delinquent, and says, "Show! there." The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it's a woman, and stalks majestically into the coop in disgust of the sex. A man don't do that way. He goes out of doors and says, "It is singular nobody in this house can drive a hen but myself," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped, and observes "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason, and dashes to the opposite end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, and coal chinkers, with a much puffing and very mad man in the rear.—Then she skins up on the stoop, and under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the sawluck and whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration and profanity appears to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate, and help dodge the missiles—and then the man says that every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down street, and the woman dons her hoops and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering by the oldest boy, as he mends the broken pickets.—Danbury News.

"Home is the place for boys," said Spinks to his eldest prick and joy.

"Yes," said the youngster, dutifully; "I like to stay at home—if the time, but ma sends me to school."

NEW YORK

As viewed by the official eye

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

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THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

AS WRITTEN BY DONN PIATT.

The following admirable address, prepared for President Grant by Donn Piatt, a well known newspaper correspondent in Washington, was not used on the occasion of his second inauguration; so Donn printed it in the Capital, which so displeased the President that he attempted to have the edition containing it suppressed by the police of Washington, but failed, and over twenty-five thousand copies of the paper containing this address and several other pungent criticisms by Piatt upon the President's course were sold the day of the inauguration.

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FOR YOUR WINDOWS!

Make them bright and clear by using the best glass paper.

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REWARD.

For anyone who will find the person who has stolen the following goods, and return them to the undersigned, he will receive a reward of \$1000.

500,000 CASH GIFTS.

500,000 for Only \$10.

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