

THE AMERICAN POLAND.  
SPEECH OF HON. C. R. BUCKALEW,  
IN THE U. S. SENATE, FEB. 21, 1867.  
The Senate having under consideration the bill  
to provide for the re-organization of the Union—  
Mr. BUCKALEW said:  
Mr. President, my vote has been  
solicited for the present amendment  
by gentlemen in whose judgments I  
have very much confidence; and in  
one respect the adoption of the amend-  
ment would be quite proper, perhaps  
beneficial. In so far as it places a  
limit upon this enormous, novel, and  
portentous military power the bill  
intends to establish, it may be vindicated  
by sound reasoning and considera-  
tions of public policy. Any limitation  
whatever will be better than the ab-  
sence of all limitations in the proposi-  
tion as introduced before us.

# CLEARFIELD



# REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.

PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN.

TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 38—WHOLE NO. 2009.

CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1867.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 33.

the States; ay, and of every Territory, too, whether our hardy pioneers have gone and established republican governments, fashioned and modeled after the examples of the States from which they went. With no right of trial by jury, no challenge to the tribunal which tries the accused, no compulsory process for witnesses, no right of appeal, the victim stands defenseless before arbitrary power; he must bow to its mandate and submit to its decree. Not a constitutional principle, hitherto regarded sacred in this country, is written down in this bill or covered by its vague and general phraseology, more indefinite, vague, and indeterminate than that of any statute now upon the records of this Government, or of England, abused and traduced England, of whom we complained because her Government was arbitrary, and therefore took up arms to throw off its jurisdiction and vindicate American freedom.

The General of the Army is to assign to the command of each of the military districts created by this bill "an officer of the Army not below the rank of brigadier general," and to detail a sufficient force to give dignity and effect to the jurisdiction conferred upon him; and there is conferred upon each district commander, in the third section, power "to punish or cause to be punished all disturbers of the public peace and criminals" of every description and grade. He may in his pleasure, by no rule of law, by no regulation of statute, by no principle known to the Constitution or created by Government, but according to his own unregulated pleasure and will, condemn to turn cases over to the courts—

Or when in his judgment—his supreme and unchallenged judgment—

It may be necessary for the trial of offenders, he shall have power to organize military commissions or tribunals for that purpose, anything in the constitution and laws of any of the so-called Confederate States to the contrary notwithstanding.

And then the Supreme Court of the United States, which your fathers established as the supreme tribunal of justice in this country, with appellate powers from inferior tribunals, with the great power of the writ of *habeas corpus* in its hands to correct injustice upon the citizen, is to be restrained from meddling in any way whatever with this new, unexampled, and abominable jurisdiction which the bill establishes. I am mistaken, sir; there is an exception. The judges of your Supreme Court may have jurisdiction in particular cases by a clause which I propose to read. Neither the Supreme Court nor any judge of that court or of the district courts can issue a writ of *habeas corpus* or look into the legality of any proceedings in which this military jurisdiction is concerned—

Unless some commissioned officer—Some dignified lieutenant of the second degree possibly—

Unless some commissioned officer on duty in the district wherein the person is detained shall in due form send a statement certifying upon honor, that he has knowledge or information as to the cause and circumstances of the alleged detention, and that he believes the same to be wrongful; and further, that he believes that the individual named is a person in good faith and in furtherance of justice, and not a hinder or delay to the punishment of crime.

The wealthy criminal, for his fee of \$50 or \$100 or \$500, can get a lieutenant's certificate to his petition, and go to the courts of the United States and be heard under the laws of the United States, and have some little protection from the Constitution under which you are assembled here, and which you are sworn to support. This is the manner in which judicial power may take hold of any case, no matter how enormous, of outrage or of iniquity, in one-third of the United States, under this bill.

The fifth section provides—

That no sentence of any military commission or tribunal heretofore authorized, affecting the life or liberty of any person, shall be executed until it is approved by the officer in command of the district.

tolerance surrounds us and finds voice even upon this floor.

I will state objections to the bill in general terms and conclude. I am not inclined to speak at length, but I should take shame to myself if such a bill as this could be passed or be under consideration here without uttering some few sincere words in opposition to its enactment.

Sir, this bill, in the first place, is an open confession in the face of the world that republican government is a failure. It is an open and shameless confession, made by us in the presence of our own countrymen and in the presence of the world, that our republican institutions are not as they were supposed to be, and that they are not to be maintained or to be future renown; that their period of life has about closed, that we are to be added to the list of republics of former times and of other countries who ran hurried, but some of them not inglorious careers, to end in what this bill suggests, in the rule of a master, in the establishment of military power, in the chastisement of crime, of violence, and of private wrong, not by civil law, but military force. You propose to put in command of one third of the United States generals of your armies. You propose to confer on them dictatorial powers. That is the word. This bill establishes a military dictatorship by congressional enactment for one third of the United States, and its grants are in the largest and vaguest terms. Under them any act pertaining to the punishment of criminal offenders, may be authorized and may be performed by the military power which you set up. That is a dictatorship. No matter by what name it is designated, that is its nature. That you establish by this bill. Whatever you propose, that will be the authority created; it will be known as a dictatorship in all future time.

Mr. President, at what time is it proposed to set up this military dictatorship in the United States? Is it not nearly two years after the conclusion of the late war? Is it not at a time when complete peace reigns throughout the United States, when there is no resistance to the authority of the Government, and when we apprehend no such resistance in future unless that resistance be provoked possibly, by our own conduct and policy? There can be no vindication of it upon the ground that it is necessary in the conduct or management of military operations, in the subduing of a force arrayed against our authority in any portion of the country; nor that it is necessary to guard against renewed revolt and renewed resistance in any place or section subject to our jurisdiction.

The Long Parliament, to which reference has been made, established a military force of its own, independent of the Crown, and it placed over that force military commanders. It armed them and sent them forth upon a mission of resistance to kingly power. That was during a time of civil convulsion, when parties were to be arrayed against each other in deadly conflict, when the great battle between executive, prerogative, and popular freedom was to be fought out upon British soil. There was some reason, some excuse then for a Parliament which claimed omnipotence to confer enormous powers upon military commanders selected by itself. There is no reason now why an American Congress which is not omnipotent, an American Congress whose powers are carefully and grudgingly parceled out to it in the Constitution of the country, a Congress whose powers are subjected to necessary and extensive limitations; it is not now time for an American Congress to assume to itself those omnipotent powers which will be implied by the passage of this bill. It is not now time for the American Congress to set up military power and a military dictatorship in any portion of the country.

The duties of the hour of which we hear so much are to heal the wounds of conflict, to restore real peace and genuine concord throughout our country, to return to the pacific debates which in former times characterized the proceedings of the legislative department of the Government, to restore by sound measure that prosperity which was interrupted by the war, and by a careful and provident statesmanship to make provision against those dangers to which the pecuniary interests and the liberties of our country are liable in the future. If I read aright the duties of the hour, they may be thus described: they do not consist in prosecuting in a time of peace the projects, enterprise, and measures of a war. They do not include the injecting into our councils elements of contention, of hatred, of antagonism. What is now required, and particularly what is required in the consultations of the legislative department, which is the great branch of Government, is a spirit of Christian-ity and of justice, which shall put behind us the works of war and the passions of war and incite us to works of restoration and peace. Possessing this spirit, we shall perform our mission nobly and grandly, without it, our labor will be vain and our future inglorious.

Because this bill asserts a congressional omnipotence which we do not possess, and which, if we did possess it, we ought not to exercise; because it renounces before the world the failure of republican institutions among us; because it disregards all the constitutional protections of the citizen, and without necessity or reason, subjects him in his rights of property, liberty, and even life itself to the pleasure of military power, I shall vote against it, as I shall vote against all similar measures which will be introduced hereafter.

[From the Nashville Union and American.]  
**Sut Lovagood on the Puritan Yankee.**

Powerful oratory stock—Jeremiah powerful oratory.

The rule, pure Puritan, Yankee baby, has a milk like a gourd, a foot like a gnat, an' a belly like a mildew's drumhead. He gets his eyes open at five days, while other purps hev to wate' nine, and before that time he learns to listen ova—nite for his mam's snoring, when he steals in tu suck on the sly, not that he's hungry, for he's got the usual Yankee mess of billed starch, but because stolen milk is sweet even this early, to the blue, blue, screwy young 'n-maker. He has learned to suck without eyes, so I guess he'll make an' a Yankee, able to keep up the family name, and perhaps invent a good book or a clothes-pin. From that nite on, the varmint's whole life is a string of cheats—straight along, never restin' never missin', on't dorg vomits, as the mink sucks blood, as the snail slimes, as the possum slams death, so does the Yankee cheat, "for every varmint has his gif."

He believes in schools and colleges as a barber does in strops an' hones, as a bein' good to sharpen razors on. He'll sing him and pray prayers for you, and may be gin you a dime; but if you don't soon fine yourself set back five miles on yer road to heaven and ninety cents lozer by his zeal and charity, you may shut my eyes out with cow—slop, an' I won't even say phew! His long, cold, flat back is the color of a mulatter gal's—just arter hit has been close shaved, and hits stuck all over from the scrag to the tail, wif his sins, like revnoo stamps on a law suit, and ef you examine them close, you'll find a cheat of some sort in the last darned one. If he sins among the shes, there's a cheat either in money or expectashuns if he sins a cussin that's a cheat in the words, he'll try to smuggle in G—d—n—, under the wherein sham of "gaul darn." If he sins a stealin chickens, he'll steal back at daybreak, an' crowd, just to make the poor devil think his old cock is still on the roost. If he sells you an apple for a cent, arter smellin the copper, he'll try to slip a peach on to you, even if it is ova the same price, just for the sake uv stickin a cheat into the trade. If he scalds his leather snout dippin it into your soup, he'll offer you a wooden nut-meg for enough of the skimmings to grease the barn. He'll eat a codfish, and try to cheat himself into believin his beef, and he'll listen to the chirpin of the cricket in his new jam, and tell his children that it says "cheat, cheat, cheat." His big, limber foot is a cheat, for its shape and size makes you think hit must have gits in hit, when hit haint got none. If you cut his throat you'll find a cheat, for instead of warm red blood a stream of sky blue will run, so cold that it'll freeze the black ans what git overlooked in the plaid, and when he devil gits him he'll be cheated, for he won't burn as good as a scalded rawhide. What he war ever made for is what's a posterin' me, onless it war to walk us hev a better opinion of polecats, possums and cot-ton mouths, or as livin samples to skuer us out of the rovin to hell. I reckon hit would be a tolerable safe rule to do duffin the Yankee does, and do most anything what he lets alone.

I kin sorter bar the idear ova my bein a natural born'd, darned fool, the sody bime, sister Sall's onlawful baby—everything—even the law's of Thad Stevens—but for the life ova me, I can't reconstruct myself on the idear ova the landin ova the Mayflower. What cud our maker be thinkin, that he forgot to lay the fingers on her rotten snout, an turn her down in the salt sea, wif her pestiferous load of cantin cheats an moral diseases. The was that cud a happened wad a been the pisenin ova a shoal or two of sharks, and killin the coral where the ole tub lay.

I am mad at the injins, too, for they didn't do thar duty to 'em arter they did lan. If they had circumsized the head ova the last darn'd one, burnt thar cloce, pack'd thar carusses, heads and tails, herin' fashions in thar old way, thar sails and pluck ther snout the ship Ward's ducks went, they'd deserved tobacco and whiskey while wood grows or water runs. Spose they'd a strong three hundred and one seals on willow switch for bait, went a mackerel fish.—We'd a had no mackerel now, I reckon, but what a general blessin it would a bin to the whole yearth—the isles of the sea, witebes and the niggers. Wudn't them injuns had a savory smell in my snout, in spite of thar grubworm odor, an wudn't I rise of a midnight, or any other night, to call 'em blessed, in spite of thar roasting my gran-lady. No wooden clogs, born gun flints, nor higher law; no Millerism, Mormonism, nor free-love. No Abolitionism, spirit rappers, nor crown hens. No Blossom, bit britches I mean to say; no Greely, no Sumner. Oh! my grubs; hits to good to think about. Durn them thar leather injuns; they let the best chance slip ever injuns had to give everlasting comfort to a continent, and set hell back at least five hundred years. In powerful feared I aint reconstructed on the injun jeremial either.

Jeremial pass the jug, the subject is overpowering me, and I aint quite un-buzamin myself yet. That's powerful renechin whiskey ova youm.

Well everything the Yankee does an' a cheat in some way. The word cheat ova his whole character as perfectly as the ball of dirt kivers the young tumbler bag, an like the bug he lives on hit, wailer in hit, rolls hit, an' at last he is buried in hit. Thar may be a iron coffin and silver tassels,

thar may be a grave stone from Italy, the side of his face may be cut into rock, and stuck agin the wall of his church, and they may call their trottin horses, cod boats, and blue babies arter him, yet still under that black velvet kiverlid, an inside that iron coffin, atwixt the fine linen, and that shriveled hide of his'n, is that ball of dirt. He couldn't live without hit, he couldn't die without hit, he couldn't lie still in his grave without hit, and he'll never be without hit until the Sheriff Angel at the door of the last supreme court shells him outen it with a kick afore he slings in naked into the prisoner's box, whar from his fast snout, and the cold air snout, up to that awful kicken out on judgment day, he'll stan only on his rale merits.

—A Yankee wif a winder in his breast, like one of his own hemlock cloaks, showing all of his inside, springs, traps and triggers. Then we'll see what he really is for the fast time, and perhaps he'll find out what he was made for, if he was made at all, or only just happened like Sall Simpson's baby did. Now we just know that a cuss to the yearth, an' a pest to every woman on hit, like fleas and lice, and earth made as a cuss, kept alike as a cuss. Then we'll know it all, but whether it will pay them to know it is a mighty mixed up wif the doubts.

Accidents of Speech.

Pat has long labored under the imputation of making more "accidents" with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals, but it can be very readily shown that the "ball" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Callon, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence as follows: "My dear friend; I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, Callon. P. S.—Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket. If you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

It is said of this same character that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark as at first.

A lady once asked the Abbe de Maignon how old he was. "Why, I am only thirty-two," said he, "but I count myself thirty-three, because a little boy was born a year before I was and died, evidently keeping me back a whole year by accident."

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ear marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

At a prayermeeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentlemen admitted unless he comes himself."

An American lecturer of note, solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

A Western editor once wrote: "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era. We answer it did."

Those two observing men, one of whom said he had always noticed that when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

GEN. GRANT AT A DRESS BALL.—"Mack" of the Cincinnati Commercial, describes Gen. Grant at a recent full dress ball: "Late in the evening General Grant and his lady arrived. Ulysses was immediately assailed by a young lady, and hailed, rather than escorted, into the dancing room, where he was immediately snatched for a quadrille. He was in full dress—citizen, not military—and looked exceedingly odd to those who had never before seen him but in uniform. He seemed to me much smaller and more narrow shouldered than he had ever before appeared. It may be because of the record that is inseparable from his name that many see under his military coat so close a resemblance to the great soldiers who have lived before him. But in dressing for a party he certainly spoils a good soldier to make a very indifferently-looking beau, with whom, I take it, the ladies would be slow to fall the least in love. His fair partner pushed him through the dance with moderate success. He didn't seem to like it a bit. He was embarrassed at the call of every figure, and couldn't for his life get a fair start at right and left all round. His right hand instinctively went where the left was called for, and vice versa. Then again he appeared to be foolishly afraid of treading on the long dresses of the ladies. This fear, however, is not peculiar to the General. It pervades the minds of a great many gentlemen on such occasions. For my part, I unhesitatingly affirm that the most delightful sound to be heard in a ballroom is the rattling 'r-r-r-r' that tells of a dislocated skirt. 'Tis music in the sinner's ear far more enchanting than can be got out of voice or instrument."

## The Maiden Aunt.

It is mercifully ordered, in the great scheme of existence, that nearly every person should have an aunt who is willing to grow up an old maid, and to sacrifice her life to the good of others—these others being generally her nephews and nieces. Aunts are the fairly good godmothers of society, the supplementary mothers who are often more kind and indulgent to the children than their parents are. There is not a single person anywhere who is not familiar with the idea of a good aunt. We sometimes hear of children who never knew father nor mother; but where is the child that never knew an aunt? When the father and mother disappear, and leave the poor infant to the mercy of the world, who is it that takes the little wail in, and feeds and clothes it, and sends it to school? Who? The aunt. The good, kind, tender-hearted soul, who, perhaps, has been passed over in life; who has toiled hard; who has suffered much; who, at any rate, has never tasted the joys of maternity; who has certainly never incurred its vexations. It is really wonderful, under such circumstances, that these women should retain so much humanity; that the fire of love should not have been quenched in their hearts; that the milk of human kindness should not have dried up their breasts long ago. We should be thankful to Heaven for these maiden aunts of ours; they are a legion of angels upon earth, forever hovering about us to pity and to succor. If the natural history of aunts were faithfully and accurately followed out, we are rather inclined to think that the aunts of whom we speak would be found to be a distinct species of the genus. There are points of resemblance in all aunts of this class, which are to be observed in persons who stand to society in other relations. There are many varieties of mothers; some good, some bad, some indifferent. There are also many varieties of fathers, brothers, sisters and uncles. There is a kind and indulgent father; but quite as often there is the harsh and tyrannical. There is the affectionate brother and the jealous brother; the loving sister and the spiteful sister. Then, as to the uncle, who should be a counterpart of the wife in everything, (being the masculine of the species,) is it not proverbial that while some of them poke their nephews in the ribs, call them sly dogs, and give them no end of blank-notes because they would not sell their uncle's pictures, there are others, cruel, bloodthirsty—rapacious uncles, who take their nephews into dark woods and leave them to die of hunger.

But our aunts—our aunts are always good. Who ever heard of a wicked aunt? Be it understood however, that we do not reckon among our bright particular stars, the sister of your father or mother who marries and has children of her own; nor the lady whom your uncle may take to himself with the same common place result. We don't think of her, be she one or the other, in the true aunt sense. Do you ever call her "aunt," and go and sit in her lap, and put your arms round her neck? Answer us that. No, she is aunt—mark us that. How cold the world is without the endearing diminutive! Aunt Charles or Aunt John, without lots of little buckets of her own, dipping into the well of her affections, and she has not a drop for you. Dare to sit in her lap, and she will push you rudely and coldly away. Venture to put your arm round her neck, and she will probably stand upon her propriety. The person you call "aunt dear" is quite another being. She is your father's sister or your mother's sister—occasionally the wife of your uncle, but, in this last case, she is only "aunt dear" when she has no children of her own. As to her natural disposition, she is born to love and to be loved; born to deny herself, to suffer patiently, to toil and spin, not for herself, but for others; born, above all, to rear the weakly sheep, and to rescue the black ones who go astray.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail states that Dr. W. A. Spotswood, of Pensacola, Florida, has placed in the possession of the ladies of the Catholic church at Pensacola, to be exhibited at a fair, a sword which was presented by General Washington to Dr. Spotswood's uncle, as a memento of their friendship. General Alexander Spotswood, the recipient of this inestimable gift, was an officer of the Virginia State line in the Revolutionary War, and served under General Washington.

After the close of the war, Spotswood, being a kinsman and personal friend of General Washington, the most intimate social relations continued between them. General Spotswood was living on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, and it was usual for him to dine on Christmas day at Mount Vernon. On the last festive occasion on which he ever partook of the hospitality of the Father of his Country, just one year before the death of Washington, he said to him: "General, this may be the last time we shall ever meet on earth, and I wish you to present me with some token of your friendship." Washington immediately taking a sword in his hand, presented it to him with this remark, "that it was one of the swords that he had carried through the Revolution, and which he had converted into a pruning knife," which was literally true.

"Before love comes in at the door," it would be well for him to peep through the key hole. He might see something that would prevent him from entering.

## Chapter on Harmonizing Dress with the Complexion.

Of all colors, perhaps the most trying to the complexion are the different shades of lilac and purple. The fashionable and really beautiful mauve and its varieties are, of course, included in this category. In accordance with the well known law of optics, that all colors, simple or compound, have a tendency to tint surrounding objects with a faint spectrum of their complementary color, those above mentioned, which require for their harmony various tints of yellow and green, impart these supplementary colors to the complexion. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, of all complexions, those which turn upon yellow are the most unpleasant in their effect—and, probably, for this reason, that in this climate, it is always a sign of bad health. But, it will be asked, is there no means of harmonizing colors so beautiful in themselves, with the complexion, and so avoiding these ill effects? To a certain extent this may be done, as follows.

Should the complexion be dark, the purple tint may be dark also, because, by contrast, it makes the complexion appear fairer; if the skin be pale or fair, the tint should be lighter. In either case the color should be placed next the skin, but should not be parted from it by the hair and by a ruch of the tulle, which produce the neutralizing effect of gray. Should the complexion still appear too yellow, green leaves or green ribbons may be worn as trimmings. This will often neutralize lilac and purple colors, and thus prevent their imparting an unfavorable hue to the skin.

Scarcely less difficult than mauve to harmonize with the complexion is the equally beautiful color called "magenta." The complementary color would be yellow-green; "magenta," therefore requires very nice treatment to make it becoming. It must be subdued when near the skin, and this must be done by intermixture with black; either by diminishing its brightness, by nearly covering it with black lace, or introducing the color in very small quantity only.

Yellow, also, is a difficult color to harmonize with the complexion. A bright yellow, like that of the buttercup, contrasts well with black, and is becoming to brunettes, when not placed near the skin; but pale yellow or greenish yellow suits no one, especially those with pale complexions. Its effect is to diffuse, by contrast, a purple hue over the complexion, and this is certainly no addition to beauty. Blue is favorable to most complexions; light or sky blue especially so to fair persons with golden hair; faller tints to those who are less fair or in whom years have developed some of the color of the sere and yellow leaf peculiar to autumn. It often happens that as persons advance in years, colors which suited them in youth cease to be becoming; pink, for instance agrees with a youthful complexion and fair skin, but it does not harmonize with the yellow tints of more advanced age; in this case either sky-blue, or pure deep blue, will be substituted with advantage for pink.

A Good Take-off.

Some of our religious and other papers obtain subscribers on the gift enterprise system, offering sewing machines, &c. Carry O'Lanus takes them off neatly, as follows:

I propose to start a religious newspaper on the gift enterprise plan. It will be devoted to sanctity and sewing machines, piety, politics and patent medicines. The following premiums will be given to subscribers:

Subscribers for one copy of the Church Caneer will be presented with a box of patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots or shoes, and may be used as a hair dye. [See testimonials from leading clergymen, statesmen and boot blacks.]

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit one age, as well as another.

Subscribers for twelve copies will be entitled to a wooden leg, a patent adjustable boot jack, which can also be used as a cork-screw, a coffee mill or an inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty copies will be entitled to a pair of false calves, and a gilt-edged copy of Anna Dickinson's speeches and writings.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a tilting hoop-skirt, and a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a set of summer furs, and a burial plot with an order for a tombstone when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress with a library consisting of a bottle and a pack of cards.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Clergymen acting as agents for the Caneer will be furnished with a pair of brass knuckles and an acre of court plaster.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.—The origin of the portrait of the Goddess of Liberty upon our coins is of great interest. Mr. Spencer, the inventor of Spencer's lathe, used by the American Bank Note Company, was the artist who cut the first die for our American coin. He cut an exact medalion of Mrs. Washington, the wife of General Washington, and the first few coins were struck with her portrait. When General Washington saw them he was displeased, and requested the figure to be removed. Mr. Spencer altered the features a little, and putting a cap upon its head, called it the Goddess of Liberty.

Pete, what makes you look so awful? Jake, I'm agitated, and unless my spirit are soothed, I'll do something desperate. I'll rush out and tear a board off the hog pen.

How like the shadow upon the dial, though't ever returning to the place of beginning—where we first began to live, where we first began to love; to the homestead and the trusting place, the play ground and the graveyard.