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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1875.

NUMBER 37

and Elegant

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Principal. 47 The "IRON CITY COLLEGE is the only institution of the kind, in this city, that we recommend to the public patronage."-Presbyterian Bonner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN AUTUMN SONG. BY JENNIE HARRISON.

Oh, the changes will follow the years as they And shadows must mingle with sunlight, we know; The flowers we gather will wither at last;

The songs we are singing be lost in the past; Some links must be broken in life's golden And bells that rang sweetly may not ring Yet why need we mourn, looking back o'er When forth in the future such brightness

For all of our losses comes something to gain, And pleasure close follows the footsteps of Oh, the river that floweth forever the same May follow one channel and bear the one

But the flowers on its margin, the trees and Forever must change with the seasons that And thus our affection-the stream of the Right onward, forever unchanging, shall

Though that which hath blossomed once fair May sink away slowly with time's ebbing Oh, why need we sorrow for joys that are While the life-giving river forever flows on?

AN EVICTION.

"Mary, Mary! do you hear what the neighbors says-that we're all going to be evicted?" cried Denis Connor, entering his cabin one evening towards the end of October, and sitting down dejectedly; while Mary, his wife, looked up from her work in blank dismay.

"What do you mean, Denis?" she asked. 'Sure, we don't owe a penny of rent, and Balmoral Yarns. Also, Morgan's celebra- if the Lord spares our health we'll remain

"It's too true, I'm afraid. O Molly, it'll break my heart to leave the old place! ill goods in our line, not in stock, in the and what'll you and Oona do?" and the shortest possible time, by parties leaving old man rocked himself to and fro, and mouned bitterly.

"Whist, Denis, dear," Mary said, gently placing her hand on her husband's shoulder; there's some mistake, ye may be certain. His Honor could not mean to turn us out, for sure there's no decenter poor people on all the property than the neighbors. It isn't like as if we were living entirely on the land, and couldn't pay the rent. His Hopor couldn't mean to evict us, Denis !"

But his ilonor did mean to evict them, as they learned formally a few days after; the entire village of Cloonabeg was to be

It was a wild, bleak spot on the west coast of Ireland, not many miles from the ancient "Citic of the Tribes." The village consisted of a long, straggling row of cabins, on the edge of a common, and within a stone's-throw of the sea. The inhabitants of Cloonabeg were fishermen-poor. simple, houest, hard-working people-who had been born in the cabins they dwelt in, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, and knew little of the world beyond. They all had the right of the common-on the other side of which stood the village of Cloonamore, a much more important place, which boasted the possession of a police barrack, a chapel, and a national school. There was little intimacy between the inhabitants of the two villages. The Cloonamore people were farmers, comfortable as farmers go in the west of Ireland, where they have to toil, and toil continually, to make the wretched land produce anything. They were very jealous of their neighbors down by the seaside, who paid far less rent, and on the whole seemed not only to work less, but to be more comfortable.

The fishermen were quiet, proud, reserved people, who lived entirely to themselves, helping each other in difficulty, consoling each other in trouble, and taking little interest in anything save the coming and going of the shoals of fish.

They spent their evenings, when not out on the bay, with their wives; and it was pleasant to see them sitting outside their cabin doors, smoking their pipes, or mending their nets and sails-the men in their rough home-knit blue guernseys, the women in their scarlet jackets. They were very poor, but their wants were few, and they were contented and happy in their

Denis Conner was considered the most comfortable man in Cloonabeg. He had a son in America, who often sent him money; Galway, who was considered almost a merchant. One other child he had, Cona, a pretty golden-haired girl, the pet of the

In the next cabin to Denis Connor's lived a very old woman, named Merrick; poor Judy she was called, for she had had many A'General Banking Business Transacted. troubles in her lifetime. Her husband and only son were drowned twenty years before, trying to save the crew of a brig which struck on "Marguerite's Rock." Young Merrick left a wife who died a few months after, and a sickly little boy. Poor Judy took the child, and managed to bring him up and keep a roof overhead by conadmitted at any time. . For circulars, address, of the men who could afford to pay her a ask His Honor that ?"

Willie Merrick, full-chested, clear-eyed and agent said. supple sinewed like the majority of the hardy sons of the sea-coast.

cause they could depend on whatever he offered for sale being genuinely good and moderate in price, but they liked the look Mr. Hayes, sir? Go back to the big house money to pay his passage to America. the sound of his hearty voice.

Mrs. Merrick was proud of her grandson, and not without reason, for he was a universal favorite, and deserved to be.

A few evenings after Denis Connor had told his wife of the threatened eviction, Oona, his daughter, was sitting with Willie Merrick on the stone seat outside of Judy's cabin. There was no "take," and against wind and tide.

"She'll never get in, Oona, if they don't | forget their evil faces !" tack more to the east'ard," Willie said. "Oh, if I had a boat like her, wouldn't I be happy !"

"Aren't ye happy as ye are, Willie?" Oona asked. "Ye told me the other night that ye was the happiest boy in Cloonabeg or Choonamore either."

"So I am, darlin'," Willie said, looking tenderly at the fair, saucy face beside him; many hours over the fire. "but I'll be happier when yer my own futirely. When is it to be?"

"Whenever ye like, Willie; father and mother are willing, and yer granuy is teasing me every day. Sure, we're all as one as married, aren't we, Willie?"

"Yes, darlin'; but I want the priest to desolate coast. spake the words, and put this on yer weeshy little finger;" and young Merrick pulled from his pocket a canvass bag, from the farthest corner of which he pulled a wed-

"This Shrovetide, then, Willie," Oona whispered with a blush. "Now, I must go in, as mother'il be wanting me. Is that the agent gone into Martin Gill's, Willie? I didn't think it was rent day yet."

went into the house, while Willie went to themselves warm, waiting for the demolisee what the people were gathering in tion of their cabins; women weeping bitgroups for, and talking so mysteriously terly, children shivering, and men with to see who'll cave first." about. A very few words served to ex- folded arms, and set teeth, and blanched had come, accompanied by the bailiff, to exercising a self-control wonderful and "His Honor, the landlord, wanted the place cleared down," was all the reason he gave. It was a sad thing to walk through the village of Cloonabeg that evening, and go from house to house with thing: "Yo must clear out: His Honor wants the place. I'll forgive ye half this half-year's rent all around, and give ye to member the men'll be here on New Year's day to pull down these dens."

Connor's the whole village-men, women, after cabin fail in. and children-were after them, crying bitterly, and Judy Merrick came to ask what the matter was.

"It's evicted we are-served with a netice to quit, Judy," Mary Connor said quietly. "It isn't easy to leave the place ye were bred and born in, and go out on the world. But God's good; cheer up, Denis avia

"What does she mean, Denis Connor?" Judy cried. "Is it that they're goin' to dispossess ye-to turn ye out of the cabin ye were born in, and yer father and grandfather before ye?"

"Yes, ma'am; that's exactly what we mean," the bailiff said. "I'm going to

"Serve me! evict me, turn me, an old woman of three score and ten, out on the road side!" Judy screamed. "No! I was born in that cabin; my father lived and died in it; my ancestors were the first that ever raised a stone of Cloonabeg. Old Judy, poor Judy, Judy Merrick, ye may call me, but I'm Julia O'Brien, and in the cabin I've lived in there I'll die."

"We'll see about that," the bailiff sneered, and Judy rushed out, and knelt down at her door-step. "The first one that crosses here will have to walk over me," she shricked; but the bailiff advanced, and laying his hand on her shoulder, gave her a printed form, and said

"You're served Mrs. Merrick; and I'd take it easier, if I were you. Come on, sir," he added, turning to the agent, who was examining the condition of the house.

Judy Merrick stood up, and looked at the notice in her hand, and then advanced to the agent's side. "Mr. Hayes, sir," she said slowly, "I'm to be out of this cabin on the 1st of January, amu't I?" "Yes; and see that you are," Mr. Hayes

replied. "Where am I going to, sir?"

ders; "go wherever you like."

"You know, sir, that in Cloonamore

19-17.-3m.1 and earn his living, and support his grand- quarter's rent, and then give ye two unknown in the west of Ireland.

mother. A fine, handsome, manly lad was | months' notice and nothing to pay," the

the heap of stones ye level it to." "Come, come; that's all nonsense. See aren't ashamed of me, are you?" that you are out, bag and baggage, before "No, Willie; but I'll not follow you to Accordingly, those aged months repaired the 1st of January," the bailiff said, roughly America," Oona said sadly. "I'm going to a neighboring dentist, and lo! the tri-

she cried, shrinking back. "Don't lay yer Heaven forever bless you!" the men were all about the bench attend- dirty hand on me, ye black-hearted villain. little boat which was making for the quay | tor / It's all his dom's and his,"-pointing fainting into her father's arms.

Merrick said sternly, with quivering lips only mourners. and flashing eyes; "and if I ever have a

chance, God help them both."

cutting, bitter sleet before it. The sea and tion. sky, of a gray leaden hue, seemed to meet -you could scarcely distinguish one from

tion! All words are inadequate to describe | merry tune. the scene-it is something one must look on to thoroughly comprehend. That morning inquired the merchant, as he halted. on the common, wherever a stunted shrub "Not allus, but old Bet has got one o' dying bed. offered the faintest shelter from the bitter her fits on jest now," was the ready reply. "Yes, faix, it is, Oona, and it wants a east wind, the people were sitting huddled week yet to the half year;" and Oona together, or lying on their poor beds to keep plain the object of the agent's visit. He faces-men poor, ignorant, homeless, yet serve "notice to quit" on every house. touching. The lane leading to the village was also lined on each side by the unfortunate people; and as the bailiffs came wifh picks to begin their work, the women greeted them with a terrible cry.

The men were silent, calmly, grandly sithe agent. Everywhere he said the same lent. They could have easily beaten off the intruders-they could have chased them into the sea, or dashed their brains out against the rocks; but what would it avail? the 1st of January to get away. But re- Others would come and take their places, for Cloonabeg was doomed. The men looked passively on as they saw their homes By the time they had reached Denis levelled to the earth-as they saw cabin

Opposite the door, Denis Connor and his wife and daughter sat waiting for the end before starting for Galway. In vain they in business, what an effect it has on his entreated Judy Merrick to accompany them; she would not leave her cabin. Grim and solemuly that out she would not go. And pass on with a cold "How do you do?" her grandson, Willie? Poor fellow, he was in Galway jail on a charge of attempted he heard the young man threaten him; so perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man

When the men came to Mrs. Merrick's house, and found her still inside, they ed by favoring smiles and kind words from paused in dismay, but the head builiff's or- everybody. He prides himself on his name der came sharp and decisive: "Go on!" and spotless character, and makes his and a shower of dust and stones about poor boast that he has not an enemy in the Judy's ears showed that they were going world. Alas! the change. He looks at on without any mistake. Then Denis Con- the world in a different light when reverses not rushed in, and seizing the woman in his come upon him. He reads suspicion on arms, carried her out, just as the roof gave every brow. He hardly knows how to her dearly loved cabin, for Judy Merrick there are spies about him, a writ is ready tered her, had stilled her heart forever,

people sat shivering by the wayside, are made manifest. A failure is a moral homes, and at night some few of them were the chaff. A man thus learns that words sheltered in barns and out-houses, while and pretended good will are not and do not others lay under the hedges or on the fallen cabins. The next morning, vans came and took the very old and sick to the workhouse. and those who were able to walk and work | terance that has the sunbeam in it : "The went hither and thither in search of em-

of Lake Laman, and knew no more about shadows brood over it. A vail hides it wrote to his master, and said the houses is coming : "The Lord's mercies are new

Months passed, and Willie Merrick still THE FAMILY TERTH-A TRUE STORY lay in jail awaiting his trial. At the as- - A toothless couple in one of our run-"It's not every tenant that treats a land- sizes there was not a shadow of proof districts concluded, after much jaw, that lord as well as we did in my memory-and against him, and one of the game-keepers they would gum it no longer; that, in fact In the market, every one liked to buy that's more than three-score years. He on an adjoining estate confessed that it was the family must be provided with a new his mackerel and haddocks, not only be- never lost a penny on one of the cabins, and he who fired the shot which wounded the set of teeth. These worthy people were one of us was never a day behind with six- agent; so Merrick was acquitted, and a few not given to estentations display; they bepence o' rent. Can Cloouamore say that, kind-hearted people subscribed enough lieved in having something for a rainy day;

of his honest face and clear hazel eyes, and and tell His Honor that Judy Merrick is "You'll come out to me, Cona darling, the twain were one flesh, and since our going to die in the cabin she lived in, or on won't you?" he said, holding his promised pair of spectacles, brass bound, had lone wife in his arms as he said good bye. "You sufficed for their united eyes, who should

> laying his hand on the old woman's shoul- a longer journey. O Willie, my heart is umph of mind over matter-a set of teetle "Don't touch me, ye miserable creature!" Ooma Connor again ' Good-bye, and may "father" or milible Sanday caraway and

ing to the drive of the nets, or watching a Look at him, neighbors, mark him, the evic- was to take him to Cork, and Cona fell and found a new relish. It is lovely and

to the agent. "Mark them, Willie! Don't Three months after, there was a quiet table ready for donner. "First, the old funeral in the old graveyard of Cloonabeg. lady picks up the teeth-they are always "I'll not forget them, granny," Willie an old man and an old woman were the lying about handy-slips them in and

Oona Conner was dead, and her last wish had been to sleep beside her brothers and "Och!" Judy cried, lifting up her hands sisters in the little country graveyard she "may God forget them at their greatest had played in as a child. There she sleeps, need, and forgive them like as I do now;" | with no cross at her head or stone at her and she went in and sat rocking herself for feet; but her grave is well known, and the memory of the events which caused ber The 1st of January 185- was a bleak, death is still green. No one in the west of table to the old gentleman, who dexterously wild day, with a fierce east wind, driving a Ireland has forgotten the Cloonabeg evic- claps them in his own mouth, and the

WAITING FOR A CAVE.-Three or four the other; and the storm raged along the days ago, within two or three miles of this city, a Washington street mer-The village of Cloonabeg presented a chant, who had business in the city, very pitiful sight that New Year's day-a came to a small creek, beside which a nasight once seen, never to be forgotten-a tive was washing his shirt. The man was sight which impressed itself on the memory sousing the garment up and down and with burning intensity -the sight of an evic- around, and as he "soused" he whistled a and its righteousness, and allearthly things

"Do you have to wash your own shirt?"

"Then you don't agree very well?" "Purty well on the general thing. Bet's kind o' mulish, and I'm kind o' mulish, and when we get our backs up we crawl off

"I should think you would want some

"I do." "Why don't you get it, then?"

"That would be caving to Bet, stranger. She's squatted on the only bit of bar scap 'tween here and Vicksburg, and she's jest achin' for me to slide up and ask her for

"And you won't?"

"Stranger," replied the native, as he straightened up, "don't I look like a feller that would wear a shirt three months afore I'd cave in and holler for soap?"

The merchant sided with him, and as he drove on, the man soused the shirt up and down and went on with his whistling .-Vicksburg Herald.

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.-Let a man fail former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with resolute she sat on her bed, and declared him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the murder. Mr. Hayes, the agent, had been light for months to come, but for the misfired at and without any besitation he ac- fortunes of the debter. If it is paid, well cused Willie Merrick, and the bailiff swore and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, he was committed to stand his trial at the that has never failed knows but little of Imman nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, waftway; but he might as well have left her in move or to do this thing or the other; was dead! The first desecrating blow for his back. To know what kind of stuff struck to the roof which had so long shel- the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifes All through that dreary winter-day the time. If he has kind friends then they mourning over their rained, desolated seive-it brings out the wheat and shows constitute real friendship.

NEW EVERY MORNING.-Here is an nt-Lord's mercies are new every morning," What an assurance that is to carry with us All this time His Honor, the landlord, in all our wayfarings through this world ! was enjoying his honeymoon on the shores The future is always dark to us. The the fearful scene enacted in Cloonabeg than from our sight. What is under the his somewhile tenants about his locality. shadows, what is behind the vail, what is "My good woman, that's nothing what. The agent thought the little village in the advancing out of the impervious mist, none ever to me," he said shrugging his shoul- way; the common would, he fancied, make of us can know. We have no unxious a valuable piece of pasture-land; and so he question to ask. This is enough for all that stant hard work. She assisted the neigh- of us can't get a bit, nor sup, nor lodging, were only dilapidated dens; declared the every morning." The morning yet to bors in their housework, who paid her in for love or money, even if we had that same. tenants never did, or could, or would pay break upon us may be heavy with storms. elected to the office of Lieutenant Governor. kind; and made and mended nets for any Where'll we go to, Mr. Hayes, sir; will ye any rent; and then the best thing for all No matter; the mercies will not fail. When the fact of his election was announparties was to pull the cabins down, as the Come, live a comfortable, happy and thank- ced, he was called upon for a speech. He triffe, just sufficient to pay the rent. For "That's nothing whatever to His Honor; people would then emigrate to America. ful life. Don't be east down with care or proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very fifteen years Judy toiled late and early, he wants his houses, and I suppose he has And so Mr. Hayes evicted the people and work. Take up each day as it comes, cer- handsome terms, and added that he had no and then her grandson, Willie, was old a right to them. It's not every landlord razed their homes to the earth! Such tain of this, that whatever it lay upon you doubt he should make a good Lieutenand enough to take his father's boat and nots would treat you so well as to forgive you a things have been common and are still not to do or to bear, it will bring new mercies Governor, as that was the office he had for new deeds.

they also firmly believed the doctrine that not one set of teeth work connily well broken. You'll never look on the face of that will bite off a plug of tobacco for chatter harmless gossin for "mother," with Willie was pushed into the train which equal precision! Life has new fresh zest, beautiful to see them at the little round makes a good use of her privileges while father is laying up a generous stock of provisions on his plate. Presently be leans back in his chair, puts down his knife and fork and says, cheerfully, "Come, mother, give me the teeth !" Then the old lady, with true conjugal alacrity, touching to behold, catches them, hands them across the family eating goes complacently on, tillperhaps, "mother" comes to a hard spot and demands the molars. So back and forth, like a weaver's shuttle, busily ply the teeth, till the square meal is ended. -Boston Globs.

> God's WAY AND MAN'S WAY, -God says : Seek ye first the kingdon of heaven shall be added unto you.

Man says : Seek first worldly wealth and fame and power; religion you can get on a God says : Open thy mouth wide, and I

Man says: Let prayer go, and work for what you want. God says : Give and it shall be given un-

to you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. Man says: Charity begins at home. Why give to others that for which you

have toiled so hard? Your own family may God says: Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them. Man says : Each man for himself. Look

out for number one. God says: Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

Man says: Make sure of your worldly treasures. Heaven is a long way off. God says: Who hath this world's goods. and seeth his brother have need, and shut-

teth up his bowels of compassion for him. how dwelleth the love of God in him? Man says: What guarantee have I, if I give my carnings to the poor, that I shall

God says: There is that which scattereth. and yet increaseth. Man says: It is only by saving and hoarding what you have that it will in-

not come to want myself?

Reader, what says your conscience?' Is not God's way better than man's?

A STORY FROM CLEVELAND. - A story comes to us from Cleveland which will be relished bereabouts, where the family name of the hero is not unknown. In the action at Lundy's Lane a Colored O'Neill "General" he got to calling himself) got a scratch on his log. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lamer with every year, that the memory of his bravery might be ever near him. Gradually, from sheer pondering over his glories, he grew to think that the success of the battle depended largely on his valuable services. and finally the impression grew and beame fixed on his mind that Scott was a mere subordinate to himself. One day, late in life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering over the glorious past, a young man visiting the family for the first time. approached and sympathetically remarked. "Lame, General?" "Yes, sir," after a pause and with inexpressible sciempity, "I am lame." "Been riding, sir?" "No!" with rebuking sternness, "I have not been riding." "Ah! slipped on the ice, General, and hart your log ?" "No, sir !" with actual ferocity. "Perhaps you sprained your ankle, sir?" With painful slowness the old man lifted his leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and looking down upon the unfortunate youth with a state of mingled wonder. pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage, "Go and read the history of your country, you d-d purpy !"-Cincianati

always held in his own house.