JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.
Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1870. NO. 22.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING

Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

SELLING OFF!
SELLING OFF!
SELLING OFF!
MY ENTIRE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, AT AND BELOW COST. H. GOLDENBERG.
july29 75 North Market street.

Notice.
I HAVE made arrangements to get NORTHERN ICE, and will be prepared to supply my customers and the public, and hope to receive a liberal share of their patronage. JOHN MURDOCK.
apr15 tf

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES!
Jouvin's Kid Gloves, reduced to one dollar and fifty cents a pair, at WOLFES', next to First National Bank. [may27

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

City Drug Store.
Williamson & Beckenbaugh,
PROPRIETORS.
Dealers in Pure Drugs, English and French Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Essences.
Would respectfully inform the public that they have in store a large stock of the best Drugs and Chemicals than they ever had. Their stock of Fancy Goods is large and complete, and will be sold at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. They have the Creme de-la-Creme of English, German, French and American
PERFUMERY,
and are willing to give a money guarantee of their being genuine. They have an endless variety of English and French Hair, Nail, Tooth, Infant and Flesh Brushes.—An elegant assortment of Combs, Ladies
TOILETTE ARTICLES.
Cosmetiques, &c. They have a full line of Low, Son & Hayden's English Soaps; Benbo's English Elder Flower Soap, &c. They have all of the PATENT MEDICINES of the day, and all the popular
HAIR DYES AND RESTORATIVES.
In fact, they have everything in their line of the PUREST and BEST.
All orders from the country filled with dispatch. Remember, that you can buy goods cheaper at the CITY DRUG STORE than you can in Baltimore. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Keyser's Eagle Baking Powder,
can be purchased at a greatly reduced price.
Prescriptions accurately, neatly and carefully compounded.
july22

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

Drug Store.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs. Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powdes for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care. PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

HAIR TONICS AND RESTORERS.—All the leading preparations for the Hair, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store,
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

NEW DRUG
AND
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
L. M. SCHAEFFER,
Respectfully announces to his friends in Town and Country, that he has recently opened an entirely new, complete and
First-class Drug Store,
In Market St., opposite Market House.
His long experience in the business in this city and in Philadelphia, and his determination to keep only
PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
will, it is hoped, receive the attention and encouragement of his friends. All the Patent or Proprietary Medicines likely to be called for, will always be kept on hand, and in addition he will be constantly supplied with the most approved
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Physicians' prescriptions compounded with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
L. M. SCHAEFFER, Druggist,
Opposite the Market House,
july1 Frederick, Md.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Hair, Tooth, Nail and Infant Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Powders, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
july1 Opposite Market House.

FOR Koskoo, Rosadalis, Irinsin, Swaine's Panacea, Fahrney's Panacea, and Vifuga, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
FOR popular Hair Restorers and Dyes, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
YOU can get everything new at the CITY DRUG STORE.
HYDRATE OF CHLORAL, Bromide of Sodium, Sulpho-Carbolates of Zinc and Soda; also, a full line of Sharp & Dhome's Specialties, at WILLIAMSON & BECKENBAUGH'S CITY DRUG STORE.

Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
CELEBRATED
PREPARATION
FOR
CLEANSING THE BLOOD.
The long and favorably known Preparation of Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, for cleansing the Blood, needs at this day no recommendation at our hands, its virtues having been established by the thousands of cases where it has given relief in the
Most difficult forms of Chronic Diseases,
during the last sixty years. So highly indeed is it esteemed, that the demand is constantly increasing not only at home, but we are daily receiving applications for it from the most remote sections of the country—North, East, South and West. To meet this demand, as well as to prevent the public from being imposed upon, we have determined to put this Preparation in such a form that it may be within reach of everybody everywhere.
Other Preparations, far inferior to the genuine, having been put out by certain parties, have been mistaken by some for our own, and as a matter of course the old Preparation of D. Fahrney & Son has been made to suffer some in reputation; thetefore, to prevent this mistake, as well as to meet the increasing demand mentioned above, we have concluded to send the medicine out in liquid form. Not recommending it to cure all diseases the human body is heir to, but as a Family Medicine, and for all diseases originating from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, it has no equal; and will cure the following diseases:
Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, Erysipelas, Boils, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Tetter Affections, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Rheumatic Affections, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sickheadache, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, General Debility,
Mercurial Diseases, Foul Stomach, together with all other Disorders arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, &c., &c.
Prepared by Drs. D. Fahrney & Son, Boonsboro', Md., and Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Keedysville, Md. Sold by all Druggists and Merchant generally. All genuine is signed thus: D. FAHRNEY & SON.
☞Be sure and call for Drs. D. Fahrney & Son.
For sale by Williamson & Beckenbaugh.
feb18 6m pd

JUST RECEIVED.
A Large assortment of the latest Improved
COOKING STOVES,
which will be sold to suit the time, CHEAP FOR CASH, at the
"FREDERICK STOVE HOUSE,"
mar18 BY ERNEST A. C. FOX.

For the Citizen.

ORGAN PEALS,

Suggested by the playing of the Organ in the Chapel of St. Charles' College.

BY W. H. A. CORBITT.

Down in adoration kneeling!
Softly stealing, softly stealing,
O'er my ev'ry sense of feeling
Comes the sound of organ, pealing,
Pealing forth its deep refrains;
And within my heart is leaping,
As in pleasing union keeping,
O'er the vaulted ceiling sweeping,
And along the walls go creeping,
Creeping soft its dulcet strains.

Out into the chapel swelling—
Out they float, God's glory telling,
Aught of thoughts mundane dispelling,
Inward strife of passions quelling
By their happy harmony;—
Joy into my soul instilling—
Joy into my heart, too willing,
All my mind with rapture filling,
Through my frame with pleasure thrilling
Floats their mollient melody.

With the solemn strains up-wending,
Choristers, their voices blending,
Fervent up to God are sending,
Through dense incense, upward tending,
Tributes of undying love;
And profoundly Him adoring,
They His mercy are imploring,
As thanksgivings, deep out-pouring,
Float their voices, upward soaring,
Soaring up to realms above.

Fondly gloating, fondly gloating,
Angels hover o'er, denoting
Souls their love to God devoting,
In deep organ-gushes floating,
Floating out upon the air;
Which, as on they go careering
Round and round the chancel veering,
Break upon the holy hearing
Of the seraph throng revering
Great Jehovah present there.

Variedly now modulating,
Less my yielding heart dilating—
Less my bosom agitating,
Slowly are the notes abating,
Slowly pass they now away;
And my soul is plaintive, sighing,
As at intervals replying;
And in broken echoes flying,
Slow the organ peals are dying,
Dying, lo! they're gone for aye.

Deaf Smith, the Celebrated Texan Spy.

About two years after the Texan revolution, a difficulty occured between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of a civil war. Briefly, the cause was thus: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or a force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed outrages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State Records to the latter place which he declared to be, *pro tempore*, the seat of government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this *fiat* raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding houses, groceries and faro banks were thunderstruck, maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be a deathblow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate.—They called a meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one party of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the State House until the period passed by. The commander of this force was one Col. Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, or courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did not succeed in removing there cords by the march of an empowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks for recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:—

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the State House. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and select caucuses held permanent session, in the city hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters was in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission at all; but climbing unseen a small bushy-topped live oak, which grew beside the wall, leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a large bowie-knife, and had in his leather belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with darkened complexion and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side-arms.

"Who are you that thus presumes to intrude among gentlemen; without invitation?" demanded Colonel Morton, ferociously essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but of what, the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At that moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner—

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question. "Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:—

"*Fellow citizens:*—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision.
SAM HOUSTON."

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for reply and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Colonel Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening look ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service?"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger rejoined: "I am too generous to seek an advantage; and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore I never need the aid of a second?"

Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles, and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, is it possible Colonel Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton with a smile; "that mute is a hero, whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and half as many bloody duels. Besides he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor.

"You know the man then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why, no, that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from sworn vengeance of certain Texans, in whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since.

"If what you say be true, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Comanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Col. Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at this period.

Towards evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting, and so great was the popular recklesnes as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were waged on the result. At length the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim of the western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their station, back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white hankerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other and mark the striking contrast betwixt them. The face of Colonel Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary the countenances of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast-iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, and the other in smoke tinted leather.

But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the state papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some years ago; but although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his fingers on his lips; and if pressed more urgently his brow writhed, and his dark eyes seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire.—He could write with astonishing correctness an facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye quick and far seeing as an eagle's and a smell keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable service to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to close a tent cloth.—Wrapped in his blanket he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks or even months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven. Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains or tangled brakers of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps; and he has either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word, "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.

A paper encourages the young by the example of "a youth who formerly lived in a hovel, yet, with only his two hands and a crowbar, opened a jewelry store; and now he is living in a large stone residence in Sing Sing."

Distinguished Lawyers

The following "talk" to his class by Professor Parsons, of Reading, was taken down by one of his students. It will be found curiously interesting:

I will begin with the greatest man I ever knew, and one to whom the country owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to any except Washington,

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

I knew him but one winter. When I called on him I was received with perfect kindness, and was cordially invited to call again. The tone of his voice plainly indicated that the invitation was meant as a mere act of politeness. I did call again and again, and each visit made me more anxious to call more frequently.

Chief Justice Marshall was born in 1775. He was the eldest son of fifteen children. His father, Colonel Marshall, was a gentleman of excellent family, but no property. Colonel Marshall educated his children himself, as he was too poor to send them to school.

Chief Justice Marshall began with poetry. At the age of twelve he had copied all of Pope's Essay on Man. He could repeat much of Shakespeare, Pope, Campbell and other standard poets.

He wrote a great deal of poetry himself, but even at this young age he displayed that great sagacity which so distinguished him. He never published any of his poetry.

At the age of twenty he entered the army, where he remained until 1781. He figured in most of the principal engagements in the South.

While stationed at Philadelphia he attended one course of law lectures. During all this time he was very poor. When he returned home an inkeeper refused him admission to his house because he did not look respectable.

Soon after returing home, in 1782, he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, where he was returned as a member until 1792.

In 1788 he succeeded in securing the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which was violently opposed by Patrick Henry. The majority in favor of adoption was only ten. In 1797 he went to Paris.

"In 1799 he was sent to Congress, where his influence was almost boundless.

In 1800 he was appointed and confirmed Secretary of War. He, however, never entered upon the duties of his office, for before he could do so there was a vacancy in the office of Secretary of State, and he had this position tendered him. He did not hold this office long, for in 1802 he was appointed first Chief Justice of the United States.—When this was tendered him by President Adams he positively refused it and urged the claims of other gentlemen whom he thought more qualified. Finally, however, his name was sent to the Senate, and he was unanimously confirmed. He knew very little "book law" when he was appointed. He had attended but one course of law lectures and had practiced but three years. This was the great reason why he urged so strongly the appointment of others. It is said of Marshall that he never held an office that was not almost forced upon him.

Soon after he was admitted to practice he married. He was still very poor. He said he did pay the preacher for marrying him, and that he had one guinea left. Of course he had to work very hard in his profession. It is probably more to his early poverty than to anything else that he owed those habits of indomitable energy which were so characteristic of him. He was forty-six years of age when he was appointed. He immediately commenced to pursue a systematic course of the study of the law. He never became familiar with the books. In all the ranks of legal literature there are no books where there is so little authority cited as those containing his decisions. When a case was argued, and it was for the judges to decide it, after thinking for some time, he would write down his decision, and, handing it to Judge Story, say: "There, Story; that is the law of this case; now go and find the authorities"; and, probably, there was no one more able to do this than Story.

Story once said: "When I wish to reach a point in the law I have to grope timidly from headland to headland, and feel satisfied I at last remotely reach it." But Marshall, in an adventuresome and bold manner, puts right out to sea, and without difficulty approaches it.

One of the earliest of the great cases which have immortalized the name of Morbury vs. Madison, 1 Cranch, 137. In an opinion he laid down the true principles which underlie the foundation of our Government. He draws a sharp line between the powers of different department. For this he had been abundantly preparing himself in the Virginia Legislature when the Constitution was before that body for adoption.

I have spoken of Marshall as an able jurist. I will now speak of him as a man. He was remarkable and peculiar in his old age, when I knew him. He cared nothing for fashions. He had never changed the cut of his dress. His outside coat was peculiarly long, and in the skirts had two large pockets. Frequently he could be seen walking up Pennsylvania avenue with a large book in each pocket, or his pocket filled with legal documents to overflowing.

His peculiar characteristic was the carrying of a long green umbrella, which was his constant companion, not only when it was raining, but stuck under his arm when not a cloud was seen.

A kinder man never lived. He was a model for the judiciary of our country. He was perfectly courteous in his manner, never speaking unkindly to any one. But still he was a man with whom no liberties could be taken. He was peculiar even in his dignity. He had one peculiarity which one could not fail to observe; he would look long and intensely without winking. Before the age of the two-hour rules it often happened that some boring lawyer would come before the court and speak for hours. When the Marshall saw such a one, that cold, gray eye would be fixed upon him, and he would wilt beneath that gaze. He never loved to look very largely into authorities. On one occasion S——, dined with the judges of the Supreme Court at Marshall's house. A servant entered when they were seated at the table. He brought a basket of books, and handed a note to Marshall. The note was from Benton, who had argued a case before him. Marshall read the note to the company somewhat as follows: "Mr. Marshall, I send you such of the authorities as I now have, and will send you others soon." Marshall looked up and saw the basket, and exclaimed, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

In Washington in those days it was a very fashionable amusement to pitch quoits. Frequently would Marshall and other members of the court, after their labors were over, be seen out on the green, with their coats off, pitching quoits. My first and last impression were that he was a great and good man, and it was the happiest moment in his life when he could make others happy. His smile, his tone, his eye, all conspired to bring about this result.

AN erect gait gives to a woman a queenly appearance, and to men an air of manliness, integrity and fearlessness. To bend forward or downward while walking, indicates debility, depression or mental trouble, and always aggravates itself and promotes disease. Pads and supporters are all pernicious, and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on some other part, and, to that extent, tend to disease that part. There is always one easily available and successful method of acquiring an erect, manly gait, without any material effort, or feeling of awkwardness. Let the chin be a little above a horizontal line, which is easily done by keeping the eye fixed on the top of some person's hat or bonnet in front of you. The habit of this erect carriage may be facilitated by accustoming yourself, when at home, in the garden, or other places, to walk with the hands behind, held in one another and the head thrown up, as is done in smoking a cigar or singing a tune.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

COST OF KILLING A MAN IN WAR.—We have some curious statistics from a French author writing on contemporary wars, as to what it costs to kill a man. He takes the whole expenditure of money for each war and divides that by the number of men killed on the field, or whose death was owing directly to the war. In the Crimean war, where many were congregated in close quarters, he estimated that 750,000 were killed at the cost of $2,165 per man. Putting the deaths in our late war at 281,000, which is rather a low estimate, each death was purchased at a cost of $16,-725. In the late Mexican and South American wars the expense for killing a man was $4,500. In the Danish war, 3,500 lives were lost at an average of $10,000. In the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, which ended at Sadowa, $7,500 was the price per death. It will thus be seen that it cost this Government more to extinguish one life than any of the other countries mentioned, and that the cost of killing a man in any of them, would maintain several in times of peace.

LARGE LAWYER FEES.—A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune relates the following story in regard to some fees which lawyers have received in practicing in the United States Supreme Court. The writer says: "A judge of the Supreme Court was telling me a few days ago about some inordinate fees which counsel had received, within his knowledge. For example, David Dudley Field received $30,000 from the Erie railroad. William M. Stewart was paid $25,000 in cash by the Gould Curry Silver mine, and so many feet of ore, which altogether netted him $200,000. Jeremiah S. Black received $60,000 from the New Idra mine, and a few months ago he sued them for $75,000 in addition, and received judgment. Wm. M. Evart has been paid $20,000 for defending Andrew Johnson, and his annual income is $125,000. He recently charged $5,000 for one speech which occupied eighty minutes. Law must be a paying business, at the above rates.

A man having been brought before a Dutch justice of the peace in Albany Co., on a charge of having four wives, the astounded magistrate exclaimed. "You let dat man go. If he lifs mit four wifes he haf punishment enuff. I lifs mit only von, und dat's more vot I con shtand!"

"Father," said a young hopeful apparently reflecting intently upon something. "I shan't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married." "Why my son?" was the fond fathers inquiry. "Because," said the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours."

Missing Fifteen Years--A Strange Story.

The Kansas City Times gives the following story:

"Nearly fifteen years ago there lived on the banks of the Ohio, but a few miles from the city of Louisville, a man by the name of Henry C. Danforth, the family consisting of himself, wife and one child, a daughter only a little over two years of age. One day the child escaped the vigilent eye of the mother and wandered from the house. Search was made, but no trace could be found of their darling, until reaching the banks of the river her little bonnet was seen near the margin of the water. Then, indeed, the little one was mourned as dead, and only a mother's heart can fathom the agony of the bereaved parents.

"Time passed on. Other children came to take the place of the lost one at the fireside, and the first storm of grief at the terrible affliction had given way to quiet submission. Still the blue, dancing waters of the Ohio always caused inexpressible sadness to their bereaved hearts. Five years ago the family removed to St. Louis, where they have resided ever since.

"Last Saturday Mr. Danforth received an anonymous letter from this city, urging him to come up immediately if he wished to find his daughter, whom he supposed was drowned thirteen years before. He arrived in the city on Monday last, and proceeding to the place designated in the letter, found a woman whom he had known in other days rapidly nearing the grave, and a young girl in attendance upon her. She pointed to the child immediately upon his entrance, saying, 'This is your drowned child,' and entered upon an explanation which convinced him of the truth of her words.

"It seems that he himself was the innocent cause of the affair. The woman had loved him previous to his marriage, and when the words were spoken binding him to another all the worst passions of her nature were aroused and she determined upon revenge, and how faithfully she executed her intention the above facts will testify. She had kept herself informed of his whereabouts, and when she knew that shortly death would claim her as his victim she determined to make all the reparation in her power. Who can paint the joy of the father on finding the dead alive? The woman it seems had only been in our city some six months, coming from Cincinnati, to which place she had first fled with the child. She said she had always treated her as she would her own daughter, to which the child testified, and begged that the woman might be taken with them. The result was that yesterday evening the three took the train on the North Missouri Railroad for St. Louis, and ere this the waiting mother has received the embraces of her long lost daughter."

A FALLEN EQUINE MONARCH ON THE SCENE OF HIS EARLY TRIUMPHS.—A long tailed bay, once a petted favorite, has fallen from his high estate, and is compelled to earn his daily oats by dragging a lumbering water cart. To add to his shame fate has located his route on Harlem lane, the scene of his many former triumphs. Yesterday afternoon, as the gaily rigged trotters flitted by, the once fiery roadster fully realized his lower, position, and resolved to free himself from the evidence of his disgrace. To the astonishment of the sleepy boy who was perched on the water box he soon kicked himself free from the hated appendage, and with head and tail erect, rushed snorting down the lane. With his freedom the instinct of the beast was renewed, and he made directly for the shed of the Cayuga Hotel, which in former times had been one of his breathing places. Blood will tell.—*New York Sun.*

A GALLANT DARKEY.—'Dey may rail agin women as much as they like,' said a darkey, lately, 'dey can't set me agin um; hab always in my life found em to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust best and last in the sick room. What would we do without em? Let us be born as young, as ugly, as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to recebe us. She it am who gub us our fust doce ob castor oil, and put close upon our helpless naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats, and it am she, as we grow up, who fills our dinner baskets wid doughnuts and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we wear out our trousers.

Philadelphia boasts of a female, aged only sixteen years, who, after arranging for the theft of all the valuables in the house in which she was a servant, turned on every gas burner in the house with the expectation of smothering the inmates.

Eligible young bachelor—making call—"Well, Master Fred you don't know who I am."

Too candid young hopeful—"Oh but I do though! You're the chap that ma says would make such a good catch for Mary."

ATTACHMENTS.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet? Echo answers, "Never."

A couple of fellows, who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad rum, got into a gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said to the other: "Jim, let's go in another house—this hotel leaks."

An editor, speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked, "that if all flesh was grass he must be a load of hay." "I expect I am," said the f