

# Clearfield Republican.

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## CRIMES FOR THE TIMES.

By WILIAM LYLE.  
Be ye not jealous over much,  
But hope and time will make you better;  
There is a faith care cannot touch,  
Which leaves the soul without a fetter.  
Oh! it is but a sorry creed  
To look for nothing but deceiving—  
To meet a kindness in your need,  
With a smile of misbelieving!  
The tide of ill is not so strong;  
Man loves not always wrath and wrong.  
Is cannot be that every heart  
Is stealed so much against its neighbor;  
Let each with reason play his part,  
And fruit will spring from out the labor.  
Progressing still life's journey through,  
Be just and kind towards your fellow,  
Remembering what'er you do,  
That duty spreads the smoothest pillow;  
And ne'er the hand of friendship turn,  
But trust, and man will trust in turn.  
Some men there be who deem it good  
To trade to overreach a brother;  
And some who would not though they could  
Upraise a hand to help another.  
They deem it not, though conscience wide  
May show the earth by danger shaken,  
That still of hearts unjust through pride,  
A dark and true account is taken:  
Kindness may quake and thrones may fall,  
But God is looking over all.  
Oh! I join not then the strife of man,  
But hourly show by waxing kinder;  
That ye have reached the moment when  
Reason no more is growing blinder!  
And though ye hope that time should yield  
A change for each benighted nation,  
Seek not at first to win a field  
To fling the seeds of reformation;  
But go your first to heart in home,  
Then trust in God and truth will come.

## THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIEF.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.  
Mine were the days for gallant robbery,  
Whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless  
hardihood, and (frequently) good birth,  
took away from the superficial observer  
much of the darkness of crime actually  
surrounding their deeds and lives. I  
was devoted of your rings and purses,  
often with a demeanor so polished, that  
really it resembled paying oil to god-  
manner more than submitting to a rob-  
bery—a robbery it is true, yet still it was  
more soothing to the feelings at the time,  
than being knocked down with the butt  
end of a pistol, or bullied as well as pun-  
dered. Fashion, too, capricious in this  
in all else, affected some knights of the  
road above others, and fine ladies interest-  
ed themselves amazingly about the deeds  
of highwaymen, conspicuous for handsome  
person and brave conduct, or rather daring  
villany. These fair dames, also, were much  
concerned in their heroes' final caper-  
ations and executions at the fatal tree of Ty-  
burn. But highwaymen had, as everybody  
knows, been still more popular in the  
preceding reign; yet ever and anon, as  
the profession seemed to be on the verge  
of decay, and likely to dwindle down into  
mere commonplace theft and murder, some  
new candidate was sure to start up and  
revive the dying embers of the road chivalry.  
One in particular was notorious enough in  
his brief day, for most of the qualities I  
have described, as sometimes attributed to  
these knights of the road. He was well  
connected, too, his uncle being a clergy-  
man in a high church appointment. His  
person was elegant, his manners courtly,  
and he was rash in an extraordinary de-  
gree. Mingling freely in fashionable so-  
ciety in his real name, his deeds of robbery  
were the talk of the town and his as-  
sumed one. His proper designation was  
Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the  
road, his whole source of revenue, was Cap-  
tain De Montmorency—a patronymic high  
sounding enough. I do not mean, however,  
to infer that any suspected that man of  
fashion and the highwayman to be one and  
the same person; that was never known  
till the event which I am going to relate  
took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own  
small patrimony, years before the period at  
which this narrative commences, in the  
pleasures of the town. It had melted into  
ridottos, playhouses, fairs, horse-race and  
hazards. He had exhausted the kindness  
and forbearance of his relations, from whom  
he had borrowed and begged, till borrow-  
ing or begging had become impracticable.  
He had known most extremes of life; and  
moreover, when debts and poverty stared  
him grimly in the face, he knew not one  
useful art by which he could support ex-  
istence or pay dividends to his creditors.  
What was to be done? He eluded all as  
long as he could, and one evening, riding  
on horseback, and meditating dolefully  
on his evil fortunes, he met—covered  
by the darkness from all discovery—a  
traveller well mounted—plethoric laden  
with money-bags, and bearing like the  
burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as  
suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of.  
Mowbray made off with his booty, consid-  
erable enough to repair his exhausted in-  
comes, and to pay his most pressing cred-  
itors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul.  
And so by night, under the shelter of his  
darkness did the ruined gentleman become  
the highwayman. People who knew his  
circumstances whispered their surprise  
when it became known that Richard Mo-  
wbray had paid his debts, and that he had  
suddenly made more than his customary ap-  
pearance. Now his fine person was ever in  
the newest braveries of the day, and his  
double character many a contest of  
he make—for he disburthened ladies

ladies and purses with so fine a man-  
ner that the defrauded fair ones forgot  
themselves in admiration of the charming  
deed; and Richard in both his phases  
dressed draughts of pleasure, till he  
drank Circean cup to his very dregs.  
Jooven pleasure became wearisome,  
wastive and high bred delights palled  
on his passions, and the lower ex-  
traneousness and hard drinking,  
and fighting, diversified by the keen  
and threats of danger which  
disgusted his predatory existence be-  
gustate, a new light broke on the  
faded atmosphere of his life. He loved,  
Richard Mowbray, the ruined patri-  
c De Montmorency, the gallant high-  
wayman, who had hitherto resisted every  
evil influence which love, pure or  
ostained, offers to his votaries—suc-  
ceeded to the simple charms of a young,  
unadorned and unambitious girl—so youth-  
ful that even her tastes and habits, child-  
ish they were, could be scarcely more  
and suited her years. Flavia Har-  
court had just attained her sixteenth year  
and never been to boarding school, and  
nothing so much—even her birds  
and pet rabbits—as her dear old father, an  
old country gentleman, and a worthy  
magistrate. Flavia had never been even  
to London, for Mr. Harcourt resided at  
a retired village, about twenty  
miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-  
hunting and hard drinking, the old gentle-  
man, on his side, took pleasure only in the  
study, gentle girl, who from the hour of her  
birth, which event terminated her mother's

existence, had made her his constant play-  
mate and companion. And it was to this  
simple wild flower, that the gay man of  
pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled,  
improvident, irreligious, and rash, pre-  
sumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart;  
and, oh! stranger still, to this being, the  
moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia  
Harcourt surrender her youthful, mod-  
est, inestimable love. It must have been  
the very childishness and purity that at-  
tracted the desperate robber—the harden-  
ed libertine, new about to commit his worst  
and most inexcusable crime. He had ac-  
cidentally met Mr. Harcourt at a country  
house—and had with others of his compan-  
ions, been invited by that gentleman to a  
rural fête, in honor of little Flavia's natal  
day—a day, he was wont to observe, to  
him, remarkable for commemorating his  
greatest misfortune and his intensest hap-  
piness; and then the two highway-  
men vowed to win and wear that pure bud  
of innocent freshness and rare fragrance,  
or perish in the attempt. Master Rich-  
ard Mowbray! unscrupulously De Mont-  
morency! I will relate how you kept your  
vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the  
choicest young heart, the old father's be-  
loved darling, surrendered itself into the  
highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Har-  
court was not altogether best pleased at  
his dear Flavia's choice; but then she was  
his life—his hope—and he trusted even  
when he gave her to a husband, that her  
love and dotting affection would still be his  
own. Besides, Mowbray was well con-  
nected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a  
very moderate portion of it would be hers.  
He was received into modish circles, into  
which the good magistrate could never  
pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what  
with high bearing, his handsome person,  
and insinuating tongue, Mr. Harcourt  
had irrevocably promised to bestow his  
treasure into the keeping of the profligate  
who numbered himself almost years enough  
to have been the father of the young girl  
whom he testified the utmost impatience to  
lose.

It was during the time that Mr. Mo-  
wbray was paying his court at Aveling, that  
the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a  
series of highway robberies, which men  
said could have been perpetrated, but by  
that celebrated knight of the road—Cap-  
tain De Montmorency. No one could stir  
against him without an attack, in which num-  
bers certainly were not wanting.

"Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet,"  
said old Mr. Harcourt. I should glory  
myself in going to Tyburn to see the fel-  
low turned off. Ay, and I would take  
my little Flavia to see him go by in a car-  
riage with a pillion and a nosegay—oh! my lit-  
tle girl!

"Oh no, father," said Flavia, "I could  
not abide it, though he is such a daring  
wicked man, whose name makes me shrink  
with fear and terror whenever I hear it—  
I could never bear to see such a dreadful  
sight—it would haunt me to my death."  
Does the gift of prophecy, involuntary  
though it be, lurk within us yet? Does  
the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or  
rather that of its frail or perishable habi-  
tation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, in-  
nocent girl! your lips then pronounced  
your own doom as irrevocably as though  
you had been some stern Sybil, delivering  
inscrutable, unquestioned oracles, not a  
single child in your girlish frock and sash,  
your brown hair, curling down your  
straight glossy shoulders, your soft eyes  
shining through your blushes.

The betrothed pair were together to visit  
London.

garden, she leant her young, sinless head  
on her guilty lover's breast—"I shall not  
dare to take such a journey, for fear of the  
highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast  
shall be pierced through ere De Montmo-  
rency shall cause one fear in thine."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave  
us so early every evening?—at sunset, I  
have remarked. These are not London  
habits. Does any other than your poor  
Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must  
die if it should be so. I could not live  
and know you were false."

"Sweetest and best! my purest love  
could any win me from you? Were it a  
queen think it not. I—the truth is,  
Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far  
from here. He is poor, ill, and I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much  
more do I love you every day. How good  
how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the  
blushing girl threw herself into her lover's  
arms.

Ah, how differently beat these two hu-  
man hearts—one pregnant with love, good-  
ness, charity, sympathy; the other rank  
with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you  
may be sure the stranger, because a few  
days previously a terrible affair had occur-  
ed. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the  
beau garçons of former days, had been  
robbed and maltreated. Men were by no  
means so favored as the beau sexe. Above  
all, a family jewel of immense value had  
been taken from his person, and on recover-  
ing his wounds and fright, he swore ven-  
geance. He took active measures to ful-  
fill his vow.

The wedding was to take place at an old  
relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house, and on  
lugging nights, that day, at length arrived.  
The marriage was celebrated, and the hap-  
py pair were in the act of being toasted by  
the father of the bride, when a strange  
noise was heard below; rude voices were  
upraised, oaths muttered, and a rush fol-  
lowed towards the festive saloon. The  
company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Harcourt.  
The door was broken open for answer.  
The officers of justice filled the room.—  
Two advanced. "Come Captain," said  
they, "the game is up at last. It's an  
awful time to arrest a gentleman on his  
wedding day, but duty; my noble captain  
—duty must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or  
appeal, the bridegroom was fettered, and  
the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes  
dilated, till they seemed about to spring  
from her head.

"My Richard, what is this?"  
"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Harcourt, "re-  
lease my son."

The men laughed. One of them was  
examining the necklace of Flavia. It con-  
tained a diamond in the centre worth a  
ransom. "Where did you get this Miss?"  
he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-  
stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mo-  
wbray's wedding gift."

"Oh, ah! This was the diamond Lord  
St. Hilary was so mad about. By your  
leave," and the gem was removed from the  
neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible.  
She stout speech—"Whom do you take  
Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom! why the renowned Captain  
Montmorency."

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to  
cause the criminal to rebound—struck on  
the ears of all present. Insensibility was  
followed, and Flavia was removed. So  
was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was  
appealed—the robber was doomed. And  
his innocent and unpolluted victim—  
For days her life had hung on a thread.  
But youth and health closed for a short  
time the gates of death. She recovered.  
Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she  
could scarcely believe in the terrible event  
which, to-morrow-like, had swept over her.  
She desired her father to repeat its cir-  
cumstances. Weeping, and his venerable  
grey hair whitened with sorrow, Mr. Har-  
court complied. She heard the recital in  
silence. Presently, clasping her father's  
hand—"Dear parent," she said, "when—  
when—" She could utter no more; nor  
was it necessary. He comprehended her  
meaning too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter."

"Father, I must be there! Do you re-  
member your jest? Ah it has to come to  
pass in bitter earnest. I must be there."

Nor would she be pacified, she persisted.  
Her physician at length urged them to  
give her her way. It would, he said, be  
less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Win-  
dows and balconies were let out on hire.  
One of these last, the most private, was  
secured, and on the fatal morning, Flavia  
was taken thither in a close carriage, ac-  
companied by her parent and an aged  
cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a  
single sigh, and suffered herself to be led  
to the window with strange immovable  
calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling  
murmur of a dense crowd reached her  
ears. The procession was arriving. The

gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart  
would pass close. It came on nearer,  
nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal  
sight, than a human fellow man hastening  
to eternity.

She clenched her hands and rose up,  
straining her fair white throat to catch a  
view of the criminal. Yes, there he was,  
dressed guiltily, the ominous nosegay jaun-  
ting in his breast, dull despair in his heart  
reaching from thence to his face. As the  
train passed Flavia's window, by chance  
he raised his hot bleared eyes; they rested  
on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The  
wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and  
cast himself down on the boards of the ve-  
hicle. She continued gazing, the smile  
frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, mo-  
tionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural in-  
telligence. Fixed and stony, they bore  
her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene.  
Her father watched for days by her  
bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light,  
a token of sense, or sound. None came.  
She had been stricken with catalepsy, and  
it was a blessing when the enfeebled spirit  
was released from its frail habitation, when  
the pure soul was permitted to take its  
flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Har-  
court sank shortly after into a state of  
childish imbecility, and soon father and  
daughter slept in one grave.

## A MISSISSIPPI FIGHT.

"Is it possible that this handsome  
looking man is the far-famed Col. Bowie?"  
whispered Mr. M—, in my ear.

"It is so," I replied; and before I could  
add more Bowie was beside us. My friend  
introduced us, and soon we were convers-  
ing together.

"I have not seen you for some time,"  
said my friend at length.

"I am just returning from a trip to the  
Rocky Mountains," said Bowie. Really,  
Mr. M—, I wish you had been along  
with us. We had several fights with the  
Indians, and in one of them I received a  
bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my  
friends the gamblers, it is nearly healed,  
and a terrible look passed over his fea-  
tures. "Our party had a most desperate  
fight with a party of Indians near Coons  
Hollow—there were twelve to one—but we  
beat them off."

At this moment a loud shout caused us  
to turn our heads; almost immediately the  
cry "A man stabbed!" reached our ears.  
Soon the crowd opened, and the gambler  
came forth. His hands were covered with  
blood, and in the right hand he bore a huge  
knife, dripping with blood. Suddenly, he  
turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a  
man who stood near him, and burst into a  
loud laugh.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Col.  
Bowie. On hearing this, the gambler thrust  
the knife into his sheath, and approached us.

"I saw a man stabbed—that's all," he  
said. "Any of you gentlemen wish to  
play cards?"

"I never play cards with strangers,"  
said Bowie.

"Why not?" asked the gambler.  
"Because, for all I know to the contrary,  
he person with whom I am playing may  
be a gambler," was the instant reply.

"Hearing this a large crowd collected  
around us.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult you!" said Bowie, surveying  
the other with a look of contempt—"I in-  
sult no man, sir."

"Because you are too much of a cow-  
ard to do so," said the gambler, sneeringly.  
"Is this gentleman your friend?"

"A new friend sir," replied Bowie.

"Well, I insulted him a few minutes  
ago," said the gambler.

"Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to  
Mr. M—.

Mr. M— replied in the affirmative.

"What is your name?" asked Bowie.

"My name is McMullen," replied the  
gambler.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bowie, with a look  
of slight; "are you any relation to the  
dodder that slew Joe Wingo a year ago?"

"Yes; it was I that slew him," replied  
the gambler.

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face.  
"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do  
not know that Wingo was my cousin."

"I don't care who he was," returned the  
gambler. "If you wish, I will serve you  
the same way."

"Perhaps," continued Bowie, a strange  
smile creeping over his features—"per-  
haps you do not know that I swore to  
avenge his death!"

"Then step out this way, and fight me  
like a man," said the gambler.

"Grant me one moment," said Bowie;  
"perhaps you do not know that my name  
is Col. James Bowie?"

On hearing this dreaded name the gam-  
bler staggered back, and gazing Bowie va-  
cantly in the face, he drew his hand across  
his eyes.

"Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured faintly.  
"Aye, James Bowie!" returned the oth-  
er. "Come, come, you wanted to fight  
me two minutes ago. I now comply with  
your request. I am the challenged party,  
and, therefore, I choose the weapons and  
place. Our meeting will take place here,  
and our arms shall be the Bowie knife."

"Have as you wish," said the gam-  
bler, as he drew off his coat.

Bowie held his hand behind the back  
of his neck and drew forth a huge Bowie-  
knife. Plunging it between his teeth, he  
threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt  
sleeves.

"I am ready," he said in a clear, ring-  
ing tone.

"So am I," claimed the gambler.

Three cheers for Bowie were given by  
the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gam-  
bler bit his teeth in rage.

"Make room here," said Bowie; "I  
can't fight without clear field. Come,  
Mr. McMullen, are you ready?"

"Yes!" cried the gambler.

Bowie raised his knee high above his  
head, and sprang upon him. Both strug-  
gled for an instant, and then fell to the  
floor. They rolled over the deck, the  
crowd making way for them, until they  
reached the railing. Suddenly, a stream  
of blood flowed from the gambler's right  
arm, and he uttered a cry of pain. Still,  
however, he did not relax his hold.

Again they rolled over, and again Bowie  
plunged his knife into his arm. Suddenly  
each released his hold of the other, and  
sprang to his feet. With the quickness of  
lightning the gambler changed his knife  
from his right hand to his left, and sprang  
towards Bowie. Bowie met him halfway,  
and drawing back his arm, he placed his  
knife into his body; the gambler fell on  
his hands, dropped his knife and staggered  
back. Bowie followed him step by step,  
still plunging his knife into his body. At  
the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

"It is over," I said, drawing a sig-  
nificant breath.

"Gentlemen," said Bowie, placing a  
right foot upon the gambler's breast and  
half extending his right hand, this man  
insulted me, and I slew him. If any one  
wishes to avenge his death, let him step  
out.—N. Y. Dutchman.

"Somebody in the Boston Trans-  
cript, writing from a place called Jerusa-  
lem, in Virginia, tells the following good  
story, illustrating at once the importance  
of the letter 'D' and the bad order of abo-  
litionism in the old Dominion.

Theodore D. Parker, Esq., a merchant  
in Boston, happened a few weeks since to  
be a guest for one night at Knapp's hotel,  
in this place. After tea, as he was en-  
joying the coolness of the evening on the  
piazza, he noticed a gentleman in the of-  
fice who was examining the book of arri-  
vals, and afterwards walked up and down  
the piazza, scanning him (Mr. P.) very  
closely. Some ten or fifteen minutes pass-  
ed in this way, when the stranger broke  
the silence by addressing him:

"Is your name Parker, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Theodore Parker?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, Sir," (with a look as if the iden-  
tity of the individual were fairly establish-  
ed,) "I suppose that you are the man that  
goes about in New England vilifying the  
institutions of the South?"

"O no, no!" answered the astonished  
Mr. Parker, before whose eyes a bag of  
feathers and a kettle of tar danced a mo-  
mentary pas de deux; "I am Theodore  
D. Parker—I am a merchant in Boston—I  
am not the minister whom you speak of."

"Ah! that alters the case, then," re-  
sponded the chivalric Virginian in a mild-  
er tone; "but allow me to give you one  
piece of advice, and that is, if you are  
going to travel round these diggings, you  
had better, in future, when you sign your  
name, be particular and put that D.—d  
plain!"

"Theological.—Two juveniles disputants  
discussed the following in our hearing a  
day or two since.

"I tell you God is everywhere!"

"Ain't—neither."

"I know better, my mother says so."

"Don't care if she does, but at that  
time, (pointing up to the telegraph  
string,) cos that ain't holler!"

This rather staggered his little rever-  
ence for a moment, but ere a minute had  
elapsed, a triumphant smile lit up his face  
as he responded:

"Well, I don't care, He's all round it!"

How many a sceptic of larger growth  
might, out of the mouth of that "suckling,"  
learn wisdom.

The Worst Last.—Harry inquired of a  
friend the other day, "which do you con-  
sider the worst of the isms now prevalent?"

"Abolitionism!" inquired his friend.

"No."

"Socialism?"

"No."

"Nationalism?"

"No, no."

"Then I must give it up," said he. "Ex-  
pound."

"Why, Rheumatism!"

"Why don't you wheel the barrow  
of coals, Ned?" quoth a learned vender of  
black diamonds to his man. "It is not a  
very hard job—there is an inclined plane  
to relieve you." "Aye, master," replied  
Ned, who had more relish for wit than  
work, "the plane may be inclined, but  
hang me if I am."

## THE HOMESTEAD BILL.

The following is a synopsis of the bill  
offered by Hon. Mr. Dawson, of Pennsylv-  
vania, as a substitute for Senator Hunter's  
homestead bill:

The first section provides that any free  
person who is the head of a family, or who  
has arrived at the age of twenty-one years,  
shall be entitled to enter one hundred and  
sixty acres of the unappropriated public  
lands, at the rate of fourteen and one-half  
cents per acre, to be paid at the expira-  
tion of five years from the date of such  
entry.

The second section provides that the  
applicant shall make affidavit before the  
register that he or she is the head of a  
family or is twenty-one years of age, and  
that the application is made for his or her  
exclusive use and benefit, and those espe-  
cially mentioned. That no patent shall  
be issued therefor until the expiration of  
five years from the date of entry, and up-  
on proof by two witnesses that the per-  
son making such entry, or his heirs, have  
resided upon and cultivated said land, and  
alienated no part thereof. That in case  
of the death of both father and mother,  
leaving an infant child or children, the  
right and fee shall inure to their benefit;  
and the executor, administrator, or guardian  
may, within two years after the death of  
the surviving parent, sell the said lands  
for the benefit of said infants, and no other  
purpose. The purchaser acquires ab-  
solute title, and is entitled to the patent.

The third section provides that the re-  
gister shall note all applications on the  
trust books.

The fourth section provides that if it  
shall be proven, after due notice to the  
settler, that the person making the settle-  
ment shall have abandoned the said en-  
try for more than six months at any time,  
said lands shall revert to the government.

The fifth section provides that any in-  
dividual now a resident of any one of the  
States or Territories, and not a citizen,  
at the time of the passage of this act  
shall have filed his declaration of inten-  
tion and become a citizen of the United  
States before the expiration of the five  
years shall be placed upon an equal foot-  
ing with the native-born citizen.

The sixth section provides that no in-  
dividual shall be permitted to make more  
than one entry; that the Commissioner of  
the General Land Office shall issue the  
necessary rules and regulations to carry  
this act into effect; that the registers and  
receivers shall receive the same fees as  
they would receive if the lands were en-  
tered with money, one half to be paid by  
the applicant at the time of making the  
application and other half on the issue of  
the certificate; that the locations shall be  
confined as far as practicable to alterna-  
te quarter sections. This act shall not  
be construed to interfere with pre-emption  
rights. That persons owning less  
than one hundred and sixty acres may en-  
ter of the public lands, at the rate of four-  
teen and one-half cents, adjoining their  
land, a quantity which added to their own  
will make one hundred and sixty acres.

George D. Panico, Esq., of the  
Louisville Journal, while on his late visit  
to Little Rock, Ark., received a letter from  
M. B. Hewson, Esq., demanding satisfaction  
for some remarks he had made in a news-  
paper. Mr. Panico disavowed any  
intention to offend Mr. Hewson, and very  
sensitively added:

"I am no believer in the duelling code.  
I would not call a man to the field unless  
he had done me such a deadly wrong that  
I desired to kill him, and I would not obey  
his call to the field unless I had done him  
so mortal an injury as to entitle him, in  
my opinion, to demand an opportunity of  
taking my life. I have not the least desire  
to kill you or to harm a hair on your head,  
and I am not conscious of having done  
anything to entitle you to kill me. I do  
not want your blood on my hands, and I  
do not want my own upon anybody's."

OUR UNCLE JOSHUA.—We have often  
heard of men who could hold but one idea  
in their heads at one time. It is not so  
with our Uncle Joshua. As he sat down  
to dinner the other day, he asked a bless-  
ing in these words:—"For what we are  
about to receive, may the Lord make us  
duly thankful!" and added, in the same  
breath, "Sally, that steak is burnt to a  
crisp!"

VERY QUESTIONABLE IMPROVEMENT.—  
A native of Erin, after having resided in  
this country for some years, was dis-  
tinguished by the superior advantage of  
singing over his old home, and to give  
a forcible illustration, no said, "When I  
came to this country, I hadn't a rag to  
my back, and now, be jabbers, I'm all  
dressed in rags!"

Hard times produces one good thing.  
They check gossiping. Mrs