

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1859.

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**LIFE NOW-A-DAYS.**  
Life is but a span—of horses;  
One is "Age," the other "Prime;"  
Up and down the hill our course is;  
"Go in ponies"—"make your time."  
Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;  
Youthful folly gives the stroke;  
Manhood goads them at his leisure;  
"Let 'em rip!" "they're tough as oak."  
"Hi, ya! there," the stakes we'll pocket;  
To the wind let care be sent;  
Time, 2-10. "Whip in socket,  
Give 'em string, and let 'em vent."  
On the sunny road to fifty,  
"Prime," is drowned in Lethe's stream.  
"Age" is left, lame, old, unthrifty,  
Life then proves a one horse team.  
"Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady,  
Reels and slacks in his pace;  
"Kicks the bucket" always ready,  
"Gives it up"—"Death wins the race."

## CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

At an early day, a few persons leaving the river bottoms to penetrate further into the woods, gave an impetus to three important settlements—the Ridge settlement on the north side of the West Branch, between the two turnpikes—the Grampian Hills settlement, on the same side of the River, but higher up stream—and the Ridge settlement to the south of the River. Abraham Passmore was born in Chester County on the 11th of August, 1764, and died in the first named settlement on the 10th of August, 1854, having just completed his ninetieth year. Although not the first who made an opening in this settlement, he was one of those who early emigrated to the county. Leaving Chester county, he removed to Spruce Creek, from thence to Centre county, and afterwards, in the fall of 1802, he settled on the bank of the West Branch, where he commenced clearing the farm now occupied by Jacob Hoover. He followed his trade—blacksmithing—and from that fact was quite an accession to the community. His business was more extended than extensive—his customers coming from all the surrounding settlements. In 1806 he left the river for the Ridge settlement, and commenced anew upon the farm now owned by his son, Col. Geo. C. Passmore. Here he made for himself a comfortable home, and was soon surrounded by children, whose marriages have connected him with many of those who now live at ease in this productive and flourishing settlement. He had two sons and six daughters. The Blooms, Baileys, Hartsocks and Smeals are related to him by blood and marriage. His wife died before him, in 1813, having reached three score years and ten.

We believe the first clearing made on the ridges was by Robert Askey, who has been mentioned before, and who took up a piece of vacant land about a mile and a half from the river. He soon after had for a neighbor, Caleb Bailey, the progenitor of a numerous family. In 1794, Benjamin Hartshorn, a native of Maryland, moved to Centre county, and in 1806, having determined to try the new country of Clearfield, accompanied by his wife and six small children, his goods borne by a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, left the former for the latter place. For some distance he had to cut the road. On his way here, a mishap compelled him to leave his little family in the woods for two days and nights without a protector. Within five miles of Phillipsburg his wagon broke down, and with difficulty and delay he had it repaired, and continued his journey. A flood in Clearfield creek prevented him crossing for several days. Having crossed the river, near Jordan's, he penetrated the forest. Axe in hand, he felled the trees to permit a passage for his wagon from the river to where he settled, late in October, on the farm of Jonathan Hartshorn, making a cover of hemlock brush to shelter his family until he erected a cabin. Here, after clearing some land, he resumed his former business, by commencing a tannery. He died in March, 1821, leaving eight children, who were single and under age, in charge of his wife, who survived him 34 years. His children were: Margaret, who was married to Alexander Caldwell, formerly Sheriff of this county and twice elected a member of the Legislature; Anne, the wife of Robert Ross, formerly Sheriff of the county; Jonathan; William, now dead; Benjamin, who, as a politician, is pretty well known throughout the State; Nancy, married to Samuel Clyde; Eliza, the widow of George Welch, Jr.; and Mary Ann, the wife of Manning Stevenson. This ridge settlement is principally inhabited by former citizens of Centre county and their descendants. It lies high and presents to the eye, from several parts of the county where it can be observed, a large expanse of well cleared land. The land is rolling and well adapted to the culture of grain.

That part of the county now known as the Grampian Hill settlement in its origin might have been considered as two distinct settlements. A portion lying towards the river and lack of the bottom lands occupied by Bell, Ferguson and Fenton, was early taken up by John Bennet, Nun England, William Hepburn, Joseph Spencer, Francis Severns and Samuel Cochran, as vacant land. From 1805 to 1808 it was claimed unsuccessfully by Charles Smith. These settlers soon made quite a large opening in the woods. Their lots were cast in pleasant places. They have all departed to that bourne from which no traveller e'er re-

turns. The Bennet improvement, subdivided, is in the occupancy of the heirs. The England property has passed into other hands, and the most of those who were related to Nun England have left the county. Job and George, two of his sons, have with their families removed to Ohio. Isaac England, another son, an upright and respected citizen, lives in Morris township. William Hepburn was a native of Scotland; a worthy and honest man, and noted for some eccentricities. He died recently on his farm, leaving two sons, John and Samuel C., and a daughter, the wife of James Thompson of Curwensville. Joseph Spencer was a member of the Society of Friends. Frugal and industrious, he kept adding to his store of worldly goods, removing his stakes, and enlarging his boundaries. His family, which embraces some of the most substantial farmers in that section, now own barns well filled on farms well tilled. Severns and Cochran had African blood coursing through their veins. The latter deserves more than a casual notice. He was a light mulatto. His mother being born a slave, his condition followed hers. Fearless and energetic, when he came to man's estate, slavery was galling to him. Its restraints were more odious when a young master came to exercise control over him. A determination to free himself from his bonds, induced him to fly. He was captured and taken back. Several times afterwards he left and returned voluntarily. At last a compromise was effected and he purchased his freedom: he dictating his own terms. He came here from Lycoming county in the summer of 1804; settled first on the south side of the river about a half mile above James Ferguson's, on land now owned by Grier Bell. Here he erected a hewn log house and remained several years. Later he took up about three hundred acres of the best land in the Grampian Hills, where he worked industriously; cleared over one hundred acres, which made a fine farm; increased his comforts, and secured the confidence and respect of his neighbors. He erected a hewn log house, a large double barn, kept generally six horses and a large amount of stock, and was for some time the most extensive farmer in the settlement. His house was the stopping place for the teamsters on the Kittanning road. He had quite a large family of boys, to whom he gave a good education, and prior to the amendment of the State constitution, when he had four voters in his family, he felt himself to be of some importance. His motto was, "free and half white." He was athletic, civil; demanding and receiving consideration. When deprived of political privileges, he lost his self-respect and spirit of independence. Intemperance has swept away the major part of his family, and dissipated rapidly his wealth.

The difficulties with which John Nicholson was surrounded gave rise to the early settlement of the other portion of the Grampian Hills. Nicholson had been arrested in Washington city and placed in the custody of the Sheriff, Joseph Boone. Sheriff Boone gave him the privilege of the yard, and Nicholson, taking advantage of this, succeeded in making his escape. Boone was then possessed of considerable means. The escape of Nicholson rendered him liable, and his property was swept from him. He was a native of Maryland, but after this untoward fortune he removed to Williamsport. He had followed Nicholson to Philadelphia, where he found him in custody, and Nicholson, to repair as much as possible the injury which he had caused to Boone and his relatives, transferred to them a number of warrants which were afterwards surveyed for Hopkins, Griffiths and Boone on the north side of the river in Bell, Penn and Pike townships, and which lands have been of late known as the Nicklin and Griffith lands. This company gave to Dr. Samuel Coleman three hundred acres to induce him to settle. His farm gave the name to the settlement. The first ploughing done on it was by Benjamin Fenton. Dr. Coleman commenced his clearing in 1809. He was assisted by a slave named Oto, and three white men, one of whom was called Gibson. He encamped in a cabin, open in front, and similar in construction to the open sheds to be found at public houses. Each man had a large piece of chestnut bark for a bed, but the drying of the bark caused the sides to curl and rendered them uncomfortable. Their cupboard-ware was less brittle, and less servicable, than that to be found in modern houses. Large chips served for plates, and these, when soiled, were shaved off, in lieu of washing. Early in the same summer, Joseph Boone and his family reached Esq. McClure's. They came there from Williamsport in a boat; a wagon conveyed them to Coleman's camp, and the wagon served as their resting place for the first night. The next day, having the assistance of those who lived near the river, they raised a cabin over log logs, with large strips of chestnut bark, laid on the ribs and secured by poles, for a roof. This answered for a residence that season. Boone still retained some mementoes of his former affluence, but the mahogany side-board and other furniture illly contrasted with the rough walls and rude house to which he had brought his family.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
Marriage, says Cotton, is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

## THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

A letter received at New York by the Canada, gives the following interesting details of the battle of Solferino.

"The battle commenced at little before five o'clock in the morning, not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills, which project a mile or thereabout into the plain, and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills and so into the rolling surface which makes that position of the plain. The Austrians had taken position in these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione, which they could approach as the French army was in full force in and around that little village, and stationed their immense army all over the surrounding plains. As near as we can learn, the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazard of the day.

"Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these, a steep sharp backed ridge which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town and followed them into the small villages of the plain below.

"The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town before they would stay out. The people, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled to retreat, to burn the town. When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back slowly and steadily until they reached the village of Vot, directly south-east from Castiglione, and only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and over-looking it completely on the south and south-east sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries, and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, these batteries were blazing away upon the French, who were stationed on the plain below.

"The general result was soon made evident by the smothering of the Austrian fire and by the flowing back of thin smoke and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour, but precisely what direction the Austrians retreated in, and how they were driven back, occupied to see. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda and empties into the Po.

"But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the town of Castiglione, Solferino and Vot, at one point after another. A sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three quarters of an hour, and after each successive engagement of this kind the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and weather hot, but clouds began to gather about noon, and at five o'clock, while the cannonading was at its height, a tremendous thunder storm rolled up from the northeast. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful.

"Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on, and when I again resumed my post of observation from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field, and on the very borders of the lake north-east from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King, who commands them in person, had been posted there and received the Austrians as they came around.

"From about seven o'clock until after night fall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart, and at the outset they were both served with equal and effective vigor; but the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions, while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them, suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury. The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry as well as of cannon was distinctly heard. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would break forth in constant succession. It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry."

By the arrival of the steamer Etna we have still further details.  
At Paris it is believed in some quarters that the French loss at the battle of Solferino amounted to from 16,000 to 18,000, as follows: Genl. Niel's corps, 6,000 to 7,000; D'Almeida's nearly 5,000; Desmichels, 2,500; Canrobert's 1,900; besides casualties in the artillery and special corps. The French people are said to be dissatisfied with the scantiness of the details as yet published in the *Moniteur*. The *Patrie* says that Napoleon had an epaulette shot away. Genl. Dien is reported among the dead. The Austrians had their superior officers wounded. Genl. Greschke was killed. Some of the French infantry regiments were nearly cut to pieces. The Piedmontese suffered so severely as to be incapable of forming in the line of battle.

It is reported that at Solferino nearly every officer and man of the artillery attached to the Imperial Guard was put hors du combat. The Austrian accounts of the battle admit their loss to be 20,000 killed, wounded or missing. Twenty thousand corpses are said to have been buried in many ways yet lying in the ditches and corn fields. The Berlin and Vienna letters confidently speak of negotiations having been opened by Prussia with England and Russia for the purpose of establishing, if possible, a basis for combined mediation.

The correspondent of the London *Herald* says so little of the French expect a battle, that he has received a message from the King asking for support in case he should be attacked was met with a refusal on the ground that an attack by the Austrians was not probable at day break. However, the corps of Marshal D'Almeida came in sight of Solferino and was immediately set upon by a large Austrian force, which rushed down the hill and fought with the greatest fury. The Marshal resisted the attack to the best of his power, and sent off his aid-de-camp for supports, but it was not before three hours of frightful struggle had elapsed that the corps of Genl. Niel made its appearance. The Austrians were slowly driven back and every now and then there was a pause, and the French continued to gain ground, heaps of their own and the enemy's corpses marking the fluctuations of the fight.

The Austrians were thus slowly driven out of Solferino but all of a sudden they made a tremendous burst forward and the French were driven down the hill, being admirably supported by their artillery, however, they made a stand and commenced once more to advance. It was like a hail storm of bullets and balls, and whole files were mowed down by a single discharge. In the meantime at the right and left wing the Austrians were getting decidedly the best of it. The Piedmontese were being slowly driven back. Genl. Canrobert's corps was also heavily punished, and had there been a skillful general in the Austrian army to collect and concentrate their forces against the weak point of the enemy's line, matters would have had a very different aspect.

The French commander, to whom the credit of the day is entirely due, whether it be Niel, McMahon, or the Emperor himself, sent forward the Imperial Guard and a strong division of the infantry of the line against the Austrian centre, and succeeded in breaking it. Instead of bringing up their forces to repel this formidable attack, the supports were sent to the left and right, which did not need them. Desperate attempts were made to re-capture Solferino, but the French strongly held it, and the bugles began to sound a general retreat. An attempt was made by the cavalry to pursue them, which led to an encounter between the French Chasseurs and the Austrian Huzars, in which the former were rapidly put to the right about. It is stated that not a single Hungarian regiment was allowed to take part in the battle, and that the Italian regiments had all been sent to the Tyrol.

**HOW HE "DYED" FOR LOVE.**  
An amusing story is told, as an episode to a story in a foreign review, about a military young gentleman who died for love. The affair occurred in Paris. The hero was named De Marsay. He was violently enamored of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterwards to be the wife of a dyer, in the Rue de Marais. Whether she was disposed to favor his addresses or not, he is not told, but he was determined to win her, in not very easy to say; the result would incline to the latter supposition. At all events she gave him a rendezvous, at which they were surprised by the dyer himself—a fellow strong as Hercules, and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dyer springing forward caught poor Gustave round the waist and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dyestuff! How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home—he never was able to tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke the next day he discovered that he was totally changed—his skin, from head to foot, being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleaning remedies; nothing availed in the least—in fact, many thought he came out only bluer than before. The most learned of the chemists—all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognized the peculiar tint, and said: "Ah, there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marais."

## THE CHEAP AMUSEMENTS OF THE CITY.

Written for the "Rafferty's Journal."

Philadelphia, unlike New York, rejoices in but few theatres. Indeed it has but one, the Academy of Music, and the Circus, there are but two regular theatres in the city of Philadelphia, while in New York there are no less than nine. This is a greater disparity than the difference in population would seem to justify, assuming that the people of each city are governed by the same taste for that artificial stimulus so common in cities, and so essential to their very existence. But Philadelphia has other amusements, which have grown into institutions. I have reference to what I denominate the larger beer concert saloons. They are neither chaste nor elegant, and yet it is astonishing what an amount of patronage they receive, since no less than six, or probably seven of them are in full blast nightly. To one who eyes things superficially, or merely glances at the surface of things, it would be a mystery how they can be made to pay—and yet the thing is palpably plain—it is merely a wheel within a wheel, working as smooth as that which done Lion's "knitting." Let the reader follow me into one of these Concert Saloons, cheap Theatres, or by whatever title we may choose to designate them.

We ascend a wide staircase of a building located in one of the most popular thoroughfares in the city, and at a small hole we hand in a dime, which entitles us to admission. We enter. The room is long, fitted up with benches, with an aisle between the two rows. Before each bench there is an elevated trough, or gutter, the use of which we can not yet determine. At the far end of the room there is a kind of raised stage with a merely paper proscenium. The air is redolent with the stench of smoke emitted from villainous cigars. It is yet early, but the audience commences to pour in. First a couple of rough looking rowdies—next a brace of clerks, a party of broken down black-legs, and finally a couple of finished swells. The audience is made up, and consists of about one hundred persons. "How is this?" we inquire of one of the "sure such a number is not sufficient to remunerate." Ah! but there is "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," and it will develop itself in due time.

A Teutonic gentleman "bearded like the pard" now makes his appearance, and running his fingers glibly over the keys of an antiquated piano, then starts off on an extempore and ends by giving the keys particular fits. The curtain now goes up, and out comes a young lady whom I should judge to be fourteen years of age. I say that appears to be her age, and yet her form is as fully developed as that of a woman of twenty-five. In her hand she holds a piece of music, and advancing to the foot lights, she bows profoundly, and then sings "Hark! I hear an angel sing." The execution is indifferent, but the applause which follows would hardly be recognized as legitimate among the frequenters of the Italian opera. One fellow with a thin foxy moustache is exceedingly vociferous, and pounds the floor with his cane as if he was bent upon punching a hole in it.

More lager and German segars follow. The bell follows, and in every direction we hear the "hiss" of individuals, some of whom are calling "oney," and others holding from one to five fingers in the air, which being interpreted, means some glasses of lager, which the German boys who act as waiters supply almost on the instant. And it is therein lieth the actual profit of the cheap concert saloon.

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## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—NO. 1.

The name, humus, has been given to the black carbonaceous matter which results from the putrefaction of organic substances. Vegetable humus is nothing but the woody matter which burns slowly under the influence of the atmosphere and changes into carbonic acid. It is believed for a long time that it was at once absorbed by the roots of the plants and that its carbon, assimilated immediately, and without transformation, contributed powerfully to the nutrition of vegetables; but it has been proven that humus is insoluble in water and that it nourishes plants by presenting to their roots a slow and continuous source of carbonic acid, which, dissolving in water, penetrates to the interior of the plant. The decomposition of humus is favored by the presence of alkalies, which provoke the formation of carbonic acid and form with it soluble carbonates absorbed by the roots. It is necessary that the soil should be stirred so that it become permeable to the air, and that there be formed in the humid earth an atmosphere of carbonic acid which shall furnish to the young plant its most important aliment. A plant can vegetate without humus; but that which accelerates the development of the plant and gains time, is of the highest importance to the agriculturist.

It is now demonstrated that the alkalies which we find in plants are necessary to vegetation. At first they form with the carbonic acid soluble carbonates which penetrate by the roots into the vegetables, and afterwards, under their influence, the water and carbonic acid are decomposed; form, by means of oxygen, with which they combine, oxalic and tartaric acid, and then become sugar, starch or woody fibre; and in proportion as the acids are transformed the alkalies diminish in the sap. This can be observed in the ripening of fruit.

Thus vegetable acids are indispensable to the existence of plants, and their formation depends 1st on water and carbonic acid, which combine to form them, and 2nd on alkalies, which provoke this combination. These vegetable acids being always found combined with alkalies, the necessity of the latter is incontestable. Besides, if the life of plants is connected with their presence, their proportion should invariably be that of the acids to which they serve as a base. As all the alkaline bases in their mode of acting can be mutually substituted, it suffices that a wanting base be replaced by an equivalent of another base. Thus, they have analyzed the ashes of two pines of the same species, collected from different localities; these ashes showing faithfully the total of fixed alkaline bases contained in the wood. One of the pines contained magnesia, which was wanting in the other; the quantities of potash and lime contained in them were also very unequal, but notwithstanding this difference of composition the ashes of the two pines contained a like number of equivalents of alkaline bases—that is to say, that the quantity of oxygen all the bases took together, was the same in each tree.

The chemist Leibig drew from these facts a very important conclusion; it is, that if definite and constant quantities of vegetable salts are to be found under certain conditions in the organs of the plants and that these salts are indispensable to the accomplishment of their functions, the plants should always have to absorb potash or lime for instance, and if they could not find enough of them in the soil, they should be replaced by a corresponding proportion of another alkaline base—if none of these bases are presented to the plants they cannot develop, and die. And that which succeeds in proving that the presence of certain alkaline bases which are found in the ashes of plants, far from being accidental, are essential to their existence, is that if a plant is forced to absorb a salt which is not suitable to it, and which is brought to it by the water which surrounds its roots, it afterwards returns it to the earth.

## A LOSING BUSINESS.

The following statement appears in the columns of a daily journal—  
"It is stated that the account between the Overland Mail Company and the Post Office Department will stand thus at the close of the six months' accounts: Expenditures by the Department, \$3,600,000; receipts, \$30,000; showing a clear loss from the route of three millions five hundred and ten thousand dollars."

It is to maintain this useless, expensive and worse than unproductive route across the desert to and from California that the other accommodations of the people in this region of country whose postages more than pay the cost of the facilities extended to them, are being curtailed and diminished. Is it any wonder that the Post Office Department is bankrupt, when it engages in such wild and extravagant enterprises as this Overland route? No body in fact profits by this enterprise, but the contractors, who in the brief space of six months draw from the Treasury the enormous sum of three millions and six hundred thousand dollars, the revenue at the same time amounting to only ninety thousand dollars—a dead loss to the Government of three millions five hundred and ten thousand dollars in a half a year, from this single foolish experiment! This is the way that political favorites are enriched at the public expense under this administration; for, of course, "the Overland Mail Company" is made up of Simon Pure "Democrats," of the real Lecounton stripe.

A Good Story.—An anecdote, worth laughing over, is told of a man who in an affirmative, as well as an appetite for fish. He was very fond to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish up under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and paid you up promptly, and honestly, haven't I?"  
"O, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."  
"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."  
"That's so," replied the merchant.  
And the customer turned to depart.  
"Hold on, friend," called the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter cod fish."