THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months.......... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

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Job Work.

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Single quire	$2 50	6 quires, pr. quire	$1 75
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¼ sheet, 25 or less	3 00	1 sheet, 25 or less	10 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 47—WHOLE NO 2344. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1873. NEW SERIES—VOL. 14, NO. 44.

Cards.

JOSEPH B. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. 9:11:72

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.
WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in residence of William A. Wallace. jan1:73

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office up stairs in Western Hotel building. Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. je11'73

J. W. BANTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office up stairs in Western Hotel building. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. July 2, 1873.

T. H. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market st., opposite Naugle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. je14'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
*11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,66

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market St., over Joseph Showers' Grocery store. Jan.3,1873.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'73:tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. y:pd

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
All legal business promptly attended to.

D. L. KREBS,
Successor to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
Feb1,'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep13,'65-y

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

CYRUS GORDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Market street, (north side) Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 29, '73.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 6 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in Masonic Building,
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

Cards.

JOHN A. GREGORY,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,
Office in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa.
Will always be found at home on the SECOND and LAST SATURDAY of each month. 2:5

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . R. DAVIS CAREY
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.
Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,70-1ypd

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.
All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. *t20nov73

DAVID REAMS,
SCRIVENER & SURVEYOR,
Luthersburg, Pa.
THE subscriber offers his services to the public in the capacity of Scrivener and Surveyor. All calls for surveying promptly attended to, and the making of drafts, deeds and other legal instruments of writing, executed without delay, and warranted to be correct or no charge. 19ja73

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

J. A. BLATTENBERGER,
Claim and Collection Office,
OSCEOLA, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Conveyancing and all legal papers drawn with accuracy and dispatch. Drafts on and passage tickets to and from any point in Europe procured. oct5'70-6m

GEO. ALBERT......HENRY ALBERT.........W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
je25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy19'72

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
Clearfield, Pa.
HAVING rented Mr. Entres' Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. *t25aug73

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
CROMOS MADE A SPECIALTY.
NEGATIVES made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28-tf

LEW. SCHULER,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
Second street, next door to First National Bank,
nov6'72 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [tf

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
Dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE,
Market Street,
One door east Post Office,
aug16'71 CLEARFIELD, PA.

ELI HARMAN,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Agent for the American Double Turbine Water Wheel and Andrews & Kalbach Wheel. Can furnish Portable Grist Mills on short notice. jy12'71

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
Office next door to Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store, up stairs.
5:7 CLEARFIELD, PA. 6m
REFERENCES—Dr. R. V. Wilson, Dr. J. G. Hartswick, Faculty of Jefferson Medical College.

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je19'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 5, 1873.

OUT OF THE MIRE.

Pass him not by in your hurry,
But stop on the way to assist,
The unfortunate victim of whisky,
Who has not the power to resist.
Though fallen, he was once respected—
Had all that heart could desire.
But himself, he abandoned, neglected,
And quickly fell into the mire.

He was talented, young—only twenty;
Had friends once, but now they are fled;
Indulged in a home full of plenty,
He ne'er had to work for his bread.
But the love of strong drink grew upon him,
The glass he filled higher and higher,
While he drank to th' drunken god Bacchus,
As he deeper fell into the mire.

He grew older in years, and the craving
For liquor still grew with his strength,
Till now he is scarce worth the saving—
He has run to his tether's full length.
And his friends pass him by with a shudder,
His acquaintance none can longer desire;
Not one of them ventures to lift him
From out of the slush and the mire.

Insensible, drunken and stupid,
And lost to respect though he be,
There is room yet for good reformation,
And blessings for you and for me,
If we only will labor to brake him
Of his cravings for hell's liquid fire;
Then, brothers, assist in lifting
God's creatures from out of the mire.

STAY OF EXECUTION.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the year 1780, after the British had taken Charleston, South Carolina, that unfortunate State was overrun by British and Tories, who committed horrid outrages on the defenseless inhabitants; the Tories being the most cruel and brutal.

The only force the Americans had at this time to contend with these blood-thirsty fiends, was some small bands of patriots, led by Marion, Sumpter and Winn. These fearless sons of liberty lived in the woods and swamps, and oftimes had to subsist on roots and berries; but they gave the enemy, both British and Tories, a great deal of trouble.

At the time of which I write Gen. Sumpter, with a small band of fearless men, each of whom was a sharpshooter and could split the bull's eye at one hundred yards every shot, (their superior skill in shooting made them dangerous foes,) was encamped in a retired place on the great Pedee. A young sergeant named Horatio Pickens was a well-to-do-planter, owning a fine estate, with good buildings. He was a married man; his wife's maiden name was Rutledge—a niece of Governor Rutledge. Mrs. Pickens was a lady of refinement, of a brave turn, and, like her husband, was a staunch Whig. They had two small children. Mr. Pickens owned a dozen slaves, who worked his plantation. His overseer, an African, named Dick, was a very stout, active man, and being a good hand, his master valued him highly and had therefore made him overseer, and boss in general when he was about. When this narrative opens Sergeant Pickens had joined Sumpter's little band of patriots, and leaving his lovely wife and tender children under charge of Dick, who promised "marst dat he was gwine to defend de mistis and de children while he hab one drap ob bleed in his wanes."

The gallant Sumpter and his brave little band committed fearful ravages on the enemy, the Tories in particular. The Tories became desperate, and as Sergeant Pickens was one of the most daring men in the band, they determined to have him, cost what it might. They visited Dick, and after questioning the treacherous villain, they found that he was the very demon they wanted. Dick promised them "dat when de boss kum home he would let dem no, and help dem to ketch him." They promised the traitor in return, that if he would betray his master they would make him a present of Pickens' plantation, and give him his freedom. The preliminaries being settled, the fiend incarnate set his wits to work to betray his master to the enemy, where he well knew certain death awaited him. Mr. Pickens had always been kind to this negro, and had treated him more like a brother than a slave, and Dick in return was now going to repay him as Monteith did Sir William Wallace.

In the month of June, 1780, Gen. Sumpter and his brave band were encamped as above stated; the rendezvous being entirely unknown to the enemy, and no one even suspected that Sumpter was in the neighborhood.—The encampment was about four miles from the home of Mr. Pickens, and he obtained a furlough from his General for two days to enable him to pay a flying visit to his family. He therefore left the encampment after dark and sought his loved ones. On the next morning when Dick found dat de marst was to home, he appeared to be overjoyed. He wished to know if de boss would stay home the succeeding night, and the master told him he would—never suspecting the negro's treachery. The wily savage now asked "where de rest ob de boys am," but Mr. Pickens did not tell him.—About noon Dick came in apparently greatly agitated. He was weeping freely, and told his master dat his mother was dying, and he wished to know if he could hab a hoss and liberty to go and see her. His master told him to take the best horse and go and see her by all means.

The traitor left, but instead of going to see his mother, (who was not even sick,) he went at speed to a Tory rendezvous about ten miles distant, and told the captain of this band of cut-throats that his master was at home and alone; that he was going to stay over night, and strongly urged the brutal Tories to come and take him, and that he would be on hand to help them. Of course they joyfully accepted the invitation, telling the betrayer that they would be at the mansion before twelve o'clock that evening. Dick returned home and reported his mother better. During the evening the wily Ashantee managed to slip into his master's bed room, and taking his pistols from the holster he dipped them in water and replaced them. He likewise drew Mr. Pickens' sword from the scabbard and placing his foot on it he broke the blade, leaving about a foot of it attached to the hilt. He replaced the broken weapon in the scabbard and hid the balance of the blade. The villain now unlocked the rear door of the chamber, and put the key in his pocket. After this he chuckled at his cunning, and thinking his plans complete, awaited the coming events with some anxiety.

Meantime Mr. Pickens and his lady had been seated in their summer house. He had told her exactly where their encampment was, and she was well acquainted with the spot.—About sundown he called Dick and gave him directions in regard to his business, and his obsequious servant was ready and willing to do anything for "marst." The sun had set, supper was over and Mr. Pickens and lady had retired to their chamber, but had not gone to bed. Dick was "a settin in de kitchen, a lookin outen de winder, a watchin for de Tories." About eleven o'clock Mr. Pickens hearing a noise went to the window and saw by the light of the full moon that the yard was filled with armed men, about twenty-five in number. He raised the window and inquired the cause of this intrusion. He was answered by a gruff, brutal voice, that he well knew came from a certain Captain Kaig, a notorious Tory and murderer, who told him that he was their prisoner, and that he must come down immediately, or they would come up and take him. The villain at the same time gave his men their orders that they must take the prisoner alive and unhurt, and that if any of them wounded him he would shoot them in their tracks; "for," said he, "Mr. Pickens has to hang on King George's Oak." The tree was about four miles distant, and was a favorite place with the Tories to hang innocent men, and already several of the gallant sons of liberty had been executed at this fatal spot by the savage, brutal Tories.

Mr. Pickens answered them defiantly, telling them to come up and take him if they felt like it. Our hero now whispered to his wife and told her what to do. She was calm, cool and collected. The devils were ascending the steps, our soldier prepared to receive them. He first siezed his sword, and drawing the broken weapon, he cast it from him and seized his pistols and prepared for action. With wild, brutal curses the foe advanced on him. He snapped first one pistol and then the other. He saw that some traitor had been there, but he could not guess who. There was no time to lose. He clubbed his heavy pistol and knocked the first villain down; a second savage shared the same fate, and the third fell under a fearful blow to rise no more. The passage was narrow, and he kept the enemy at bay. They could easily have shot him, but their orders were to take him unhurt, under the penalty of death. But at this crisis, as our hero was facing the foe he was seized from behind and hurled to the floor by the powerful arms of the negro traitor, who sprang upon his master's breast and held him by brute force until the room was filled by blood-thirsty villains, who soon had him securely tied. After they had him secure they informed him that he would be hung on King George's Oak at sunrise, the brutal Kaig telling him that God, man or devil could not save him. Mrs. Pickens heard all they said, and left. No one knew where she went. They took their prisoner into the yard, mounted him on a horse and tied him to the stirrups. The villains did not even stop to plunder the mansion, the captain telling them it would be time enough to plunder the house after they returned. They carried out their dead companion and laid him under a tree in the yard, and said they would attend to him on their return. Now they started for the oak. Dick mounted a horse and went along, as he said, to "see de fun." They got to the oak before daylight, and dismounting turned their horses loose to graze.—They sat about in groups and waited for dawn. They did not deem it requisite to place any scouts or guards, for they thought that no enemy was nigh, and their leader told them that Sumpter was sixty miles distant.—Dick had stolen a small demijohn of fine old brandy from his master, and with this he treated "de gemmen." The coarse, brutal Kaig gave Dick liberty to taunt his powerless master, which the savage fiend did in his own style, telling him among other things, "dat dis chile am de owner ob de place now, an' dat de proud mistis would be his servant." But Mr. Pickens bore his taunts without giving them the semblance of attention. When the Tory leader ordered our hero to tell him where Sumpter was encamped, he haughtily answered him that he held no converse with a villain and a murderer. He told him he was their prisoner, they could do with him as they pleased, but he would sooner die a hundred times than betray his general. He thanked them for the respite they had granted him, and told them he would be quite ready for them at sunrise. The oak stood in an open meadow, three sides of which were bordered by a dense thicket, the bushes being about forty yards from the tree. The other side was open country. About daylight the murderers prepared for the execution. They first drew a cart under the fatal limb, which projected from the tree about fifteen feet from the ground. Pickens was now ordered to get into the cart which order he promptly obeyed, telling them he was a soldier and was used to obeying orders. It was almost sunrise, and Dick was ordered to climb the tree and adjust the rope.—The black traitor, who in his savage glee had divested himself of all his clothing except his pantaloons, ascended the oak with the activity of a wild cat. The blood-thirsty demons were now formed around the doomed man. They thought of nothing else

Our hero stood erect, his fine manly form standing above the savage crowd in bold relief. He told them defiantly that he did not fear them, and that the hour of retribution awaited them. Dick had ascended the tree and lay stretched on the fatal limb, and looked like some imp from the regions inferno. A stout rope with a running noose was thrown to Dick who caught it with a demoniac laugh, but before the laugh had died on his lips he came down from his perch in a hurry, with a bullet in his heart, for at this instant a ringing peal of musketry broke on the still morning air, and fifteen of the murderers lay bleeding around their intended victim. Now, with a loud shout, twenty horsemen came dashing into their midst. The balance of the Tories tried in vain to escape. It was perfectly useless. Among the foremost in the charge was a rawbone, spared boy, scarcely fourteen years of age. This brave youth came dashing on, shouting his battle cry. His aim was for the brutal captain, who seeing his antagonist was nothing but a pale boy, stopped and fired a pistol at him, but it was his last shot, for in an instant more his head was split in twain by our youthful warrior; and reader, that boy was Andrew Jackson, afterward the hero of a hundred fights. The Tories were all down, about twenty of them killed, and the rest wounded and prisoners. Not one of them escaped. During the melee a lady dashed into the contest mounted on an elegant charger which she guided with ease and grace, and unmindful of the wild, bloody scene around her, she nimbly dismounted and in an instant she was standing by the side of Sergeant Pickens in the cart, when drawing a sharp dagger she quickly cut the cruel ropes that bound him, and he stood a free man by the side of his beautiful wife.

The victory was complete. Not one of the rescuers had received a scratch. The Tory captain and twenty of his men were dead and five were wounded. The traitor Dick lay dead and stark by the side of the cart. Mr. Pickens now approached Gen. Sumpter (for it was he and his gallant boys that had come to the rescue) and invited him and his brave band to go home with them and take breakfast, which kind invitation he accepted with a right good will. After detailing a small guard to settle with the prisoners, they started for the home of their rescued comrade. After the Tories had started with Mr. Pickens, his lady, with the aid of an Irish servant girl, saddled their fleetest horse, and leaving her children in charge of the faithful Bridget, she was in a few minutes flying at the top of her horse's speed for Sumpter's camp. She soon reached the spot, and hastily telling the guards what the matter was, she was quickly in the presence of the General. The gallant general gave his orders, and in ten minutes he and his brave band were in motion and were going at double quick for the fatal oak. Mrs. Pickens rode by the side of the General, and guided them on their way. They approached the place with caution, and taking their position just before daylight, they awaited the time, when the foregoing scenes were enacted. After an excellent breakfast and feeding their horses, our gallant band left their kind friends, Mr. Pickens going with his General. Our hero remained in the service until the end of the war, at which time he held a colonel's commission, having been promoted from time to time for gallant conduct. Strange to say, the Tories did not trouble his mansion afterwards. They appeared to fear the terrible retribution that had already fallen on their comrades in crime might be their fate, and they let him alone. After the war was over Col. Pickens and his accomplished lady lived long and happily together, and some of their descendants are among the first families of the old Palmetto State.

Tom Marshall's Duel.

Tom Marshall was captain of a company in Col. Humphrey Marshall's regiment of cavalry in the Mexican war. One evening, when very much under the influence of liquor, he went to the quartermaster with whom he was intimate, and behaved in so outrageous a manner that the latter was compelled to kick him out. Next morning, of course, the quartermaster was the recipient of a cartel from Captain Marshall. The challenged officer declined to fight a duel for the several reasons that he held a profitable position, from which he derived a comfortable support for his family, who depended upon his exertions for a living; that he was constitutionally opposed to dueling anyhow; that he had taken an oath when sworn to his commission not to engage in a duel so long as he was an officer in the United States army, and he did not desire or intend to forfeit that commission and suffer ignominious dismissal from the service by gratifying Captain Marshall's very evident mania for the duello. "But," wrote the quartermaster in conclusion, "as Captain Marshall is dissatisfied with one kicking, I will pledge myself to give him a kicking every time he comes about my quarters and misbehaves himself as he did on the occasion complained of."

"Gentlemen," Tom would say, in that peculiar serio-droll way of his, "I would rather the rascal had shot me dead than decline my challenge in that manner."

A lady was much beset by her negro cook for permission to attend the funeral of some relative; but, to compensate her for the deprivation, her mistress said, "Rose, I really feel very sorry for you, but you shall lose nothing by staying at home. I promise that you shall go to the first party that is given by any of your friends, and stay all night long." Rose, tossing her head, replied, "Law! Miss Susan, how kin you talk like dat? You know I don't set no vally on parties. Forty parties couldn't pay me for de sight of one corp!" She was allowed to see the "corp."

Greeley's Fellow Members of Congress.

Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was the speaker, a gentleman of acknowledged ability, rare culture, imposing presence. Few men have occupied the presiding chair of the boisterous house with greater dignity or greater credit. Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, afterward the illustrious president, was a member and especially friendly with Mr. Greeley. Mr. Lincoln seemed, said Mr. Greeley, "a quiet, good natured man, did not aspire to leadership, and seldom claimed the floor. I think he made but one speech during the session, and this by no means a long one. Though a strong partisan, he voted against the bulk of his party once or twice, when that course was dictated by his convictions. He was one of the most moderate though firm opponents of slavery extension, and notably of a buoyant, cheerful spirit. It will surprise some to hear that though I was often in his company henceforward till his death, and long on terms of friendly intimacy with him, I never heard him tell an anecdote or story."

Mr. Greeley was appointed a member of the committee on public lands, of which the Hon. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, was chairman. Mr. Collamer was then, as ever, fully entitled to "the grand old name of gentleman." Of a generous, chivalric nature; firm in his own opinions; most respectful of the opinions of others; with a fine presence and fascinating conversational powers, he was as admirably adapted to receive the respect of man and the love of woman as almost any of his contemporaries among public men. He rose to get distinction in the republic, being highly successful and celebrated, both in the executive and legislative branches of the government; but it was as a companion in quiet conversation that he won the deepest affection of those who knew him best.

Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, since the then recent death of John Quincy Adams, was the most noted champion of anti-slavery in the house; and anti-slavery had not yet begun to be popular. Mr. Giddings was an agitator, and he long appeared to the public, quite generally opposed to the agitation of the subject of slavery, as an exceedingly unamiable and disreputable character. On the contrary, he was a person of an unusually large and warm heart, and of refined feelings.—He and Mr. Greeley were great friends from the beginning. Mr. Giddings, however, was fond of some amusements and pleasures, deemed innocent by himself and most men, for which Mr. Greeley had neither time nor inclination. "Sundry attempts at reforming what were considered abuses," says Mr. Greeley, "were made that winter, but without brilliant success. We tried to abolish flogging in the navy, but were beaten. I think it was Mr. (now General) Schenck who raised a laugh against us by proposing so to amend that the commander of a ship of war should never order sail spread or reefed without calling all hands and taking a vote of his crew on the question. We were temporarily successful in voting in committee to stop dealing out strong drink to the sailors and marines in our navy, though this, too, was ultimately defeated; but, in the first flush of our delusive triumph a member sitting near me, who had voted to stop the grog ration, said to a friend who (I believe) had voted the same way, 'Gid, that was a glorious vote we have just taken.' 'Yes, glorious,' was the ready response. 'Gid,' resumed the elated reformer, 'let us go and take a drink on the strength of it.' 'Agreed,' was the willing echo, and they went.

Robert C. Schenck, here referred to, since celebrated as a general and diplomatist, was at this time in the prime of his manhood. He had a robust frame, a powerful voice, and magnificent pluck, he was an orator of great powers of persuasion, and one of the keenest, most brilliant disputants of the house in a running debate. Of great good nature ordinarily, he was capable of as daring flights of wrath as of eloquence; but humor predominated in his mind when not aroused, and, next to his colleague in this house, Mr. Joseph M. Root, of the Cleveland district, Mr. Schenck was chargeable with more of the wit of the session than almost any other member.

If Mr. Schenck were an admirable specimen of western vigor, dash, and parliamentary ability, taking captive Mr. Greeleys hearty admiration, he found in the captivating gentlemanliness and ripe scholarship of Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, qualities which won his devoted friendship no less effectively. As congress was then constituted, and as it still is constituted—the more's the pity—Horace Mann was there out of his element.

Among the members of the opposition, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, afterwards President of the United States, became as well known as any other to Mr. Greeley. Mr. Johnson at this time had not won wide distinction; but he was recognized in the house as a man of strong mind and strong will, and none who knew him then, or ever afterwards, doubted his manly and unpurchasable personal integrity.

George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was then among New England's most eminent representatives. He presided over the convention which, twelve years afterwards, nominated Abram Lincoln for the presidency. A more admirable, efficient presiding officer but few deliberate bodies have been fortunate enough to select. Here, too, as we have already seen, was John Wentworth, of Illinois, then of the Democratic party. Gigantic in form, he was universally called "Long John," and retains the designation to this day. A skillful debater, an able parliamentarian, he was better liked by Mr. Greeley than any other one of the opposition. Here also Mr. Greeley daily met Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Robert Toombs, of the same state—noted southerns then, more noted afterwards as prominent leaders in the war of the rebellion against the Union.—Edward W. Thompson, of Indiana, and George W. Jones, of Tennessee, impressed Mr. Greeley as among the most effective speakers in the house. He thought John S. Pendleton, of Virginia, a splendid specimen of the southern gentleman, but no finer than Abraham W. Venable, of North Carolina. Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett was a member of the house, but already too much of a "fire-eater" to be received with marked hospitality by the editor of the *Tribune*. He greatly liked Green Adams, of Kentucky, and John M. Botts, of Virginia, both of whom became somewhat celebrated in politics, the latter having already, indeed a national reputation. James Dixon and Truman Smith were in the house from Connecticut, both afterwards many years in the senate. Of his own colleagues, Washington and Frederick A. Tallmage were the most distinguished. [Ingersoll's Life and Times of Horace Greeley.]

How She Became Green.

Mr. Green was a good looking man, very—he dressed well—was well posted up in matters of business, and had the reputation of being a smart man. But Mr. Green had lived thirty years without a wife. It was not his fault, for he was fond of the society of the fairer sex; owned a fine house, which he rented for his board, and there were plenty of marriageable ladies in the village.

How happened it then, that Mr. Green remained in a state of single blessedness? Want of courage. Mr. Green was a coward among the ladies. True, he could pick up a lady's handkerchief, hold a skein of yarn, or give his arm in the politest manner to escort a lady from church. He had seen at least half a dozen women he would have married, or who would have married him; but he never could muster sufficient courage to ask either of them whether she would or not.

One evening he was visiting at the Widow Smith's—Widow Smith—not twenty-six years had flown over her head, and yet she had been a widow three years, and had long put off her widow's weeds. She was pretty, had placed her only child beside her husband in the graveyard, and sighed for a companion; and many a time had she remarked to her friends she wondered why Mr. Green did not get married. He was an occasional caller at her house, and would have married her at an hour's notice. But she did not know it. He had never whispered to her of love.

He could talk about the crops, the growth of the village, the industry of the young men, and all other matters which the widow did not care to hear about, but the "one thing" which would have struck her ear as the sweetest of sounds, he never mentioned.

One eventful evening the widow was excessively annoyed by her domestics. Hardly was Mr. Green seated, when Bridget made her appearance at the door.

"Mrs. Smith, if it plase you," said the domestic, "will you look into the kitchen for a minute?"

Scarcely had Mrs. Smith returned, when the bushy head of John, the hired man, was thrust into the door, with:

"Mrs Smith."

"How I hate the name of Smith!" said the lady.

Mr. Green's eyes dilated for a moment—he opened his mouth and exclaimed in hurried accents:

"Make it Green, ma'am—make it Green!"

And in less than a month there was no "Widow Smith" in the village.

A Bad Boy.

The spirit of malicious mischief which has given no respite to the tortured spirit of George Russ, of Jonesville, found an aperture for wholesale exit in the numerously attended party at the Harris Works, says a local paper. After long and patient watching, his expectant vision took in the grand opportunity to relieve himself at one fell swoop of the overburdened desire to inflict his mischievous ingenuity upon his fellow creatures and achieve that sudden distinction which comes to those who enter with the true spirit of energy upon the consummation of well-laid plans. George purchased a quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper and placed it safely in his outside pocket. That night he attended the party. He had no invitation, but George stands not upon the conventionalities of that society which refuses him recognition. He had business there and he went. Cautiously he entered the crowded room, threading his way here and there, meandering to the right, to the left, forwards, backwards, and as he progressed in his travels the quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper which he had bought in the afternoon, spread itself in serpentine shapes upon the floor of the room. Then George withdrew to a retired corner and enjoyed the sneezing and excited remarks of his two thousand victims. He went home happy that night, and doubtless would have been so still had not Marshal Crotzenberg pulled him from under the side-walk on North Main street the next morning and taken him to jail. He was brought into the presence of Justice Smith to answer to a criminal charge, and the upshot of the affair is that he was sentenced to forty days in jail and a fine of $14 90.

A HAPPY PLATE OF SOUP.—A drover upon entering a fashionable restaurant, ordered a plate of chicken soup. After eating a few spoonsfull, he called the waiter to him and said:

"Look here! what was the length of the stilts used by the chicken when it waded through the water on this plate?"

"You infernal fool!" said the waiter, "the chicken didn't wade at all. It had wings and flew across the kettle, and cast its shadow across the water and was boiled some, and that's how the soup was made."

Scaffold Eloquence.

We have perused, with more or less edification, all the speeches made by the Modoc murderers previous to their execution; and we find in only one of them anything like the usual expressions of religious confidence in the future state. Old Schonchin did say, unless this was put into his mouth by the interpreter—"I will go to meet my Father in the Spirit Land." To be sure, it is impossible to tell what the venerable Schonchin meant by the Spirit Land. He may have had in his mind a Land of Ardent Spirits; he may have had some idea of a Happy Hunting Ground where his "faithful dog would bear him company;" but our opinion from the whole tenor of his autosobituary, is that he had a confused idea of going somewhere where there were no white folks.—For the rest, he talked very much as convicts, *in articulo mortis*, talk in the New York Tombs. There never was an able and earnest preacher yet who did not warn his flock against the danger of trusting to a deathbed repentance, and we never could see that it made much difference in the greatness of the peril, whether a man died reputably between his sheets or disreputably in his shoes. Properly or improperly, these unclean savages were hung much like dogs with too lively a love of mutton. Most of them in a brute way, had all the prejudice of the chivalrous Marmion in the beat of a heavy fight against "pattering prayer." The last dying confession of Captain Jack, of Black Jim, and of Boston Charley are models of beastly stoicism and animal pluck. Only Jim the Sable, in a quiet business way, said: "If we are to die, I think we should make some arrangements for our spirits in the other world, and I would like to hear the Spirit Man talk." Jim evidently regarded the chaplain as a sort of Heavenly Agent, of whom it would be prudent to procure a through ticket. Do we speak somewhat lightly of a most serious matter? If, so, it is certainly in no lightness of spirit. But when we consider all things—the cheatery practiced by us in our dealings with the savages; the bloody swindling which they, in turn, have practiced upon us; the utter lack of spiritual culture in these hanged men; the probable feeling of those who hanged them; all the circumstances of the disgusting, however necessary, scene—we cannot with much equanimity read these formal professions put into dying wretches mouths of a hope which they could not possibly comprehend, and much less feel. The goodness of God is infinite, and we know that his mercy endureth forever. In the divine economy not even these low, animal, frontier lives were wasted. These creatures, too, have gone to the place prepared for them.

As they have thus gone, no more to lie or to be lied about, no more to murder or to be murdered, no more to bother the Secretary of War, the Indian Department, and the Yearly Meeting of Friends, we see little good in trying to cast a glamour of spurious, strictly theological piety over their exit. What we who are still living most especially and sorely need is to get rid of all manner of pretense and hypocrisy, of fasehood to them and to ourselves, in our dealings with these fellow-creatures. The Red Man, for nearly three centuries, has been a hollow and howling humbug, the source of insincerities, and of endless and empty palaver. Our soul sinks within us at the recollection of the unmitigated nonsense, the pretty theatrical talk, the romantic delusions, for which Cooper's Novels and false interpreters are mainly responsible.—Smiting the Indian with one hand, we have petted him with the other. Always ready to shoot him at the shortest notice and upon the slightest provocation, we have supplied him equally with rum and religion, gunpowder and gospel; and while talking to him of Eternal Truth we have lied to him and constantly tempted him to lie to us. We have kept up a series of hollow fictions and relied upon policy of phrases. We trust that some time there will be an end of the tinkling and worm-eaten vocabulary of Indian Treaties—of the talking about the Great Father, whether that means the Almighty or Gen. Grant; about the Happy Hunting Grounds and the Faithful Dog;—an end of all this parting reminiscence of Gertrude of Wyoming, the Pioneer, and Hiawatha!—What is the use of representing a Redskin who is usually ready to shoot and scalp if not eat you, as a low spirited and amiable minstrel, plaintively singing: "O, why does the White Man follow my path?" In all our dealings with these troublesome relics of a past era, we are for justice, honesty, and kindness, but we are likewise for common sense, and utterly opposed to all further dramatic tomfoolery!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

YOUTHFUL VIEW OF OXEN.—A little boy in the Bishop Scott Grammar School at Portland, Oregon, has gotten off the following luminous view of "Oxen." His "composition is given verbatim et literatum:

Oxen is a very slow animal. They are very good to break up ground. I would rather have horses if they didn't have colic which they say is wind collected in a bunch which makes it dangeresser to keep horses than oxen. If there were no horses people would have to wheal their wood on a wheelbarrow. It would take them two or three days to wheal a cord a mile. Cows are useful too. I heard some people say that if they had to be an ox or a cow they would sooner be a cow, but I think when it come to be milked in a cold winter morning I think they wood sooner be oxen, for oxen don't have to raise calves. If I had to be a ox or a cow I would be a heffer but if I could not be a heffer and had to be both I would be a ox.

A GAMBLING STORY.—It was some time ago that a man at one of the gambling tables in New York city, after playing a time, got up "broke." He felt in his pocket for any stray money that might remain there, but there was none, and he drew forth only a cough lozenger. He was about putting it into his mouth when he was struck with the similarity of its appearance to a "split," and partly in jest threw it upon the table. It won and was paid by the dealer, who did not notice the deception, and with this amount he continued to play until he left the table a winner of more than $10,000, and with this sum he established himself in business as a druggist and apothecary. Never after could he be induced to bet on a card.

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither profit nor loss.