# THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1872. NO. 29.



## PRINTING.

CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,
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*BALTIMORE, MD.*

STORE BILLS,
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WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

## FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
## GROCERS
AND
## COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
*92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.*

Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

## REMOVAL.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

## W. H. RINGGOLD,

191 West Baltimore Street,
*THREE DOORS ABOVE LIGHT,*
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
*He can sell them*
Cheaper than any one!
And you can
Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

*Do not forget the Number!*

W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 W. Baltimore st., 3 doors above Light.
Baltimore, June 15, 1872.

## To the Ladies.

MASSEY & HUDSON

HAVING completed their new Greenhouses, will be pleased to see their Lady friends at

RIVERBANK.

They offer a fine collection of Plants for

WINTER FLOWERS.

These will make your home bright after the

Frost King

has destroyed the beauties out doors. They have

CARNATIONS,
ROSES,
BOUVARDIAS,
PLUMBAGOES,
LIBONIAS,
BEGONIAS, &c.

All of which are fine for window gardening, Come and look at them whenever you are in town.

Chestertown, Sept. 28, 1872.

## GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

A GREAT BARGAIN STORE is now open on the corner of HIGH AND CROSS streets, in the "Burchinal Building," and every effort is made to sell Great Bargains to every customer who comes with the *CASH* or *cashable Produce*. All who wish to receive the value of their money, must come to the Great Bargain Store without fail, where they will find a general assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ready Made Clothing,

Piece Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

Come one! come all! and see for yourselves, and be convinced!

M. BALL,
Corner High & Cross streets,
Burchinal Building.

☞ ORDERS FOR SUITS to be cut and made, are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.

The highest cash price paid for Rags, old Iron, Grain and Produce.

Chestertown, Aug 8, 1872.

## OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.
C. F. STAM & BRO

Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.
C. F. STAM & BRO.

January 27, 1872.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
*At City Prices,* FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.

May 4, 1872.

READY MADE CLOTHING, a good assortment; fine and coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872, Kennedyville, Md.


## Selected Poetry.

*From the Christian Union.*

### POOR FARMER JOHN.

Old Farmer John is sore perplexed—
Nay, Farmer John is really vexed;
He labors early, labors late,
Yet ever talks of adverse fate:
For all his toilings scarce suffice,
Of longed for lands to pay the price.

The summers come, the summers go,
The spring showers waste the winter's snow
The while, from dawn till close of day,
Receiving nought but frowns for pay:
His good wife toils: and anxious care
Had faded lip and cheek and hair.

Acres on acres stretch away
Of woodland, corn, of wheat and hay;
His cattle roam o'er many a hill,
His brooklet turns the groaning mill;
Yet still he sighs, and longs for more,
And grumbles e'er that he is poor.

Four sturdy sons, four daughters fair
Claimed at his hands a father's care,
He gave them labor without end,
And strove their souls, like his, to bend
Into the narrowing groove of thought—
Gold to be earned, land to be bought.

Yes, Farmer John is growing poor!
You see it as you pass his door.
His old brown house is small and mean,
The roof is warped by crack and seam;
The leaving bars, the half-hanged door,
Proclaim old John is very poor.

No books; no pictures on the wall;
Carpetless rooms and dreary hall.
Why think it strange such farmer's boys
Should seek the city's pomp and noise?
Should learn to loathe the sight of home,
Where naught of joy or grace may come?

Why think it strange his poor old wife,
Who coined for him her very life,
Should pause, at last, despite his frown,
And lay her weary burden down.
In joy, to walk the streets of heaven,
Where naught is sold, but all is given?

Go where you will, search earth around,
The poorest man that can be found
Is he who toils through life to gain
Widest extent of hill and plain;
Forgetting all his soul's best needs,
In counting o'er his title deeds.

### A SECRET.

It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain,
With a slow persistence all day long,
Dripped on the window pane!
The chamber was weird with shadows,
And dark with the deepening gloom,
Where you in your royal womanhood
Lay waiting for the tomb!

They had robed you all in white, love,
In your hair was a single rose;
A marble rose it might well have been,
In its cold and still repose!
O, paler than yonder carven saint,
And calm as the angels are,
You seemed so near me, my beloved,
Yet were, alas, so far!

I do not know if I wept, love,
But my soul rose up and said:
"My heart shall speak unto her heart,
Though here she is lying—dead!
I will give her a last love-token
That shall be to her a sign
In the dark grave—or beyond it!—
Of this deathless love of mine!"

So I sought me a little scroll, love,
And thereon in eager haste,
Lest another's eye should read them,
Some mystic words I traced.
Then close in your clasped fingers,
Close in your waxen hand,
I placed the scroll as an amulet,
Sure you would understand!

The secret is your's and mine, love!
Only we two may know
What words shone clear in the darkness
Of your grave so green and low,
But if, when we meet hereafter,
In the dawn of a fairer day,
You whisper those mystical words, love,
It is all I would have you say!

—*From the Aldine for November.*

### LITTLE PAGOG.

*A STORY FOR CHILDREN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

There was a tremendous knock at the door of the giant's castle. Had the castle been a common house, it would have tumbled into ruins.

The giantess, sitting in a pleasant room, which looked upon the beautiful woods, where, when a girl, she used to wander pensively, gathering the blossoms of the Victoria Regia to deck her flowing locks, knew well what that knock meant. It was the knock of old Mother Grimmor, and there was no doubt that she had come as usual to have a long talk.

With a sigh, the giantess kissed the little Pagog, whom she was holding in her lap, and placed him gently on the floor; and then smoothing her hair, she went to receive her visitor.

Little Pagog was only eleven months old, but he had four teeth, and was large for his age, being quite as big as an ordinary ox. He could not talk yet, of course, but he could creep very well, and he had a great many very pretty ways. It delighted the hearts of his parents to see him drum upon a barrel with a pair of cowhorns, and try his tender teeth upon the watermelons in the garden. It is true he used up a great many barrels and hit the ends from off a great many water-melons. But then his parents were rich.

When he found himself alone the first thing little Pagog did was to pull off one of his socks. And then he examined his toes. They were certainly beautiful toes like five smooth, pink, peeled potatoes, all in a row. When he found that they were all there, and tried to put the biggest one in his mouth, he became tired of this sport, and taking up his woolen sock, he threw it out of the door. Then he crept out after it. Creeping was fine fun, and he kept it up until he was quite out in the woods.

Along came a little rabbit. Pagog's eyes sparkled, and he made a snatch at it. But it was of no use; the rabbit bounced out of sight in a minute. The baby sat and looked in amazement into the bushes.

Where could that little white thing have gone?

Sitting thus, he caught sight of his other sock, and off it came, and he went to work to chew the tassels at the ends of its strings. While thus engaged, four ducks waddled by. With the sock still dangling from his mouth, Pagog crept after them as fast as he could go. The ducks hurried into a little brook, and Pagog, dropping the sock upon the bank, flounced in after them. This was splendid! He forgot the ducks, which swam rapidly away, and sat in the middle of the brook, splashing away with his fat little arms and legs. How grand it was! The water squirted up between his fingers like fountains, and all around him there were bubbles as big as your head. But it did get a sort of coolish after a while, and Pagog crept out on dry land. There was a charming pile of soft hay near by, and the volatile infant sat in the middle of it, and threw it about. Very soon he began to move his hands slower and slower, and then, all at once, he curled himself up and went fast asleep.

He had not been lying here long when a poor woman—a woman of the common size, like one's grown-up sister—came along, with her baby in her arms. She did not see little Pagog, who was nearly covered by the hay, but she stopped and laid her own baby on the edge of the haystack. She was going up to the castle to ask alms of the giants, who were very good to the poor, but she did not dare to carry her baby along. They were very fond of little children up there, and she was afraid that some of them would play with her baby and squeeze it to death without ever knowing it. So away she went.

After a little while her baby woke up, and began to creep about. It saw a grasshopper, and tried its best to catch it, but it was not quick enough. Then it crept on a little further, and what should it come to but Pagog's sock which he had dropped when he went into the brook. This sock was so soft and nice that the little baby crawled into it and went fast asleep.

Now, then, Pagog awoke, and he began to creep about. Directly he saw a young kangaroo come jumping along, and he tried to catch it, but he was not nearly quick enough. Then he came to his sock which he had dropped by the brook, and he thought, in his baby mind, that it would be a fine thing to put that sock on again. So he sat down and picked up the sock, and there was the dearest little baby lying down in the very bottom of it!

The big little baby, Pagog, was delighted at this sight, and the small little baby waked up, and behold somebody had it! It always liked some one to have it; and so it laughed and chuckled, and held out its arms! And Pagog he laughed and chuckled too. They were two sweet children!

They laughed and talked baby talk to each other for some time, and then Pagog dropped the stocking, small little baby and all. But it fell on the soft grass, and the child did not mind the tumble, but crawled away among the buttercups and daisies. When it was tired of creeping, it sat up, and there was one little bare foot, for its sock had come off in the grass.—So it commenced to play with its toes—like five little pink peas, all in a row.

Pagog was crawling among the elderberry bushes, and it may be that it had an infantile idea that there were rabits in such places; but this is not certain. At all events, he was soon hidden by the bushes.

And now there sneaked from out of the woods a lean gray wolf, and he crept silently along toward the small little baby, playing with its toes.

Nearer and nearer crept the wolf, its eyes glittering and its horrid white teeth shining as it approached the unconcious child.

And now Pageg stuck his head out of the bushes.

What was that splendid gray thing over there?

What a delightful, bushy, waggly tail!

And the big little baby crawled softly and swiftly toward the wolf. Nearer and nearer to the small little baby crept the horrid beast; and nearer and nearer to the brute crept little Pagog.

Now the wolf is very near, and he crouches on the ground, ready for a spring. His eyes dart fire; his whole body trembles with eagerness, and——down upon his back, like a young trip-hammer, comes the fat hand of little Pagog.

The wolf howled and struggled, but the round fists of the baby giant were like two iron vises.

Good-by, wolf!

It was not long after this that two mothers were looking for their children. The poor woman, who carried a great basket of bread and meat in one of her hands, had missed her baby from the pile of hay, and was pushing wildly her way among the reeds by the brook, certain that the child had gone to the water.

The giant mother who had missed her child from the castle from was crashing among the trees in the forest, certain of nothing but that her little Pagog was gone,

Happening to turn at the same time, each of them saw a pleasant sight.

Creeping up a wide path through the woods was the big little baby, making slow progress, for he held a dead wolf by the head with one of his hands; and behind him crept the small little baby, trying his very best to get hold of that sweet bushy tail!

The giant mother came up the path like a whirlwind—a whole street-crossing at a bound; and as for the small mother you could almost hear her buzz through the air.

Both snatched their babies, and shed tears of delight. The small mother moved a little back, for she had no umbrella, and then she went on with her hugging and kissing.

Both mothers soon sat down, and began to talk to each other.

'Do you know,' said the giantess, 'that I have had the greatest trouble with him ever since he began to creep? Not three weeks ago he got off, and went to sleep in the bushes, on the other side of the castle, and was terribly bitten by foxes.'

'Oh?' cried the small mother.

'Yes, indeed,' said the other, 'and I had to cover his dear little legs nearly all over with simple cerate. The itching made him very cross, you know. But you have lost all your bread and meat, I see; so come up to the castle and you shall have your supper and stay all night.'

And as they went up to the castle, the giant mother said: 'I wonder where they could have found that dead wolf?'—*Hearth and Home.*

## The Best Book to Read First.

"The best book to read first?" said Judge T., repeating the question I put on entering his office as a law student.

"That's the best book to read first—and last, too," he added, laying his hand on a well thumbed 'King James' Bible,' on which less dust had been suffered to accumulate than I have often seen on the same volume on a "professor's" parlor table.

"But I didn't come here to learn to preach," I answered, a little pertly.

"Yes, you did," replied the Judge. "And the better you preach every time you get before a jury, the better you'll succeed.

"I'll prove it," said he quickly, noting my look of incredulity.

And wheeling round his chair, bringing his legs to a cross, and using his ear for a pen-rack, he proceeded:

"The first year after my 'admission,' I was elected State's Attorney. My maiden case was one of petit larceny. Bill Dawkes, one of those trifling, 'good' sort of fellows—so called because good for nothing—had been found in 'recent possession' of a carcass of mutton, which the owner had left hanging out over night, and which '*non suit inventum*' that is to say, 'turned up missing,' in the morning.

"I drafted the indictment with great care, charging, with painful particularity, that one William Dawkes, yoeman, not having the fear, etc., but moved and seduced by a certain personage whom it was common to include in every indictment as an 'accessory before the fact,' on etc., at etc., one carcass of mutton of the value, etc., of the goods, chattels and personal property of one Pelatiah Potts, out of the possession, and against the will of the said Pelatiah, feloniously and with force of arms, did steal, take and carry away.

"What's the matter?" I asked sharply, when my friend Bob C. burst out laughing on hearing me read over this, my first professional production.

"It's the best joke of the season!" said Bob, with another guffaw.

"What is?"

"Why, that pun—calling a sheep thief a yoeman.'

"My office was a scene of confusion at the end of five minutes. Bob's head had gone through the glass door of my book case; two of my three chairs lay with broken legs; and Bob and I had a pair of black eyes between us. It was more than a month before either spoke to the other.

"But I'm wandering from the point. In due time the prisoner was brought up for trial. Old Polifox appeared for the defence.

"Old P. was a character. The only law book he had ever read was 'Swan's Treatise for Justices of the Peace;' but in that, and the Scriptures, he was powerful. He had a way of quoting and applying the latter which, in a religious community, made it difficult to oppose him without incurring a suspicion of orthodoxy. His *forte* lay in carrying the jury, whom he generally succeeded in convincing that he and they were on one side, and his adversary on the other. His style and grammar were original.

"I had set my heart on winning that case. If I could only beat Old Polifox before a jury, my cap would be feathered.

"I had carefully written out my 'opening;' and when I read it over to Nellie Wynde, to whom I was 'paying attention' at the time, she said it was 'real nice,' which, I knew, was feminine for bully!'—an encomium I felt not a little proud of.

"When the case came on, I 'spoke my piece' without a blunder. I cited many authorities to prove that he in whose possession stolen property is found soon after the theft, is in law, presumed to be the thief. I was prepared to prove, I said, that the property in question had disappeared at the dead hour of night, when all honest people were in their beds, and had been found at early dawn, in the smokehouse of Dawkes, the defendant.

"I put my witness on the stand, and proved the ownership, value and identity of the property, its mysterious disappearance and subsequent reappearance in the constructive possession of the prisoner, and rested.

"Old Polifox sat in solemn silence, his eyes closed, and his red bandana over his head. He asked no questions, and called no witnesses. I was disappointed at the old fellow's giving in so easily. It would take away half the glory of my triumph.

"But I was reckoning without my host.

"Old Polifox slowly got upon his legs, and removed his bandana, and taking up the Bible on which the clerk had sworn the witnesses, began:

"I am grieved, my breethering"—he always called the jury his "breethering"—"I am grieved and sore amazed to hear such heathenish doctrines in a Christian court house as we've jest been listenin' to. What sez the sakred volume I hold in my hand? Why, it sez, 'At the mouth of two witnesses let every matter be established.' Now, my breethering, let me ask what two witnesses—what one witness seed my client hook this sheep? Echo answers, 'Nary one!" My deloodd young brother has read profane authors to show that findin' of goods on the wrong man's primises is proof of his stealin' of 'em. 'It's a presumption of law,' he says, and a great piece of presumption it is, my breethering. Now, in this same sakred volume, we have narrated a case in pint—that one of Benjamin, which you all hearn about. A silver cup, wuth a hundred times this trumpery sheep, was diskivered, not 'way off in Benjamin's smoke house, whar Benjamin moughtn't a been for a week, but chucked into the mouth of the very sack he was ridin' onto. And yet, my breethering, the Bible tells us Benjamin was innocent. But, my breethering, if it was Benjamin's luck instead of my poor unfortunate clien's to be this day on trial before you, you would be obliged, according to my onexperienced brother, to bring him in guilty in spite of Scripter, and consign him to a place whar he'd have to wear a coat of many colors of a very different stripe from his brother Joseph's."

"I not only lost the case," said the Judge, "but my office at the next election—my attempt to confuse Old Polifox's Scripture argument creating a doubt, in the mind of the community, as to the soundness of my religious views."

"In all soberness," the Judge continued, "if you want to be a successful lawyer, 'search the Scriptures.' In them you will find the basis of all that is best and noblest in human laws. Besides, the words and the phrases of the Bible are the language of the popular heart. Its parables are household words. Its illustrations never miss the mark. I have given you a ludicrous instance of their effect: but it is in the field of pathos and real feeling that their power is irresistible."

"And yet," I remarked, "Old Polifox made them the instrument of gaining an erroneous verdict."

"There you are mistaken," said the Judge. "It transpired subsequently that poor Dawkes was really innocent—a private enemy, the same person who first directed suspicion towards him, having abstracted the property, and placed it through malice, where it was afterwards found."

I took the Judge's advice as to the best book to read first.

## DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

### Last hours of the Great Journalist.

### Circumstances Relating to His Last Illness---A Biographical Sketch.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Horace Greeley died at fifty minutes past six this evening. He was conscious at the time, and his passing away was peaceful. He had been in a state of apparent unconsciousness since eight o'clock in the morning, his strength having entirely failed, and his pulse at the wrist being imperceptible He appeared to suffer but very little during to-day.

The Tribune issues the following bulletin:

November 29, 8 P. M.—Mr. Greeley died very quietly and without pain at ten minutes before seven o'clock this evening. He was conscious and rational.

MR. GREELEY'S LAST ILLNESS.

The Tribune gives the following account of Mr. Greeley's death:

So far as any of his associates know, Mr. Greeley was in almost as good health as usual when, on the day after the election, he wrote the card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the Tribune. His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and, as is now clear, sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, and especially during the last month of his wife's illness.

But it soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, no one of them half a column in length. The most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. In all he wrote less than three and a half columns after his return, contributing to only four issues of the paper.

Two or three times he handed his assistants short articles, saying: "There is an idea worth using, but I haven't felt able to work it out properly. You had better put it in shape."

At last, on Tuesday, the 12th instant, he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly, and sent for the family physician of Mr. A. J. Johnson, a friend with whom he was a guest, and in whose house his wife had died.

Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that his case was critical. Dr. Geo. C. S. Choate and others were called in consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Mr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Greeley's own country home at Chappaqua. Here he received the unremitting attention of Dr. Choate, and here Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Brown and others were called in consultation.

Insomnia had developed into inflammation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delirious, at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity, and in a few days the possibility of his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday last, that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it, and even then they still clung to his faith in the vigor of his constitution.

On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly, Thursday afternoon and evening he seemed somewhat easier. During the night he slept very uneasily, muttering occasionally, and frequently raising his right hand. Toward morning he was more quiet, and between eight and nine o'clock he fell into an unconscious condition, which continued with some intermission through the day.

He made occasional exclamations, but many of them, in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he began, were unintelligible. About noon, however, he said quite distinctly, and with some force, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. John R. Stuart and Mr. Reid. On the whole he suffered little, and seemed to have no more than the ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of the disease.

During the day his extremities were cold, and there was no pulse at the wrist. The action of the heart was very intermittent and constantly diminishing. He had not asked for water or been willing to drink it since his stay at Dr Choate's, but during Friday he asked for it frequently.

Up to within a half hour of the end he manifested in various ways his consciousness of what was going on around him, and even answered in monosyllables and intelligently questions addressed to him. About half-past three he said, very distinctly, "It is done!" and beyond the briefest answers to questions, this was his last utterance.

His youngest daughter, Miss Gabriella, was with him through Thursday evening Throughout Friday the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance, as she had been during the whole of his illness, and of Mrs. Greeley before him. Other members of the Chappaqua household were present, with Mr. and Mrs. John R Stuart and a few other friends.

Nothing that science or affection could suggest was wanting to ease his last hours. The wintry night had fairly set in when the inevitable hour came, Without sleighs were running to and fro, bearing to Chappaqua, the nearest telegraph station, the latest bulletins, which thousands of anxious hearts in the great city near by kept demanding.

Within, the daughter and a few others stood near the dying man, who remained conscious, and seemingly rational and free from pain, though now too weak to speak. In an adjoining room sat one or two more friends and a physician.

At ten minutes before seven o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone in peace after so many struggles, in honor, after so much obloquy.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York Tribune, was born in Amherst county, New Hampshire, February 3d, 1811. His father, Zaccheus Greeley, was a farmer in poor circumstances, and unable to educate his children. Mr Greeley was hardly ten years old before he had read by the light of pine knots every book within a circuit of seven miles. In 1821 the family removed to Westhaven, Vermont, where he assisted his father as a farm laborer, at the same time availing himself of every opportunity for reading and study. He determined to become a printer, and in the spring of 1826 he entered the office of the Northern Spectator, at East Poultney, Vermont, as an apprentice.

He speedily became an expert workman and rapidly utilized the opportunities for intellectual improvement afforded by a newspaper office. He soon became the best workman in the office, and assisted in editing the paper. In 1830 his apprenticeship was suddenly ended by the discontinuance of the paper. After working for a short time in different offices he went to New York in 1831 with ten dollars in his pocket; there he worked as a journeyman until 1833, when he commenced the printing business in partnership with Mr. Francis Story. The firm published the 'Morning Post,' the first penny paper ever published in this country. The paper failed in three weeks, and the partnership was dissolved by the death of Mr. Story.

Mr. Greeley in 1834, commenced the publication of 'The New Yorker,' in partnership with Mr. Jonas Winchester and Mr. E. Sibbett. The New Yorker was a political, literary and family journal, and regarded by all parties as good authority on statistics Its circulation was large, and although continued for seven years, it was not profitable from a want of proper business management. Mr. Greeley also supplied the Daily Whig with leading articles for some months, and for a year he edited the Jeffersonian, a weekly political journal published at Albany, New York, in the interest of the whig party.

In 1840 he edited the 'Log Cabin,' devoted to the election of William Henry Harrison to the presidency. In April, 1841, Mr. Greeley established the 'Daily Tribune,' and shortly afterwards the 'Weekley Tribune,' in which was merged the New Yorker and the 'Log Cabin;' with this journal his fame as an editor became national. In 1848 he was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy. He served in that body from December 1st of that year to March 4th, 1849, and was chiefly distinguished for his opposition to the abuses of the mileage system.

As an editor and a lecturer, he was devoted to the amelioration of the laboring classes, and however objectionable his policy may have been to a large number of the citizens of the United States, his purity of purpose and his indomitable energy in the accomplishment of his object are generally conceded. In 1850 he published a volume of essays and lectures under the title of 'Hints towards Reform.' In 1851 he went to Europe, and during his stay in England served as one of the jurymen at the Crystal Palace exhibition. After his return he published a volume entitled 'Glances at Europe.' In 1856 he published a 'History of the struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States from 1787 to 1856.' In 1869 he made a trip across the plains to California, and was received in San Francisco by the municipal authorities. While there he lectured on temperance, the Pacific railroad and politics. Mr. Greeley, in 1860, attended the Chicago Convention as a delegate from Oregon, and supported for the nomination for the Presidency Judge Edmund Bates, of Missouri.

In February, 1861, Mr. Greeley was a leading candidate of the republican party to represent the State of New York in the Senate of the United States. His rival was Wm. M. Evarts, the distinguished lawyer, and after eight ballotings in caucus, the two candidates were so nearly divided that there appeared little hope of either being selected. On the tenth ballot the friends of Mr. Evarts cast their votes for Judge Ira Harris, of Albany, which secured his nomination. Mr. Greeley's history since, including the period of the war, his bailing of Jefferson Davis, his efforts for the promotion of universal amnesty, and his nomination for the Presidency by the Cincinnati and Baltimore Conventions, is too fresh in the public mind to require recapitulation.

Mr. Greeley was married July 16, 1836, in Immanuel Church, Warrenton, North Carolina, by Rev. Wm. Norwood, to Miss Mary Y. Cheney, of Warrenton, formerly of New York his wife was by profession a teacher. The acquaintance had been formed at the Graham House, and was continued by correspondence after Miss Cheney, in the pursuit of her vocation, had removed to North Carolina.—The lady is understood to have possessed high intellectual endowments, and her domestic virtues must have been great to have secured such profound and permanent devotion as Mr. Greeley showed to her.

Mr. Greeley's private character was singularly pure and free from everything of a vicious or corrupting nature, even from his early youth and through all the vicissitudes of fortune. When poverty pinched hard upon him, and his early life was one of toil and self-denial, his innate integrity protected him against the temptations that his genius opened before him for corrupt practices. His temper, it is true, was irascible, but those who knew him best indulged his eccentricities, knowing that under such an exterior existed a rich mine of worth never obscured when duty demanded its treasures.

In his private relations there was no man more trusted and relied upon than Mr. Greeley. His friendships were based upon true worth, derived from his keen but apparently unsophisticated discernment of character, and his influence and offices could be relied upon in any emergency. He was singularly happy in his domestic relations. His views of life and its duties, his literary pursuits, even in their idiosyncracies, were in accord with the opinions of his wife, down to the dietetical self-denial that alleviated the poverty of his early efforts.

The political opinions of Mr. Greeley belong to the history of parties. That those opinions have exercised a potent influence upon the affairs of this country there can be no doubt.

The characteristics of his mind are difficult of delineation. Its grasp was certainly comprehensive, at the same time exhibiting a tenacity of memory in the most insignificant detail that could be made immediately available, with a perspicuity of vigor of thought that rather added to than embarrassed his style of expression. At one moment discussing, always with ability, the most profound questions of statesmanship; at another reciting the prejudices that govern a distant township election, and again, taking important questions arising upon insignificant issues, and clothing their narration with satire, burlesque and sound argument that not only amuses but arouses public sentiment to a necessity for the correction of abuses. We may well conclude that the versatility of his mind was more remarkable than any man of his age.

Mr. Greeley's abstraction is well illustrated by his biographer, who says that he often looked up from his work, asking an associate whether he had been to dinner, and was governed entirely by the answer, whether in earnest or a quiz on his known peculiarity. One of the most singular events of his life happened in Paris, France, where he was imprisoned for debt, and of which he gives a most graphic account. The debt was not one of his own, but of the New York Crystal Palace Association, of which he was one of the managers. A Mons. Lechesne, a sculptor of France, sent a statue to the Crystal Palace exhibition, which, unfortunately, had its nose broken off. Mr. Greeley happening to be in Paris shortly afterwards, was arrested very unexpectedly by Mons. Lechesne, and refusing to give bail for the payment of the money, was lodged in Clichy, the prison for foreign debtors. His life in the prison (for a day) is most humorously and instructively portrayed by his pen, that seemed to derive nutriment from every day's experience. His vein of sarcasm flowed most freely in his description of the suit brought against him by J.

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