

THADDEUS STEVENS.
A sprightly Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* while sketching the members of Congress, under the date of Feb. 27th, speaks as follows of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens:—

And now the members crowd around a central desk. The confusion of tongues, which amazes a spectator in the galleries, is hushed, for a brief space. The crowds in the balconies bend eager ears. A gaunt, weird, tall old man has risen in his seat—the man who is often called the Leader of the House. If to be voted down on half the questions of the day, to be admired, wondered at, listened to with strained attention, and then resisted in argument, and beaten on appeal, be Leadership, he has that feature of it, but nothing else. Deep eyes, hidden under a cliff of brow, the strong nose of a pioneer of thought, shut, thin lips, a face pale with the frost of the grave, long, bony, emphatic limbs—these cover the uneasy ghost which men call Thaddeus Stevens. The great days of his power are past. Perseus has slain his dragon, and now he would unclasp the fair Andromeda for whom he fought, blinding her brows with his stars. The new version is sadder than the old, for he will not live to see the glory for which he has wrought. Yet, to drop the metaphors, which are dangerous will-of-the-wisps, he is wonderful even in his decline. Day after day he comes, compelling his poor body by the might of the strong soul that is in him, to serve him yet longer. He looks so weary of this mission which we call life, and yet so resolute to command it still. He is classic, the Scourge, whose mission is to chastise this terrible, turbulent South till she shall yield. If the means proposed are odious to her, they are none the worse for that, thinks this relentless man. Let her pride be broken! Has not she broken hearts of ours, ave, and honor, which is more than hearts? There are long arrears to settle. So when the Haine Sherman amendment comes back, he will none of it. It is not fair to say, as some of the papers have done, that the radical were false who voted against Stevens on this issue. It was not at all a test vote, as is shown in the fact that the Copperheads were with him.

Erratic, domineering, hard, subtle, Stevens is yet so heroic, he wears such a crown of noble years upon him that one's enthusiasm, and one's reverence cling to him. In the galleries we do not well follow him. All those stilettoes of pillbox wit which have made his caustic tongue so dreaded, are unsheathed from the softest tones of his voice, and are quite lost to us. But the sardonic light of his face, and the laugh of the members reach us.

The Detroit *Union* furnishes the details of a most heart-rending case of hydrophobia in that vicinity. A short time since a daughter of A. Fred Woodruff, who resides in the town of "Greenfield," about seven miles from the city, was slightly bitten by a dog, and for a day or two complained of the pain caused simply by the bite. The sore partially healed over, however, and no more attention was paid to the matter. In a short time, however, the virus which had been communicated by the dog to her system, commenced its deadly work, and the poor suffering child soon became raving mad. Her cries were heart-rending, and her appeals for death, for anything to end her tortures, frightful.

Everything that science and skill could do, was done for the little one, but there she lay upon her bed of anguish, bound with cords, suffering what no human pen can describe, yet evincing in her madness a desire to injure even those who loved her best. Her sufferings were too much for human forbearance her agony too great to allow even her fond parents to witness it, and the question arose, how shall this be ended? After a long and painful consultation, the conclusion was arrived at that the best and most humane course to pursue was to put an end to the poor sufferer's life. Who can picture the feelings of the dear little one's friends as the announcement was made that she must die? Who can imagine the rejoicing of the soul of the poor one, as it was released from a worn and tortured body? The only effectual and easiest means of ending her trials was decided to be suffocation, and while she was in one of her worst paroxysms, she was seized and smothered to death. Though to some this may seem harsh and cruel, yet in our estimation it was a far better course than to allow the little one to live in pain, anguish and agony for a few short hours, suffering even the pains and anguish of untold hell, and at last die in misery.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a circular asking persons to forward to that Department samples of the finest variety of wheat, corn and cereals for the Paris Exposition. The Exposition opens on the 1st of April, and samples should be sent without delay to be in season for proper arrangement, packing, forwarding to New York, and transportation to Paris. It is desirable that small packages of the finest samples of the best varieties of such products should be forwarded, by mail, in packages of two pounds or less, each distinctly marked with name, donor, locality, and county and State in which it was grown.

Such packages addressed to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. can be sent without postage from any post-office in the United States.

HOG PACKING IN THE WEST.—The total number of hogs packed in the West this season, according to the Illinois Journal, is 1,416,741 against 1,359,121 last year. This year's increase will thus be 57,620.

THE JOURNAL.

Coudersport, Pa.

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M. W. McALARNEY, Editor.

THE RETIRING SENATORS.

The present State Senate is composed of 21 Republicans and 12 Democrats, giving the Republicans a majority of 9. With the close of the present Session, eleven Senators will retire by expiration of their terms, as follows:

3. C. M. Donovan, D.	14. John Walls, D.
5. Horace Royer, R.	21. Louis W. Hall, R.
6. Oliver P. James, D.	" Kirk Haines, R.
7. Geo. B. Schall, D.	25. Thos. J. Bigham, R.
8. J. De Puy Davis, D.	29. M. B. Lowry, R.
9. Wm. M. Randall, D.	

Of the retiring Senators, six are Democrats and five Republicans, and an ordinary election would return men of like political faith in all the districts but the 14th, (Lycoming Union and Snyder,) where a Republican should be chosen, and thus add two to the Republican majority in the next Senate.

Capt. Donovan is a jolly, rollicking Irishman, true to his native brogue and to Democracy, and personally esteemed by all for his clever qualities. He first appeared in public life as a member of the House in 1858, but was defeated in a contest for re-election the next year by Mr. Church. In 1861 he was chosen to the Senate from the 3d district of Philadelphia, and in 1864 he was re-elected by some 500 majority. He was a soldier in the Mexican war, and served under Patterson in the three months service in the late war. He will be a candidate for re-election with fair prospects of success. His district will doubtless return a Democrat.

Horace Royer, of Montgomery, comes from the heavy double district of Chester, Montgomery and Delaware. His first appearance in public life was in the Senate three years ago. He is one of the truest Republicans of that body, and although seldom participating in debate, he ranks among the clearest legislators of the body. He will pretty certainly be re-elected, as Chester has the other Senator, and Delaware the Congressman.

Oliver P. James, of Bucks, was never in a legislative body until chosen to the Senate three years ago. He is a quiet but respected and efficient member. We do not know whether he will be a candidate for re-election. If he is not returned, some other Democrat will succeed him.

Geo. B. Schall, of Lehigh, represents the back-bone of the Tenth Legion (Lehigh and Northampton,) and gives the native Pennsylvania sweet German accent in his purity when he addresses the Senate, as he often does. He is a clever, useful Senator, but will be rotated out by some ambitious Northampton Democrat.

J. De Puy Davis, of Berks, appeared in the legislature, we believe, for the first time this session—he having been elected to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Clymer, who gave up the Senatorial substance for the gubernatorial shadow. He is therefore entirely a new man, and has made no mark beyond a quiet and consistent support of party measures. We presume that he will be re-elected, unless Clymer wants to return to the theatre of his many political struggles where he won his fame. We should be glad to see him back.

Wm. M. Randall, of Schuylkill, is the least member of the body physically, but he is one of the boldest and most efficient members of the Democratic side, though seldom on the floor. He represents a county whose business is more affected by legislation than any other, and he has been singularly faithful to the vast local interests of his people, and stubbornly Democratic. We do not know whether he is looking for a re-election, but if Schuylkill will send Democratic Senators, they can send none more useful or faithful than Mr. Randall.

John Walls was a Senatorial accident, as his district is squarely Republican in a fair fight. But the Republicans had forced on them a blustering political mountebank as their nominee, in the person of Mr. Shriner, to serve political ends, and the people revolted and the district was lost. Mr. Shriner came over from the Democrats, and remained just about long enough to smash the party down in one election, when he naturally gravitated into the Bread-and-Butter Brigade for a revenue office, and came out in the ranks of the Democracy, just where he started and manifestly belonged. The Republicans will, we trust, present a true and acceptable man, and give us a Republican gain from that district next fall. There are a number of candidates, but no one upon whom public preference seems to have concentrated.

Louis W. Hall, of Blair, entered the Senate in 1860, the youngest member of the body, and served with distinction—filling the Speaker's chair the last session. In a contest for re-election in 1862 he was de-

feated by Senator Wallace; but he was thrown into a double district in 1864, (Blair, Huntingdon, Centre, Mifflin, Juniata and Perry,) and in the fall of that year was re-elected with Mr. Haines. He has thus served six years, and been honored by an election as Speaker both terms. He is one of the ablest debaters and best parliamentarians in the Senate. We do not know whether he is a candidate for re-election or not.

Kirk Haines, of Perry, his colleague served in the House in 1855-6, and was defeated for Senator in the Perry and Cumberland district in the fall of 1856 by Gen. Fetter. He was nominated with Mr. Hall in the new district in 1864, and elected. He is a quiet, unassuming but useful member, and stands deservedly well with his people.

Thos. J. Bigham, of Allegheny, is the most experienced and one of the ablest legislators in either body. He has served some six or seven years in the House at different periods, and has just closed a full term in the Senate. He is one of the most upright and earnest men in the legislature, and a foeman worthy of any one's steel in the hard blows of debate. He is perhaps more intimately acquainted in detail with all questions of State policy than any of his associates, and is untiring in his efforts for the public welfare. He will doubtless be re-elected without a serious contest, as he eminently deserves to be.

Morrow B. Lowry, of Erie, is the enthusiastic, tempestuous Radical and anti-monopolist of the legislature, and makes Rome howl to order whenever he takes a fancy that way. He served in the House many years ago as a Democrat, but he swept into the Republican ranks some ten years ago, and has been one of the most radical men of the State ever since. He has been twice elected to the Senate from Erie and Crawford, but will now retire, we learn, to make a strike for Congress. He is a man of strong native ability, makes all possible use of it, and is one of the most efficient members of the Senate. A Crawford Republican will doubtless succeed him. Such is a hasty pen and ink glance at the retiring Senators.—*Franklin Repository.*

New South Carolina.

The tidings from the capital of South Carolina, says the *New York Tribune*, are calculated to astonish the Rip Van Winkles of the North. A great meeting of the People has been held preliminary to a reconstruction of the State under the recent act of Congress, and such eminent chiefs of the late Oligarchy as Gen. Wade Hampton have fraternized heartily with the most capable and trusted negroes; the feuding whites and blacks vying with each other in expressions of mutual confidence and good will. The whites concede to the blacks every right which they claim for themselves; while the blacks take the lead in a king Congress to repeal all disabling and disfranchising acts, so as to allow the State to command the services of her ablest and most trusted citizens. In short, South Carolina has already taken her stand on the true, broad, generous National Platform of Universal Amnesty with Impartial Suffrage, and will soon be in Congress slaming the obnoxious owls of the Middle and Western States out of their lingering prejudices and affections of prejudice against a recognition of the inalienable Rights of Man.

Such is the natural, beneficent operation of the Reconstruction act of Congress, so fiercely denounced by the President and by the Copperhead Congressmen and Journalists, as an act "to organize hell" in the South, to destroy Liberty, and to whelm the whole land in anarchy and military despotism. So far as we can now see, every ex-*Rebel* State but Texas will promptly and cordially reorganize on the basis proposed by Congress, and have its delegation ready to take seats in Congress before the close of this year. What patriot heart does not swell with gratitude and joy at the prospect!

The Republicans of Pennsylvania will rejoice that the apostate Cowan has been squarely rejected by the Senate as Minister to Russia. He not only betrayed the faithful men of the State who had honored him quite beyond his deserts, but he was the chief of the corruptionists who bartered Johnson's offices from place to place, to seduce Republicans from their convictions for a price. It was fitting, therefore, that one so debauched and so conspicuous in the effort to debauch others, should be the first United States Senator ever rejected by that body for any position. Exit Cowan!

An editor, who was asked to respond to a toast to woman, declined on the ground that woman is able to speak for herself, and any man who undertakes to do it for her will get himself into trouble.

Execution of Alexander H. Wiley.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 21.—Alexander H. Wiley was executed to-day. The Wyoming Veterans were detailed for the occasion. He was hanged at precisely 2 o'clock and five minutes. When asked by Sheriff Van Leer if he had anything to say, he requested Father Fitzsimmons to say for him that he was sorry for all that he had done, not particularly in reference to the present, the immediate past, or the future, but for all of his sins; that he was thankful for all the favors from the Sheriff and his officers during his confinement; that he did not mean to take the life of Alice McElwee; that he forgave all, especially his prosecutors, and that he had nothing more to say. The body was cut down after remaining suspended for 20 minutes, and was delivered to the undertaker. It was conveyed to the Catholic cemetery and interred. Wiley maintained throughout the execution the same stoical indifference which had characterized him during his trial and confinement.

The prisoner made the following confession prior to his execution:

I am 26 years of age, and was born at Plymouth, in this county; I followed canal business until the beginning of the war; I had no opportunities for school education or religious instruction; enlisted in the army; deserted eight times, and was sentenced to be shot; at Gettysburg I deserted again; then came home; I robbed Robert Abbots, who lives on the plains, of \$700; I then robbed a shoe store at Blainstown. After mentioning a number of other robberies he continued: On the 14th of April last I went with two others to the house of Mr. Hungerford, opened the door by a secret latch, and walked to the bed, but I had no pistol; I told the old man I wanted his money; I demanded the key of his trunk; the three with me in the mean time built a fire, and cooked supper, we only made \$450 on that operation. (The prisoner here laughed.) After that, we went to Womung County and entered the house of Henry Ellsworth and opened the door and went in, but only got \$2—oh, yes, and managed to get an overcoat; went into another house with a pistol; there were three of us; we went into the bedroom; there was a man and his wife there; I told them to keep quiet; we only got a watch and chain there. (The prisoner again laughed.) We then went to the house of Abraham Lyman; his daughter was in bed; we searched the bureau, but found nothing and left. (The prisoner then made a statement about the murder, saying about this affair) This girl, five or six years ago, worked in a machine-shop; I went into the army; when I returned I found her destitute, and I paid her board and kept her at a place called Blainstown; what she wanted I provided her with until six or eight months ago; she was in the habit of seeing other men; I was not sparing her; I did not care much for her; on the morning of the shooting I went there before daylight; opened the back door and went to sleep; slept there until Miller got up, when he pushed me and said, "You devil, you are again here;" I then got up and went into Miller's bed; at 8 o'clock Mary Fraze came to the house and I got up; I jumped up with a knife in this hand, which I was playing with; I stuck the knife in the table, and then put it in my pocket; I tore my coat doing so; Mrs. Miller then offered to mend my coat; in doing so she found my revolver; I told her to let it alone; I did not want to injure this woman; McElwee's revolver had only three loads in; pointed it at Miss Fraze in fun; I did the same to Mrs. McElwee; I thought the pistol was only half-cocked; I did not intend to murder her, thinking that the barrel of the pistol I snapped was empty; this is all I know of the affair.

DUTY OF TOWNSHIP AUDITORS.—It may not be generally known that a general law of the last session of the Legislature approved April 11, 1866, requires the bounty accounts of every district to be carefully audited by the Township Auditors, who shall "prepare a condensed statement of the condition of these finances, and publish the same, at the cost of the district, for three successive weeks, in two papers." It not only requires this duty to be performed by the Township Auditors, but imposes a penalty of fifty dollars upon each Auditor who refuses to comply, one-half of which fine goes to the prosecutor, and the other half to the school fund of the district. It provides, also, that the Auditors shall notify the School Directors or other parties having the disbursement of the bounty funds, to appear before them at such time as the Auditor shall fix, for the purpose of enabling the Auditors to close up the bounty accounts of the township for the fiscal year.

Some of the Berkshire, Mass., families of Shakers are becoming sadly demoralized. A few weeks since one of the fathers of the West Pittsfield family left with a young sister and was married, and last week another sister in the same family deserted and was united in marriage to a man of the world.

Ex-Governor Curtin sailed from New York on the 16th inst. for Havre. He leaves his family in Philadelphia, and will be absent on a tour to Europe for several months.

The one hundred thousand dollars in gold captured by our armies when Richmond was taken, is to be turned over to the use of the United States Treasury. Right.

The origin of St. Patrick's Day, which occurred on the 17th inst., was the birth of Ireland's patron Saint, whose name it bears and whose good deeds in the "Green Isle" have embalmed his memory in the bosom of every Irishman whose heart throbs in sympathy with whatever is pure and noble and unselfish in the human heart, or elevating, illustrious and useful in human life. St. Patrick appears to have been a native of Scotland, born about the year 372. He was carried away from his native heath when he was about 16 years of age, by a band of Irish marauders. Escaping, he was a second time captured and taken back to Ireland, where he was detained for some time, but again made his escape. Of a religious turn of mind, and impelled by the benevolent desire to render himself useful to the people among whom he had spent his captivity and whose language he had learned, he prepared himself to become a missionary. He was ordained a bishop, and, after a visit to Gaul and Italy, he betook himself to the field of his subsequent usefulness, and labored with such zeal, ability and success as to have converted not only the king and his family but almost the entire people of the Island to Christianity. A popular legend ascribes to him the banishment of all venomous reptiles from the island, but this is perhaps only symbolical of the beneficent work, he accomplished in exterminating the vices and ignorance which debased and overspread the people.

HIRAM WOODRUFF, well known among "horse men" and in all "sporting circles," died recently, at his residence, near the Union Course, Long Island, of congestion of the brain. Mr. Woodruff was 50 years and 21 days old, and had been engaged from his boyhood as a trainer of trotting horses, having commenced driving in 1835. He gained an extensive reputation by driving Dutchman three miles in 7:32½, the fastest three-mile time on record, over the Beacon Course, New Jersey. He also drove Dexter when he trotted the fastest single mile on record. He had a reputation for honesty and fair dealing that few trainers have ever maintained; while his frank heartedness and genial good humor endeared him to many outside the circle of those known as "horsemen."

The principal horses ridden and driven by him were Dutchman, Duches, Ripton, Aaron Burr, Flora Temple, Dexter, and Paul Pry. In his later years he was known by all as a genial host. His loss will be regretted by many.

AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD.—The Nashville *Press*, in giving an account of the destruction of a large saw-mill, at Johnsonville, Tennessee, by an incendiary fire, says that it belonged to Judge Palmer, who had a contract to saw plank for eight national cemeteries, and whose work is necessarily suspended. Judge Palmer was formerly a citizen of Ohio, and was in the Federal service during the war, but for some time past has been an active citizen of Cheatham county, and has been engaged in developing the resources of the country in a praiseworthy manner. His great energy and industry have made him a valuable accession to the neighborhood. Since he took the contract to furnish plank to the cemeteries, he has been frequently notified that his business was exceedingly offensive to the friends of the "Confederacy," and has had warnings that his mill would be destroyed unless he desisted.

A lady correspondent of the *Tribune* gives the best description of our national capital yet: "Washington is a concrete of seediness. It is a poor relation of prosperous cities. It is out at elbows, shabby at toes, generally dingy and neglected, while the showy public buildings shine upon its poverty like pinchbeck jewelry. Founded as a land speculation it bears its hateful birth mark still. Nothing here looks thrifty. Smart and forced gentility nudges dirty and dejected poverty. Occasionally a sturdy three-story brick house pushes itself up in a rash moment, but it soon has a forlorn and depreciating air, as asking pardon of the surrounding wrecks for having disturbed their doleful harmony. The plan of the city will remain a mystery till the end of time."

Mr. Beckert, the present proprietor of Point Breeze, Bordentown, the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, when in this country, having paid the tax on his property under protest, carried the case before the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which has decided that the property of an alien is not exempt from taxation. It is probable that an appeal will be at once made to the United States Supreme Court, which will not however, be likely to reverse the decision of the lower court. This is a test case, and other aliens will await with interest the final decision.

Toombs, the fire-eater, the ex-United States Senator, the great secessionist, has lately returned to Georgia, being for a long time hidden by his friends for fear of the indignation of his fellow rebel citizens. The Atlanta *Intelligencer* makes an appeal in his behalf, and hopes vengeance will not be visited upon him. Toombs once boasted he would yet call the roll of his slaves from the base of Bunker Hill monument, is now begging for his life from his own dupes.

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Coudersport, June 5, 1866