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NO. 2.

SELECT POETRY.

The Merchant of Venice.

A TRAVELER.

There lived in Venice famed of old for streets laid out in water.

A cringing, stony hearted Jew, who had an only daughter.

Called Shylock was this noted Jew, by reason of his name.

His daughter's name was Jessica, he loved her passing well.

But whether more than "menish" his hard heart to us to tell.

Close by there dwelt Antonio, a merchant famed and rich.

Who trafficked upon the seas in merchandise and "dash."

He had a friend Bassanio, with brains but "nary red."

And he was "spongy" on a gal and much inclined to wed.

Misgiving the merchant's name, whose daughter he chose to wed.

Put up her fortune and her hand in a sort of modern raffle.

To win the prize Bassanio was bound to risk his all.

Put when he came to count the cost his bank account was small.

Straight to Antonio he goes to raise a little "tin."

Yet he, though rich, was rather short, for his ship had not got in.

Quoth the Venetian, let us straightway into the Jew—

Shylock will lend upon my bond enough for me and you.

"Three thousand ducats," quoth the Jew, "with a large sum to lend."

You blackguards me sometimes you know, but now you wish my friend!

Vell, I give the merchant for you, and thus shall you be bound!

Of your fair flesh, if you don't pay, you give me about one pound!"

So to the notary's forth they go, the Christian and the Jew.

They sign the bond, the cash is got to put Bassanio through!

Straight to Miss Portia's house he goes in gorgious array.

Woo't he fair maid, selects aright, and bears his bride away!

The three months passed, the bonds came due, but 'twas in all the while.

Did not Antonio succeed in "striking the lie?"

He did not see a ship, though they'd shipped many seas!

The wind that blew had luck to him was a cutting sort of breeze.

For judgment now before the Duke the case will be promptly attended to.

Old Shylock, with a pair of scales and a butcher knife in hand,

Bassanio, with his ducats, though they came a day too late.

And J. Antonio, the merchant, served up to meet his fate.

The Duke he makes a pretty speech, expounding well in law.

Declares the bond is forfeit, the case without a flaw.

Bassanio makes a speech, and calls himself a lubber!

Antonio, in a fit of rage, bids him stop his ducats!

The Jew he whets his butcher-knife to finish up his grudge.

When enters Miss Portia, disguised as a judge.

Behaves J. A. she represents, while, to help along the "dark."

Her waiting-maid Nerissa personifies the clerk.

The learned judge reviews the case, decides the Jew is right.

But hopes that he'll be merciful and take the cash at "night."

"O me, my lord, judge!" old Shylock cries, "a second Daniel thou!"

Who ever saw such wisdom "neath such a youthful brow?"

I'll not have the Christian's ducats—from them he shall not part!

As with your decision, I prefer to take his heart!

"Take then," the youthful judge replies, "make then thy cruel knife."

Cut quickly out thy "pound of flesh," and end this era of strife!

But if you shed one drop of blood, of Christian blood, old Jew!

By all the tribes of Israel I'll be with you through.

No blood is there, but simply flesh and only just a pound—

I rather think, old skinflint, that Venetian law you've found.

Now cut away, you rascal, and be sure you hit the thing.

For if you don't, I promise you your carcass soon shall swing!

"Ish dat the law? if dat ish so, I think I take the money."

"Oh, no you don't!" says Mistress Judge, "you're late for that, my money!"

And more, for that you undertook to settle the Christian's "dash."

Besides your life, the law provides that you give up your cash.

One half shall be Antonio's the merchant whom you love.

The other half, Bassanio's, the balance to the state.

If you conclude to hang yourself, we hope that you'll not falter.

And as you're poor, the State, I'm sure, will furnish you a halter!"

Exit the Jew, the curtain falls, the judge resumes her frowns.

Love smiles on all the rest of course, as the fifth act announces.

—Portland Transcript.

THE TERRIBLE DRINK.

Oh! the drink, the terrible drink, Making each town and city a sink.

Of misery dire and fearful to tell, Of the numberless victims sent to hell.

Swearing, Killing, Crimes no lack, The terrible drink makes night so black!

The curse of youth and decrepit age, Adding to thirst instead of assuage!

Continual drink the drunkard's grave, Till it drags him down to an early grave.

Oh! the drink, the horrible drink! See the child from his father shrink!

As he staggers home from the night's debauch, His soul on fire from the demon's torch.

Blindly, Wildly, Stumbling along, Crased with drink, intent on wrong!

And even the dog with a bark and bound, Crows at the man as he gropes around!

This is the picture deny if you can, Of the downward steps of a fallen man.

Once he was free from the vice, but he fell, Fell, like the angels, from heaven to hell!

Fell, to be mocked at, scoffed at, and beat, Mingling with filth in the horrible street.

Fleeting, Cursing, Dreading the worst, Drinking still deeper, yet greater the thirst!

Till he staggers and falls, degraded and low,

Incident in the Life of CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY.

A STORY OF FORT MACINTOSH AND BRADY'S RUN.

About thirty miles below the present city of Pittsburg, and where Beaver now stands stood an ancient fort known as Fort McIntosh.

It was built by a revolutionary general of that name, in the summer of 1778. It was one of the line of forts which was intended to guard the people who lived south of the Ohio river, from the incursions of the savages to the northward.

This fort was one of the favorite resorts of the great Indian spy and hunter, Captain Samuel Brady. Although his usual headquarters was Pittsburg, then consisting of a rude fort, and a score or two rough frontier tenements.

Brady had emigrated westward, or rather had marched thither in 1778, a lieutenant in the distinguished English Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of General Richard Brodhead of Easton.

When, in the spring of 1779, McIntosh retired from command in the War, Brodhead succeeded him and remained at Pittsburg until 1781.

Soon after his advent to the West Brady was brevetted Captain. He had served at the siege of Boston, fought at Long Island and White Plains, gone through the whole of the terrible campaign of Trenton and Princeton, suffered at Valley Forge, distinguished himself at Germantown and Brandywine, and narrowly escaped death at Paoli.

But his tactful mind to the erratic mode of a far-seeing man upon the spot. Indeed, his early education upon the upper Susquehanna had incultured and developed those tastes from the very earliest boyhood.

Having an Indian with that instinctive hatred, which is hereditary in the bosom of the white race by long years of contest and outrage, a bitter intensity was imparted to the feeling in this case by the murder of his father and a younger brother by the Indians, under trying and terrible circumstances.

Having promised this much by way of introduction it brings us to the eventual morning in which Brady set out from Fort McIntosh for Pittsburg. He had with him two of his trusty and well-trained followers. These were not attached to the regular army, as he was, but were scouts and spies, who had been with him on many an expedition. They were Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs.

Brady resolved to follow the northern bank of the Ohio. Biggs objected to this, upon the grounds, as Brady will know, that the woods were full of savages. Brady however, had resolved to travel by the old Indian path, and having once made up his mind no consideration could deter him from carrying out his determination.

Bevington had such implicit faith in his ability to lead, that he never once thought of questioning his will.

Quite a discussion arose between Brady and his captain at the mouth of Beaver river, about a mile above the fort, and where they must cross the Ohio if they didn't want to continue on the southern side. Biggs finally waived his objections and they crossed the Ohio and proceeded with habitual caution of wood-men who fully understood their business.

They had started early and by rapid traveling they had reached, ere noon came, the last piece of bottom land on the north side of the river, below "the narrows." This is where Sawickley now stands. Upon this bottom a pioneer more daring than most others had built a cabin and opened a small spot of cleared land. He had planted it in corn, and it gave promise of a most abundant harvest.

But as they approached the edge of the clearing, just outside of the fence, Brady discovered "Indian signs" as he called them. His companions discovered them almost as quick as he, and at once in low tones communicated to each other the necessity of a keen watch.

They slowly trailed along the side of the fence toward the house, whose situation they all knew, until the stood upon the brow of the bluff which overlooked it. A sight of the most terrible description met their eyes.

The cabin lay a mass of smoldering ruins, from which a dull blue smoke arose in the clear August sunshine. They observed everything around it. Brady knew it was customary for the Indians after they had fired a settler's cabin if there was no immediate danger to retire to the woods close at hand, and watch the approach of the faintly who might chance to be absent when they made the descent. Not knowing but that they were even then lying close at hand, he left Bevington to watch the ruins, lying under cover whilst he proceeded to the northward and Biggs southward to make discoveries. Both were to return to Bevington if they found no Indians. If they came across the perpetrators, and they were too numerous to be attacked regularly, Brady declared it his purpose to have one fire at them, and that should be the signal for both of his followers to make the best of their way to the fort.

All this rapidly transpired, and with Brady to decide was to act. As he stoic cautiously around the northern side of the enclosure he heard a voice in the distance singling. He listened keenly and soon discovered from its intonations that it was a white man's. He passed rapidly in the direction from

white man, riding a fine horse, came slowly down the path.

The form was that of Albert Gray, the stalwart, brave, devil-may-care settler, who had built him a home many miles away from the fort, where no one else would have dared to take a family but himself.

Brady wore, as he most always did, the Indian garb and had war paint on his face. He knew that if he showed himself upon the path Gray would shoot, taking him to be an Indian. He therefore suffered Gray quietly to approach his lurking place. When the time came he sprang forward and the settler could have time to prepare to draw his bow to slack and sending him dragged him from his horse. As he did so he whispered to him:

"I am Captain Brady; for God's sake be quiet!"

Gray, with the instinctive feeling of one who knew there was danger, and with that vivid presence of mind which characterizes those acquainted with frontier life, ceased at once to struggle. He had time to spring to one side. Ere he had time to leap forward Brady had snatched him by the bridle. He had snatched Gray to one side, and soothed the frightened animal into quiet.

Gray now hurriedly asked Brady what the danger was. The strong, vigorous spy turned away his face unable to answer him. The settler, already excited, fears were turned into rindles. The manly form shook like an aspen leaf, wild tears of emotion fell in large drops of water over his bronzed face. Brady perceived the Indian, here for a moment whilst he led the horse into the thicket close at hand and tied him. When he returned Gray had sunk to the ground, and a great tremulous convulsion writhed over him. Brady quietly touched him and said:

"Come!"

Gray at once arose and had gone but a few yards until every trace of emotion had apparently vanished. He was no longer the bereaved husband and father, but he was the sturdy, well-trained hunter, whose ear and eye were keenly alive to every sight or sound. He was waiting of a leaf or the crackling of the smallest twig.

He desired to proceed directly to wards the house, but Brady objected to this, and they passed down toward the river bank. As they proceeded they saw from the mossy prints and tracks of horses upon the place where the earth was matted that the party was quite a numerous one. After thoroughly examining every cover and possible place of concealment, they passed on to the southward and came back in that direction to the spot where Bevington stood sentry.

When they reached him they found that Biggs had not returned. In a few minutes he came and reported that the trail was large and broad; the Indians had taken no pains to conceal their tracks—they simply had struck back into the country so as to avoid coming in contact with the spies whom they supposed to be lingering along the river.

The whole four now went to the cabin and carefully examined the ruins. After a long and minute search, Brady discovered that one of the inmates had been consumed. This announcement at once dispelled the most harrowing fears of Gray. As soon as he ascertained each one of the party proposed some course of action. One desired to go to Pittsburg and obtain assistance—another thought it best to return to McIntosh and get some volunteers there. Brady listened patiently to both these propositions, but answered quickly and after talking a moment apart with Biggs he said:

"Come!"

Gray and Bevington obeyed at once, nor did Biggs object. Brady struck the trail and began pursuit in that tremendously rapid manner for which he was so famous. It was evident that if the savages were overtaken it could only be done by the utmost exertion. They were some hours ahead and from the number of their horses must be nearly all mounted. Brady felt that if they were not overtaken that night pursuit would be utterly futile.

It was evident that the hunt had been south of the Ohio and plundered the homes of the settlers. They had ponced upon the family of Gray upon their return.

When the pursuit began it must have been two o'clock. At least two hours had been consumed by the spies in making the necessary explorations about the house ere they approached it and in examining the ruins. Not a word was spoken upon the route by any one. Their leader kept steadily in advance. Occasionally he would diverge from the track, but only to take it up a mile or so in advance. The Captain's intimate knowledge of the topography of the country enabled him to anticipate what points they would make. Thus he gained rapidly upon them by proceeding nearly in a straight line to wards the point at which they aimed to cross the Beaver river.

At last convinced from the general direction in which the trail led, that he could divine with absolute certainty the spot where they would ford that stream, he abandoned it and struck boldly across the country. The accuracy of his judgment was vindicated by the fact, that from an elevated crest of a long line of hills, he saw the Indians, with their victims just disappear

Falls, (Old Brighton.) He counted as they slowly filed their way up the ascent under the rays of the declining sun. There were thirteen warriors, eight of whom were mounted—another woman besides Gray's wife, was in the cavalcade, and the children.

The odds seemed fearful to Biggs and Bevington; although Brady made no comment. The moment they had passed out of sight Brady again pushed forward with undaunting energy, nor did his followers hesitate. There was not a man among them whose muscles were not taut and rigid as whipcord from exercise and training, from hardship and exposure. Gray's whole form seemed to dilate twice its natural size at the sight of his wife and children. Terrible was the vengeance he swore.

Just as the sun set the spies crossed the stream and began to ascend the ravine. It was evident that the Indians intended to camp for the night about some distance up a small creek or run which debouches into Beaver river, about two miles from the location of Fort McIntosh, and two below the ravine. The spot owing to the peculiar form of the tongue of land lying west of the Beaver at which they expected to encamp, was full ten miles from the fort. Here there was a famous spring so dry and cunningly situated in a deep dell, and so densely covered with thick mountain pines, that there was little danger of discovery. Even they might light a fire and could not be seen one hundred yards.

The proceedings of their leader, which would have been totally inexplicable to all others were partially if not fully understood by his followers. At least they did not hesitate or question him. When dark came Brady pushed forward with as much apparent certainty as he had during the day. So rapidly was his progress that the Indians had just kindled their fire and cooked their meal when their mortal foe whose presence they dreaded as much as that of the small pox, stood upon them.

The party had been left a short distance in the rear at a convenient spot while he went forward to reconnoitre. There they remained impatiently for three mortal hours. They discussed in low tones the extreme disparity of the force, the propriety of going to McIntosh for assistance. But all agreed that if Brady ordered them to attack success was certain. However impatient they were he returned at last.

He described to them how the women and children lay within a centre of a crescent formed by the savages as they slept. Their guns were stacked upon the right and most of their tomahawks. They were not more than fifteen feet from them. He had crawled within fifty feet of them when the snoring of the horses, occasioned by the approach of wild heat, had aroused a number of the savages from their light slumbers, and he had been compelled to be quiet for more than an hour for them to sleep again.

He said he meant to attack them, but he must depend solely upon the knife and tomahawk. He was to begin the slaughter on the right, Gray on the left and Bevington in the centre, and Biggs should secure the enemy's arms.

The difficult and hazardous approach began. They arrived within a hundred yards of the savages, and then lay down to creep serpent like into their dreadful circle. Just within it Biggs cracked a twig, a huge savage awoke as if he had been stung, and lay down as if startled into his posture by the sound. After rolling his eyes he again lay down and all was still.

Full fifteen minutes passed ere Biggs moved, then he slowly went on. When he reached his place a very slow, hissing sound indicated that he was ready. Brady in turn reiterated the sound as a signal to Gray and Bevington to begin. This they did in the most deliberate manner. No nervousness was permissible then. They slowly felt for the heart of each savage they were to stab, then plunging the knife. The tomahawk was not to be used unless the knife proved inefficient. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night as they cautiously felt and stabbed, unless it might be that one who was feeling would hear the stroke of the other's knife and the groan of the victim whom the other had slain. One of them had not been killed outright by the stab of Gray. He sprang to his feet, but as he rose to shout the war cry, the tomahawk finished what the knife had begun. He staggered and fell heavily forward on one who had not yet been reached. He started up, but Brady was too quick, his knife reached his heart and the tomahawk his brain at almost the same instant.

All were slain by the three spies, except one. He started to flee, but a rifle shot by Biggs rang merrily out on the night air and closed his career. The women and children, alarmed by the contest, fled wildly to the woods; but when all had grown still and they were called they returned, recognized amid their fright the tones of their own people. The whole party took up their march for McIntosh at once.

About sunrise next morning the sentries of the fort were surprised to see the cavalcade of horses, men women and children, approaching the fort. When they recognized Brady they at once admitted him and the whole party.

In the relation of the circumstances afterwards, Bevington claimed to have

two slow as many. The thirteenth, Biggs shot.

From that hour to this, the spring is called the "Bloody Spring," and the small run is called "Brady's Run."—How, even of the most curious of the people living in the neighborhood know aught of the circumstances which conferred these names—names which will be preserved by tradition forever. Thus ended one of the most bloody hand to hand fights which the great spy had with the savages. His history is full of daring incidents, sanguinary, close, hard contested, perilous explorations and adventures, excepted than that of either Wetzel, or Boone or Kenton.

He saw more service than either of them, and his name was known as a by-word of terror among Indians tribes from the Susquehanna to Lake Michigan.

The False Step.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press recently related the following story:

Through the guilty the honest suffer, and never was the fact more distressingly illustrated than in the late arrest of a New York counterfeiter. One of the best engravers in the country, it is not in the world, was arrested in his office, where everything went to prove, and where he unconsciously confessed his guilt—too completely broken and exhausted to make a denial. He was a fine, gentlemanly looking man, though of two somewhat disheveled, owing, probably, to the wretched business in which he was employed. He had worked for Tallant & Co., and for the American Banking Company, as a skillful house engraver, and so up to within two weeks ago thought his family. Notwithstanding his disrepute, and the great crime of which he is surely guilty, he had been a kind father and husband, and never carried his sin into his home; neither is he what may be termed a bad man, if we can reconcile these incongruities with the fact that he was arrested for greater the crime an individual can practice against the government. Had he not tempted him with large profits, for his genius was invaluable to the regular counterfeiter; profits however, that he never realized, for once in their employ and on power, he must remain, and take his chances of immense gain along with possible discovery, conviction and the State Prison.

After his arrest, in company with the Chief of the Secret Service and two subordinates, we were escorted to his home a ruined, deserted, grimy wretch, and the scene that ensued was indeed heart-rending. Accompanied as were the officers to painful family griefs, brought about to their summary arrests, the usual consequence of home innocence and tears was nothing new or unlooked for; but the family despair touched even them, and they did not care to meet the gaze of the afflicted woman who met them at the door. A beautiful daughter of sixteen lifted a white horrified face beyond her mother's; another of ten shrunk against the wall; a bright intelligent boy of six stood transfixed in wonder, and a smiling infant of two confronted the miserable father and husband. The officers needed not to search the house for traces of his evil deeds. Wife and children were innocent, and the long-practiced officers knew it at a glance. The unhappy wife sank into a chair. Clapping her shabby hands over the other, and swaying to and fro, she moaned the pitiful cry to heaven, "O God! why can't I die?" Her wet face was streaked with tears, and she shrank and shivered visibly, like a face that is dying.

Tear after tear fell from her staring eyes and rolled down her pallid cheeks to her lap. Never once putting up her hand to wipe them away, they lay idle and helpless on her knees, and the look she turned on him was utterly broken-hearted. The young daughter sobbed frantically, "Oh, father! father! what have you done?" Then turning to the chief, "Oh, don't believe it, sir, my father could not do it." The little girl clinging to the officer's knee in childish entreaty, "Don't take my father to prison, please, please don't. The boy had under the bed, and the baby crawled at its mother's feet, whimpering in its fright unheeded.

The father looked upon the ruin he had wrought, the grief he had brought upon his loved ones, and sob after sob broke from his bosom. Dashing down his graver, he said, "God curse me in my genius, and I'll never live it again!" He covered his face, and in his tears, those who loved him lushed over their cries.

The poor wife found her strength and voice at the piteous sight, and came and put her hand gently on his shoulder. "My poor, poor husband! How could you; how could you bring such sorrow and yourself such misery? It is Saturday night, and there is neither food nor fire; they will take you to—away from us, and oh! what shall I do for the children? Who will pity or help us after this?"

"I expected some money to-night," said the criminal, taking from his pocket a torn half-dollar; "this is all I have; take it, and get a little bread for them to-night."

He put it in her hand, but the trembling fingers dropped it unnoticed.

"My husband in jail, my children starving! O God! what have I done that I must suffer so?"

Here the chief stepped forward; "You shall not suffer; I'll see, madam, that you and your children are made

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"Yes," burst out the prisoner, "I am guilty; you have the presses, plates—everything, and know it, but before the Almighty God they are innocent; they know nothing of it."

"I am perfectly well aware of it," said the chief, and as it was pointed out, they departed with the prisoner, leaving the desolate home to its tears and anguish.

How mortal grief was written on a woman's face it was stamped on the chiefly features of this counterfeiter's wife, when she looked onward on the weeping children; to reproach—only—how could you, how could you?"

I have seen the law forced into many loving homes, where its head by his recent crimes brought sudden woe, but never did I witness so harrowing a scene as this miserable engraver's dwelling, the kept twisting her fingers together, and sobbing and moaning "to-morrow is Sunday; oh, what a Sabbath for me, my children, my husband!"

She was a lady by education, lit' and association, and this blow struck her to the earth. She could endure and conceal poverty, but this prison crime the world must know, and the horrible grief and shame was hers to bear as best she might. The State Prison surely avails the father, and death the mother—if the face she expected to look out that Sabbath morning was an index to the suffering within. And the bright-eyed boy, the crawling baby, and the beautiful girls, what will become of them? The late counterfeiter, upon seeing a gaunt, wretched heart-ender, and let it be a warning to other men who have a fond devoted family to peril in their disgrace and ruin.

True.

Days, good morals do not have their headquarters in taverns and saloons; nor do they lounge about shops or streets. I always have a poor opinion of a young man fitted in a chair on a hotel stool, or dangling his legs in a bar-room. Such places breed a swaggering air, and a swaggering man is neither manly nor admirable, and less so in relation to a good woman as vice is to virtue. The atmosphere of places where men congregate to smoke and drink, eat, posture, spin yarns, crack jokes, and tell stories—and you know what kind obstacles some of them tell—is no more appropriate for you than it would be for your sisters. What would soil and contaminate them, will you.

I find a wide-spread disposition among men to ridicule exemption from bad habits among their own sex. They think a fellow terrible "green" who has kept the bloom and sanctity of his honor as inviolate as the sweet sister at his side as hers; and they say a fellow that does not enjoy a fine cigar or a glass of claret, lacks in the ingredients of what now constitutes a "good fellow." It is the shrewdest nonsense, and the most palpable falsity that ever wheeled a young man into his meshes. I am an "excellent judge" of men, and some of the very best ones I have seen my good fortune to know, have been men of honor, generosity, large-heartedness, sympathy, deep and strong in feeling, appreciative, possessing good sense and judgment; and they neither smoke, chew, drink intoxicating beverages, attend horse-races, delight in the vicissitudes of the clown of a country circus, nor swear.

Plank Floors for Horses.

The following from the Cincinnati Gazette, says something on the subject:

"In regard to horses standing on bare plank floors I have tried it for fifteen years, and never littered a stall yet, nor