

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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WE TWO.
We own no houses, no lands,
No money, no gold, no bread,
By sweat of our brows we live,
And we live in a grand old land,
Sunbeams and dew-drops the millionaires
Who dine on silver and golden plates,
With liveried lackeys behind their chairs.
We have no riches in our houses or stocks,
No bank books show our balance to draw,
Yet we carry a safety that unlocks
More treasure than Cassius ever saw.
We wear no velvet or satin fine,
We dress in a very homely way,
But ah! what luminous lustres shine,
About Sunbeam's gown and my bodden gray.

When we walk together (we do not ride,
We are for too poor) it is very rare,
We are looked upon from the other side
Of the street—said people we do not care;
We are looked upon as a grand old man,
Sunbeams and I, and you cannot see,
We can, what tall and beautiful throng
Of angels we have for company.
No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at Sunbeam's touch,
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music; there is none such
In the concert hall, where the pianist sits
In musical billows of notes and swells;
Our lives as palms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the seal of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look in each other's eyes,
And all is sunny and bright again.
As with the alchemists that transmute
The dross to silver—the dross to gold,
And so we live in happiness,
Sunbeams and I, and never grow old.
Nerves grow old, and lives in peace,
And love our fellows and an easy nose,
And our hearts are glad at the large increase
Of peaceful virtues under the sun.
As the days pass on with their thoughtful tread,
And the shadow lengthens toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no dread,
To break their harvest of quiet rest.
Sunbeam's hair will be streaked gray,
And time will furrow my darling's brow,
But never can Time's hand steal away
The tender halo that clasps it now.
So we dwell in wonderful quietude,
With nothing to hurt, pain, or upbraid,
And my life trembles with reverence,
And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

In the spring of 1860, I went to Sleinton to transact some professional business and attend to a trial which was then before the criminal court, at that time in session. I reached the place in the evening, after a hard day's journey, and found that the only hotel in the village was full, with the exception of one bed in a double bedded room.
The other bed is occupied by a gentleman from New York," said the landlord, "and as an inducement for me to help on the profits of the house, he allowed, 'he is neither a rogue nor out-thrust, judging from his appearance. They never have any such characters up there in Gotham. Of course you'll not have any scruples about sleeping in the same room with one of your own townsmen."
As I had nothing about me to tempt even a third rate thief, and had never given any of my fellow men sufficient reason for severing my jugular in the dark, I decided to take the bed in question, and soon retired to my room.
My fellow traveler was already in bed, and apparently asleep, with his face turned towards me. It was that of a mild looking man of thirty-five, of a sandy complexion, with a hungry look. As I ran my eyes along his outline under the bed-clothes, I did wish that he had been fatter, for in my respect, am like Cassar; I prefer fat men about me when there is anything of prospective danger. There was nothing in his physiognomy, however, that led me to suspect him given to deeds of darkness so I uncensored myself in bed, and with my last thoughts upon dear Mrs. Jones, I was soon as unconscious as one of the seven sleepers.
Little past midnight I was awakened by a voice from my neighbor's bed. I listened. He was muttering something in his sleep.
"Oh, Mary, how can you cast me off," he went on, in the pleading tone of a distracted lover. "How can you forget the love that has followed you for so many years, and never turned from you in your misfortune when you stood alone in the world?"
Then came a pause, after which he continued with more moving tones than before:
"Say not so, say not so. Before we happy health crossed your path, we were happy in each other, and why should I now be cast off? you have sworn by all that is high and good that you would be mine. Ah! Mary, if you reject me my soul will be given up to some dark deed that will destroy us both. I shall have faith neither in God or woman to restrain me."
Then you turn a deaf ear to my last prayer. You have chosen your own fate, and mark my word, you shall never marry again."
The mind of the sleeper seemed to have become calm and his dreams undisturbed as soon as he had given utterance to these last words.
He doesn't sleep well, thought I. He is going through with the romantic part of life; he has taken disease at an untimely age; it has taken with him. And as I remembered I had just such dreams at one time, when I came near losing the present Mrs. Jones, I was not alarmed by my neighbor's ominous expressions.
I thought no more about the matter till I saw this man in court the next day. The case was that of a young woman on trial for the murder of a young woman to whom he had been betrothed. The ground on his arrest was that on the night of the murder in her own father's house, he was the last person known to be with her. She had lived for several years in New York city, and it was reported that she there made the acquaintance of a penniless young man, to whom she was engaged to be married; and that she had broken her engagement with him for his more wealthy rival, whom she met on her return home.
As I listened to the proceedings of the court, I noticed that my fellow-lodger seemed to be a man of an interest in them than would be expected in an ordinary spectator. I then began to think whether there could be any connection between this crime and what I heard him saying in his sleep in the preceding night. It was a striking coincidence that Mrs. Jones was the name of the murdered young woman. He

had seemed to be pressing his claims as more binding than those of a later and wealthier lover. His thread bare suit and shabby general make up, showed that he might persecute the poor lover. Moreover, he was from New York, and seemed to have no particular business, except to hang about the court-room and note the proceedings.
I kept my thoughts to myself, however, and watched for further development.
That night I went to bed first. My strange friend came up after I was apparently asleep. He seemed wholly unconscious of my presence. He placed his candle on the table near his bed, and began to examine some papers which he pulled from the breast pocket of his seedy coat. Occasionally he would rise and pace back and forth, as if there was some burden on his soul.
"Yet it must be so," he muttered.
"There is no other way for it. A man driven on by such a passion as Mary inspired, is not master of himself, though close upon the horrid deed may follow black remorse. But I'll to bed and bide the morrow's events; and then, if I see no other way, I'll do it."
What was it that he was to do? I could only speculate. "That it was connected with the murder, I could not doubt. It seemed plain that he was in some way connected with the murder. Perhaps he might be the real murderer, and driven by a guilty conscience, was waiting the action of the court before making a full confession of the crime.
The next day I attended court as before. My strange friend was there, and seemed scarcely less interested than the prisoner at the bar. I watched him attentively.
Later in the afternoon, as I was riding through the outskirts of the village over a desolate looking spot, I passed him, pacing slowly along with his hands behind him, and so lost in thought that he did not even look up as I went by. He returned to the hotel after the other guests were seated at the supper table, and eat his meal in silence.
When I retired for the night, I left him sitting in the parlor with an elbow on each arm of the chair, gazing intently at the fire.
I had been in bed about half an hour, when he came up stairs with two candles, which he placed upon the table, then went to his valise and took out several quires of foolscap, and drew from his pocket a small black bottle, and placed it by his side, as he sat down and began to write.
I was too much interested in this movement to think of going to sleep, so I lay still and kept my attention fixed upon him.
At first his pen moved deliberately over the paper, and as his hand passed over page after page, his scratching became louder and more nervous. There was evidently a burning thought that must have expression in words. The veins upon his forehead were swollen as if ready to burst, and his whole expression was that of intense excitement. He seemed to have forgotten that there was anybody else in the room, for I could hear him muttering his thoughts aloud as he penned them. Now and then he would pause, draw a long breath, and then dash on again. At last he threw down his pen and struck his hand against his forehead, with the exclamation:
"I did it! and now she is gone, why do I carry here to see that poor wretch suffer in my stead? 'Twas as I said—she did not marry him. There's comfort in the thought I loved her well—so well that I did slay her. Could I have seen her as his wife and not gone mad? Ye cruel fates, ye were too many for me in the unequal strife, when 'twas a woman's heart became the price of wealth, but my good steel did find its way where gold is powerless. I'll wed her yet, for here is that which shall give me quick conveyance to the shore where she has gone before."
He seized the little black bottle, took a deep draught, and then resumed his writing.
I see it all now, thought I. It is as I expected. This is the murderer; the lover who did the deed. He is committing suicide, and writing out his confession.
I was not inclined to disturb a man under such circumstances, so I lay still and awaited the result. His pen dashed on more furiously than ever. Occasionally his hand would go to his bottle, whose contents were evidently working on his brain. One of the candles had gone out, and the other burned low in the socket. He threw down his pen and applied his bottle once more to his lips and swallowed the last drop it contained, and in a sepulchral tone gave expression to these words as he stood before the expiring light:
"That is all. When they do look up this, then they will know why 'twas they thought me strange. There's my confession writ for those who think it was a little thing that she rejected me. They shall know that what I swore, I had the courage to perform. I'll to my couch, and let the morrow tell a tale of horror which shall make their drowsy souls believe there is a love far stronger than grim death. Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love! and hail thou strange unknown where she doth wait my coming!"
The candle burned blue as the excited man uttered these last words with gestures and tones of one talking with the spirit of the murdered Mary. The last glimmer of the light was gone, and then I heard the man throw himself heavily upon the bed.
My first impulse was to give the alarm, but a second thought told me, if he was the murderer, and had written out his confession,

and was now taking himself off by a dose of poison, I could do no good by bringing him back to life again only to be strung up and die like a dog: I did not see why I should try to keep a poor wretch in this world when he had become convinced that he had better leave it. He might make his exit under worse circumstances, and as he had done me no wrong, I could not out of charity interfere.
With a quiet conscience, I dropped asleep, and did not wake till after daylight the next morning. I looked towards my neighbor's bed. There he lay on the outside of the bed, with his back towards me, and none of his clothing removed. The candlesticks, the black bottle, the papers were on the table with him. I rose and dressed myself and glanced at the papers. They contained a murderer's confession, evidently. The headline was labeled "Poison," with a death-head and cross bones, but had a strong smell of brandy. I bent over the motionless figure on the bed. He was asleep. The whole thing was so mysterious that I said nothing about it, but after eating my breakfast and settling my bill, left for home, wondering whether I should see in the papers the next morning "The Murderer's Confession." I looked for it some time, but as it did not appear, I began to suspect that something had been the matter with my friend during my stay in Sleinton.
Several weeks afterward I went into a theatre, to hear a sensation play which was that night to be brought out. I took my seat in the gallery, and watched the development of the plot. It was one of the "love and murder" stamp. I could not help thinking how similar were the circumstances to those of the trial in Sleinton. When in the last act, the murderer's confession was reached, it seemed but a repetition of the scene in the double bedded room, which I have already described. There was the actor striking his hand against his forehead, and finally, with outstretched arms, and eyes gazing into futurity, uttering those words which had been so deeply impressed upon my mind:
"Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love; and hail the strange unknown where she doth wait my coming!"
He then staggered toward a couch, and fell senseless upon it, as becomingly as could be expected of a suicide.
The applause was deafening. My neighbor, whom I had not particularly noticed before, clasped his hands and beat the floor with his boots, and came till there was no breathing room in the dress circle. I was about to remonstrate when my eyes assured me that he was no other than my less friend of the double bedded room.
The truth flashed upon me. I had heard of poor actors mingling with the crowd and going wild with the success of their plays. But the opportunity was too good to lose.
"My friend," said I, "you seem to consider the play's master stroke."
"Indeed I do," he replied, hammering away to keep up the applause. "It takes you see the first time. I knew it would."
"I think I have seen it acted before," I remarked.
"Never, sir; I assure you, for I wrote it myself, and this is the first time it has been put upon the stage."
"Do not doubt your word sir; but, perhaps you have forgotten the double bedded room in the hotel at Sleinton, where the 'murderer's confession,' first saw the light of two tallow candles?"
"Ah, yes! I recollect leaving it on the table that night, after I had worked it out of that murder trial."
"But why did you have your brandy bottle labeled 'poison'?"
"Well, sir, the fact is, that I sometimes forgot to put it away, and it lasts longer with that label."
There was both philosophy and common sense in the answer, and I was satisfied.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN CAMBRIDGE COUNTY.
—On Thursday evening of last week two women, named Miss Paul and Miss Monday, the latter a daughter of Martin Munday, residing by themselves in Crayle township, Cambridge county, were found at their home with their brains beaten out—one lying in the barn and the other in the orchard, about fifty yards from the barn. It is supposed the latter had tried to escape by flight, but being overtaken, was murdered. A large cub was lying beside each. They were first seen on Wednesday evening about five o'clock, by a young lady passing the house. It is supposed the murderers entered the building with the intention of robbing the inmates, but being discovered, committed murder to escape detection. The furniture was disarranged as if a general search had been instituted for valuables, but a dress belonging to Miss Monday was found broken open and the money missing. Miss Paul was aged seventy years, and unmarried. Miss Monday was about fifteen years old. The authorities at Conemaugh have arrested and confined in the county jail a man named John Ream, on suspicion of being connected with the murder. Ream is a graduate of the Western Penitentiary, having been sent there some years ago for theft.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*
"I'll commit you—you're a nuisance," said a justice to a noisy fellow in court.
"Nobody has a right to commit a nuisance," was the cool reply.

LETTER OF JOHN MITCHEL.
New York, June 18, 1865.
To the Hon. Benjamin Wood, Proprietor of the Daily News.
Dear Sir: As my arrival in this city, and connection as an editorial contributor, with your journal has occasioned much hostile comment from some other papers of New York, which persist in terming me a "rebel," and loudly call for my punishment as a traitor, I think it desirable that I should once for all "define my position," as that seems to be a subject of some interest to a portion of the public.
So long as a Southern Confederacy existed I was a Confederate, a secessionist, or what some persons choose to term a rebel. From the moment of General Johnston's surrender to General Sherman, at Greensboro, I perceived that the cause of the Confederacy was utterly lost. There was no longer a Confederate Government; it had disappeared from human eyes; and inasmuch as a country cannot be without a Government, and the only Government then in fact subsisting being the Federal Government of the United States, I withdrew from that instant full obedience: which obedience I at once yielded in good faith, as I think my fellow-citizens at the South very generally did at the same time, and for the same reason. I am therefore no longer a secessionist nor a rebel; but a Unionist and a lawful citizen.
By appeal to arms, in assertion of the right to secede, the Southern States accepted beforehand the arbitrament of that sovereign tribunal. The decision has gone against them, no matter by what means, or by virtue of what overwhelming odds—against them it is. And I believe that all Southern men of high and honorable character do frankly accept the new position that war has made for them, and acknowledge the duty of applying themselves to the task of reconstructing and re-establishing their society upon the basis of the Union and the Constitution of the United States. This they will assuredly do, if they are permitted to do it in peace; if the successful Government do not trample them into the earth, or torture them by prosecutions for the crime of having asserted a right long known to have been claimed by most Southern politicians, and admitted by many at the North also.
The institution of Slavery is virtually abolished, on this continent. The irrepressible conflict between Free Labor and Slave Labor has come; and Slave Labor has gone down. To this also the southern people submit. On this point they also accept the decision of the war: and if they do so with reluctance and regret, it is but just to them to say that in most cases their sorrow is more for the fate which threatens that long-race they have protected so long, than for the loss of the money value of their slaves; which money value indeed was less than nothing, inasmuch as they could at all times have labor on cheaper terms.
Some newspapers taunt me with inconsistency, in that I stood for Liberty in my native country, and then came and advocated Slavery here. I cannot perceive the inconsistency. The liberty which I sought for Ireland was national independence only, and that only was what I sought for the South. I wished that Ireland should have the power to regulate her institutions in her own way; and I wished the Southern States to have the same power. I wished to repeal an enforced "Union" of Ireland with England; and I wished to resist the enforcement of an Union between Virginia and New York. Where is the inconsistency?
Others persistently charge me with having written everything objectionable to them which they can rake up out of the columns of the Richmond Enquirer and the Richmond Examiner for some years past. I was never, at any time, the Editor of either of those journals. I refuse to be responsible for all that appeared in them; never read their "personals," and never used that medium to give aid and comfort to the enemy, or either of the enemies. Further, I never, by writing or speech, approved of any maltreatment or starvation of Federal prisoners at the South. Nor was I aware that there was ever any maltreatment or starvation. The orders, as I knew, were to give those prisoners the same rations which Confederate soldiers received; and I understood that those orders were carried out. To be sure, Confederate rations were sometimes meager enough; but I must be excused if I decline to believe all the dreadful stories told about this matter, or, indeed about anything else, by witnesses before the military gentlemen at Washington.
What more must I deny? I never recommended the roasting of my fellow creatures with vitriol and camphene, nor with either of them. What more? I never denounced my enemies, whether roast or boiled, with vitriol sauce, or with dragon's blood. And if any one affirms that I fluffed to death my negro wench in Alabama with cured South— or protracted the bow-knife for Payne—I would modestly ask him to prove the fact—but not before the military gentlemen at Washington. I bar that.
So much for the past, as for the present and future, I have thought proper, without leave asked of any one, to offer you such assistance as I can give, in the only daily journal in New York which has steadily upheld the true Democratic principle of State Rights, has deprecated a war to enforce an unwilling Union, has advocated, when the war ceased, a system of fair peace and conciliation, such as would enable Southern men to heartily co-operate in the task of reconstruction,—and above all has

opposed senseless prosecutions for what is most improperly called treason, and the ill-omened practice of military courts in time of peace.
The separate independence of the South, being proved to be impossible, it has seemed to me that the best hope of preserving the liberties of the whole country, lies in the Democratic party, with which the whole South will naturally ally itself as before, and of which I conceive the Daily News to be the truest and boldest organ.
I say that I asked leave of nobody to come to this city, and to write in *The News*. Further, do not conceive myself to be here, and going at large, by virtue of the "amnesty" that some papers have mentioned.
Neither have I asked any "pardon," and I trust the President will not press a pardon upon me until I shall have been first convicted of something—I should be obliged, with thanks for his politeness, to decline it. He is very kind; but I do not use the article.
JOHN MITCHEL.

The following anecdote we insert here as too good to be lost:
Four clergymen, a Catholic priest, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Baptist died at a hotel at a small table prepared especially for them. The meats consisted of a fine fish and a bowl of dressing. After grace was said, the priest arose and helped himself to about one-third of the fish, including the head, saying as he seated himself, *Papa est Caput ecclesie*, (the Pope is the head of the Church.) The Presbyterian immediately helped himself to another third, including the tail, saying, *Fine coronat opes*, (the end crowns the means.) The Methodist immediately took the remaining third, saying, *In modis est veritas*, (truth lies between extremes.) The Baptist, nothing daunted by the dilemma of being left without any of the fish, seized the bowl of dressing, and with a spoon commenced bespattering the others, saying, *Ego baptizo vos*, (I baptize you.)

DAVIS AND STEPHENS.—Jefferson Davis is said to be rapidly waning, both in physical strength and in moral force, so that he takes food with scarcely less than aversion; and as to things without, it would seem he has become indifferent, if not, indeed, reckless.
Alexander Stephens still remains in Fort Warren. The Boston *Freelance*, of the 16th inst., says: "We learn that A. H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, now at Fort Warren, is allowed to walk in the open air daily, from nine to ten in the forenoon, in company with an officer. His health is very feeble, and it is feared that the imprisonment is fast undermining his weak constitution. He is kept in a room by himself, guarded all the time by two soldiers."

REBEL UNIFORMS PROHIBITED.—The uniforms of treason, so offensive to Union men in Richmond, are declared contraband by the following order, just issued by General Ord:—A sufficient time having elapsed since the surrender of the forces late in rebellion with the United States for all who were of such forces to procure other apparel than their uniforms, it is hereby ordered that no person appear in public after June 15, 1865, in this department, wearing any insignia of rank or military service worn by officers or men of the late rebel army.
Where plain buttons cannot be procured, those formerly used can be covered with cloth. Any person violating this order will be liable to arrest.

A curious incident has happened to the Emperor Napoleon in Algeria. A tribe of semi-savages determined to waylay him, and to present a memorial for the liberation of some of their fellow-countrymen who are prisoners in France. So well did they keep their secret that ten thousand of them, fully armed, stood upon the Emperor's high party, and urged their request with loud cries and with warlike gestures, ostensibly in honor of their sovereign. Refusal was impossible and might have been fatal, and so his Majesty, in order to avoid death, or at least capture, said that he would gladly use his clemency.

WHAT THE BLOODHOUNDS OF ZION WANT.—The New York *Independent* is of opinion that, "there is one, and only one, sure and safe policy, namely: The North must remain the absolute Dictator of the Republic until the spirit of the North shall become the spirit of the whole country." The country does not demand "absolute dictation," North or South, but a return to Republican government. The "Bloodhounds of Zion," North and South, want masters to hawn upon and victims to hunt. But that day is about to pass.

So idle are dull readers, and so indolent are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.
Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not an arm left to wave it,
In the blood which never gave it,
And its foes now roar and brave it,
Furl it, fold it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant boys are scattered,
Over whom it floated high:
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once trod it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore that it would never wave;
Swore that forsooth a sword could never
Heave like theirs entwined disavow,
Till that flag would float forever
Over their freedom of their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner, it is true,
White as snow it stands the waving
Of its people in its tow:
For those who conquered, they adore it,
For those who were its foe, it bore it,
For those who were its foe, it bore it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! how wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner, true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its name on bright pages,
Penning by poets and by ages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl it, folds though now we meet.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
Furl it, droop above the dead—
Touch it not—and if it never,
Let it drop there, furl'd forever,
For its peoples' hopes are dead.
—New York *Freeman's Journal.*

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.
—A tall young man, if he is rich, is a May-pole for the girls to dance around.
—The young lady said to her water fall—
"False one, I love thee still."
—The naval force for home service will be reduced to one hundred vessels.
—The French Government is at last recognizing the tobacco it has kept stored for three years in Richmond.

—Large numbers of soldiers are deserting from the regiments at Washington, and going home.
—The Mayor of Brooklyn estimates that it will take \$2,079,284.60 to carry on the Government of that city through the year 1866.
—Eight thousand five hundred bales of Savannah and Sea Island cotton were sold in New York recently for the gross amount of \$1,350,000.
—The once beautiful city of Jackson, Miss., is now called "Chimneyville," as expressive of its desolation.
—For unjust suspicion, subjecting her to search, &c., a New York lady has recovered \$3,000 of a store-keeper.

—The Lower Canada papers still complain of the emigration that continues to take place from that section of the province.
—A young clerk in New York—a very young one—attempted suicide from disappointed love. A stomach pump saved him.
—"The Persecution county" debating club out in Indiana, are debating the question, "Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby."
—An editor in western New York is in bad fix. He doesn't subscribe for his subscription, which he refused to pay and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

—The port of Quebec is now crowded with shipping than before since 1851; the "average tonnage of the vessels is 538 tons, against 540 in that year.
—The Savannah *Republican* says that the majority of the Savannahians, the former large slaveholders in particular, refuse to be comforted or consoled with the new order of things.
—New York is an awfully dirty city. It will cost \$495,500 a year, for ten years to come, to clean its streets. But this does not prove that it will be any cleaner than before.
—John Craig, a young man who returned to Haverhill, the other day, from a tour in the navy, was found that a girl to whom he was engaged was about to marry another, took poison and died.

—On hearing the song entitled, "The dearest spot on earth is home," a married man remarked that he had found his home so dear that he was going to break up house-keeping and go to boarding.
—Lightning struck the Methodist church in Waymart, Wayne county, on Sunday evening, the 4th inst., and unceremoniously stripped the body from a lad who was sitting with his feet on the steeple.
—Artemus Ward in his late letter from Richmond says: "Gen'l Halleck offers me the hospitality of the city. He gives me my choice of hospitals. He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambulance."
—The war leaves about 60,000 sick and wounded in the different hospitals of the country. This number added to that killed and those wandering about on crutches—disabled for life, simply exhibit the horrors of war.

—Mention is made in several papers of a queer and questionable freak of lightning at a store at Rockyville, Saturday last. It entered at the door in a vivid flash, which lit the shop and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.
—The Petersburg (Va.) paper complains of the white and negro boys who are stealing and robbing other people's property by holding regular street battles about the city. Sunday is the day particularly devoted to their purpose by the young rebels and impostors.

A WOMAN'S STORY.
A strange case has recently occurred in this city, which gives most scandal to the believers in "charms," "spells" and "wizards." It is not all dead, even in this enlightened nineteenth century. The facts are as disclosed at the residence of a certain lady—a resident of this city—whose name, from professional reasons, we withhold—appeared before Mayor Lorry, a day or two since, and made information charging a gypsy woman with obtaining a large sum of money from her under false pretences. It seems that the lady had a child severely afflicted with a nervous affection, for the relief of which she has tried countless remedies, but to no purpose. Some weeks since a gypsy woman visited her house in the legitimate line of her vocation—fortune-telling and begging—and observing the condition of the child, and its mother's anxiety in its behalf, she informed the lady that for a small consideration she would restore the little sufferer to perfect health. The mother's love for the darling child caused her to catch eagerly at the slightest hope, and she at once consented to permit the strange woman to undertake its cure.

Six weeks was the time the gypsy labored in which to effect a perfect cure, during which she would visit the house daily, after consulting the stars, examining the palms of the child's hands, and performing many other mystic rights, the Holy Bible was called for, and the lady directed to place it upon a stand. This being done, she was directed to open it at the tenth chapter of "Leviticus," and place between the leaves a \$20 green-back. This was done when she was directed to close the book, grasp it securely, and permit no one to have access to it but herself. After her basket had been well filled by the lady, the gypsy departed, leaving the mother full of hope that her suffering darling would soon be free from pain, and at a trifling expense.

Day after day the gypsy, basket in hand, called to see her patient, and each visit stipulated sums of money were placed within the lids of the Bible, always, however, in "Leviticus." Some two weeks before the day set for the cure, the funds of the lady ran short, and she was compelled to borrow a considerable sum. The long looked for day at length arrived, and the room having been darkened, the sorceress commenced her incantations. The eyes of the child were bandaged, whilst the mother was directed to stand with her face to the wall. For half an hour the gypsy mumbled in an unknown tongue, during which time she frequently knelt by the stand upon which the Bible lay. At last the matter ended, the bandage was removed from the eyes of the child, the mother permitted to turn her face from the wall, and the room again lighted.

After the most solemn injunctions on the part of the gypsy, that the Bible should not be opened for the space of five days, also the charm would be broken—and all that had been done "prove of no avail, the lady paid her the stipulated sum, filled her basket for the last time, and she departed. On the fifth day the good book was opened at the hour named, but instead of finding the green-backs which she had deposited in "Leviticus," what was the lady's surprise and mortification to discover in their stead pieces of tissue paper! The truth for the first time flashed upon her mind that the gypsy was a swindler, and that she had been badly victimized. As near as she can remember she placed in "Leviticus" about \$600, every dollar of which the gypsy woman had stolen. The facts were at once communicated to the mayor, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the woman, but as far as traces of her has been discovered.

WHO IS PAYNE?
The Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, writing under date of June 9th, says:
"The mystery enveloping the conspirator Payne, instead of being cleared up, is growing deeper every day. His bearing and fortitude throughout the trial is something wonderful. Heat, chains, handcuffs, and the awful presence of certain death, the constant gaze of the eager and curious crowd, and all the surroundings of the commission, neither appal nor terrify him in the least. For his companions in misery he deeply sympathizes, and only wishes, because he is braver and stronger than they, that he could be executed for each one. To-day a Christian lady of this city sent him a pocket-handkerchief, and a message that she should pray for him, and that others prayed for him. He received the presents with the air and bearing seemingly of a gentleman, returning his thanks, and as to the prayers he said no one praying for him should labor alone—that he prayed for himself. This last remark was made with much emotion, his eyes filling with tears. His nature is two-fold: he is gentle, and yet as terrible as a lion. He has more endurance than falls to the lot of most men. He will go four days at a time without eating or drinking, and will be strong. He has not in the court-room thirty-two days without relief from the usual course of nature, and during all that time has not uttered a complaint as to his health. He is yet young. His face is handsome. When dressed as a gentleman he is fine-looking. But who is he, and where his name from is the great mystery."

—It is related of the celebrated clergyman, John M. Mason, that sitting at a steamboat table on one occasion just as the passengers were "falling to" in the customary manner, he suddenly rapped vehemently upon the board with the handle of his knife, and exclaimed: "O Captain, if this boat of the impiousness of the Almighty is not let us up at least thank him for the assurance of a good landing, and the promise of a safe passage."
—A deluge of rain fell upon the city on Monday last, and was followed by a heavy fog, which rendered it impossible to see the objects of the city.

—The Petersburg (Va.) paper complains of the white and negro boys who are stealing and robbing other people's property by holding regular street battles about the city. Sunday is the day particularly devoted to their purpose by the young rebels and impostors.

—A young clerk in New York—a very young one—attempted suicide from disappointed love. A stomach pump saved him.
—"The Persecution county" debating club out in Indiana, are debating the question, "Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby."
—An editor in western New York is in bad fix. He doesn't subscribe for his subscription, which he refused to pay and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

—The port of Quebec is now crowded with shipping than before since 1851; the "average tonnage of the vessels is 538 tons, against 540 in that year.
—The Savannah *Republican* says that the majority of the Savannahians, the former large slaveholders in particular, refuse to be comforted or consoled with the new order of things.
—New York is an awfully dirty city. It will cost \$495,500 a year, for ten years to come, to clean its streets. But this does not prove that it will be any cleaner than before.
—John Craig, a young man who returned to Haverhill, the other day, from a tour in the navy, was found that a girl to whom he was engaged was about to marry another, took poison and died.

—On hearing the song entitled, "The dearest spot on earth is home," a married man remarked that he had found his home so dear that he was going to break up house-keeping and go to boarding.
—Lightning struck the Methodist church in Waymart, Wayne county, on Sunday evening, the 4th inst., and unceremoniously stripped the body from a lad who was sitting with his feet on the steeple.
—Artemus Ward in his late letter from Richmond says: "Gen'l Halleck offers me the hospitality of the city. He gives me my choice of hospitals. He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambulance."
—The war leaves about 60,000 sick and wounded in the different hospitals of the country. This number added to that killed and those wandering about on crutches—disabled for life, simply exhibit the horrors of war.

—Mention is made in several papers of a queer and questionable freak of lightning at a store at Rockyville, Saturday last. It entered at the door in a vivid flash, which lit the shop and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.
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