TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS per annum. $2 50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

These terms will be strictly adhered to hereafter.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected *JOB OFFICE*, which will enable us to execute, in the neatest style, every variety of Printing

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & CO., SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 34. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1867. OLD SERIES, VOL. 27, NO. 34.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The following are the rates for advertising in the AMERICAN. Those having advertising to do will find it convenient for reference:

Size.	1 t.	2 t.	1 m.	2 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 Square,	$1,00	$1,50	$2,50	$4,50	$5,00	$10,00
2 "	2,00	3,00	4,50	5,50	7,00	12,00
¼ column,	—	—	5,00	8,00	15,00	20,00
½ "	—	—	10,00	14,00	20,00	35,00
1 "	—	—	15,00	25,00	35,00	60,00

Ten lines of this sized type (minion) make one square.

Auditors', Administrators' and Executors' Notices $3,00. Obituaries (except the usual announcement which is free,) to be paid for at advertising rates

Local Notices, Society Resolutions, &c., 10 cents per line.

Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects, one-half the above rates.

Transient advertisements will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. J. BRUNER. L. H. KASE.

BRUNER & KASE,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Chesnut Street, west of the N. C. and P. & E. Railroad Depot, in the building lately occupied by F. Lazarus, Esq.,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

Collections and all Professional business promptly attended to in Northumberland and adjoining Counties. apl 67

G. W. HAUPT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office on south side of Market street, five doors East of the N. C. Railroad,

SUNBURY, PA.

Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care, the collection of claims in Northumberland and the adjoining counties.

Sunbury, April 13, 1867.

EDWIN A. EVANS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Market Square, near the Court House,

SUNBURY, Northumberland County, Pa,

Collections promptly attended to in this and adjoining Counties.

April 13, 1867.

J. R. HILBUSH

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Mahonoy, Northumberland County, Penn'a

Office in Jackson township. Engagements can be made by letter, directed to the above address. All business entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.

April 22, 1866.—1y

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER. LLOYD T. ROHRBACH.

ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

OFFICE the same that has been heretofore occupied by Wm. M. Rockefeller, Esq., nearly opposite the residence of Judge Jordan.

Sunbury, July 1, 1865.—1y

GEORGE HILL, SIMON P. WOLVERTON.

HILL & WOLVERTON,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

SUNBURY, PA.

WILL attend to the collection of all kinds of claims, including Back Pay, Bounty and Pensions. apl. 1, '65.

G. W. ZIEGLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

North Side of Public Square, adjoining residence of Geo. Hill, Esq.,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

Collections and all Professional business promptly attended to in the Courts of Northumberland and adjoining Counties.

Sunbury, Sept. 15, 1866.

JNO. KAY CLEMENT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Business in this and adjoining counties carefully and promptly atttended to.

Office in Market Street, Third door west of Smith & Genther's Stove and Tinware Store,

SUNBURY PENN'A.

H. B. MASSER,

Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Montour, Columbia and Lycoming.

REFERENCES.

Hon. John M. Reed, Philadelphia,
A. G. Cattell & Co., "
Hon. Wm. A. Porter, "
Morton McMichael, Esq., "
E. Ketcham & Co., 289 Pearl Street, New York.
John W. Ashmead, Attorney at Law, "
Matthews & Cox, Attorneys at Law, "

Sunbury, March 29, 1862.

JACOB SHIPMAN,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

REPRESENTS

Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Co., York Pa., Cumberland Valley Mutual Protection Co., New York Mutual Life, Girard Life of Phil's. & Hartford Conn. General Accidents.

Sunbury, April 7, 1y.

DR. E. D. LUMLEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

DR. LUMLEY has opened an office in Northumberland, and offers his services to the people of that place and the adjoining townships. Office next door to Mr. Scott's Shoe Store, where he can found at all hours.

Northumberland August 19, 1865.—

JEREMIAH SNYDER,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law.

SUNBURY, PA.

☞District Attorney for Northumberland County.

Sunbury, March 31, 1866.—:y

L. SEASHOLTZ, C. H. WOLVERTON, C. P. SEASHOLTZ

COAL! COAL! COAL!

THE subscribers respectfully inform the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, that they have opened a

COAL YARD

at J. Haas & Co's Lower Wharf, Sunbury, Pa. where they are prepared to supply all kinds of Shamokin Coal, at cheap rates. Families and others promptly supplied. Country custom respectfully solicited. SEASHOLTZ & CO.

Sunbury, Jan. 12, 1867.

WILLIAM L. ROOM,

Bricklayer and Builder,

Market Street, 4 doors East of Third St.,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

N. B.—All Jobbing promptly attend to.

Sunbury, June 2, 1866.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

GRANT & BROTHER,

Shippers & Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

WHITE & RED ASH COAL,

in every variety.

Sole Agents, westward, of the Celebrated Henry Clay Coal.

LOWER WHARF, SUNBURY, PA.

Sunbury, Jan. 13, 1866.

VALENTINE DIETZ,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

in every variety of

ANTHRACITE COAL,

Upper Wharf, SUNBURY, Penn'a.

☞Orders solicited and filled with promptness and despatch.

Sunbury, May 12, 1866.—y

BOUNTY FOR SOLDIERS.

I HAVE made arrangements in Washington City, for the prompt collection of Bounty under the late Act of Congress. I have also received the proper blanks to prepare the claims. Soldiers entitled to this Bounty should apply immediately, as it is estimated that it will require three years to adjust all the claims.

All soldiers who enlisted for three years and who have not received more than $100 bounty are entitled to the benefits of this Act, as well as soldiers who have enlisted for three years and discharged after a service of two years, by reason of wounds received, disease contracted in line of duty, or re-enlistment.

LLOYD T. ROHRBACH.

Sunbury, August 18, 1866.

Dr. CHAS. ARTHUR,

Homœopathic Physician.

Graduate of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania.

OFFICE, Market Square opposite the Court House, SUNBURY, PA.

Office Hours—7 to 9—morning; 1 to 3—afternoon; 7 to 9—evening. May 18.

JACOB O. BECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

And Dealer in

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTING, &c.

Fawn street, south of Weaver's Hotel,

SUNUBRY, PA.

March 31, 1866.

W. J. WOLVERTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

East end of Pleasant's Building, Up Stairs,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

All professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.

Sunbury, November 17, 1866.—1y

BINGHAM HOUSE,

ELEVENTH & MARKET STS., PHILADEL'A.

THIS new and elegant House is now open for the reception of guests. It has been fitted up in a manner equal to any in the country. The location being central makes it a very desirable stopping place, both for Merchants and parties visiting the city. The parlors are spacious, and elegantly furnished. The tables will be supplied with all the delicacies the market will afford, and it is the intention of the Proprietor to keep in every respect a First Class Hotel.

Terms $3 00 per day.

CURLIS DAVIS, Proprietor.

February 2, 1867.—6m

DR. J. S. ANGLE,

GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College, with five years practice, offers his professional services to the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity—will attend all calls promptly.

OFFICE Market Street, opposite Weaver's Hotel.

OFFICE HOURS { from 8 to 10 A. M. " 2 to 5 P. M.

Sunbury, April 27, 1867.

AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Corner Market & Fawn Street, SUNBURY, Pa.

S. BYERLY, PROPRIETOR,

Photograph, Ambrotypes and Melainotypes taken in the best style of the art. apl. 7, 1y

E. C. GOBIN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

BOONVILLE, COOPER CO., MISSOURI.

WILL pay taxes on lands in any part of the State. Buy and sell real Estate, and all other matters entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

July 8, 1865.—oct 15, '64.

DOUTY HOUSE,

J. S. HALL, Proprietor,

Corner Sunbury and Rock Streets,

SHAMOKIN, PENN'A.

THIS HOUSE is now open for the reception of guests, and being new, spacious and attractive, has all the facilities and advantages of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. The sleeping apartments are airy and comfortable, and the furniture entirely new. The Bar and Table will be supplied with the best in the market.

The patronage of the public is solicited.

April 13, 1867.

Mount Carmel Hotel.

MT. CARMEL, Northumberland Co., Pa.,

THOS. BURKET, PROPRIETOR.

This large commodious Hotel is located near the depots of the Shamokin Valley and the Quakake & New York Railroads. Trains arrive and depart daily. This house is located in the centre of the Coal Region and affords the best accommodations to travelers and permanent customers. jay 5.

BOUNTY.

THE following persons are entitled to receive an increase of Bounty under the Act of Congress passed July 1866, to equalize Bounties.

1st All soldiers who enlisted after the 19th day of April, 1861, for 3 years, and served their time of enlistment and have been honorably discharged, and have received or are entitled to receive a Bounty of $100, are entitled an additional Bounty of $100.

2d All such soldiers who enlisted for 3 years, and have been honorably discharged on account of wounds received in the line of duty, are entitled to an additional Bounty of $100.

3d The Widow, Minor Children, or Parents of such soldiers who died in the service of wounds or disease, are entitled to an additional Bounty of $100.

By application to S. P. WOLVERTON, Esq., of SUNBURY, Pennsylvania, who is an authorized Claim Agent, all such claims can be speedily collected.

Sunbury, August 4, 1866.—tf

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH corrupt, or tainted Blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure.—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities it expels disease and restores health and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Disease, such a Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising active with which it cleases the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsparilla, but often no curative ingredient whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound, "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the class of diseases it is intended to cure We can assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral is so universally known to surpass every other medicine for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that, it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass. and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

April 20, 1867.—2m

Bounties Collected.

G. W. HAUPT, Attorney at Law, Sunbury, Pa offers his professional services for the collection of bounties due to soldiers under the late Equalization Act passed by Congress. As an authorized claim agent he will promptly collect all Bounties, Pensions and Gratuities due to soldiers of the late war, or the war of 1812.

Sunbury, August 18, 1866.

PIANO FOR SALE.

HANDSOME, fine-toned, new, and price low.—Inquire at this Office.

POETICAL.

THE WORLD FROM THE SIDEWALK.

Have you ever stood in the crowded street,
In the glare of the fitful lamp,
And marked the tread of the million feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging throng moved to and fro,
'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever changing scene.

Where the sinner treads with the publican proud,
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd,
With Lazarus cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh, young heart,
As pure as her spotless name,
Keeps step with the women that make their mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How gaily steps the country lass
In the midst of the city's ills,
As freshly pure as the dazied grass
That grows on her native hills;
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his sad, wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer by,
An' he gives him nothing or much.

When night has beaten the world's tattoo,
And, in dusky armor delight,
Is treading with echoless footsteps, through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of these shall be daintly fed,
And will sink to slumbers sweet;
Yet many shall go to a sleepless bed,
And never a crum to eat!

Ah, me! when the hours go joyfully by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brothers' and sisters' despairing cry,
In their woe and their bitter need!
Yet, such a world as the angels sought,
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Were felt by each for all.

Yet a few short years and this motley throng
Will all have passed away,
And the rich and the poor, and the old and young,
Will be undistinguished clay;
And lips that laugh and lips that moan
Will in silence alike be sealed,
And some will be under a stately stone,
And some in the Potter's Field.

But the sun will be shining just as bright,
And so will the silvery moon,
And just such a crowd will be here at night,
And just such a crowd at noon;
And the men will be wicked and women will sin,
As ever since Adam's fall,
With the same old world to labor in,
And the same God over all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN H. SURRATT.

A MORNING WITH HIS COLLEGE CHUM.

From the New York Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—Convalescent after a chronic attack of Centrifugalism, that rheumatism of the bones that compels one to go somewhere, for the sake of the *go* rather than of the *somewhere*, I had got back the other day, fat and scant of breath, and was regaling myself with a walk on Chesnut street. Suddenly I passed a round-bellied young man with eye-glasses over his nose. It was plain to me that I had gone to school with him, though who he was I was indifferent about remembering. During my pupilage at the Philadelphia High School about 1600 youths had entered and departed from it; and while, apart from my own class, I knew not a dozen of them by name, I had hardly forgot a single face. So I swung my hat promptly:—

"Good day, sir! Glad to meet you again."

The other hat came off in response, and I walked a full block, forgetting, meantime, all about the person, when I heard a quick foot behind me, felt a tap on the arm, and the eye-glasses had got around to my front again.

"I beg pardon," said the young man, "but you went to the High School. Your name is? Exactly! I have long wanted to see you. You know Weichmann?"

"Certainly! that is, not altogether."

"Lewis Weichmann?"

"Lewis?"

"The boarder at Mrs. Surratt's."

I felt newsy and centrifugal at once again, and drew him to one side. In three minutes I had him promised to come to my house the next morning.

Out of his face and voice and the new interest in him, I summoned, meantime, the whole memory of the man again. He had been in the next class behind me, and his round, chubby, red-tipped cheeks reappeared as when he climbed into his bench in the lecture-room, and hummed, with the rest of the boys, disapproval of some dry voluminous orator, or peeped at his lesson and got "noted" for it during the reading of the morning Scripture. An ordinary fat boy I considered him, whose definition of school was a place to get fun out of; and he was of mixed religious origin, his father being Protestant and his mother Roman Catholic. He went to the High School three years, and left it in 1859.

Next morning after meeting him was Sunday, and into my room the junior schoolmate was ushered at 10 o'clock. When he put by his hat, gloves, and cane, I saw him grown up to be a young fellow of twenty-four, brown hair, with dimples and tints all over him, a moustache that will never come to much, a nose with a good deal of bridge to it, clear light eyes that do not strain by their near sightedness, and that bodily prematurity which makes him "waddle" somewhat in gait, and was expressed by Surratt in the nick-name of "Fatty."

His address was singularly intelligent and pleasant, and he has more than average independence of opinion. I compared him, for the first few minutes, to Snodgrass, the junior boarder at Mrs. Cunningham's where Dr. Burdell was boarded—the young fellow who waltzed with Augusta and played the banjo in his cell, sublimely indifferent to the great tragedy he lived so close to; in half an hour I found that Weichmann was altogether a graver man, sobered, practicalized, even religiously affected by the part he had unwittingly played in the direct conspiracy of our times.

"I believe, sir," he exclaimed, in the pitch of the narrative, "that I was providentially thrown in the way of those people—that I was an instrument prepared to convict them. Look! it was I that introduced St. Maurie to John Surratt two years before the assassination; how did I know that one was to be the man who should chase the other round the world and bring him home! Look again! on Good Friday an order came from Mr. Stanton to the department in which I was clerk, giving only the Catholic employees holiday for the afternoon. But for that holiday I should never have driven Mrs. Surratt out to Surrattsville the murder, and it was that drive that hanged her."

I asked him to go back to the beginning of himself, and tell me all that had not been evidence on the trial—whatever inferential, and domestic, and characteristic had marked his acquaintance with the Surratts; for I had been collecting *data* upon the great crime, and had been present in all its scenes, fresh after their commemorations; the theatre, the Surratt House, the Maryland swamps, the route of Booth escaping, the barn where he died, the scaffold. I admonished Weichmann that as John Surratt was shortly to be tried, I might print this conversation, and here I set it down in running order, and it makes, unless I am over-sanguine, the straightest story of the conspiracy against the Government's preservers, yet related:—

WEICHMANN'S NARRATIVE.

In 1859, he began, I left the High School, where you had known me, and in February of the same year I entered St. Charles' College at Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore. A considerable number of students were present, and the Principal was the Rev. Father Jenkins. About six months after my admission Surratt came there to study for the diocese of Florida. He attracted no attention, either by his talents or prowess, being one of the most sober and obedient scholars, and winning the commendation of all the professors by his tractable bearing. He was then a fresh-faced fellow of sixteen, straight and thin, with a good, broad forehead, and deeply sunken eyes. We were not allowed to sleep with one another, the monastic system being enforced, and, although I talked often with Surratt, I recall nothing now that showed him to have any depth of character, nor pointed ever so remotely to this crime.

When the war broke out the whole school was, with few exceptions, favorable to the success of the Rebellion. The teachers seemed to have little enthusiasm for the liberty of opinion, the secular education, and the republican civilization of the North, and most of the students either came from slave States, or meditated ministering in them. We were kept ignorant of Union victories; the newspapers were prohibited; and when I emerged I found myself as misinformed as if I had been in jail. Surratt, with the rest, sang secession songs very frequently, and he left school the same day that I did, in July, 1862. He had previously satisfied himself that the priesthood was not his vocation, and at leaving was so much affected that he wept.

The President held his hands over him, and said:—"John, you have been a good boy. Do not feel disappointed. You will always be remembered here." Indeed, Surratt belonged to a Students' Society, called the Society of the Angels, very pious in its nature, and I was altogether too wild to be admitted to it. Surratt had often spoken to me of his home in Maryland, and some months after I left the school he wrote me a letter, inviting me to visit him. Meantime I accepted a tutorship at Borromeo College, Maryland, and, after four months, went to visit a friend at Ellangowan, familiarly called Little Texas, a small limekiln town on the Northern Central Railway, and here I helped him teach a small Catholic school for a few weeks. In the meantime Surratt, between whom and myself several letters had passed, wrote to me to ask for a teacher's position in Borromeo College; his father had died, and his family were involved. I failed to get him an appointment, but when, soon afterward, I changed to teach in St. Matthew's College, Washington City, Surratt called upon me, and we personally renewed our acquaintance. He spoke enthusiastically of his home, and invited me down to see it whenever I chose. I observed that he was still a persistent Rebel, but I had seen so many of his class in Washington, that I took no personal offense at what he said, having already made myself obnoxious by political arguments.

Meantime the life of the country tavern, and the entire change in his ambitions, had given Surratt a brusquer and more worldly manner. He talked variously of teaching, farming, or entering the Rebel service. His mind was unsettled. I saw him several times at school and in town.

It was on a Friday afternoon in March, rainy and dreary, when at last I went down to Surrattsville with John. He came for me in a buggy, and the road was so rutty and miry that we were four hours on the way. On coming in sight of the house I was miserably disappointed. The theme of so much panegyric was a solitary frame tavern at a cross-road, a few sheds and barns around it and a hitching stall, and a peach orchard reaching behind. The farm consisted of 300 acres, and it was afterwards let, with the tavern, for $600 a year.

A small porch stood in the middle, on which opened a hall reaching quite through the house. At the foot of this hall, to the left, was the bar-room and Post Office, with a door opening upon one of the cross-roads, and to the right were the parlor and dining-room. Altogether there were eight rooms comfortably furnished. Mrs. Surratt received me pleasantly, and we had a good warm supper, after which I went awhile to the bar-room, where there were some of the Rebel farmers of the neighborhood, come to get their letters, to lounge, and to play cards. John kept the bar, and we had a game with two Jewish persons who had carpet-bags with them. These carpet-bags Mrs. Surratt came in and removed. Their owners left before daylight next morning, and one of them named Jacobs was arrested crossing the Potomac with $50,000 upon him.

Mrs. Surratt was proud, and counted her beads a great deal. She was a convert, and not an original Catholic, and her husband was a Protestant till his death, which happened of apoplexy in August, 1862. There were three or four negroes about the place; it was a dull, cross-roads' existence, but pleasant for a day or two to a stranger. Next morning, at day-light, we were awakened by very beautiful music. It was a brass band, come out from the Washington Navy Yard, to serenade the Democratic county officers just elected. Among the hangers-on was a seedy, frowsy, monkey-faced boy, whom Surratt introduced to me as Mr. Herold. He came in with the rest, took a drink, and went further up the road with them. I left the house on Monday, pleased with my visit, and we stopped at a drug store by the Navy Yard, Surratt and I, to get a cigar. The boy, Herold, was clerk there. Surratt told me on the way that his brother, Isaac Surratt, an engineer, had left his home on the 7th of March, 1861, at the news of Lincoln's inauguration, and gone to Texas, where he had been ever since in the Confederate service.

I got to consider Surratt an intimate friend after this visit, and he had good points of character; but his isolated life in the country kept me from knowing of more than the directer concerns of our friendship; while meantime the war went on more bitterly, and his home was probably a convenient and constant resort of secret spies and traders. But in Easter, 1863, we agreed to visit an old school friend at Ellicott's Mills, and from there I took Surratt to Ellangowan to see my friend, the school teacher. Before we started a priest asked me to deliver a newspaper to Mr. St. Maurie, whom I found to be my friend's assistant, and to whom I introduced John Surratt. He was a French Canadian, black-eyed and black-haired, aged about thirty, very fascinating in his manners and accomplishments, a linguist and adventurer. He was teaching for his board and spending money only, being entirely needy, and he amused himself by giving concerts in the village, where he was in love with a virtuous and beautiful young lady.

When I left Ellangowan St. Maurie asked me to get him a teacher's place in Washington, and soon after he came to my room there, saying that he had left his place, disgusted with its littleness, and was without a meal, a bed, or a penny. I got him a position in Gonzaga College, and when he came to see me once or twice I found him so unprincipled that I wrote to the lady he addressed at Ellangowan, bidding her beware. He would tell me in a breath that he had fled from Canada to avoid the consequences of a most heartless seduction, and at the same time put his new sweetheart's bouquet under his pillow. His stories of himself were that he had been a member of the Canadian Parliament, a Federal prisoner of state, etc. But, at any rate, he decamped from the College after a month, leaving me to pay his board, and enlisted for the bounty in a Delaware regiment, deserted, fell into Castle Thunder as an object of general suspicion, was released by reason of playing informer upon his comrades, escaped by a blockade-runner to England, returned to Canada, and hearing of the $25,000 reward for Surratt, pursued him to Rome, enlisted with him, and gave him up just too late for the reward, which had been already withdrawn.

I was now weary of teaching for insufficient pay, and sought a Government clerkship, which I obtained in the office of the Commissary of Prisons in January, 1864. In September of the same year the Surratts moved to Washington to keep a boarding-house and get John something to do, and to help them along I moved in almost immediately. John was engaged by Adams Express Company, and with the exception of the arrival of a blockade-runner or two, little happened until a few days before Christmas of 1864-5, when by another of those providences or coincidences to which I have referred, I was walking in the street with Surratt when John Wilkes Booth was introduced to him by their common friend, Dr. Mudd.

After this the manner and nature of Surratt changed. He became, grade by grade, a loiterer and a spendthrift, subject at times to fits of despondence; and I have no doubt that Booth was his absolute master, debauching him with his horses and loans of money, and by his stronger worldliness and magnetism controlling him altogether. I used to wonder what affinity such unlike men could have; but bitter as the secessionists of Washington were, no idea of conspiracy, particularly against personages so high, ever occurred to me. And it was only in the head of a monomaniac actor, used to rehearse Brutus, that so desperate a crime could have been conceived; his means were just considerable enough to purchase such poor instruments as John Surratt; and his own character was so impracticable that nobody ever fathoned his plot. In Mrs. Surratt's house he was altogether the most talented visitor. The mistress of it called him "Her Pet," in his absence.

During all these days the plot was ripening: dirty fellows like Atzerott, boys like Herold, and searching-eyed, mysterious persons like Payne, began to visit the house. I felt that in my friendship with John, never very well founded, I was supplanted. John Surratt began to be a bird of passage, riding to and fro from Montreal to Richmond. I was only puzzled by these things, but never alarmed, and set him down as a mere "sponger" or parasite upon Booth, who was never free with me, and on whom I looked as a man of accomplishments and genius that liked the company of his inferiors. In all this there were interludes of drunkenness, as when three or four of the subsequent assassins burst into my room, saying that they were ruined men and that all was lost. This was afterwards demonstrated to be Booth's failure to capture the President at the Soldier's Home.

And this brings me to the crisis of the narrative; the interest of the house was gone, its peacefulness and charm. I was thinking to myself on Good Friday, as I returned from my office to Mrs. Surratt's, released for a holiday on account of my religious belief, that perhaps I had better seek board otherwheres. At that moment, as if some providence had satisfied me with these aimless companionships so long that I might observe their complicity and convict them, if not defeat them, Mrs. Surratt asked me to spend the afternoon in taking her to drive. As we started out, I saw Booth in the parlor, leaning on the mantel, paler than usual I have since seemed to recollect, his hand to his moustache, his eyes upon the floor. We talked pleasantly on the way, and once Mrs. Surratt stopped to ask about the pickets in the fields, and when they were to be removed at nightfall.

She died for that ride. I, who had made her son's acquaintance so unwittingly, and slept under her roof so long without unkindness given or received, do not shrink to say that I have never been sorry that I accompanied her. And when she died I felt saddened but not self-accusing; for if there is a doubt that she was a principal in the murder, there is no doubt, to my mind, that she knew enough to prevent it, to save the President, the Secretary of State, Booth, and, perhaps, her own son.

That night I was weary, and read myself to sleep. At 3 o'clock in the morning, called from my bed by loud hands upon the door, I heard the challenge of "Officers of the Government. Open at once."

"What is it all for, gentlemen?" I said.

"The President and the Secretary of State are dead! We want Booth and Surratt to surrender if they are here."

I do not remember what I exclaimed; the officers say it was: "My God! I see it all."

Then at daylight I hastened to read the particulars—"A tall man in a white coat stabbed Mr. Seward"—that must be Payne!

I hurried to the police station at once.—Directly I was off with the detectives on the road to Surrattsville again. We caught a horse. "To whom did you hire it?" we say to the livery man. "To a monkey-faced chap named Erail, I think." That must be Herold. Away we go to the widow Herold's. David has been away quite two days. "Let us see your album." His picture is secured. I knew where Surratt had photographs taken; we obtain a dozen copies. Then I am carried before Mr. Stanton. He looks at me savagely for having been one of his clerks and keeping such company. I am ordered to Old Capitol Hill. From the jail-yard I see Mrs. Surratt at the window. She kisses her hand. A man comes to me with a message on her behalf: "You are to say nothing of anybody of the female gender when asked." It is too late, if I could have had such a wish. The past is too vividly illumined by this fresh crime to be forgotten. This is the story of a school friendship and boarding-house acquaintanceship.

———He closed and shook my hand. I wondered if there were boys in other generations with the experience of this boy in ours. G. A. T.

A Ship of Death Floats into a Port of the Shetland Islands.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curseladen ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale ship *Diana*, that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands.

A year ago she left the Shetlands on a whaling voyage to the Artic regions, having on board fifty men. From that time nothing more was heard of her. The friends of those on board became alarmed. Money was raised and premiums offered to the first vessel that would bring tidings of the missing ship, but all to no avail. Hope was almost abandoned.

On the 2d of April the people near Rona's Voe, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship sailing into the harbor. Battered and ice-crushed sails and cordage cut away, boats and spars cut up for fuel in the terrible Artic winter, her decks covered with dead and dying, the long lost *Diana* sailed in like a ship from Deadmans Land. Fifty men sailed out of Lerwick in her on a bright May morning last year. All of the fifty came back on her on the 2d of April, this year; the same but now different.

Ten men of whom the captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, and some dying; two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft, and the other three crawled freely about the deck. The ship was boarded by the islanders, and, as they climbed over the bulworks, the man at the wheel fainting from excitement, one of the sick died as he lay, his deathbeing announced by the fellow occupant of his berth feebly moaning, "Take away this dead man." On the bridge of the vessel lay the body of the captain, as it had laid for four months, with nine of his dead shipmates by his side, all decently laid out by those who soon expected to share their fate.

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades into the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb. The surgeon of the ship worked faithfully to the last, but cold, hunger, scurvy and dysentery were too much for him. The brave old Captain was the first victim, and died blessing his men. Then the others fell, one by one, until the ship was tenanted only by the dead and dying. One night more at sea would have left the Diana a floating coffin. Not one of the fifty would have lived to tell the ghastly tale.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The Indianapolis Journal contains an account of Miss Selvia Eller, of Beck's Station, Hamilton county, Indiana, who was bitten by a rabid dog about two months ago. The wound was a very slight one, and giving no alarm, was, unfortunately, allowed to heal without being subjected to treatment. She was attacked by hydrophobia. Opiates proved of little use. Finally the physician administered bromide of potassium, increasing the quantity to about two ounces per day. For three days there was no change perceptible, the disease then abated its violence, and the patient has since recovered.

On Friday night last, six car loads of oil took fire on a train which was coming down the mountain near Kittanning Point, on the Pennsylvania railroad, and about two hundred barrels burned up. The flame illuminated the whole valley between the Allegheny and Brush Mountains, and formed one of the most beautiful sights imaginable.

Great wrath has been excited among the old bachelors of Jersey City by the publication of their names in a New York paper.

HUMOROUS.

Two Fore Shoes.

Colonel F., a very irritable and impatient man, had occasion once, while passing on horseback through a small town in the West, to patronize a Dutch blacksmith. "Are you the smith?" he asked of a stout, black-bearded, smoke begrimed old man, who came out of the shop to look at the horse's defective shoes. "Yes, I be der smidt," replied mein herr, steadying his long pipe with his left hand, as he lifted one of the horse's feet with his right hand. "You wish to have de new shoes put on?" "No, sir," replied the Colonel, in his quick way. "Set the shoes of his fore feet, that's all." "I set de shoes on de four feet—yah I now understan. I will have him in one hour shoed." The Colonel went away and returned at the appointed time, and found the blacksmith still at work on his horse. He was very wroth when he saw the state of affairs, but he went away again with the promise that in 'von half hour' the shoes wold be set. After dinner, in no very mild numor, he made his appearance again at the shop, and asked what was to pay. "Four shillings," was the reply. "Four shillings! what an impositition!" exclaimed the fiery Colonel. "I never paid over a shilling for setting a shoe in my life. "Very well," nodded mein herr. "Von shilling for the von shoe—I set de four shoes—dat ish four shillings—nichts." "Nick! the old Nick!" roared the excited traveler. "Who told you to set more than two shoes?" "By doonder, you tell me yourself," said the smith. "I! 'Tis a falsehood!" answered the traveler: "its a lie—a—" "Mein Got! You say, de shoes on de four feet?" "So I did," said the traveler; "the two shoes on the fore feet." "Got in Himmel! two shoes on the four feet! Von hat on dree heads so much." "You eternal f-fool!" exclaimed the colonel, who stuttered when he was excited—"I said set the fore shoes on those two f-feet, you b-blundering Dutchman." "You Yankee goose! monkey, you tam jackass, fool." The colonel replied, stuttering worse than ever. The smith struck his fist and jabbered Dutch, his knowledge of English being exhausted; and they had it back and forth until a mutual friend came up and explained the matter. The colonel paid the charge, laughing at the mistake, while herr smoked fiercely, cursing copiously that which made four feet two feet and two feet four feet, any way but the right way—donner and blitzen!

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring out a traveler's horse, but not knowing which of the two horses in the stable belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor, I know that very well," said Pat, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

AN ORDINARY LICENSE.—A neat little girl, apparently about nineteen, says the Frederick *Herald*, a few days ago entered the clerk's office, and removing her bonnet, inquired if Dr. Bradely was in. The doctor, who was present, promptly and politely responded in the affirmative. "Are you," says the lady, "the gentleman we are to have for Governor?" "Why, madam," said the doctor, with modest confusion, "there has been some talk on that subject." "Then you are the very gentleman I want. Have you any licenses to dispose of?" "Yes, madam; will you have a retailer's or an ordinary license?" "An ordinary will do, doctor; I am only going to marry a little Dutchman."

SARCASTIC.—The following hit at the prepailing style of bonnets is exceedingly sarcastic, and we shall wonder if the style survives it:

"A picture in the late number of *Punch* represents a fashionable and affectionate couple, the husband searching vigorously in his vest pocket. The young wife inquires: 'Have you lost your watch love?'"

"And he replies: 'No, darling, 'twas a new bonnet I had for you somewhere.'"

An eagle, which had been captured in the wilds of Vermont and taken to Boston, was set free by some patriotic individuals in that place, recently, and, amid the cheers of a large crowd, he sailed away, lighting first upon the "Cradle of Liberty."

Why is a young man's arm like the Gospel? Because it makes glad the waist (waste) places.

A poet has undertaken to immortalize a recent flat-boat calamity on Oil Creek. The following melancholy stanza tells the whole story:

"She heaved and sot, and sot and heaved,
And high her rudder flung;
And every time she heaved and sot,
A worser leak she sprung."

Madam, your boy can't pass for half fare—he's too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had long been detained on the road by the snow.

'He may be too large *now*," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in.

"Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible?"—*Chap* 1.

To which might be added, "Who is the first girl mentioned in the Bible?"—*Jennysis.*

An editor out West has married a girl named Church. He says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the church than he ever did in his life before.

Young limb of the law lately married to his wife: My dear, here is to-night's paper: I am tired, if there is any news, please read it. Wife—An exchange paper says: "The girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

RECIPES, &c.

WEBSTERS CAKE.—Take 1 cup butter, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sugar,