

Free man.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

WILMINGTON, DE. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1875. NUMBER 45.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of writs of *Fieri Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambridge county, Pa., do hereby give notice that I will sell at public sale, on Saturday, the 12th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:—

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Anastasia Moreland, deceased, late of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Composed for the Democratic Celebration of the Eighth of January, at Philadelphia, 1828.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MOUNTAINEER."

AIR—Star Spangled Banner.

Again!—once again!—in the bright festive hall
Have we met in the spirit of grateful devotion,
The deeds of the Hero with pride to recall,
And fondly indulge every pleasing emotion.

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Restored After Many Years.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

An evening paper of this city publishes a romantic story of the loss of a little child at the capture and pillage of Corinth, Mississippi, by the Union forces in the late war, and of his restoration to his family after thirteen years had passed and the little boy had grown to be a man. In the fight of the inhabitants from the burning town, most of the people hurried down the railroad track leading from the southern part of the place, and took refuge in the woods and fields along the route. Soon the crests were deserted by all except this little boy, who became separated from his friends, and stricken with terror he ran hither and thither in his bewilderment, and at last hid himself in a freight car which had escaped the general conflagration.

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JIM WHALEN'S DEATH.

"It makes me feel kinder sad," said the pilot, pointing to the bank as the boat was plunging the current near Lake Providence, seventy-five miles above Vicksburg. "When they buried him, twenty years ago, the grave was a dozen rods from the water, but the treacherous current has eaten and eaten at the bank till another week will float poor Jim away."

The passengers saw the end of a coffin sticking out of the bank, six or eight inches above water. It is a lonely spot on the river, with no sound to break the desolation except the beat of paddle-wheels as the steamers hurry along.

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A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

In September, 1829, the owner of the schooner Michigan, the largest and rottenest craft on Lake Erie, hit upon a plan to get it off his hands, and at the same time not lose a cent. He induced the proprietors of hotels on both sides of the Niagara Falls to buy the schooner and send it over the falls, counting on the crowds that would be drawn there to witness the novel sight for their pay. For several days previous to the great event the stages and canal boats and wagons from the country were crowded, and wagons left their fields and business men their counters. On the appointed day half a dozen excursion steamers were called into service. Each had its throng of expectant people and a band of music. The task of towing the Michigan to the rapids was entrusted to a Captain Rough and five stout-hearted oarsmen. They let loose on board a buffalo from Grand River, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat, four geese, and put up some of things. When they cut the tow line this extraordinary crew did what many other crews have done—ran from one end of the deck to the other in despair. The ship started off majestically, and seemed to greet with a smile the shores on either side crowded with eager spectators. She darted through the first rapids as true as any pilot could have led her. Two of the bears here plunged into the yeasty rapids and actually swam to land, and were caught. The other set to work climbing the mast. On she went, making a plunge, shipping a sea, and rising from it in beautiful style. At the bowsprit was the American ensign, and at her stern the English Jack. In her descent over the second rapid her mast "went by the board." She swung round and presented her broadside to the dashing and foaming waters, and after remaining stationary for a moment or two was, by its force, swung round, stern foremost, and having passed to the third rapid she bilged but carried her hull, apparently whole, between Grass Island and the British shore to the Horseshoe, over which she was carried stern foremost, and launched into the abyss below and dashed into a thousand pieces. The cat and dog and the foxes were never heard of more; but the geese, bless their little hearts, were found below on the bank quietly oiling their feathers. The effigy of Andrew Jackson was also found uninjured—like the geese—throwing his arms about and knocking his legs together in the eddies.—Catholic Journal.

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THE FINANCIER.

He didn't look like a man who had been turning financial problems over and over in his mind for fifty years; but yet, you can't always correctly judge a man by his looks.

He walked up and down the depot platform for a time, and then suddenly rushing to an old man who was leaning against the wall and half asleep he exclaimed: "What about inflation?"

"Why! ha, ha! I thought you were going to strike me!" replied the old man as he straightened up.

"Shall we inflate the currency?" demanded the financier in earnest tones.

"You may for all I care!" bluntly retorted the old man; "I want it to get my baggage about the Montreal train all right."

"Or, shall we contract the currency?" asked the financier, backing up to the stoop.

"So, don't care a damn what you do with it, so that I strike that train!" growled the old man, his eyes half shut.

"This question of finance is one of the greatest in the world," continued the financier, "and I demand that you exhibit an interest in it."

"I'll be switched if I will!" growled the old man, his eyes half shut.

"This bit of green paper," continued the financier, taking a dollar bill from his vest pocket, "is supposed to represent one hundred cents. Answer me if it does?"

"Oh! I know alone!" growled the old man, his head nodding and his eyes shut.

"If I owe you one dollar I can pay you up with this bit of paper; but would I be paying you eighty, ninety, or one hundred cents?"

"You—don't—owe—me—anything!" sighed the old man, now almost dreaming.

"Gold is money, and greenbacks are money," continued the stranger; "but if you have gold you would not exchange it for my greenbacks. And yet why not?"

"The old man was now asleep, and didn't hear."

"And yet why not?" asked the financier once again.

"The old man's eyes never opened.

"And yet why not?" exclaimed the financier, giving the sleeping man a gentle kick on the shin.

"What I admit to thunder! who did that?" yelled the old man as he leaped up.

"And yet why not?" coolly inquired the financier.

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