The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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[For the Democratic Watchman.]

A Sketch of Western Travels.

BY J. S. BARNHART.

No. 3.

Illinois Prairies—Scenery—Herds of Cattle—Prairie Fires—Illinois Fertility—Longest Rail Road on the face of the Globe—Vermont Yankee—Rock Island—Davenport—Sacs and Fox Troubles—Ejection from their Ancient Homes—Black Hawk War—His Capture—Release—Retrospection.

Away from the bustle of this busy city, and the wide Prairies of Illinois were seen in almost every direction over the face of its vast territory. They may be designated as of two kinds—the swelling or the rolling, and the level or flat. Sometimes undulating fields are broken into swells of various dimensions, and extend to an altitude of no inconsiderable hight. Often the flat prairies are studded here and there with groves of wild crab-apple and forest trees, that look not unlike small islands in a sea of waving green. Plains of rich alluvion soil, with long, lank grass of spontaneous growth, characterize this latter class.

Thick, bushy grass covers the residue of the country, and thousands of cattle graze upon the excellent pasturage which these fine ranges afford, during the Spring and Summer seasons. In Autumn great fires extend over the uncultivated prairies, and they not unfrequently prove destructive to both man and beast. The largest fires occur in the far off West, where the open country is almost boundless, and the red man lives undisturbed by the encroachments of civilization.

Illinois is fast becoming one of the first States in the Union. In Railroad enterprize she is without a parallel, and her agricultural qualities rich almost beyond the power of uninitiated conception.

A few of the principal stations on the route to Rock Island are Joliet, Marsaills, La-Salle, Utica, Peru, Tiskilwa, Sheffield, and Annawan. At Peru is the crossing of the Illinois Central. This road is the longest on the Globe, and extends from Cairo, at the Southern extremity, to Dunleith, on the Mississippi, at the extreme North West corner, a distance of 781 miles.

While contemplating the great advantages of this country to the tiller of the soil, we saw a wind wheel used in pumping water at a Railroad station. It was to us a novelty, but not so pasangly strange as to many others, having once observed a saw-mill, near the southern shore of Lake Erie, driven by a like motive power. A verdant Jonathan from the somewhat notorious *green* Mountain State had been an attentive observer of the wonders of Illinois, from the outset of the journey in the morning. He had been quite enthusiastic over its beauty and fertility, and his volubility lost none of its former activity when his eyes rested upon this wonderful machinery. If an extract from his remarks will give a more comprehensive idea of Illinois than we have already conveyed, here it is: "Wall, neow, stranger, I'll be darned, don't that beat all natur? Ain't this a tarnal glorious country? God Almighty *even* pumps the water!"

We arrived at Rock Island in the afternoon, a distance of one hundred and eighty-two miles from Chicago, and crossed immediately the only bridge that spans the "Father of Waters."

Davenport is directly opposite Rock Island, and is the county seat of Scott county, Iowa. It contains a population of about fourteen thousand. It is situated at the foot of the Mississippi Rapids, and was named after Col. Geo. Davenport. This gentleman was many years associated with John Jacob Astor and others, in the fur trade, and was murdered a few years ago in his dwelling house on Rock Island.

Antonine Le Clair, a half-breed, was authorized by the United States Government to select within the Territory of Iowa, two tracts of land containing one hundred and sixty acres each. This was given as a bounty in consideration of his faithful services as interpreter for the Sacs and Fox tribes of Indians. At the head of the Mississippi rapids he made one selection, on which is now built a flourishing little town that bears his name, and the other choice about 15 miles below. There in the year 1836-7, he laid out the town of Davenport, and named it after his friend and associate.

At this period the natural attractiveness of the scenery around, is reported as exceedingly interesting, and but few indications of the white man's presence exhibited. On the east side of the Mississippi river is the locality of the ancient fields of the Sacs and Foxes, with their rude graves and historical associations. The remains of the Indian fathers were deposited in a naturally beautiful Cemetery, where the living annually paid respectful tribute to the dead, and for the departed spirits of their friends or relatives, left favorite food according to the traditional custom of their race.

Black Hawk was born within the immediate vicinity of Rock Island in 1767, in one of the most populous Indian villages on the Continent.

In the year 1816 when the nearest frontier settlement had not reached within hundreds of miles of Rock Island, the United States erected Fort Armstrong. It is situated on the southern extremity of the Island upon a parapet of rocks. This military Fort greatly annoyed the Indians, inasmuch as it impaired their hunting and fishing grounds. In the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes by which we obtained a large tract of country east of the Mississippi, it was stipulated that so long as the lands then ceded were the property of the United States, these Indian tribes should enjoy the privilege of hunting and fishing upon them.—The United States eventually made frequent attempts to induce the Indians to abandon their abiding place, and remove west of the Mississippi. The determination of the renowned Chief of the Sacs to remain, was utterly unchangeable, but many of his people acquiesced and urged upon him the propriety of yielding. In 1829 the government surveyed and sold, near the confluence of Rock river with the Mississippi, a few quarter sections of land, including that occupied by the foregoing Indian tribes. This aroused a feeling of indignation and vengeance within the breast of Black Hawk, and altho' the United States threatened his ejection dead or alive, still he would neither go himself, nor let his people abandon the cherished homes of their fathers. Ten companies of United States troops were sent to Fort Armstrong. Six hundred mounted Illinois militia joined this force, and Black Hawk with his people, their wives and children, were driven from the cultivated fields and favorite Island where so long the good Spirit of their prosperity had been sacredly invoked. Bloody deeds and savage cruelty followed as a natural consequence of such stringent measures, and predatory depredations of the savages extended for miles along the frontier country.

Black Hawk, the principal actor in the war, was captured in Wisconsin. This put a termination to hostilities, but not until the Government had expended, in carrying on the war, a vast amount of treasure. After a long time in confinement he was taken to Fort Armstrong, and, with others, set at liberty, amid suitable ceremonies for the occasion, in the presence of the old Chief Keokuk, and a hundred warriors.

We have, perhaps, dwelt longer on these historical incidents than is consistent with the limits of our narrative, nevertheless, they form an important epoch in the lives of many an early Western settler. Often, while admiring the diversified Prairies, with their groves of timber here and there, like an Oasis in the desert, have we felt a sympathy for the homeless, wandering Indian.—Who that has innate sensibilities of home and country, can wonder that resistance to the last should follow the aggressor's hands? Blame the poor untutored savage you that will, though helpless blood has flowed like "living water!" Had not the rude circle of their Council fires endearing associations of the past, as they looked upon its mouldering embers, to contemplate the track of destiny in *their* sure extermination? Were they more than human, that the dearest things of the heart should thus be rent asunder and sacrificed without a struggle?

Our venerated fathers fought for freedom and their rights, and do we not concede to them an honorable motive and laud their virtues to the very sky? But we forbear.—How far analogous the inference may seem, we draw the veil, and leave to others the preference of their own peculiar views.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Early Marriages.

She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature in fashionable clothes, with an empty pocket. He came of good family, however, and blood you know, is something. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a row from auburn hair, eyes and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

She stood by the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birth-day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying; some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stopped in dispair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas!—Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG.—Last week Mr. Robert Wright, farmer, of Button Lazars, near Melton Mowbray, had a cow which broke its leg, and which they attempted to set themselves; they sent for Mr. Reynolds, veterinary surgeon of Mowbray, who found it in so bad a state as to render amputation necessary, and he has affixed one of timber in its place, which is likely to answer the purpose. It is fastened around the knee joint by means of leather straps, and the beast can use it.—*Nottingham Journal.*

A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the names of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra. Cheap enough for a luxury.

Preserving Green Corn for Winter use.

We have already given several processes of preserving green corn for winter use.—The following relates more particularly to the variety known as sweet corn:

One of the greatest luxuries of the table, both in Summer and in Winter is the sugar or sweet corn. To our taste, all other varieties of corn to eat green are worthless compared with it. Our method is to keep a constant supply by successive planting, from June to the period of frost. Making the largest planting about the first of July, with an early variety for drying for winter. This matures usually in September, which is the best season for drying.—Our method is this: When there is the promise of a fair day early in the morning the corn is gathered, such only as is well filled; it is then husked and put into boiling water and allowed to remain eight or ten minutes. It is then taken out and immediately cut from the cobs, with a sharp knife, and spread upon a clean sheet upon a roof or scaffold inclining to the south. It should be stirred once or twice during the day, and by night it will be so dry as to be past all danger of injury. It should be covered during the night to keep off the dew, and exposed again for two or three days to the sun when, if the weather is fair, it will usually be perfectly dry, and may then be put into a keg and headed tight, or hung up in a firm linen bag for use.

We have recently eaten corn of the common kind, preserved by a new and easy method, which seemed to be as tender, with all the sweetness and freshness of flavor that it had when first gathered, and may answer equally well in preserving the sweet corn, which we regard as the only variety worth preserving.

It is simply gathered and boiled in the usual manner, fit for the table; it is then cut from the cob and packed in a tight keg or jar, (wood is said to be best) in alternate layers of salt, sufficient to preserve it.—Some in the place of salt, apply a strong brine. When wanted for use it is soaked in fair water, which must be changed to remove the excess of salt, and then boiled, adding butter and cream, and a little sugar to suit the taste.—*Valley Farmer.*

Mixing the Babies A Distressing Predicament.

A very singular occurrence involving the identity of two newly-born specimens of "Young America," is related by the *Easton Daily Express*, as having transpired recently in Lower Mt Bethel township, Northampton county. A lady who was about to present her liege lord with a "pledge of affection," engaged the services of a worthy dame in the neighborhood to assist through the period of confinement. The nurse was called, and very promptly made her appearance when it was discovered that she herself was quite as much in need of the services of an *accoucheur* as the lady of the house. The sequel is soon told: Two fine boys were born, and in the hurry and confusion consequent upon this unexpected turn in the events, they got so mixed up that it was impossible to determine with any certainty as to the maternity of the children.—As might be supposed, a great deal of discussion ensued, and the mothers of the babies were greatly distressed; but the best that could be done under the circumstances, was for the party present to assign the children to the mothers, and await the developments of the future. If the growth of the children should discover any strong family resemblance, the ladies can swop back and make the matter all right, but without such developments they must ever remain in doubt as to the genuineness of their "precious darlings." It is a very distressing case; and the folks present ought to have known better than to have got a pair of babies mixed up, but on such occasions people will get into a flurry, and strange things are very liable to occur.

A Mother's Grave.

Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like loosing the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space, to visit them. But of all the spots on this green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, or our children. Hence, in all ages the better part of mankind have chosen and loved spots for the dead; and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide, to meditate. But of all places, even among the charnal houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave.

There sleeps the nurse of our infancy—the guide of our youth—the counsellor of all our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake. With sentiments like these I turned aside from the gaities of life to the narrow habitation of the dead. I wandered among those who commenced life with me in hope. Here distinctions are now forgotten; at least by the slumbers around me. I saw the rich and the great, who scorned the poor, and shunned them as if infected by the plague, quietly sleeping by their side.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Late David Stringer M'Kim.

MESSRS EDITORS:—The grave has closed over M'Kim, and his soul has winged its flight to that dread tribunal where the secrets of the heart are known—where lies and deception avail not. Far be it from me to say or do anything to harrow up the feelings of the respectable relatives he has left behind; but even they must know that "the evil that men do lives after them." Neither have I any thirst for notoriety; but, actuated by a sole desire to have justice done to the witnesses, who were maligned and traduced by the culprit but a few minutes before he appeared before the bar of the Almighty, I have concluded to make a statement such as, I hope, will remove any doubt as to the guilt of McKim, if any such doubt may have been raised by the solemn asseverations of a dying man.

Shortly after the arrest of M'Kim, on the day he was expected to arrive at Hollidaysburg, I called upon the Deputy Sheriff, John McClure, Esq., and made a proposition to him to go into partnership and publish a life, trial and confession of the murderer, if the latter could be had. Mr McClure expressed a willingness to enter into such an arrangement, and I gave him the necessary money to carry it into effect.

The week before the trial was to take place, McClure called upon me and stated that the M'Kim matter was fixed, and that he promised a confession, in case of a conviction, for $50, which sum he wanted to enable him to see another lawyer. A day or two after we went to his cell and there talked the matter over. M'Kim stated that he had received a remittance and paid his lawyers, and had use only for $25; that if we would advance him this sum, in case of a conviction, he would furnish us with a confession; and, if acquitted, he would refund the money. With this understanding we left. The conversation, of course, was confidential but I informed A. F. Osterloh and O. A. Traugh before the trial, and Wm. A. Stokes, Esq., one of the counsel for the Commonwealth immediately after the trial of the arrangement we had made.

On the first day of the Court I told McClure to pay M'Kim the money, and I would re-imburse him the week following—to which he agreed. As he never called upon me for the money, I was at a loss to know whether M'Kim refused to take it or had taken it and returned it again, but his speech in the Court House, before sentence was passed, staggered my belief that he ever would make a confession of any kind. I took an early opportunity to communicate my suspicions to Mr. McClure, but he informed me that M'Kim still told him that it was "all right." On the strength of this, I even wrote to H. B. Ashmead for the estimated cost of ten thousand pamphlets. Two weeks later M'Clure could get no satisfaction out of him. He declared his innocence of the crime most vehemently to the very man whom he promised a confession.

It will thus be seen that he *had a confession to make*. The reason he did not make it is evident. Subsequent events prove that he had made up his mind to cheat the gallows by either escaping from prison or committing suicide, and under this hallucination he labored up to the day on which he was executed.

But if there is any other evidence wanting—not elicited at the trial—look at his incongruous statements. To his counsel he stated, that on the morning Norcross was murdered he got off the cars about fifteen miles west of Altoona, in order to meet a friend leaving Norcross in charge of a man named Robinson. To his spiritual advisers he said, that he got off at the first station west of Altoona, and expecting Norcross to follow.—When the discrepancy of these statements was pointed out to him he had nothing to say.

A visitor asked him whether, when he left Gallitzin for Altoona, he took the railroad or the country road. He immediately answered "the country road." Now the fact is that no road leads to Altoona but the railroad. He might have reached Altoona by going down Sugar Run to Allegany Furnace, but that is a road no stranger could find in daylight much less at two or three o'clock in the morning. No man would venture through the tunnel at night, and it would keep a stranger busy to find his way over Tunnel Hill. Once on the other side, no person but one exceedingly well acquainted with the country could find the Remington road; and even if found, one who did not know the path and foot logs would soon loose it, for at places the wagon track is directly in the bed of a rivulet.

During the trial M'Kim told one of the Illinois witnesses that the first time he saw Attix in Dubuque, he looked upon him as a man who would swear another's life away, and yet on the gallows he declared most emphatically that he never saw Attix till he saw him in the Court House of Blair County!

Another case in point, and I am done.—His bitterest invectives were against Mr. Fleck, who testified to M'Kim's taking breakfast at his house on the morning of the murder. This M'Kim denied, and gave an accurate description of Kearney's house, as the place where he breakfasted. It may be that Fleck was mistaken, and yet it is not at all unlikely that he was at both places.—The evidence only went to establish the murderer's presence in Altoona, and yet in almost the same breath with which he denounced Fleck *he twice acknowledged being in Altoona on the morning of the tragedy!*

But, it is useless to pursue this subject further. His career in Reading, Pottsville and Long Pond, proves that he was an unmitigated liar, and there was not a single person who listened to his long and loud protestations of innocence, but what knew that all the statements he made were lies, malignant and black as hell itself.

If those who have read the speech, could have listened to the tone and energy in which it was delivered, and then contrasted the whole with the evidence given on the trial and what I have above written, the conclusion must have forced itself upon their minds that no such an extraordinary criminal ever expiated crime upon the gallows in this, or any other country.

I consulted Mr. McClure in regard to this statement, and he is willing to certify to the entire truth of which I have stated, if necessary.

U. J. JONES.

The Grandeur of Nature.

We live peaceably on the surface of the earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our feet. In the interior of the globe the everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful must an earthquake be, when we are told by Pliny that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed up in one night. Not a vestage remained—they were lost in the tremendous maw forever! Millions of beings have been swallowed up while flying for safety. In the bowels of the earth Nature performs her wonder at the same moment that she is firing the heavens with lightning. Her thunders roll above our heads and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal man never penetrated. In the vast vortex of the volcano the universal forge captures its melted metals. The roar of Etna has been the knell of thousands, when it poured forth its cataract of fire over one of the fairest portions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespian in the year 70, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its firey billows to the clouds, and buried in burning lava the cities of Herculaneum, Stabia and Pompeii, which then flourished near Naples. In the streets once busy with the hum of industry and where the celebrated ancient walked, the modern philosopher now stands and ruminates upon fallen grandeur. While the inhabitants were unmindful of the danger which awaited them: while they were busied with plans of wealth and greatness the irresistible flood of fire came roaring from the mountain, and shrouded them in eternal night. Seventeen centuries have rolled over them, and their lonely habitations and works remain as their monuments. They were swept away in the torrent of time—the waves of ages have settled over them, and art alone has preserved their memory.—Great Nature how sublime are all thy works!

Be gentle at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not absorbed as furnishing the license to impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother who will speak kind words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply the security of love and family pride, keep him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection in the family circle, than the restraints of society, and that a woman is indebted for the kindness and politeness of life to those not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true ladies and gentlemen at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Life Illustrated.*

UNCOMMON METRE.—A gentleman who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man, who commenced a serenade thus:

"Oh, Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore!
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,
And ope to him the door, or winder, don't care much which, for—
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Root hog, or die!"

Brown is a married man. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris.—One of his friends meeting him in the street inquired:

"Well Brown, my boy, when are you off?"

"To-morrow."

"Don't take your wife with you!"

"No! it's a voyage of pleasure."

OYSTER CORN CAKES.—To one quart of green corn, rasped with a coarse grater, add two teacups full of new milk, and one of flour—mix well together, and add two eggs well beat up; season with salt and pepper, and bake upon a griddle.

A Young lady who was recommended to exercise for the benefit of her health, replied "I will jump at an offer of marriage, and run my own risk, if that kind of exercise will do you."

Developements of Republican Integrity.

On Monday night of last week, Mr. *Wilmot*, the Republican candidate for Governor, made a speech in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia. On Tuesday night he was succeeded by Mr. *Swope*, Chairman of the American State Committee, who came down upon Wilmot and his "Republican" party, with some very cutting and severe truths. After exposing many of David's gross political inconsistencies, he thus replied to the charge of the "Republicans," that the straight out Americans were corrupt and mercenary in their movements.

But it is charged that we are bought and paid with Loco Foco money—that we are allowing ourselves to be used to promote the success of the Democracy. That charge, I must say, comes with a very bad grace from those who are supporting a renegade Loco Foco for office when directed at men who have all their lives been consistent opponents of the Democracy.

"While speaking of the charge of corruption, I wish to relate a circumstance that has a bearing on the case. While in the city of New York, not long since, on business, I fell in with a correspondent of the New York Herald—the man who wrote a series of letters from the State of Pennsylvania last fall. He became very confidential and among other things, he informed me that he had in his possession a list of certain expenditures, which was drawn up in the handwriting of Ex-Governor Ford of Ohio. Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, you recollect, charged Gov. Ford with having misappropriated the funds furnished to subsidize the press of Pennsylvania, and this list of expenditures was prepared by Mr. Ford and given to the gentleman in whose possession I found it for the purpose of satisfying Mr. Bennett that the money had been properly expended. The list, showing the papers that were bought, and the amounts that were paid them, I shall have the pleasure of laying before the people of the State, with the proof of its genuineness. You will remember that last fall certain papers in Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, Dauphin, Mifflin, and other Counties, suddenly changed from the support of Fillmore to Fremont or Fusion. It was said at the time, that it was for the purpose of defeating Loco Focoism, as Mr. Fillmore had no chance. But now we have the correct reason for the milk in the cocoanut. Yet these are the immaculate gentlemen who charge better men than themselves with corruption!

"While on the subject of newspapers, I may, with some propriety—or impropriety, I do not care which—allude to two of the organs of the Republicans here in Philadelphia. Although I seek no office, I never expect to, but advocate American principles only because I see in them the salvation of my country, two of the papers of Philadelphia have seen proper to make upon me the vilest, most malignant attacks I have ever read. One of these (the Morning Times) is a paper with no ostensible head. I have heard, I do not know how true it is, that it is edited by a fellow who was once a Methodist preacher in Central Pennsylvania, but who was kicked out of the pulpit, and has since descended to almost everything beastly and unholy; and this man is assisted in his labors by another fellow, who was a reporter last winter in Harrisburg, and who was publicly rebuked upon the floor of the House of Representatives, of Pennsylvania, for corruption! The sheet to which I allude is the special organ of Republicanism in this City.

"The other sheet (the Sun,) which has been indulging those remarks against me, is a sort of hermaphrodite concern—one half Republican, and the other half, this, that, and the other, so that it is hard to tell what it is. Now, fellow citizens, I have the evidence—and am ready to produce it—to prove that the proprietor of that paper received last fall, in this city, from Thurlow Weed, that prince of wireworkers, a check for $1000! I am ready to show that at least in one campaign within the last ten years that man was receiving pay from three parties! I am ready to show that last fall, when he could not get as much money from the Republicans as he wished, he went off in a fit of rage and wanted to sell out to the Americans. I am ready to prove that he published an editorial article written by another man for the American, endorsing the straight out American ticket and the action of the Committee in refusing to go into fusion, and the same week he sold himself to the Republicans and commenced to denounce us.

"And this man—who for ten years past, has in every campaign notoriously been bought and sold—is one of those who charge us with corruption to aid the Democracy.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make these assertions boldly."

Thus speaks Mr. Swope, of the Fremont "Republican" leaders and presses, and he appears to speak "from the book" as one who understands what he says and is fully prepared to substantiate his assertions.—That he speaks truly is quite likely, for he charges nothing against his "Republican" assailants, which is not in perfect character with the dishonesty and corruption of which "Republican" members in the last Congress were proved to be guilty, and for which some of them were expelled. Mr. Swope only shows that the Republican presses now sounding the praises of Wilmot, like "Republican" Congressmen, will sell themselves for a price. Fit organs these, for the party that has bought them—a party, however, that can never gain the ascendancy in Pennsylvania or the Union, so long as the honest masses of the people remain true to themselves.

Lola Montoz Giving the Canucks a Piece of Her Mind.

To the Editor of the Montreal Witness!—Sir—A gentleman of this city has just put into my hands a copy of your paper, in which you make an unprovoked attack on me, and recommend *respectable* people not to hear my lectures.

Now, sir, in the notice which I am about to take of you, do not suppose that I am moved by any idea that what you say will influence people of real respectability and intelligence. The public press must have already informed you that it is precisely from that class that my lectures receive the largest patronage. But a feeling of justice to myself impels me to ask you what motive any fair-minded man can have for assaulting me in the pursuit of an honorable and blameless calling?

Is it not, sir, from the depravity of your own bad nature that this attack has sprung and I not earning my bread as respectably as you do yours? and I rejoice in knowing, that in the midst of all the malice and falsehood which have been heaped upon me I have never yet in my knowledge, been thus assailed by any man who was half as free of a faultless life. My assailants have been from the ranks of men like yourself, who have no visible means of getting a living, except by the sale of their votes against vice; men who, having worn themselves out in the service of sin, set up to be especial enemies of sinners. My manner of life is squarely and prominently before the public, and scandal itself does not dare to say that it is not morally blameless.

Of course, I cannot here enter into any defence of my past career; but there are hundreds of honorable men on this side of the Atlantic who know that until circumstances threw me into the stormy arena of politics there was far less of evil report attached to my name, than to that of almost any other lady of my profession in Europe. The causes which afterwards led to the vilification of my name throughout the world are already beginning to be partially understood, and with devout reliance on the justice of God, I am patiently for the rest to come. That my life has been without errors I do not deny; but that I ever deserved the abuse which such as you would heap upon me, I do deny, and history will one day vindicate my right to say this of myself.

Sir, if you have a wife, a sister, or a mother, I trust that they are of a blameless life, but cannot be more so than the one which I am living—and may the day be far off when some wicked and bad hearted man shall do by them as you would do by me.—Sir you professed to be a Christian, but how will you appear before the Being who has said—"Judge not that ye be not judged." How will you meet Him who has said—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Practice upon the precept of the Master, and you will never more throw stones at me or at any other human being.

If you can find any fault with my present life you are welcome to do so; if you can show that my lectures are undeserving of the patronage which they have almost without exception received from the most respectable and the most intelligent portion of the community, you are welcome to do that also, but you are not welcome to do, what no gentleman ever will do, assail a lady, who is honestly endeavoring to make the best use she can of such opportunities and abilities as God has given her.

Sir, I pity you, and I forgive you, and it is with the hope that I may be the means of making a better mannered and a better principled man of you that I address you this note.

LOLA MONTEZ.

MONTREAL, August 27, 1857.

Solemn Thoughts.

Few persons can be found so senseless or so reckless as not to recognize the seriousness of death. Probably few could look upon the solemn stillness of the lifeless human countenance without a feeling of awe at the thought, that, ere long their day, too, must come, when the beating of the busy heart shall cease, and the new quick blood shall stay its course, when the hand shall lose its cunning and the brain its power. Such impressions are too often transitory, passing away with the object that awoke them, because persons do not stop to consider why it is that solemnity and awe pervade the presence of death. If they did they would feel that this solemnity was reflected upon life, and life would be serious, but neither sorrowful; for then death would lose its terror and would be looked forward to simply as the beginning of eternal life. The solemnity of life consists in the fact that it is a preparation for eternity; and the solemnity of death in the fact, that the preparation is over and the eternity begun.

In this there is no cause for sadness, but infinite cause for thoughtful seriousness.

BURIED AT THE CROSS ROADS.—On Monday last a young girl named Earlwine, whose father resides on Fish Creek Mills, in Marshall county, Va., committed suicide by hanging. Cause, disappointment in love.—She was found suspended from the limb of a tree lifeless. Miss Earlwine was about eighteen years of age. The superstitious people in the neighborhood would not allow her to be buried in the church yard, and her remains were appropriately interred at the Cross Roads, in accordance with a heathenish custom and an obsolete law.