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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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CHEAP!
CHEAPER!
CHEAPEST!
Cambria Freeman, EBENSBURG, PA. FRIDAY
Auditor's Notices.....
Stray and similar Notices.....
Business items, first insertion.....
subsequent insertion.....
Resolutions or proceedings of societies or society, and communications of general interest, to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.
JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

UPSET SALE,

Commencing first week of June.

Scotch people and old-time folks all know what is the meaning of an "upset sale." It is a term used when things are to be sold out to close partnerships, etc.

We propose a sale of this nature. The prosperous season so far this year, the largest we have ever had, encourages us to

Ring all the Bells,

AND CALL THE PEOPLE IN TO CLOSE OUT BEFORE THE 4th OF JULY, ALL OF THE

$750,000 OF MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

We want to sell out to make purchases for fall.
We want to sell out to keep plenty work going.
We want to sell out to make some changes.
We want to sell out to start again with a new stock.
We want to sell out to do a larger business than ever.

We never stop at anything

to carry out our plans when we are in the right, and if the prices must be cut down, to gather the people,

Down go the Prices.

Until we sacrifice our profits for one month, the people have done generally by us for many years, and we are satisfied.

IN A NUT-SHELL, THIS IS IT.

The practical point of all this is a radical reduction in prices from cost. They are cut, some ten, some twenty, some thirty per cent., same, on goods prepared specially for this sale, not at all. Compared to April 1st the average reduction is twenty-five per cent. Of the $900 merchandise now held by us, about $500,000 is involved in this sale. From the great list which might be made we only quote three items for, namely:

1000 pairs of men's Cassimere Pantaloons, made and making, strong, durable; lately worth $3.50, now $2.42.

Men's suits, real standard Sawyer's Cassimere, made and making; prices $15.00, now $12.50.

750 men's suits, eight styles, every garment freshly made; some of it sold freely at $12.00, $9.25.

Our intent to-day is simply to tell all the people that quick trade prices are on all our clothing for this sale.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S.E. Corner Sixth and Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

ORGANS.
Organs, one 3-8ths Reeds, Eight Stops, Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Stool, complete, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Handsomer High Top, as above.
ONLY $30.
THIS IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.
Cabinet Organs, Beethoven Organs, 10 Sets Reeds, $90. Upwards to $125. Order now. Remit by Post Office Order, or Registered Letter and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Circulars Free. Address or call upon
P. P. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

ONLY $20.

PHILADELPHIA
SINGER MACHINE
Equal to any Singer in the Market.
The above cut represents the popular style for the people, which the undersigned offers for sale at the wonderful low price of $20. This machine has given perfect satisfaction wherever used, and is warranted for the term of three years. Remember that we are here all the time and that you not only have every opportunity to examine the machine and see it in operation, but you know where to come to get your money back if the machine don't do exactly as represented. You will therefore consult your own interests by buying the Philadelphia Singer Machine and buying from no one but
W. J. BUCK,
[6-2-6m.*] Buck's Mills, Allegheny Twp.

BEATTY'S LUNG HEALER, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION
Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Head, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.
Price, 50 cents and $1.00. Ask your Druggist for it.
BARKER, FUTHER & CO. Pittsburgh.

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This brand of Tobacco, though but a short time on the market, is already the favorite with many chewers. Made from selected leaf and with best sweetening, it is a capital article and specially suited to the Pennsylvania taste. For sale by all dealers. Send for sample to the manufacturers.
C. A. JACKSON & CO., Petersburg, Va.

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Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $5 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

AMERICA.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Read at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac, at Detroit, on June 15, 1882.

Nor War nor Peace, forever old and young,
But Strength, my theme, whose song is yet unsung,
The People's Strength,—the deep alluring dream
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

The buried ruins of dead empires seek,
Of Indian, Syrian, Persian, Roman, Greek:
From shattered capital and frieze upraise
The stately structure of their golden days:
Their laws occult, their priests and prophets ask,
Their altars search, their oracles unmask,
Their parable from birth to burial see,
The acorn germ, the growth, the dense-leafed tree,
A world of riant life; the sudden day
When like a new strange glory shone decay,
A golden glow amid the green; the change
From branch to branch at life's receding range,
Till nothing stands of towering strength and pride
Save naked trunk and arms whose veins are dried,
And these, too, crumble till no sign remain
To mark its place upon the wind-swept plain.

Why died the empires? Like the forest trees
Did nature doom them? or did slow disease
Assail their roots and poison all their springs?

The old-time story answers: nobles, kings,
Have made and been the State, their names alone
Its history holds; its wealth, its wars, their own.
Their wanton will could raise, enrich, condemn;
The toiling millions lived and died for them.
Their fortunes rose in conquest, fell in guilt;
The people never owned them, never built.

Those olden times! how many words are spent
In weak regret and shallow argument
To prove them wiser, happier than our own!
The oldest moment that the world has known
Is passing now. Those vaunted times were young:
Their wisdom from unlettered peasants sprung;
Their laws from nobles arrogant and rude;
Their justice force, their whole achievement crude.
With men the old are wise: why change the rule
When nations speak, and send the old to school?
Respect the past for all the good it knew:
Give noble lives and struggling truths their due;
But ask, what freedom knew the common men
Who served and bled and won the victories then?
The leaders are immortal, but the hordes
They led to death were simply human swords,
Unknowing what they fought for, why they fell.

What change has come? Imperial Europe tell!
Death's warders cry from twenty centuries' peaks;
Plataea's field the word of Plevna speaks:
The martial draft still wastes the peasant farms,
A dozen kings, five million men in arms;
The earth mapped out estate-like, hedged with steel;
In neighboring schools the children bred to feel
Unnatural hate, disjoined in speech and creed;
The forges roaring for the armies' need;
The cities builded by the people dined
With scowling forts and roadways undermined;
At every bastioned frontier, every state,
Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate!

But turn our eyes from those oppressive lands:
Behold, one country all defenceless stands,
One nation-continent, from East to West,
With riches heaped upon her bounteous breast;
Her mines, her marts, her skill of hand and brain,
That bring Aladdin's dreams to light again!

Where sleep the conquerors? Here is chance for spoil:
Such unwatched fields, such endless, thoughtless toil!
Vain dream of olden time! The robber strength
That swept its will is overmatched at length.
Here, not with swords but smiles the people greet
The foreign spy in harbor, granary, street;
Here towns unguarded lie, for here alone
Nor caste, nor king, nor privilege is known.
For home the farmer ploughs, the miner delves,
A land of toilers, toiling for themselves;
A land of cities, which no fortress shields,
Whose open streets, reach out to fertile fields;
Whose roads are shaken by no armies' tread;
Whose only camps are cities of the dead!

Go stand at Arlington, the graves among:
No ramparts, cannons there, no banners hung,
No threat above the Capital, no blare
To warn the senators the guns are there.
But never yet was city fortified
Like that sad height above Potomac's tide;
There never yet was eloquence in speech
Like those ten thousand stones, a name on each;
No guards e'er pressed such claim on court or king
As these Praetorians to our Senate bring;
The Army of Potomac never lay
So full of strength as in its camp to-day!

On fatal Cheronea's field the Greeks
A lion raised,—a somber tomb that speaks
No word, no name,—an emblem of the pride
Of those who ruled the insect host that died.

But by her soldiers' graves Columbia proves
How fast toward morn the night of manhood moves.
Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain,
The sacred record of her humblest slain,
Where children's children in their time will come
To view with pride their heroe-father's tomb,
While down the ages runs the patriot line
Till rich tradition makes each tomb a shrine.

Our standing army these, with spectre glaives,
Our fortressed towns their battle-ordered graves.
Here sleep our valiant, sown like dragon's teeth;
Here newborn sons renew the pious wreath;
Here proud Columbia bends, with tear-stirred mouth,
To kiss their blood-seal, binding North and South,
Two clasping hands upon the knot they tied
When Union lived and human Slavery died.

Who doubt our strength or measure it with those
Whose armed millions wait for coming foes,
They judge by royal standards, that depend
On hireling hands to threaten or defend,
That keep their war-dogs chained in time of peace,
And dread a foe scarce less than their release.

Who hunt wild beasts with cheetahs, fiercely tame,
Must watch their hounds as well as fear their game.

Around our veterans hung no dread or doubt
When thrice a million men were mustered out.
As scattered seed in new-ploughed land, or flakes
Of Spring-time snow that fall in smiling lakes,
Our war-born soldiers sank into the sea
Of peaceful life and fruitful energy.
No sign remained of that vast army, save
In field and street new workmen, bronzed and grave;
Some whittling teamsters still in army vest;
Some quiet citizens with medalled breast.

So died the hatred of our brother-feud;
The conflict o'er, the triumph was subdued.
What victor king e'er spared the vanquished foe?
How much of mercy did strong Prussia show
When anguished Paris in the dust lay prone?
The German trumpet rang above her moan,
The clink of Uhlan spurs her temples knew;
Her Arch of Triumph spanned their triumph, too.

Not thus, O South! when thy proud head was low,
Thy passionate heart laid open to the foe.—
Not thus, Virginia, did thy victors meet
At Appomattox him who bore defeat:
No brutal show abased thine honored State;
Grant turned from Richmond at the very gate!

O Land, magnanimous, republican!
The last for Nationhood, the first for Man!
Because thy lines by Freedom's self were laid,
Profound the sin to change or retrograde.
From base to cresting let thy work be new;
'Twas not by aping foreign ways it grew.
To struggling people give at least applause;
Let equities, not precedents, subtend your laws;
Like rays from that great Eye the altars show,
That fall triangular, free states should grow,
The soul above the brain and hand below.
Believe that strength lies not in steel or stone;
That perils wait the land whose heavy throne,
Though ringed by swords and rich with tilted show,
Is based on fettered misery below;
That nations grow where every class unites
For common interests and common rights;
Where no caste barrier stays the poor man's son,
Till, step by step, the topmost height is won;
Where every hand subscribes to every rule,
And free as air are voice, and vote, and school!

A Nation's years are centuries! Let Art
Portray thy First, and Liberty will start
From every field in Europe at the sight.
"Why stand these thrones between us and the light?"
Strong men shall ask: "Who built these frontier towers
To bar out men of kindred blood with ours?"

O, this thy work, Republic! this thy health,
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth;
To teach the people to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest, with all their fears and hates;
Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own!

REMARKABLE TREES.

BY JASPER T. JENNINGS.

The vegetable world produces many striking examples of wonder and admiration. The study of botany is a deep one; and the strange and mysterious processes of plant life has ever been a subject of research and investigation for the philosopher and student of science. The manner in which the elements are drawn from the soil and prepared in ten thousand different forms and combinations by the little chemical laboratories of Nature, has ever engaged his earnest attention. There is yet much to be learned in this department of physical science, and as we delve deeper into the subject we soon become convinced how small a part of the mighty laws and operations of Nature are really known. Every new discovery made, however, and every new principle that appears to unfold itself to the mind, proclaims more and more the grand and harmonious work of the great Creator.

But we have not space in the present paper to enter into a description of the strange and curious processes of vegetable life, and so we proceed to present an account of a few of the more wonderful examples to be met with in this branch of external nature. We will commence the list with the stately and beautiful magnolia of Florida. This remarkable flowering tree, concerning which so much has been said and written, is a gigantic species of southern laurel. When covered with its large white flowers, some of which are said to be eight or nine inches in diameter, it presents a magnificent appearance; and its fragrace fills the air with perfume to the distance of half a mile away. It is often tall and graceful in form, though its size and beauty has frequently been much exaggerated. The largest specimens are said to attain the height of one hundred feet; and the top forms a perfect cone. It will hardly compare in size with northern sugar maple, or sycamore, the cottonwood, or the stately ash. The wood is soft, of little value, and the thick bark is smooth, like that of the beech, and of a whitish color. The leaves somewhat resemble those of the orange tree, though larger and thicker, and, while the upper surface is smooth and glossy, as though it had been oiled, the under side is covered with a soft, yellowish down.

The live oak is also a remarkable tree, exceeding in the number and magnitude of its branches that of any other tree on the American Continent. These put forth at the height of about fifteen feet from the ground, and spread out, in some instances, to the distance of fifty paces on a side. The wood, which is hard and tough, forms a valuable material for ship building. It is a native of the Southern States.

The talipot palm, of Ceylon and the East Indies, is chiefly noted for its immense leaves. The largest of these form stupendous fans, often twenty feet in length by fifteen across, and are the largest leaves of any known species of vegetation. They are large enough to shelter a whole family; and the natives often use them for tents and umbrellas to shield them from the rain, and the scorching rays of the midday tropical sun. The tree grows straight and symmetrical, to about a hundred feet in height, and is said to blossom and bear fruit but once during its existence.

The upas, or poison tree of Java, has been rendered famous by the many marvelous and incredible stories that were once told concerning it. It was said, and believed by many in former times, that its poisonous fumes struck dead every living creature that came within a circle of many miles of where it grew: and that the ground all about was strewn with the dead carcasses and bleaching bones of men and animals. How people could go and see and come back alive to tell the story, was not told. Scientific travelers, unterrified by the reports of the superstitious natives, finally visited the spot and the fabulous stories were soon set at naught. The region was found to be of great fertility and beauty; and the design of the natives in spreading terrible stories about the deadly upas was, in all probability, to keep foreigners away. The tree is tall and beautiful in appearance, and produces a sort of yellow frothy juice, which is said to be poisonous.

There is a curious specimen of the vegetable creation, found growing among the rugged and barren mountain sides of South America, denominated the cow tree. Warm summer showers, generally so essential for vegetable growth, are rarely known in the vicinity; yet this singular production, with apparently dry and withered branches, is a reservoir of human food. The natives make incisions in the bark, and a milky juice, somewhat resembling that of the milk-weed, exudes in abundance. Most vegetable juices of this description are nauseating or poisonous; but the milk of the cow-tree is said to be sweet and nutritious.

In the West Indies there is another curious production, termed the cabbage-tree. It is a large tree, from four to six feet in diameter at the base, and generally rises straight as a plumb line to a height of from one to two hundred feet. Scarcely a leaf or branch puts out until near the top, where it assumes a different color, and a thick cluster of light, leafy branches, about fifteen feet in length, set out in all directions. The light, zephyr-like beeeze causes these lofty branches to rise and fall in gentle undulations, like an immense plume of feathers; but in times of high wind the tall trunk sways about, and bends over as though it would bow to the earth. Above the crest of waving plumes, crowning the summit of all, is the cabbage; the taste of which closely resembles the common vegetable of the same name, raised in our gardens. As every one of these wonderful cabbages obtained destroys the life of the tree, it has become a very rare and costly dish, prepared only on some grand entertainment of the rich; and the time is probably not far distant when this already rare tree will be unknown among the living existence of vegetable productions.

Some of the most remarkable examples of vegetation found on the globe are produced in China. Among these is the tallow-tree; a small tree with brilliant red and purple leaves. When seen from a little distance it presents a strange and beautiful checkered appearance. The blossoms are yellow, and the little white grains of vegetable tallow, which are enclosed in husks, are picked out and manufactured into candles.

The most universally used wood in China is the bamboo. This is an immense reed, which enters into all the occupations, trades and professions of the empire. Chairs, tables, bedsteads, and nearly all the articles of furniture, from that of the humblest fisherman to the richest mandarin, are fashioned from this material; and by splitting and grinding it is worked into ropes, cords, and twine, and it is even manufactured into sail-cloth and paper. Probably no tree on earth is worked into a greater multiplicity of uses than the bamboo; and were it not for this great reed, it would seem that the industry and ingenuity of the Chinese would stop.

The camphor-tree is one of the most valuable of the Chinese trees. It is found in a more or less in scattered patches on the banks of the river. It is a gigantic tree, sometimes attaining a height of five or six feet, and with branches many feet in circumference. The leaves are generally very broad and large; specimens can now be found measuring ten feet in height. The Chinese cultivate it to a height of three hundred feet, with a circumference so great that a few of their arms extended around it. The wood is dry, fragrant, and used somewhat in building. The camphor is obtained by steeping the wood in water.

The varnish-tree, from which the beautiful Japan varnish is made, is also a native of China and Japan. It is a small-ish tree, slightly resembling the ash in appearance, with light-green, laurel-shaped leaves. The varnish exudes in the night, from incisions made in the bark, and as it is very poisonous, the workmen are obliged to perform their labor with caution, often rubbing their bodies with a prepared oil, inclosing their hands in long gloves and their heads in linen veils. It is thought by some that an exaggerated account of these precautions concerning the poison varnish tree might have given rise to the fabled story of the deadly upas.

Still another remarkable production of China is the oil-tree. This is a small shrub-like tree, often cultivated on the tea plantations. The seeds are said to yield a great abundance of pure and esculent oil. It produces a profusion of beautiful white blossoms, and, when in full bloom, an orchard of these trees appears like a grove covered with snow. In size and general appearance it greatly resembles the American cherry-tree.

Near the little town of Orotava, on the island of Teneriffe, is the famous dragon-tree; seen and described by Humboldt, the great scientific traveler. Near the ground it is forty-eight feet in circumference, and at the height of ten feet its diameter is twelve feet. At a short distance above the ground the huge trunk divides into a great number of curious branches, each bearing a single tuft of bright green leaves at the top. The entire height is only sixty feet; and the maze of uplifted branches, all appearing so nearly alike, and all uniting to the huge trunk at a single point, presents a strange and peculiar aspect. Its growth is very slow; and some have thought it must have required a thousand years to have reached maturity. Humboldt calculated it was one of the oldest specimens of vegetable life on the globe.

One of the most wonderful productions of the vegetable world is the banyan-tree. It is a native of Hindostan and Cochin, China; and has been looked upon with reverence and wonder in past and present ages. There is no other tree that resembles it in outward form or general appearance. The strong lateral branches that reach out from the trunk send down numerous shoots that take root in the ground, and form new trunks. In this way a grove is soon formed around the parent stem, and eventually a forest, as it were, arises, all connected, and formed of a single tree. One of the largest of these curious trees now standing, is on an island in the Nerbuddah River, Hindostan. It has three hundred and fifty large trunks, and three thousand small ones; covers seven acres of ground, and furnishes shelter for seven thousand people. In clearing away these trees, the numerous trunks are all girdled, or cut, when it withers, and soon commences to decay. When it becomes dry, fire is applied, and often the whole mass is consumed.

One of the most stupendous trees in the world is the African baobab. Near the mouth of the Senegal River there is a huge specimen of this tree, thirty feet in diameter. The massive trunk is short, and the ponderous branches spread out in all directions, producing a vast, rounded top, large enough for a small forest. It is supposed to be nearly ten thousand years old. When covered with a luxuriant green foliage, and a profusion of snowy blossoms, it presents a truly magnificent appearance; and the traveler can hardly believe, until he has made a near inspection, that so great a mass of verdure and flowers is owned and upheld by a single stem. The superstitious natives often gather about the spot and celebrate the opening of its flowers with religious rights and heathen ceremonies.

The tallest trees on the globe are said to be in Australia. A fallen tree in Gippsland measures four hundred and thirty-five feet in length; and in the Victoria section two forest monsters are now standing, one of which is estimated to be two hundred and thirty-five, and the other four hundred and fifty feet in height.

In Skowhegan, Maine, there is an immense russet apple-tree, over four and one-half feet in diameter. It was planted in 1762. Seven feet from the ground five huge branches put forth, each averaging some thirty-five feet in length. The entire top is about sixty-three feet across; and the average yield of apples has been about thirty bushels yearly.

In 1825, an enormous black walnut-tree blew down near the sight of the present village of Silver Creek, in Southwestern New York. It was hollow; and eighteen feet of the but-end was sawed off, roofed over, and fitted for a saloon. Ten or twelve persons could easily stand within at the same time. Although so majestic in proportions, the shell was thin and light, and, after remaining for some time as the wonder of the region it was carried to several of our Atlantic cities, where it drew crowds daily, and, ultimately, it was transported across the ocean, and exhibited in London, Paris, and other European cities, where it was represented as a specimen of American vegetation.

The largest chestnut-tree in the country is said to be growing on the farm of Solomon Merkle, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. It is described as being forty feet in circumference at the base, and is estimated to contain seventeen cords of wood. Steps are fastened between the limbs, by means of which an easy ascent can be made to the top.

Trees of enormous proportions are mentioned by the ancient writers; among which were the far-famed cedars of Lebanon. The mountain was probably once covered with a giant forest composed of this noble tree; but when Solomon built his great temple thirty thousand men were sent among them with their axes, and the glory of the renowned Lebanon forest was soon leveled to the dust. Only a few specimens are now left standing, and these are [illegible] much smaller than some of the [illegible] the temple. The largest upon the spot may [illegible] feet in diameter [illegible] feet in height. At a [illegible] round large spreading the tree a some[illegible]. The topmost [illegible] similar to those of [illegible] wood works free [illegible]. The Temple [illegible] the seven wonders built of cedar. [illegible] in which Lu[illegible] enty soldiers, [illegible] gh the night. [illegible] trees is the [illegible] but is heavy [illegible] arms spread a [illegible] such a vast area, that [illegible] numerous oaks of the forest appear insignificant in comparison. It often grows in the most inaccessible situations, and the best timber is procured only by great difficulty. The largest log ever cut in Honduras was, when squared, seventeen feet long, four feet and nine inches wide, five feet and four inches thick, measured five thousand one hundred and sixty-eight feet, board measure, and weighed fifteen tons. Its uses are well known. The wood is firm and solid, and susceptible of a high degree of polish. Sometimes, when the grain is unusually beautiful it commands a very high price. On one occasion, we are told that three logs, thirty-eight inches square, and fifteen feet long, brought fifteen thousand dollars. The wood, which was of exquisite beauty and closeness, was cut up into thin veneers for the most costly piano-fortes.

The celebrated taxodium, of Chapultepec, in Mexico, was one hundred and seventeen feet in circumference, and was thought to be over five thousand years old.

The largest tree of which history furnishes any record is the great chestnut tree of Mount Ætna. It was said to be sixty-four feet in diameter; and so great was its renown that it was marked in all the ancient maps. As late as 1770, when it was visited by Brydone, the interior of the huge trunk was all decayed; and it was divided into several monster trees, with bark and branches only on the outer side; though traces of its having once been united in one prodigious forest monarch were plainly apparent, both above and below the surface. Later a public road was made through it, wide enough for two coaches to drive abreast. A hut was also built in the interior, for the accommodation of the wandering nut gatherers of the vicinity. This noted tree was probably several thousand years old; and quite likely it had passed its meridian long before the tyrant Nero reigned in Rome, or before Julius Cæsar went on his eventful journey to Gaul and Briton. But time in its steady and undeviating march finally levels all things; and the great chestnut has long since passed into a venerable ruin. Centuries ago, before decay had commenced, it was looked upon as the glory of the forest; and it was visited by thousands, from all quarters of the then known world. But its fame and greatness are known no more. Like the mighty empires of Greece and Rome its grandeur and magnificence has passed away, and we know of its former existence only as we read the records of the past.—*Ballou's Monthly Magazine for July.*

A SAGACIOUS DONKEY.—In no part of the world, probably, is the patient animal, which is too often treated with cruelty, so well cared for as in Spain. In this country the donkey and the mule are petted and become great favorites, and among the peasantry they are almost looked upon as members of the household. As showing the wonderful influence which kind treatment will exercise, especially on the donkey, we are told that a Spanish peasant who possessed one was in the habit of journeying from his home to the city of Madrid for the purpose of conveying milk to the customers whom he supplied there; and every morning he and his donkey with laden panniers went their accustomed round. One day, however, the peasant became ill, and having no one to send, was in rather a serious dilemma; whereupon his wife suggested that the donkey should be dispatched alone. Accordingly the panniers were filled as usual with the pans of milk; a piece of paper was attached, requesting customers to measure their own milk and return the cans, and the donkey started off. In a short time the faithful creature returned with the empty cans, having duly performed his errand; and not only did it continue to do so for several days, but its master afterward learned that it did not merely go the usual round, and trust to the customers coming out to it in the road, but had the sagacity to go up to their doors and ring their bells (which in Spain often pull downward) with its mouth,

GNADENHUTTEN.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF THE MORAVIAN INDIANS.

Gnadenhutten, when translated, means "tents of grace," and at this quiet spot with a holy name was perpetrated a wholesale butchery of innocent people which will always remain a foul blot on the early history of Ohio. Twenty-nine men, twenty-seven women and thirty-four children were slaughtered. Two buildings were selected for the horrible purpose, the women and babes being killed in one, the men and boys in the other. It is recorded that they died almost cheerfully, the hymns and prayers of those about to perish mingling with the death groans of their unhappy companions. The story of the crime and the circumstances which led up to it form an interesting but awful chapter in the chronicles of the time.

In order that our readers may thoroughly comprehend the significance of the event it is necessary to go back to the year 1750. It was then that David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, a man of rare piety, faith and purity, was pursuing his great work among the Indian tribes. He suffered hardships in the wilderness; he endured ill-treatment at the hands of the savage tribes whom he had resolved to convert, and never was heard to murmur a complaint. He worked wonders. Going among the heathen he found them demoralized by whisky sold to them by white traders, wicked and unscrupulous. He gently persuaded them to relinquish liquor, and pointed out its evil effects so forcibly that whole tribes yielded to the fascination of his eloquence and the weight of his arguments. From being frenzied brutes they became sober and reasonable people. His influence spread rapidly from nation to nation. Thousands, in fact, embraced Christianity; Zeisberger's enthusiasm and piety carried all before them. In 1760 great progress had been made and the missions were flourishing. But that same year events occurred which greatly put back the work of conversion. The Moravian Indians were accused of being concerned in Pontiac's conspiracy. He was a brave and famous Ottawa chieftain, who organized a plot among the various Indian tribes to murder at a given time the English garrisons at all points.—This was discovered, and, though it was never proved that the Moravian Indians took the slightest part in the conspiracy, they were persecuted as much as if they had.—The Scotch-Irish settlers on the Pennsylvania frontier treated them with great harshness and severity. They pretended to believe—or perhaps were, in fact, so ignorant and bigoted to believe—that the Indians were the Canaanites of the New World, and that the existing war had come upon the colonies as a judgment for failing to totally exterminate the native tribes. The Moravian Indians, being kind and gentle, were very naturally fit and fair quarry for these highly civilized white settlers.

An interesting chapter in the history of their early persecutions is that which treats of the narrow escape from extermination of a considerable body of the Moravian Indians. The threats against those who had settled on the Pennsylvania frontier were of so deadly a nature that David Zeisberger advised them to denver up their arms and march to Philadelphia. They sought refuge in the military quarters there, but the soldiers threatened to kill them if they did not go away. The poor refugees were mobbed by an excited and angry rabble, and the streets rang with yells and shouts which sounded as fierce as the warwhoop of the savages. Zeisberger was with them all the time, standing by them and encouraging them. A goodly number of Quakers, who had suffered their share of cruelty and persecution not so long before, also took the poor Indians by the hand, heedless of the groans and curses of the mob. They were finally removed to an island in the river as a measure of precaution. Their lives were providentially preserved. A body of Scotch-Irish, several hundred strong, from Lancaster, calling themselves the "Paxton Boys," after butchering a number of Conestoga Indians, who had sought protection in a jail, marched toward Philadelphia with the avowed object of killing all the Moravian refugees. Zeisberger and others prevailed upon them to relinquish their murderous designs, and so the poor Indians escaped with their lives on that occasion. Some of them, it is true, were reserved for a worse fate and were brutally killed in the Tuscarawas Valley. Meanwhile the Indians were taken off the island and conveyed to the upper Susquehanna region, beyond the Wyoming Valley, where they built the hamlet of Friedenshutten, or "Tents of Peace." About 1768 Zeisberger established stations on the Allegheny and Beaver rivers.

It was in 1770 that a number of Moravian Indians settled in the Tuscarawas Valley.—They worked hard tilling the fertile soil and living lives of exemplary frugality and industry. The settlement flourished, and Indians flocked from the extreme West to the pleasant tract in eastern Ohio. For ten years all went well. The country abounded in rich fields of waving corn. Each house had its garden and orchard; peace and prosperity prevailed. In 1780 the British incited a body of Delawares, commanded by Captain Pipe, against the little colony of Gnadenhutten. They were joined by a party of Wyandottes, and they broke up the settlement, carrying the Indians to Sandusky, and their teachers to Detroit, the seat of the British headquarters. It was in the following year that the slaughter took place, and this was how it came about. The poor people, who had been so cruelly kidnapped from their homes at Gnadenhutten, left acres and acres of corn standing in the fields. A party was chosen to return to harvest it, and they accordingly took up their quarters in their old houses which had not been destroyed. Just at the time of their return some hostile Indians murdered a white settler and all his family. The frontiersmen were immediately up in arms. Although the Moravian Indians were guiltless of blood, they accused them of aiding and abetting the crime and determined to make an example of them. David Williamson seemed to be the moving spirit among them. He organized a band, and with craft in the head and murder in the heart rode into the Tuscarawas Valley and surrounded the Indians. With friendly smiles and smooth promises they greeted their victims. Dissembling their true purposes they pretended that they were solicitous as to their safety and wished them well. They finally induced them to give up whatever arms they had, under the pretense of taking care of them, and promised to conduct them to a place where they would be free to pursue their avocations without molestation. The guileless Indians, to the number of ninety, were completely deceived. They trusted implicitly in the word of the white men, and at their suggestions set fire to a number of their houses in order to prevent them becoming harboring places for the hostile and fighting Indians. After they had surrendered their arms, the fell purpose of their captors soon became manifest. They were made prisoners, bound hand and foot, and confined to several of the houses.

Then a council of war was held and various methods of putting them to death were discussed. Their fate was soon decided, but it took a little further time to determine the fittest mode of butchery. One excited frontiersman suggested that they should be securely confined in two large houses and burned alive. The idea was met with shouts of approval, but one who had an eye for future glory advised that the victims be tomahawked and scalped. He said that it was only right and fair that they should have some trophies of their campaign, and what more appropriate than the bleeding scalps of the doomed Christian Indians? Though approving cries were accorded to the man who proposed burning them to death it is written that the scalping and tomahawking suggestion was received with even a greater demonstration of delight. It was at once adopted. The following morning was appointed for the bloody deed, and the Indians were told that they must die on the morrow. At first they were inclined to treat the affair as a joke. They could not believe that the whites were capable of such barbarity. The demeanor of their captors, however, soon showed that it was no laughing matter.—They realized that they must die. How did they behave? Never was truer heroism manifested than by that band of unlettered Indians who had nothing but faith to buoy them up. The night was passed in prayer. Hymns of praise were chanted and each one cried in encouraging the other to face death with Christian fortitude. They had been divided in two parties and imprisoned in two large houses. The murderers kept watch outside. The plaintive hymns of the doomed Indians ascended heavenward, but produced no softening effect upon the hardened hearts of the white savages.

At sunrise preparations for the crime were made. Two buildings were selected, and were most appropriately called "slaughter houses." The men and boys were to be killed in one, and the women and babes in the other. All being ready the slaughter began. Never had the sun risen on a more inhuman spectacle. The butchers were white men, presumably Christians; the victims red men, women and children, who had done no wrong. Babes were torn from their mothers' arms, brained with tomahawks and scalped in sight of their shrieking and heart-broken parents. The slayers almost waded in blood. After the children had been dispatched came the women's turn. Dragged one by one by their long dark hair in the centre of the shambles they were soon hurried into eternity by one quick and stunning blow from a tomahawk. Their scalps were then cut off after the most approved Indian fashion. The white men were intoxicated with the slaughter. While the women and babes were being thus brutally slain in one house, the men and older boys met with a similar fate in another. It is useless to dwell on the horrible crime. After ninety victims had been dispatched, David Williamson and his gang marched back to their homes. David Zeisberger was horror-stricken when he heard of the massacre. He did not, however, relax his efforts to convert and civilize the Indians. It is recorded that after a lapse of sixteen years some of his converts led by Zeisberger returned to the Tuscarawas and settled there one more. Their stay was short. The influx of the whites was so great, the temptation of rum so strong, the outrages so frequent that the fertile valley was soon forsaken by the Indians, who retired first to Canada, and then to the Moravian mission station in Kansas. The good and pious Zeisberger died in 1808, having labored for sixty years among the red men.

WISE WORDS.—Nothing comes of violence. Without grace the works of the law are naught.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks to ruin when we set foot on it.

No furniture is so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do little things.

In all sciences the errors precede the truths, and it is better they should go first than last.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.

Beware what you say of others, because you only reveal yourself thereby. A man doesn't think to look behind the door unless he has sometimes stood there himself.

Experience always leads to modesty when wisely used. It never leads to boastful confidence or to self-idolatry. It has been too often rebuked to claim infallibility, and too often humiliated to set up a primacy that may not be challenged.

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

AN exchange thinks there is something in advertising after all: "Ask some men for an advertisement and they will answer that they don't believe in advertising—a paper is never read. Let a man be caught kissing his neighbor's wife or trying to hold up the side of a barn some dark night and his tone changes immediately, and if a printing office is in a garret of a seventeen-story building he will climb to the top to beg the editor to keep quiet—don't publish it in the paper."

AN aggrieved party wanted a certain editor to apologize for saying that he was half drunk on a certain occasion. The editor agreed to do so, and this is the way it appeared: "We stated last week that Mr. B. was not fit to be a public officer as he was half drunk all the time. We wish to correct the above, as every one knows that Mr. B. never does anything by halves."