



### Columbia Democrat,

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### Select Poetry.

#### VALLANDIGHAM.

The following stanzas are from the pen of the wife of the gallant Flanders, of the Franks Gazette. Mr. Vallandigham should feel a pleasure in putting these lines among the heroes that the fair lovers of the brave and noble have heretofore showered upon him. Among all his admirers there is not a truer woman than the high souled Mrs. Louisa B. Flanders.

(FOR THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.)  
(Written immediately after hearing of Mr. Vallandigham's wicked arrest.)

They came, like clouds, as they were, at night,  
And stole the father from his precious fold—  
The people's champion of Truth and Right—  
Vallandigham the honest and the bold!

They dare not venture on a deed so base  
When men were waked up 'neath the sun's bright eye  
But shrank with guilty fear the hosts to face  
Who ready stood to shield their chief, or die.

But they were seen—the stars in heaven's height  
Espied the lawless, miscreant, hireling crew,  
And grieved and shamed, they leapt from the night,  
And hid their shining faces 'neath a shroud.

And the fair, queenly moon sailing on high,  
As she looked down upon the fensh crew,  
Faded at the sight and veiled her alluring eye  
Behind the clouds that darkened at the view.

Yes, they were seen—above, afar, beyond,  
But one with potent bow, that would fight right—  
Nor distance nor did darkness prove a bond  
To shut the vision from that shameful sight.

Vallandigham! the God whom thou dost serve,  
For every ill the tyrant heap on thee,  
"His red right arm" with vengeance dire will nerve  
To smite the foe of Right and Liberty.

Vallandigham! wise, noble, brave and good!  
Honored of all whose hearts round Freedom twine;  
Woe's sinner make thy garb, sustained by blood,  
Our God, than yield one nod at Lincoln's shrine.

True friends of Liberty! how long will ye  
Supine, trampled 'neath the tyrant's heel?  
Prove us! freed from why hold the servile knee?  
Up! 'ere your ions with the avenging steel!

The people's favorite son from home is torn—  
Forsaken, forsooth, he sought his country's good.  
And to some cruel gain vilely he craves,  
Rescue your chief, ye patriot brotherhood!

### Select Sketch.

#### A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY C. E. B. HOWE.

Mrs. Smith!—Of course you know her. Her husband, Mr. Smith, is a dealer in codfish, gimlets, molasses, cotton goods and patent medicines. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are of the real *bon ton*, the *recherche* of society, and the *beau monde* consider Mrs. Smith the belle of their particular element. you meet Mrs. Smith upon the street and politely raise your hat, or more probably duck your head in a bow, in token of, 'I would cut it off, if it would render you any pleasure.' Now you would hardly believe that Mrs. Smith—that richly dressed and fashionable lady—with proud and elastic step, and a contemptuous curl at servant girls upon her beautiful and haughty lip, was once a servant—ah, twice—servant girl, and factory hand in the Yankee land of Lowell. That's to her honor. For have not Kings married commoners, and Dukes made Duchesses of peasant girls? But there has been a change. Those who once thought her all arrogance, now find in her amiability, and those that thought her haughty, now love her for her sympathetic kindness. Thereby begins our story.

Mrs. Smith, was at one time, the most unpleasant mistress servant girl ever attempted to please; and if, by dint of perseverance, any one of them remained in her employ two weeks, Mr. Smith's astonishment was plainly visible.

Well, Smith puts on airs as well as Mrs. Smith—it was by a lucky accident he got started and followed up his fortune until he obtained his present importance. Tell Smith how he worked at common labor, a few years ago, or how he learned the art of buying and selling for profit, by graduating from boarding house waiter to stewardship, and there learned his first idea of 'trade,' he will probably reply: 'Ah, then was old times.' Old times, true enough! Just a decade gone since 'them old times.'

The man at the intelligence office had sent five different girls to Mrs. Smith's employ in two weeks, and on this particular morning Mrs. Smith wanted a new servant.

'Mr. Smith,' said the lady, addressing her senior partner in a tone that said plainer than words, 'I have an order for you this morning. Mr. Smith, the steamer has arrived; I see by this morning's paper that there was three hundred women on board, and I should think that you might get me a real good servant woman. I want no more girls about this house. I believe that if I have as much trouble an-

other six months with servant girls as I have had within the past six, I shall go distracted, die or be obliged to do my own housework.

'Well, my dear,' Smith replied, in a bantering tone of voice to his wife—bantering with Mrs. Smith was like little boys venturing on thin ice—'Well, my dear, if you do the first act, I shall take good care of you—in the Asylum; if the second, I will see you decently entombed; and if you do your own housework, I will pay you servant's wages regularly. There!'

For a moment Mrs. Smith held her breath; then came low mutterings Smith began to move. Then the first sharp drops from between her pearl-like teeth and rosy lips. Smith was in the hall. Then, with the thundering majesty of a Xantippe, junior, she spoke—and Smith was making his exit by the front street door.

A boy and girl came running into the breakfast room while yet the clouds hung over the atmosphere of that cosy place.—Mrs. Smith smiles—and the sunshine breaks through. 'Not yet dressed, my darling? and the full tide of noonday brightness shines resplendent all around, mellowed by the tones of a mother's voice.'

'I would like a situation,' said a mild sweet face at the intelligence office. 'The face is not what is usually called pretty, but there was a charm about the whole person that was rather prepossessing.—The intelligence officer looked at the woman—as only men in that situation can—to see if the woman would suit the place, and the place suit the woman.'

'I have one place only'—he replied—'Mrs. Smith's, and she is one of the hardest-est women to suit we have in this city.—But if you are a mind to, you can try the place, and if you stay with her one month I will charge you the usual fee; if not I will get you another place.'

The woman was satisfied to try, and a boy was sent to show her the lady's residence. 'Mrs. Smith,' soliloquized the woman, as she walked up toward the mansion; 'Mrs. Smith.' A paleness overspread her face as she caught a glimpse of the features of Mrs. Smith through the window when she turned into the basement of the house but with an effort she gathered courage, and her cheek grew red with the return-ink blush.

'Mr. ———, sent this woman,' said the boy to Mrs. Smith, as they entered the breakfast room where the children were making boats out of egg shells and floating them in ponds of coffee.

'Another woman?' cried Ed, running up to her and catching hold of her gown. 'Another woman?' hissed little Kate, as she followed her brother's example.

'Woman, never mind them,' said Mrs. Smith, as the woman placed her hand upon their heads. 'Ed and Kate,' she continued, 'go and be dressed—go this instant, or I'll whip you.'

The children did not heed the mother, and the woman was hardly conscious of either. She seemed all attention to other thoughts—perhaps about her own children or those she loved and left behind. The office boy, the while, was saying, 'And Mr. ——— says he hopes she will suit you, and since there has been so much said about girl's wages in the papers they are all going off into the country—and this one came on the steambot yesterday, from the Western States.'

The boy's errand done, he left the mistress with the woman. Mrs. Smith seated herself upon the lounge while the woman stood gazing with apparent astonishment around her.

'What country woman are you?' Mrs. Smith inquired, as she began the formula of her accustomed chateaus.

'American,' the woman articulated in reply, as if half afraid to speak.

'How old are you?'

'Twenty two.'

'Maid or Widow?'

'Widow.'

'Can you take good care of children.—Ed and Kate are two dear sweet children and if you are any way cross I fear you will not suit me.'

'Your sister! Poor soul, perhaps she was not a judge.' The woman bit her lips until the blood fairly started from their trembling veins. Well, I will want you to chamber work besides, and make yourself generally useful about the house. Now, what wages do you expect?'

'Thirty-five dollars a month I was told was the usual wages.'

'Thirty-five dollars!' and Mrs. Smith raised her eyes in surprise; 'why you must mean twenty-five dollars; that is the highest wages I ever paid, she exclaimed. And Mrs. Smith smiled, for she heard the boy say that the woman had just arrived and she was one of those ladies opposed to high wages for servants.'

'I suppose it must be twenty-five,' said the woman timidly. 'I do not know what wages are paid here for help, I only arrived yesterday.'

I can assure you, Bridget, that twenty-five dollars a month is good wages, and if that will do you, why—I'll try you.' Bridget, Mrs. Smith had called her—as Mrs. Smith had called every girl and woman of the fifty she had. Bridget's first duty was to wash and dress little Ed and Kate, and somehow or other, the children were made to look unusually neat that morning; and Bridget's eyes were red, as if from weeping; and Ed and Kate each had a valuable story to tell their mother, an hour afterwards, how 'the new woman had kissed them, and hugged them most to pieces.'

When Mr. Smith returned to dinner, that evening, he was agreeably surprised to find the house in unusual good order. Mrs. Smith was in cheerful spirits, for she had found less to do about the house that day than she had for a long time before. Bridget seemed to be ahead of her in everything, and to anticipate her wants. The children mimed her by instinct, and Mr. Smith declared that if Bridget was as good every day in producing comfort in the household as she was on the first of her introduction, he would not part with her for thirty her wages.

Two months rolled around and Mrs. Smith began to become uneasy in her new situation, for she had no occasion to direct or superintend the affairs of her household, and having less cause to complain, she became irritable and nervous. One day there had been quite an unusual number of visitors, and whatever went wrong in the parlor that raised Mrs. Smith's ire was visited upon the head of the unoffending Bridget.

Husband, was Mrs. Smith's ejaculation of complaint, as soon as Smith entered that evening, 'to-morrow morning, when you go down town, leave a note at the intelligence office, and tell them to send another woman. Bridget was quite impudent and saucy to-day, and I will not put up with a servant's impudence.'

'But, wife,' was Smith's remonstrance 'I thought that Bridget was chief par excellence of housemaids, and I think you are since.'

Her words were so calmly spoken that Mrs. Smith was startled. 'How could this be!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she sprang toward Frances, 'and I not know you! Ah, Ella Frances, my sister'—and Mrs. Smith extended her arms to embrace her. But Frances quietly prevented her from doing so, as she replied, 'No, Elizabeth, I am here as your servant; as such you treated me, and as such I will leave.'

And she left the room. Not the prayers of her sister nor the entreaties of her brother-in-law could change her resolve. It was a terrible lesson to Mrs. Smith, and she will never forget it. Ella Frances Dupue ——— was soon after married to a merchant who knew her at St. Louis, and appreciated her, and she is now mistress of a home equal in wealth to her sister's, and more replete with happiness.

With the exception of names, this 'Story of To-Day' is true; and the actors need not blush at its recital, for this is but one of the many that are stranger than fiction.

BRIDGET TOOK UP THE PEN, and, in a neat hand, wrote 'Frances Dupue.'

Mr. Smith took up the receipt and glanced at the name, and then walked across the room and held the paper before his wife. 'Mrs. Smith,' said he, 'her name is Frances—not Bridget.' A blush suffused Mrs. Smith's face.

'Frances, what State are you from?'

inquired Mrs. Smith, as the woman was leaving the room.

'Massachusetts,' she replied.

'Yes; quite well,' she answered, very quietly.

'And is the old gentleman still living?'

Mrs. Smith earnestly asked, and continued, 'I have not heard from there in a long time.'

'No, he is dead,' she replied with a sigh. 'He has been dead almost a year.'

'Dead! Poor old man!' Mrs. Smith exclaimed, and she brushed away a tear from her cheek. 'Tell me, Frances, all you know about him, and his death, and I will be thankful to you for it.'

'I suppose his death was like that of many other poor old men,' she began—and continued, 'as a sad expression stole over her face—'The old gentleman had two daughters. The youngest got married and emigrated to St. Louis with her husband, leaving the eldest at home with the father. Finally she, too, got married and like her youngest sister, emigrated to the West with her husband, and left the old gentleman alone; and I believe he never heard from her afterwards—only through strangers. I heard they came to California, and it was said that her husband, Mr. Smith, was rich.'

'Frances, hasten your recital,' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, impatiently 'and tell me about Mr. Dupue's death.'

'The tale is a short one, madam,' replied Frances—and she gave Mrs. Smith a look that made her tremble. 'The old gentleman, she continued, 'was left alone to the tender mercies of strangers. A long sickness followed, and exhausted his once competent means; for, in the absence of those who should have been at his bedside, there was no one to take care of his affairs. After all was gone they mercifully sent the old gentleman to the almshouse.'

'Oh, my God! and he died there?'

exclaimed Mrs. Smith, between the choking sobs that escaped from her lips.

'Oh not, he did not die there,' Frances replied, for his youngest daughter returned. She had buried her husband at St. Louis, and after gathering his estate together, she turned her footsteps to her father's house. The misfortune of her only parent and friend was another sad blow to her; but she soon provided a home for him, and for nearly a year she nursed and watched over him, and on his death-bed received his last blessing in reward for her dutiful conduct. He is buried by the side of his wife in the old burying ground.'

Frances grew pale at the recital and tears fell, as did those of her hearers.

'Ah! then my poor old father is dead!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith; 'and Ella, my sister, where is she?'

'She remained in Lowell for some time after her father's death,' Frances continued, 'expecting to hear from her sister Elizabeth, to whom she had often written without receiving any reply. She finally concluded to come to California. She arrived here two months ago, and by a strange fatality was introduced into her sister's house as a servant, where she has been ever since.'

Her words were so calmly spoken that Mrs. Smith was startled. 'How could this be!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she sprang toward Frances, 'and I not know you! Ah, Ella Frances, my sister'—and Mrs. Smith extended her arms to embrace her. But Frances quietly prevented her from doing so, as she replied, 'No, Elizabeth, I am here as your servant; as such you treated me, and as such I will leave.'

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#### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim, Since twenty years ago, When gals wore woolen dresses, Jim, And boys wore pants of tow; When shoes were made of cow-hide, And socks of homespun wool, And children did a half day's work Before they went to school!

The girls took music lessons Jim, Upon the spinning wheel, And practiced late and early, Jim, On spindle, swift and reel; The boys would ride bareback to mill, A dozen miles or so, And hurry off before 'twas day, Some twenty years ago.

The people rode to meetin' Jim, In sleds instead of sleighs; And wagons rala as easy, Jim, As buggies now-a-days; And oxen answered well for teams, Though row they'd be too slow, For people lived not half so fast Some twenty years ago.

Oh, well do I remember, Jim, That Wilson's patent stove, That father bought and paid for, Jim, In cloth our gals had wore; And how the neighbors wondered, When we got 'the thing' to go, And said 'twould burst and kill us all— Some twenty years ago.

Yes, every thing is different Jim, From what it 'used to was; For men are always tampering Jim, With God's great natural laws, And what on earth we're coming to— Does any body know? For everything has changed so much Since twenty years ago.

#### Sanitary Commission Department.

##### A CRY FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

During the long pause of suspense, while waiting for the inevitable battles of this Spring, the interest and activity of our benevolent people army ward have been greatly on the wane. The first enthusiasm, which incited men to generous giving and women to be overflowing in good works, has grown cold. We have become accustomed to the thought of war. No moving tales of special suffering have stirred us lately. The soldiers in our thinned hospitals are comfortable, and kindly cared for. In truth, we are very prosperous here at home, and much at ease, and settled down upon our loss. But now a cry comes up into our ears from off the battle-field. Strong crying of sorrow and anguish. Awaken, pitiful hearts! Arise up, ye that sit at ease! It is time to give and to work. Let us picture to ourselves those sorrowful scenes about Fredericksburg; our brothers lying alone upon the cold ground, bleeding their lives away with the fever-thirst of wounds upon them, crying out unheard for water; waiting terrible hours, days even, for the mercies of the surgeon's knife, while their wounds turn to gangrene. Let us picture it as of our sons, our husbands, and then resolve what we will do. We cannot all flock to the battle-field to minister to the sufferers, but all can strengthen the hands and extend the power of tried and experienced ministers by giving freely of their goods and money.

The most extended agency for such relief, the longest in the field, best known and proven, is the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Read the record of its works of mercy at Antietam, at Murfreesboro', during all that terrible Peninsula campaign, and elsewhere, and then make haste to put it in its power to repeat like deeds. Never were its coffers so empty, and never were its demands so great as now. This day—before laying down in comfortable beds this night—let every man, every woman, resolve what of their superfluity—what of their comforts—what even of their finery they can give to alleviate that great cry of suffering which comes from the Rappahannock.

OF THE WOMEN'S PENNA. BRANCH.

'What they Have to Do who Stay at Home.'

There is no time, when relief has a title of the value that it has when presented immediately after a battle. In the recent campaign in Maryland, the agents of the Commission, more than once, were distributing from its stores to the wounded on the field, while engagements were yet in progress; and within three days after the battle of Antietam, more than forty of its chosen agents were on the ground, systematically employed in the same duty; and success, in one form or another, had been extended by them to eight thousand sufferers.

It may be said with confidence, that all the goods which the Commission were able to bring upon this battle field were made, in their life-saving power, a hundred fold more valuable than they would have been if they had been thrown into other channels, and delivered with only the usual advantages of those who operate independently of the Commission.

The Commission has been censured for attempting to accumulate supplies, and for holding them in reserve at a distance from the seat of war, and gifts have been withheld from it on this account, and sent to those who were eager to bestow them with thoughtless liberality wherever a soldier could be found disabled for a time from duty. Nothing can be more certain than that it had all taken this course, the lives of hundreds of brave men, each dear to some fireside, would have been lost at Antietam, which have now been saved. This will not be regarded as an extravagant statement when it is known that there were thirty regiments of one State alone, which went into this battle absolutely without the smallest particle of medical or surgical stores in the hands of their surgeons; that the Government supplies sent out for their relief did not reach the ground till the third day after the battle, and that one of the largest of the field hospitals was provided by the Commission, not only with subsistence stores, bedding, clothing, and medicine, but for several days with the only medical attendance which the patient in it received.

Let the full meaning of this be felt, and let it be remembered that, in what was done here, every contributor to the treasury or the stores of the Commission had part, as much as if the aid thus given had been tendered in person to the sufferers on the field; perhaps even more so, for, placed in the hands of men instructed and trained how best to use it, each gift received a value which it might not have had in the hands of the contributors. It will be seen, then, that in proportion as the principle of Union is adhered to, in the bestowment of these gifts, their value is increased, and that in every departure from this principle there is a waste of that which may otherwise be to the saving of life.

The impulse may be a natural one which seeks to know even the individual person upon whom our gifts are bestowed and to give them by the hands of some friend or neighbor, but it must be obvious that it is to say the least, a higher form of benevolence and of patriotism which asks only to have a reasonable assurance that the soldiers of the Union will be helped by our offerings, when and where they most need our help, and that only by the exercise of this larger benevolence that measures of relief can be taken at all adequate to the necessities of the army, or commensurate with the grandeur of its purposes.

#### Reading the Signs.

Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, (Abolition) in recent speech, said:

'We are about played out as a party. We played the "Maine law" a good enough Morgan for the time being—but it was played out, and so abolitionism is played out. It may last Lincoln's time out—but if we hold on till then, there is not one of us living, that will ever get into public life again. Weed is wisely getting out of the scrape. Greeley is fool enough to hang on. The only hope there is for any of us, is to keep on the war until the Union is so thoroughly split up, that it never can be got together again.' A reunion with the South on any terms is death to all this generation. But, at any rate the taxes, which the people have not begun to feel; the debt, and the conscription, not yet begun, but to come, will damn every man concerned in levying them.'

Just so. There is not a Republican of any penetration in the country but knows that they are a "played-out" party. Many of them are already showing a restiveness under party drill, which bodes no good to the administration. Prominent among these stands Col. A. K. McClure late chairman of the Republican State committee.—The Valley spirit, noticing a speech delivered by him in Chambersburg on the 21st ult., uses the following language:

'We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that his speech was a most remarkable one to be delivered by a Republican speaker at a Republican meeting. He commenced by administering a powerful rebuke to his partisan friends who disagreed with them in politics. These men had gone from our midst side by side with Republicans, their blood was shed upon every battle-field, their dead bodies have been carried through our streets, followed by a whole community, in tears and sorrow. These men are not traitors, said the Colonel, and you know it. He then spoke of the Emancipation Proclamation. He was not prepared to say he would have issued it, had he been in Mr. Lincoln's position, and he now declared that if it stood in the way of the restoration of the Union it ought to fall that day. The speech was, that it did not endorse a single measure of the Administration, while the speaker concluded with the significant declaration that he considered his first duty due to his country, and would follow that duty, though it might lead into a different path from that in which he had heretofore travelled.'

Language like the foregoing, coming from so high a source, and delivered before a so-called "Union League," falls like a wet blanket upon those conspirators against the peace of the country, and may well send a thrill of terror to the occupants of the white house, admonishing them the foundation on which they stand, like the "apples of sodom" are crumbling to dust beneath their feet.

#### Judge Pearson's Opinion.

Judge Pearson, of the Dauphin District, well known throughout the State as a Republican, in a recent charge to the Grand Jury, puts a total extinguisher upon that class of scoundrels whose fidelity is to the Administration instead of the Constitution. The Judge says: "Do not misunderstand me on this point; men have the most unlimited right to condemn, and if you please, to rail at the National Administration, and to object to the manner in which it conducts public affairs. Parties will always exist in every free country, and whether men will sustain or oppose a particular Administration, is one in which there should ever be the most perfect freedom of opinion."

This language, coming from a Republican Judge, and pronounced officially, should, we think, 'take down' the self-constituted class of dictators who infest every locality and disturb its peace and order. But the Judge administers a still severer rebuke to these Administration parasites in the following pertinent sentence. He says:

'There certainly can be no difficulty with persons of ordinary intelligence in drawing the distinction between sustaining the Government itself, and sustaining or opposing those who temporarily administer its affairs, (i. e. Administration.) The latter is a question of party, the former of patriotism.'

TAXATION.—In Albany, N. Y., the Republicans called upon the citizens to support the Republican candidates in the recent municipal election "to save themselves from taxation." To this the Albany Argus well replies as follows:

The Tax Payers will remember that their bread is taxed by Republicans! Their tea is taxed by Republicans! Their sugar is taxed by Republicans! Their business is taxed by Republicans! Their clothing is taxed by Republicans! In short, that everything they eat, drink or wear is taxed by a reckless Administration, not to supply the real necessity of the country, but to free and enrich an army of greedy partisans, and to pave with "greenbacks" the road to the next Presidential day.

THE NEW STATE OFFICERS.—On Monday, the 4th inst. in accordance with the law, the new State officers, to wit: Isaac Slenker, Auditor General, James P. Barr, Surveyor General, William N. McGrath, State Treasurer, —All Democrats, who were elected—the first two names, by the people in October last, and the last by the Legislature in January—entered upon the duties of their respective offices. They succeeded Thos. E. Cochran as Auditor General; Henry Southard (who was appointed for the unexpired term of the late Gen. Wm. H. Keim) as Surveyor General; and Henry D. Moors as State Treasurer—all Republicans.

The new Auditor General has re-appointed W. Q. Wallace as Chief Clerk, a position he has held for many years, under various Administrations.

The new Surveyor General has appointed Maj. Thomas J. Rehner, an old Berks county man, as his Chief Clerk. Maj. Rehner held this place for a long time, under all changes of Administration, until removed by the late Gen. Keim.

The new State Treasurer has called his old friend Wm. D. Boas, Esq., back to his old place as Chief Clerk and Cashier of the Treasury—and a better or more faithful officer does not live. Men of all parties must and will approve this excellent appointment. Daniel K. Weidner, Esq., of Berks, late a member of the Legislature, has been appointed as Assistant Clerk in the Treasury Department.