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A Forest County Husking.

Our new relations up on the Allegheny river, seem to enjoy themselves as in the olden times. The editor of the Tionesta *Press* gives the following detailed account of a husking match which came off in the Capital of that county last week, which goes to show that the people are as Democratic after the election as before. The editor says:

"Last Friday night a regular good old fashioned corn husking came off in this borough. Col. Thomas, "he gin a treat." About one hundred citizens, including a number of ladies, both married and single, participated. The corn was in ricks, the field lighted up with petroleum torches, and red ears were plenty. There was Gœttles with bagpipe or other wind instrument, Sam Haslett with turkey-skin or coon-pick whistle, George Hunter with flambeau, the industrious ladies and us sober old gentlemen husking, and some of the more good-for-nothing young bucks gallivanting the gals around and hunting red ears. There was the President of the Bank and Morris Earnst, Uncle Billy Grove and Billy Morgan, Hunt May and George Gear, the schoolmaster and little scalliwags, and before the moon rose all retired to the new building just erected on the corner facing the public square, where refreshments were served and the dance commenced, three sets, to the music of Johnson's fiddle. Democrats and Republicans, candidates elect and defeated, all mingled together in harmony and good feeling, showing that notwithstanding the late political brush, Tionesta at least continues to be one happy family united for good. Let this spirit of union and sociability be encouraged in our rapid growth and prosperity, and advancement will continue to bless our favored community."

The Jaffa Colonists.

A year or two ago, one Adams, a religious enthusiast and worldly imposter, appeared in New England and sought to prevail upon a number of people to emigrate with him to the vicinity of Jaffa, in Syria. He alluded to the traditional hope of the Jewish people to occupy Palestine, and prophesied its speedy fruition. He pictured the country restored to cultivation and activity by a great people, the chosen of God; and charmed some credulous families and individuals, even among the shrewd Yankee population of Maine, with the idea of becoming pioneers in the work of colonizing the sacred soil. His representations of the material resources of the region beyond Jaffa, on the road to Jerusalem, were enchanting. Wheat, it was said, could be produced at the rate of from sixty to one hundred bushels per acre. Three crops could be reaped in a single year. Fruits and vegetables would grow in unimaginable abundance. The climate was delicious and healthy. All that was needed was enterprise, industry and skill to make the whole plain blossom as the rose, and a home thereon seem a home in Paradise.

People enough were soon impressed to found the proposed colony. These, having despatched to Jaffa in advance an agent of their own who came back glib with tidings of a goodly prospect, emigrated forthwith. Their disappointment and subsequent sufferings have been since partially disclosed. The representations made to them proved totally false. The soil and climate turned out to be precisely what was not told them.

They were heart-stricken, and tried to return. Six of them came back some time ago, having means of their own. Another party of fourteen succeeded in reaching the United States through the generous aid of Captain Strong, of the United States steamer Canandaigua. Of the next party, numbering thirty-two, eighteen, mostly widows and children, came at the private expense of J. Aug. Johnson, Esq., United States Consul-General for Syria, who paid $1,250 in gold for their passages, without hope or thought of reimbursement; and the rest were enabled to return by the aid of Mr. Hale, United States Consul at Alexandria, and Mr. Taylor, Consul at Cairo. It was expected that those who remained would be able to eke out a decent living. But the crop failed, and they were, at last accounts, nearly starving. Mr. Hale visited the colony in May, and found most of the colonists very anxious to get home, and all in need of assistance. Many of the number are women and children, who were poor when they left their New England homes, and whose old neighbors are poor and little able to help them.

The Montgomery *Advertiser* reports the following as the substance of a conversation on election day, between a negro and his old master:

Plain old man—Good morning, William.

Colored Gentleman—Howdy massa William.

P. M.—How are all at home?

C. G.—All well, thank you sir.

P. M.—How is the crop?

C. G.—Golly! Cotton patch whiter than old Georgy snow storm.

P. M.—Come to vote, I suppose?

C. G.—Yah, Yah, yes, sir.

P. M—Who did you vote for, William?

C. G.—Yah, Yah, Yah, Yah. Don't know, sir. Jis 'fore I git to town one tall white man, wid ribbons on his hat and a big straw hat on, was ridin up and down de road like he skeered bout sumthin, and gim me a ticket wid a bird on it, and I jes put it in the office. Yah, Yah, if dis what they call votin, I rudder go coon hunting cheap.

"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" "Don't say a word about it, wife, the least said, the soonest mended."

Pride and opulence may kiss in the morning as a married couple; but they are likely to be divorced before sunset.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may throw under it.

Mrs. Sharp's Photograph.

Car'line, my niece what lives in the city, had axed me a dissiderable number of times for my portegraf to put in her album, but as there wasn't nobody to take them here in the village, no opportunity didn't present itself.

There was a feller what took daggerytipes and hambertipes for fifty cents apiece, without nary case, jest a leetle gilt fixin' around 'em an' doubled down over the edges and corners; but I didn't reckon Car'line would be sattysfied with sich like when she wanted one took on pasteboard to put in an album, jist like one she sent from Bosting, "I mean her portygraf."

I reckon Car'line's mighty tasty like, now she's gone to Bosting; she used to be common as anybody before her pap made his tortin' in Pekes Pike, but now I dar' say you couldn't tech her with a ten feet pole. I was gwine to tell you how she was dressed in her picter; she didn't look much like when she used to kite around the kentry in her linsey-woolsey. Her marm made prime linsey; she wove it and kellored it herself; nobody could keller sich madder and blue and but'nut as Sally, (Car'line's marm.) How she used to kite around the kentry, I was saying, in her linsey-woolsey, with her bare feet, and frowsey hair, and freckled face. She used to hev to wash, and iron, and cook, and milk, and sometimes drop corn when the men folks were burried, and help at harvesting. Lawk! but she's finely above it now—all of her pap's fortin' it comes of; an' it don't make a dif o' bitterance if folks *do* say he got it in gamboling. Money's money, an' if Hezekiah did use to foller farmin' an' teamin' for a livin', nobody knows it in the city.

Car'line's picter didn't dissimble her much; her hair was fummadidled off in fine style, her hair pouched out in places what would hev shocked a frenallygist if it was the natural shape of her head; and her dress neck was low and short sleeves! She was standin' by a big cheer, her hand, with lots of rings on it, restin' on the back of it. Her gound was so long it dragged on the kearpet an' a big ruffle on the bottom of it, an' then there was bows an' ruffles, an' lace and ribbins all over the waist and skeart. Her rig must hev cost a power money, and I should have set more by her if she had paid me for that hood she got of me when Hezekiah was in Pekes Pike, (they were awful hard run that winter,) afore she comes out in such dispensive attire; but that's the ingreatfulness of some folks, when they forgit their bennyfactors; the only wonder to me was that she had the dissideration to ax me for my portygraf at all.

Well, one day there was dissiderable stir in town; folks walkin' about in their Sunday-go-to-meeting-rig, an' laughin' an' talkin' putty much as they do when there's goin' to be a circus or menasery; but there hadn't been no show papers an' picters up, so I didn't know what *could* be to pay, till a gal told me there had a portygraf arty come to town an' was takin' amazin' picters over Macaboy's store.

"Takin' real portygrafs," sez I; "picters on pasteboard?"

"Yes," says she. "He's taken Squer Miff with his gold specs an' snuff-box, jist as natural as you please, an' it even shows the mold on his chin."

Now this was my chance, so one day I tho't I'd rig up an' git mine took for Car'line. I s'posed she'd like to hev me look as natural as possyble, so I put on my black bombazeen, the one Miss Sewerm made for me eight years ago this fall, my go-to-meeting collar—it's about five inches wide, with a beautiful ageing on it, an' a big blue ribbon to set it off, (I s'posed I must wear sunthin' fine, or Car'line wouldn't like it.) Squer Miff had hisen taken with his specs and snuff-box to look natural—what could I hev? I did think of takin' my little spinnin' wheel an' be a spinnin' flax, but Miss Jennings told me it wouldn't do, so I took my knittin'—Jake's blue sock—it wouldn't be such a waste of time if I could toe it off while the arty was gettin' the picter. Miss Jennings went with me. When we went in a feller came to us as perlite an' sez he:

"Did you wish to conspect some spessymens?"

What he meant I couldn't tell for the life of me, but Miss Jennings sez she—

"Oh, no; Mrs. Sharp wants to git her portygraf."

"Ah!" says the feller. He had a big mustack on his upper lip, an' his hair was fumerated with some kind of stuff that smelt as if he had been hunting muskrats. I thought maybe he had met with some kind of an axident with it, so I didn't say nothin', but looked the other way, to save his feelin's. "I shall be happy to do so," sez he.

"Will you have a vinnoyrett or one a standin' or sittin' posture?"

"She wants one in a sitting desition," said Miss Jennings, who understood what he meant.

"Are you the arty?" sez I, and sez he—

"Yes." And then he said he'd go and fix a plate, but he didn't do nothing of the kind, but went to rabbin' a piece of glass with all his might.

What he meant about a plate I cannot understand, for I didn't see no dishes, only some little cheeny ones with somethin' which looked like paint in 'em.

"If you wish you can derange your tilet," sez he, pinting to the glass, where there was a worn out brush and dirty comb.

"Derange my tilet," sez I, but Miss Jennings told me he meant to fix my collar, and slick up my hair, and set mp cap straight on my head, which I did.

Then the arty went into a leetle closit, and when he came out, sez he:

"Now, madam, I will give you a pursition."

I was jist goin' to tell him that I didn't decept presents from young men, bein' a suspectable married woman, but Miss Jennings pulled me along behind a partition made of cloth, and the arty fixed a cheer for me to sit upon; there was a very queer lookin' thing standin' behind; I didn't know what it was for 'til he put it up agin my neck, as he said, to keep me from movin'.

"Movin'!" sez I, "how sain I hair if I mustn't move?"

The arty laughed, and said I could hold my knittin' if I wanted too, so I fixed it just as if I was knittin' in sirnest, the yarn over my finger, the needles all right, and then the arty went and pecked at me through a thing that looked mity like Squer Miff's telescope that he fetched from New York last winter for the macedomy in town to study stronomy with.

"Do you take portygraffs with a tellyscope?" sez I.

"This is a cameron," sez he, keep your mouth shut, Mrs. Sharp."

That riled me a leetle; sich an upstarty like him tell a dispectable woman to shut her mouth; but I didn't say nothin,' thinkin' everything I sed might take, and wouldn't look nice on the pasteboard.

"Now keep as still as possible," sez he, pullin' a thing out of the top of the cameron and puttin' a kind of block in; "look rite at this corner—wink if yer wanter, but don't turn yer eyes."

I think I never felt so foolish-like in all my born days; the idee that I couldn't move made me want to awfully, and as I dassent breathe for fear I'd move, I felt pretty well smothercated when the arty put a kiver on to the cameron and sed:

"That'll do, madam."

"I hope it'll look like me," sez I, to Miss Jennings," and that it will show the blue bow nice—it's a master nice bow, Miss Sewerm made it for me out of my last summer's bunnit trimmin'—the strings I tuk fur my hood last winter, they were siled, so I washed and cuiled 'em with cut-ber; we have all to be comical these hard times."

I was jest gettin' patterotic when the arty sed, "Here marm," and I went to look at the portygraf.

Lawful Moses! that feller had taken it on glass when I had told him pertickerlar I wanted it on pasteboard—then, sich a lookin' critter as that was I never seed afore in all my born days; my hair, which hasn't a harf a dozen gray ones in it, looked jest as white as paper, and my cap, which I clar starched myself, looked as if the blackin' brush had been rubbed over it; I never was over white complected, but I'll venture to say I was represented thar as black as a counterband; my coller looked as black as tar, and that blue bow was like an old faded rag. I looked at Jake's sock, and that looked a sort of grindy culler, and if thar's anything I do despise it's a grindy sock; and my hands looked as if I'd got black gloves on. Sez I to the arty:

"Did you mean this for my picter?"

Sez he, "It's yer neggertive."

"Niggertive!" disclaimed I, "you miserable, low, mean, dirty scallywag—my niggertive? Mebbe you think because my ole man goes in for the pockelmation, and Jake's stampin' the Rentry for the 'publicans, that you can throw nigger at me, you owdacious copperhead; my niggertive—I'll take your niggertive! I'll take your niggertive!" and I jest pitched at the villain.

He was a leetle feller, and I'm of suspectable size; so I smutted his face good, from the stove, kicked his cameron out of the window, smashed up his bottle what made so bad a smell, and left the prommysis. My niggertive, indeed!

The next day the arty sewed my ole man fur damages, and I tell you we had a time; it'll take all this year's crops to pay the costs, I reckon; howsumever, there's no use cryin' over spilt milk.

Miss Jennings says the artist didn't intend to insult me, that all portygrafs are taken with niggertives, and that all yer have to do is ter imagine all that's white is black, and all that's black is white; perhaps she can fool me—perhaps!

If ever thar's an honest arty comes to town, I'll try to git my portygraf for Car'line, but it won't be good for any arty to take a black picture of me agin!

A sarcastic writer says; "Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking much about them."

A loving offer to marry,
Is always a lawful trade;
For his is the legal tender,
And she is the vendee made.

Could anything be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor missus," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar."

A lady stepping into a railway car, said to her little son, "Aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue couldn't wait, and called out, "conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

Whatever is lovely changes; the sea and the barren rocks will remain forever as they are.

[From the Macon Telegraph.]

Loyalty Illustrated.

MACON, GA., October 7, 1867.

Hon. Henry Clay Dean, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—I have read your late communication addressed to "The Prisoners of War, and of arbitrary arrests in the United States of America."

You allege that "the Congress of the United States refused to extend the investigation contemplated by a resolution adopted by that body on the 10th July, 1867, appointing certain parties to investigate the treatment of prisoners of war, and Union citizens held by the Confederate authorities during the rebellion, to the prisoners of war, victims of the arbitrary power and military usurpation by the authority of the Federal Administration."

Appreciating your object "to put the truth upon the record," and concurring in your patriotic suggestion that "it is the duty of every American citizen to look to the honor of his country and the preservation of the truth of history," I have felt constrained to respond to the call made in your circular, so far as to acquaint the public, through you, with the following precise, simple and unexaggerated statement of facts:

When the capital of the Confederate States was evacuated, the specie belonging to the Richmond banks was removed, with the archives of the government, to Washington, Georgia. Early after the close of the war, a wagon train conveying this specie from Washington to Abbeville, S. C., was attacked and robbed of an amount approximating to $100,000, by a body of disbanded soldiers of the Confederate army. A few weeks subsequent to this event, Brig. Gen. Edward A. Wild, with an escort consisting of twelve negro soldiers, under the command of Lieut. Seaton, of Capt. Alfred Cooley's company, (156th regiment of New York volunteers,) repaired to the scene of the robbery, in the vicinity of Danburg, Wilkes county, Ga. *By order of Gen. Wild*, and in his presence, A. D. Chenault, a Methodist minister, weighing 275 pounds, his brother, John N. Chenault, of moderate size, and a son of the latter, only 15 years of age, but weighing 230 pounds, were arrested and taken to an adjacent wood, where the money abstracted from the train, or a portion of it, was supposed to be concealed. Failing to produce the money upon the order of Gen. Wild, these three citizens, who enjoy the esteem and confidence of their fellow citizens, were suspended *by their thumbs*, with the view of extorting confessions, as to the place of its concealment.

Mr. John N. Chenault was twice subjected to this torture, and on one occasion until he fainted, and was then cut down. Rev. A. D. Chenault was also hung up twice by his thumbs, and until Gen. Wild was induced only by his groans and cries to release him from his agony. The youth, A. F. Chenault, was hung up once, and until he exhibited evident signs of fainting, when he was cut down. Whilst this scene was being enacted, Gen. Wild and his subaltern were both present, directing the whole operations. These citizens, with the exception of John N. Chenault, who was unable to be removed, were then sent under guard to Washington, fifteen miles distant.

By order of Gen. Wild, a daughter of John N. Chenault, above seventeen years of age, universally beloved by her neighborhood, and distinguished for her piety, was searched, by being stripped in the presence of the lieutenant, who was charged with the execution of the order. When her garments, piece by piece, were taken from her and the very last one upon her was reached, in the instincts of her native modesty she threw herself upon a bed and sought to conceal her person with its covering. She was ordered to stand out upon the floor until stripped to perfect nakedness.

By order of Gen. Wild, the wife of John N. Chenault was arrested and taken under guard to Washington, where she was incarcerated for several days, on bread and water, in one of the petit jury rooms of the court house, and after she had been forced to leave at home her nursing infant, but nine months old, where it remained until its mother was released.

During the period of her imprisonment, Gen. Wild was waited upon at his hotel by three citizens of the country, to wit: Francis G. Wingfield, Richard T. Walton, and your correspondent, who importuned this officer to permit one of the party to take Mrs. Chenault to his residence in the village, each pledging his neck, and all tendering bond, with security, in any amount which he would be pleased to nominate, for her appearance at any time and place in obedience to his order. This request Gen. Wild promptly and emphatically refused, but graciously allowed her friends to supply her with suitable food, at the place of her confinement.

The tortures and indignities thus inflicted upon this family, who are respected and esteemed by all who know them, failed to discover any evidence whatever of their complicity in the robbery, or any knowledge of concealment of any of its fruits.

The facts thus detailed were reported in substance to Major Gen. James B. Steedman, then on duty at Augusta, Ga., who immediately ordered his Inspector General (whose name is not remembered) to Washington, with instructions to collect the evidence as to the truth of the representations made to him. After spending several days at Washington and its vicinity, in the examination of witnesses, this officer observed that the facts which he had elicited fully corroborated the statements which had been forwarded to Gen. Steedman.

Gen. Wild was removed by the order of Gen. Steedman, and ordered to Washington City. Charges were also preferred against him, but the public is not advised that even so much as a reprimand was ever administered to him.

The foregoing statement of facts will be avouched by many citizens of Washington, and of Wilkes and Lincoln counties. You are respectfully referred to James M. Dyson, Gabriel Toombs, G. P. Cozatt, Hon. Garnett Andrews, Dr. J. J. Robertson, Dr. James H. Lane, Dr. J. B. Ficklen, Richard T. Walton, Dr. John Haynes Walton, and David G. Cotting, the present editor of the *Republican*, at Augusta.

Prompted by no spirit of personal malevolence, but in obedience alone to the instincts of a virtuous patriotism, I have thus "a round, unvarnished tale delivered" of some of the actings and doings of this officer, studiously refraining from any denunciation, and suppressing every suggestion the least calculated to excite the prejudices or to inflame the passions of the public. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN B. WEEMS.

The Vultures in the Himalayas.

Dr. Andrew Leith Adams, in his "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India," writes as follows of the vultures and other rapacious birds in the Himalayas:

'Amid all the grandeurs of the Himalayas, it is a most attractive sight to the naturalist to behold the vultures and other rapacious birds soaring over the vast ravines and around the tops of the mighty mountains. Let him choose a summer evening, with that clear blue sky almost characteristic of the Himalayas, and just as the sun casts its last rays on the snow-clad mountains—when the quiet is only broken by the cry of the eagle, the bleat of the goat, or the shrill pipe of the black partridge—then the vultures, kites, jackdaws, may be seen wheeling in vast circles; some are gliding along, apparently without an effort, others appear suspended motionless in the vast canopy of heaven; while careering in his majesty, the lammergeyer gathers up his great wings and swoops downwards, mayhap to rise again and join the medley he has just left, or stretching forth his pinions to their full extent, soars along the mountain on which his eyrie stands safe, for there who dare assail him! After a bear or other large animal is killed, the hunter soon finds himself surrounded by rapacious birds, where none were seen before; they are observed dashing down the glens, and sailing in circles around his quarry. Some sweep within a few yards of him, others are soaring at higher elevations, and over at such vast altitudes that the huge bearded vulture appears only as a speck in the blue sky, but gradually it becomes more distinct as its wide girations increase. It may gather itself up and close its wings, or dash in one full swoop hundreds of feet, and the next instant is seen perched on the jutting rock beside him. Such, then, are the usual appearances observed soon after the death of a large animal, and the hunter wonders whence all these great vultures and carrion crows have come; but if, immediately after his noble ibex has rolled down the crag, he directs his eye heavenward, he will observe carrion crows or vultures, at various distances and elevations, sailing leisurely about, whilst the one nearest him, observing the death of his quarry, instantly commences to descend; then one follows the other until the valley resounds with the hoarse croaking of the crows, and the air seems alive with them. It is surprising the numbers that are sometimes observed to congregate on these occasions; I have seen no less than sixty vultures and crows on and around the carcass of a newly-killed bear.

A young girl who had become tired of single blessedness wrote to her intended:

"Dear Gim, cum rite oph of yu air cumin at awl. Ed Colins is insistin that I shall hav him, and he hugs and kisses me so kontinnery that I kant hold owt much longer, but wil hav to kave in. BETSEY."

"I think," said a wife who could not agree with her husband, "I think Mr. Jones, we had better divide the house. You shall live on one side and I on the other." "Very well, my dear," replied the wretch, "you take the outside and I'll have the inside."

An injury is not always a reason for retaliation; nor is the folly of others with regard to us a sufficient reason for imitating it with regard to them.

We should act with as much energy as if we expected everything from ourselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as if we expected everything from God.

A lady advertises for sale, in a Southern paper, one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being married, she has no further use for them.

Be always receiving or doing good. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, and your account glorious.

Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he *lies* on one side and turns and *lies* on the other.

Concerning Man.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon the house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaption of all its parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones.

The muscles are about 500 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 35,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 times in three score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, and one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tuns per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ by its ceaseless industry,

In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,200 tuns.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of a female two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 100,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The teen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds! Pretty tight hug.

Each square inch of the skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,116 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."—*Cincinnati Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lincoln's Loyalty.

The friends of the "late lamented," those who persist in according to him more patriotism and virtue than even Washington possessed, have recently discovered by an official statement of the worldly affairs of the great martyr at the time of his "taking off," that he was in the blissful possession of Government bonds to the amount of about *eighty thousand dollars!* and they point to the fact as still another evidence of his great loyalty. When we take into consideration the fact that the bonds in question are subject to no taxation whatever, and that the *laboring* community are taxed exorbitantly to pay an interest in gold equal to *nine* per cent on the loyal Lincoln's bonds, it becomes a question with us as to who is the loyal man—he who boasts of and measures his loyalty by the amount of his bonds, or he who submits quietly to inordinate taxation that the Government may be enabled to pay such loyal leeches an interest in gold. We doubt whether Mr. Lincoln would have died possessed of Government bonds to the amount of one dollar, had they been subject, like other property, to taxation. The true patriot stops not to count the cost of his patriotism, but freely gives his accumulated wealth, however great or small, for the defence of his country. How many such patriots can we boast of in the late conflict? The *truly loyal* men were those who stood by the Constitution, every article of which was repudiated by our Radical rulers, and outside of which Mr. Stevens boasts of acting; and the day is not far distant when the people, who have been duped and misled, will so declare from one end of the continent to the other.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Henry Ward Beecher, in his discourse on Sunday, said that "Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days." Good for you, Henry.

A very sentimental poet, seeing the gambols of an ass foal in the field, vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his dearest Matilda. "Do," replied one of his companions, "and tie a piece of paper around its neck, bearing the motto: 'When this you see, remember me'".

The Clearfield Republican.

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1 square	$8 00	¼ column	$25 00
2 squares	15 00	½ column	40 00
3 squares	20 00	1 column	75 00

Job Work.

BLANKS.

Single quire	$2 50	6 quires, per quire	$1 75
3 quires, per quire	2 00	Over 6, per quire	1 50

HANDBILLS.

¼ sheet, 25 or less	$1 50	½ sheet, 25 or less	$1 50
1 sheet, 25 or less	2 50	1 sheet, 50 or less	3 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Proprietor.

CHEAP FURNITURE.

JOHN GULICH

DESIRES to inform his old friends and customers, that having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such Furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for CASH. He generally has on hand, at his Furniture rooms, a varied assortment of ready-made furniture, among which are

BUREAUS AND SIDE-BOARDS,

Wardrobes and Book-Cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining Extension Tables; Common, French-post, Cottage, Jenny-Lind and other Bedsteads; Sofas of all kinds, Work-stands, Hat-racks, Wash-stands; Rocking and Arm-Chairs; spring-seat, cane bottom, parlor, common and other Chairs; Looking-Glasses of every description on hand; and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms on shortest notice. He also keeps on hand or furnishes to order, Corn-husk, Hair and Cotton-top Mattresses.

COFFINS OF EVERY KIND

Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse whenever desired. Also, House Painting done to order. The subscriber also manufactures, and has constantly on hand, Clement's Patent Washing Machine, the best now in use! Those using this machine never need be without clean clothes! He also has Flyer's Patent Churn, a superior article. A family using this Churn never need be without butter!

All the above and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for CASH or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Linwood and other Lumber suitable for Cabinet work, taken in exchange for furniture.

☞ Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store."

JOHN GULICH.

November 26, 1862.

CLEARFIELD

MARBLE WORKS.

Italian and Vermont Marble finished in the highest style of the Art.

The subscribers beg leave to announce to the citizens of Clearfield county, that they have opened an extensive Marble Yard on the south-west corner of Market and Fourth streets, Clearfield, Pa., where they are prepared to make Tomb-Stones, Monuments, Tombs, box and side Tombs, Cradle Tombs, Cemetery Posts, Mantles, Shelves, Brackets, on short notice. They always keep on hand a large quantity of work finished, except the lettering, so that persons can call and select for themselves the style wanted. They will also make to order any other style of work that may be desired, and they flatter themselves that they can compete with the manufacturers outside of the county, either in workmanship or price, as they only employ the best workmen.

☞ All inquiries by letter promptly answered.

JOHN GULICH.
HENRY GULICH.

May 22, 1867.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—PARISIAN DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING.—Ladies can have their Dresses, Suits, Cloaks, and Basquines handsomely made and trimmed, at the shortest notice, at the old established stand, 1031 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Fancy and plain Fans, Mantilla Ornaments, Dress and Cloak Buttons, Ribbons, Cluny and Guipure Laces, Bugle and Gimp Dress Trimmings, with a large variety of Staple and Fancy Goods, from 25 to 50 per cent. less than elsewhere.

Also, receiving daily, Paris Fashions in Monthly paper, for Ladies' and Children's Dresses. Sets of Patterns for merchants and dress makers just ready, at

Mrs. M. A. RINDER'S,
1031 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

Clearfield Nursery.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the 'Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Rasberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,

J. D. WRIGHT.

sep26 65-y Curwensville, Pa.

Attention, Soldiers.

EQUALIZATION OF BOUNTY.

ALL SOLDIERS OF 1861-'62-'63 are entitled to an INCREASED BOUNTY.—The undersigned is prepared to collect all such Bounties, as well as the increased pay to Soldiers' Widows. All inquiries and communications answered promptly. Discharges receipted for. Post Office address, Curwensville, Pa.

sep5-tf JOSIAH EVANS.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.

GEO. W. GEARHART.

Clearfield, April 11, 1867.

Silver Wash Powder.

Saves time, labor, money. Makes washing a pastime and Monday a festival. Sold everywhere. Try it.

Address all orders to the Manufacturers.

ZIEGLER & SMITH,
Chemists and Wholesale Druggists,
no14-1y 137 North Third St., Philadelphia.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent act has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving a three years' soldier $152 and a two years' soldier $90 bounty.

☞ BOUNTIES and PENSIONS collected by me, for those entitled to them.

WALTER BARRETT,
Att'y at Law, Clearfield, Pa.

GROCERIES to be had at MERRELL & BIGLER'S.

Origin and History of the Books of the Bible.

BY PROF. CALVIN E. STOWE, D. D.

A WORK of rare value, and an almost indispensable companion of the Bible, showing what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it; answering all the objections to its authenticity urged by modern infidels, and tracing the authority of each book up to its inspired authors, giving a vast amount of information heretofore locked up in very rare and costly volumes. Making one of the most popular books ever published.

1000 Agents Wanted.—Experienced agents—clergymen, ladies, school teachers and others—should send at once for circulars giving further information. Address,

ZEIGLER, McCURDY & Co.,
701 Chestnut st., Phil'a, Pa.

sep26 4m

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1868 and 1867 for sale at the "Republican" office. Price 25 cents. Mailed to any address.

Cheap Coal.

THE subscriber has now on hand a large quantity of excellent COAL, which he will deliver to customers, if desired, or sell at the bank, at reasonable rates. There is no better coal mined in this county. [aug15-2m] J. M. NICHOLS.

Horses for Hire.

THE subscriber has a few HORSES, BUGGIES and CARRIAGES, which he will hire at reasonable rates. JAMES L. LEAVY.

Clearfield, Aug. 15, 1867-2m