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BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1859. VOL. 32, NO. 44.

AN ELOQUENT ORATION,

On the Death of Senator Broderick, by Col. E. D. Baker.

CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA: A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be surrounded by no public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage. We are here, of every station and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead. He lies to-day surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop above the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people that he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

In such a presence, fellow-citizens, let us linger for a moment at the portals of the tomb, whose shadowy arches vibrate to the public heart, to speak a few brief words of the man, of his life, and of his death.

Mr. Broderick was born in the District of Columbia, in 1819; he was of Irish descent, and of obscure and respectable parentage; he had little of early advantages, and never summoned to his aid a complete and finished education. His boyhood, as, indeed, his early manhood, was passed in the city of New York, and the loss of his father early stimulated him to the efforts which maintained his surviving mother and brother, and served also to fix and form his character even in his boyhood. His love for his mother was his first and most distinctive trait of character, and when his brother died—an early and sudden death—the shock gave a serious and reflective cast to his habits and his thoughts, which marked them to the last hour of his life. He was always filled with pride, and energy, and ambition—his pride was in the manliness and force of his character, and no man had more reason. His energy was manifest in the most resolute struggles with poverty and obscurity, and his ambition impelled him to seek a foremost place in the great race for honorable power.

Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed amid events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendship, wedded to his opinions, and marching directly to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was chequred with success and defeat. But even in defeat his energies were strengthened and his character developed. When he reached these shores his keen observation taught him, at once, that he trod a broad field and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride; sprung from a people and of a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the work-shop to the legislative hall From that hour there congregated around him and against him the elements of success and defeat—strong friendships, bitter enmities, high praise, malignant calumnies—But he trod with a free and proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave.

It would be idle for me at this hour and in this place to speak of all that history with unmitigated praise; it will be idle for his enemies hereafter to deny his claim to noble virtues and high purposes. When in the Legislature he boldly denounced the special legislation which is the curse of a new country, he proved his courage and his rectitude. When he opposed the various and sometimes successful schemes to strike out the salutary provisions of the Constitution, which guarded free labor, he was true to all the better instincts of his life. When, prompted by his ambition and the admiration of his friends, he first sought a seat in the Senate of the United States, he sought the highest of all positions by legitimate effort, and failed with honor.

It is my duty to say that, in my judgment, when at a later period he sought to anticipate the Senatorial election, he committed an error which I think he lived to regret. It would have been a violation of the true principle of representative government, which no reason, public or private, could justify, and could never have met the permanent approval of good and wise men. Yet, while I say this over his bier, let me remind you of the temptation to such an error—of the plans and the reasons which prompted it—of the many good purposes it was intended to effect. And if ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds," led him for a moment from the better path, let me remind you how nobly he regained it.

It is impossible to speak within the limits of this address of the events of that session of the Legislature at which he was elected to the Senate of the United States; but some things should not be passed in silence here. The contest between himself and the present Senator had been bitter and personal. He had triumphed. He had been wonderfully sustained by his friends, and stood confessedly "the first in honor and the first in place." He yielded to an appeal made to his magnanimity by his foe. If he judged unwisely, he has paid the forfeit well. Never in the history of political warfare has any public man been so pursued, never has malignity so exhausted itself.

Fellow-citizens, the man that lies before you was your Senator. From the moment of his election his character has been maligned, his motives attacked, his courage impeached, his patriotism assailed. It has been a system tending to one end. And the end is here.—What was his crime? Review his history: consider his public acts; weigh his private character, and, before the grave encloses him forever, judge between him and his enemies.

As a man to be judged in his private relations, who was his superior? It was his boast—and amid the general license of a new country it was a proud one—that his most scrutinizing enemy, could fix no single act of immorality upon him. Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he had passed through all the excitements of California unstained. No man could charge him with broken faith or violated trust. Of habits simple and inexpensive, he had no lust of gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never in the history of the State has there been a citizen who has borne public relations more stainlessly in all respects than he.

But it is not by this standard that he is to be judged. He was a public man, and his memory demands a public judgment. What was his public crime? The answer is in his own words. "THEY HAVE KILLED ME BECAUSE I WAS OPPOSED TO THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY AND A CORRUPT ADMINISTRATION."—Fellow-citizens, they are remarkable words, uttered at a very remarkable moment; they involve the history of his Senatorial career, and of its sad and bloody termination.

When Mr. Broderick entered the Senate, he had been elected at the beginning of a Presidential term as a friend of the President elect, having undoubtedly been one of his most influential supporters. There were unquestionably some things in the exercise of the appointing power which he could have wished otherwise, but he had every reason to remain with the Administration which could be supposed to weigh with a man in his position. He had heartily maintained the doctrine of popular sovereignty as set forth in the Cincinnati Platform, and he never wavered in its support till the day of his death. But when, in his judgment, the President betrayed his obligations to the party and the country—when, in the whole series of acts in relation to Kansas, he proved recreant to his pledges and his instructions—when the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear upon the legislative branch of the Government, in order to force slavery upon an unwilling people, then in the high performance of his duty as a Senator, he rebuked the Administration by his voice and his vote, and stood by his principles. It is true, he adopted no half-way measures. He threw the whole weight of his character into the ranks of the opposition; he endeavored to rouse the people to an indignant sense of the iniquitous tyranny of Federal power, and kindling with the contest, became its fiercest and firmest opponent.

Fellow citizens, whatever may have been your political predilections, it is impossible to repress your admiration as you review the conduct of the man who lies hushed in death before you. You read in his history a glorious imitation of the great popular leaders who have opposed the despotic influences of power in other lands, and in our own. When John Hampden died on Chalgrove field, he sealed his devotion to popular liberty with his blood. The eloquence of Fox found the sources of its inspiration in his love of the people. When Senators conspired against Tiberius Gracchus, and the Tribune of the people fell beneath their daggers, it was power that prompted the crime and demanded the sacrifice. Who can doubt, if your Senator had surrendered his free thought, and bent in submission to the rule of the Administration—who can doubt that, instead of resting on a bloody bier, he would have this day been reposing in the inglorious felicity of Presidential sunshine?

Fellow citizens, let no man suppose that the death of the eminent citizen of whom I speak, was caused by any other reason than that to which his own words assign it. It has been long foreshadowed; it was predicted by his friends; it was threatened by his enemies; it was the consequence of intense political hatred. His death was a political necessity, poorly veiled beneath the guise of private quarrel. Here, in his own State, among those who witnessed the late canvass, who know the contending leaders, among those who know the antagonists on the bloody ground—here, the public conviction is so thoroughly settled that nothing need be said. Tested by the correspondence itself, there was no cause, in morals, in honor, in taste, by any code, by the custom of any civilized land, there was no cause for blood. Let me repeat the story—it is as brief as it is fatal: A Judge of the Supreme Court descends into a political convention—it is just, however, to say that the occasion was to return thanks to his friends for an unsuccessful support—in a speech bitter and personal he stigmatised Senator Broderick and all his friends in words of contemptuous insult. When Mr. Broderick saw that speech he retorted, saying, in substance, that he had heretofore spoken of Judge Terry as an honest man, but that now he took it back. When inquired of he admitted that he had so said, and connected his words with Judge Terry's speech as prompting them. So far as Judge Terry personally was concerned, this was the cause of mortal combat; there was no other.

In the contest which has just terminated in the State, Mr. Broderick had taken a leading part; he had been engaged in controversies very personal in their nature, because the subject of public discussion had involved the character and conduct of many public and distinguished men. But Judge Terry was not one of these. He was no contestant; his conduct was not in issue; he had been mentioned but once incidentally—in reply to his own attack—and, except as it might be found in his peculiar traits or peculiar fitness, there was no reason to suppose that he could seek any man's blood. When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died in the presence of his wife and children, the hand that struck the blow was not nerved by private vengeance.—When the fourth Henry passed unharmed amid the dangers of the field of Ivry, to perish in the streets of his capitol by the hand of a fanatic, he did not seek to avenge a private grief. An exaggerated sense of personal honor—a weak mind with choleric passions, intense sectional prejudice, united with great confidence in the use of arms—these sometimes serve to stimulate the instruments which accomplish the deepest and deadliest purpose.

Fellow citizens, one year ago, I performed a duty such as I perform to-day, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Mr. Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is another and a more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest; to-day I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palters with the hope of a true courage, and binds it at the feet of crafty and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation for courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fraud between practised duellists who should be forever without its pale, but it makes the mere 'trick of the weapon' superior to the noblest cause and the truest courage. Its pretence of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure—all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and which no courage can overcome.

But, fellow citizens, the protest is not only spoken. In your words and in mine—it is written in indelible characters, it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick, and the inscription will not altogether fade. With the administration of the code in this particular case, I am not here to deal amid passionate grief.—Let us strive to be just. I give no currency to rumors of which personally I know nothing; there are other tribunals to which they may well be referred, and this is not one of them. But I am here to say, that whatever in the code of honor or out of it demands or allows a deadly combat where there is not in all things entire and certain equality, is a prostitution of the name, is an evasion of the substance, and is a shield, blazoned with the name of Chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder.

And now, as the shadows turn towards the East, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting-place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride that prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues.—He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous, and brave. He felt, in all the great crises of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks and for the rights of masses of men, and he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck, I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hours I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death damps from his brow; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief, "and lifted up their voice and wept."

But, fellow citizens the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California? Who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can speak for masses of men with a passionate love for the classes from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruptions of administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled.—Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

The earth may ring from shore to shore
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
Upon his warm and mighty heart,
And quenched his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.
His love of truth—too warm, too strong,
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill—
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still,
Live in the hearts that loved him still.
Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!

THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

[We announced last week, the outbreak of a serious insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Va. Below we give the particulars by telegraph and the mails.]

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—3 o'clock A. M. The conflict on the bridge was fought mainly by the Railroad Tonnage men, from Martinsburg, led by Capt. Alberts.

Evan Dorsey, a conductor of the railroad company, was killed, and conductors Bowman and Hollett were wounded.

No damage was done to the railroad or bridge by the rioters. It is supposed that the rioters will be tried under martial law, as soon as captured, and hung on the spot.

LATER.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—6 o'clock A. M. [The following is the special report received from the editor of the Baltimore American:]

Preparations are now making for the attack on the armory. The soldiers are posted all around the grounds and for the last hour every thing has been quiet.

The rioters have still the follwing persons in their custody as prisoners: Armstead Ball, Chief Draughtsman at the Armory; Benjamin Mills, Master of the Armory; John P. Dangerfield, Paymaster, and Clark Lewis Washington, a farmer and prominent citizen; John Alstadt, a farmer and his son 16 years old.—The three last were seized on their farms several miles from the ferry.

George Turner, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most distinguished citizens in this vicinity, was shot, yesterday, whilst coming into town. He died during the night.—He has a brother living in Baltimore, married into the Patterson family.

Three of the rioters are lying dead in the streets; there are also three in the river, and several are said to be lying within the armory enclosure.

The following is the list of killed among the citizens and soldiers:

Fountain Berkham.

Haywood, a negro porter at the railroad station.

Joseph Burney, of Harper's Ferry.

Evan Dorsey and George Richardson, of Waterbury.

Another rioter, a negro named Lewis Leary, who has just died, confessed to the particulars of the plot, which he says was concocted by Brown, at a fair held in Ohio, two months ago.

The rioters have just sent out a flag of truce, saying that if they are not protected by the soldiers here at present, they will hang all they capture.

STILL LATER—THE ARMORY STORMED.

HARPER'S FERRY, October 18, 8 o'clock.—The armory has just been stormed and taken, after a determined resistance.

Col. Shutt approached with a flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the armory.—After expostulating for some time, the rioters refused.

The Marines then advanced and made a charge, endeavoring to break open the door with sledge hammers, but it resisted all their efforts.

A large ladder was then used as a battering ram, and the door gave way. The rioters fired briskly and shot three of the Marines, who exchanged shots through the partly broken door. The Marines then forced their way through the break, and in a few minutes all resistance was at an end.

The rioters were brought out amidst the most intense excitement, many of the armed militia present trying to get an opportunity to shoot them.

Capt. Brown and his son were both shot; the latter is dead and the former dying. He lies in the armory enclosure. He talks freely, and says that he is the old Ossawattomie Brown whose feats in Kansas have had such wide notice. He says his whole object was to free the slaves and justify his actions; says that he had possession of the town and could have murdered all the people, and had been murdered in return.

J. G. Anderson was also shot down in the assault. He was from Connecticut. The dead body of a man shot yesterday, was found within the armory.

Brown declared that there were none engaged in the plot but those who accompanied him.

The prisoners are retained within the armory enclosure.

EXCITEMENT IN BALTIMORE—MOUNTED TROOPS ORDERED OUT.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 18.—There is much excitement in the city, and nothing is talked of but the insurrection.

General Stuart, through Governor Wise, has communicated an order to General J. W. Watkins, of this city, to prepare, and equip, and mount immediately a body of men for service in the mountains, near Harper's Ferry, where many of the insurgents have taken refuge.—The troops will leave here this afternoon.

Gov. Wise passed the Relay House this morning, on his way to Harper's Ferry.

Three artillery companies from Fort Monroe, arrived this morning, and are quartered at Fort McHenry, awaiting orders.

The telegraph line to Harper's Ferry is now occupied by the transmission of despatches for the Government.

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, Noon.—Soon after storming the armory, four dead bodies of the insurgents, who were shot dead yesterday, were found within the enclosure.

Captain Brown and his son are dangerously wounded.

Only two of the insurrectionists are unwounded viz: Edwin Coppich, white, from Iowa, and Shields Green, colored, also from Iowa.

The party originally consisted of twenty-two persons, of whom fifteen are killed, two mortally wounded, two unhurt, and three escaped with the slaves on Monday morning.

Soon after the assault on the armory some firing took place from the hills on the Maryland shore, supposed to be "a parting salute" from Cook and his party, who left on Monday morning. The firing was returned with a general volley, but both parties were too distant to do damage.

A company of volunteers has gone in pursuit of the fugitives.

There are probably a thousand armed men now congregated here. Reinforcements have been pouring in all night from all parts of the surrounding country.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

Washington, October 18.—The Secretary of War received a telegraphic despatch from Col. Lee, dated 7 o'clock, saying that he called on the rioters, who were barricaded in the engine house on the Arsenal grounds, to surrender, promising to protect them, until the wishes of the President could be ascertained. This proposition was made in order to save the lives of the prisoners who were in the custody of the insurgents. This message was sent through Lieut. Stuart, of the First Cavalry.

The insurgents declined, whereupon at a preconcerted signal from Lieut Green, the detachment of Marines under his command, who were near by, forcibly broke into the engine house, killing two of the rioters, and capturing the remainder. Two of the Marines were wounded, one mortally.

Ossawottomie Brown, the leader, is mortally wounded. Several officers of the arsenal were with the other prisoners, and all escaped unhurt.

The war Department has despatched orders for the troops from Norfolk, now at Fort McHenry, to remain until further orders.

The President, in view of the possibility of disaffection extending to this city, ordered, through the Mayor, the establishment of a strong guard at the Columbian Armory, and also at the armories of the military companies. The order was promptly obeyed by the Adjutant of the District Volunteer Regiments, Major P. F. Bacon.

[*From the Constitution, of yesterday morning.*]

Yesterday morning, despatches were received by the President and at the War Department, giving information of certain violent proceedings by a mob at Harper's Ferry. There was some conflict in the reports, and rumors of different kinds were afloat, which could not be clearly determined, in consequence of the telegraph wires being cut. The following despatch, however, appeared to be most correct and reliable:

CAMDEN STATION, BALTIMORE, 1 P. M.

Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War:—Telegraphic advices present a serious affair at Harper's Ferry, where the United States armory and our bridges are in full possession of large bands of armed men, said to be Abolitionists, but thought to be armory men. The guns from the armory have been taken for offensive use, and the leaders notified our men that no trains shall pass the armory or the bridge. Our officers were fired upon, and a laborer nearly killed. The wires being cut we got our advices from the next station, but they are entirely reliable, although they may be exaggerated in some degree. Can you authorize the Government officers and military from Washington to go on our train, at 3 20 this afternoon, to the scene, or send us full authority for volunteers from Baltimore, to act? We will take them up on an afternoon express, if necessary.—Please advise us immediately what the Government will do, our operations on the road being in the meantime suspended.

JOHN W. GARRETT,
President Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co.

Orders were immediately sent to Old Point Comfort to forward three companies thence.—They would leave the Point last evening, reach Baltimore early this morning, and push directly on to Harper's Ferry. Eighty marines from the Washington navy yard left this city last evening for the same place.

Col. R. E. Lee, of the United States Army, takes command of the troops.

THE PERILOUS BALLOONING.

The public has already been informed of the safe arrival at Ottawa, C. W., on the 3d inst. of Prof. La Mountain and Mr. Haddock, who ascended in the balloon *Atlantic* from Watertown, New York, on the 22d of September, and for whose safety much fear was felt. Mr. Haddock has written a long but interesting account of their wandering and suffering in the wilderness. It appears the balloonists were up in the air some four or five hours, when finding themselves over a dense wilderness, and the darkness of the night around them, they concluded to descend. They did so and passed the night in the balloon fastened to the the top of a tall spruce tree, and exposed to a drenching rain. At daylight they again ascended, and here we leave Mr. Haddock to speak for himself.

"As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting farther and still farther to the "frozen tide" from which we knew there could be no escape. Mr. La Mountain seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we decended in safety by the side of a large spruce. We made the *Atlantic* fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat—no protection at night from the damp ground—no earthly hope of raising fire, and no distinct idea as to where we were. We settled in our own minds that we were in John Brown's tract or in the great Canadian wilderness—to the south by east would take us out if we had strength enough to travel the distance. La Mountain stepped up to the balloon and gave the edge of the basket a parting shake, "Good bye, old Atlantic," and I fancied I could see a tear in his honest eye when he said it."

A minute account of their wanderings in a dense forest is then given. They traveled miles on foot along a creek, crossed and recrossed it on a log, slept on its banks, suffered intensely meanwhile from cold and wet weather. Subsequently they formed a raft, and on this slowly proceeded on by poling it, in the hope of reaching some habitable settlement.—Here we quote:

"It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had eat in the meantime was a frog apice, four clams, and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good.—Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much. I thought over all of poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream; but never believed we could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none. He was upon a stream which he knew would lead to the sea and safety—we were upon waters whose flow we really knew nothing of, and were as much lost as though in the mountains of the moon. But we "could not give it up so," and took fresh courage as troubles appeared to thicken."

Soon after they heard the report of a gun, and the two lost men paddled their raft in the direction whence the report came, a distance of nearly a mile. Seeing a shantee, Mr. Haddock rushed on shore. Here we quote again:

"I halloed—a noise was heard inside, and a noble looking Indian came to the door. "*Vous parley Francais* was my eager inquiry, as I grasped his out stretched hand. "Yes sir; and English too." He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble hearted Scotchman, named Angus [illegible]. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and had been four days without food—asking where we were.—Imagine my surprise when he said we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa—in a dense uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Artic circle. In a word, we were nearly three hundred miles in a due north course from Watertown, in latitude 47.

"Dinner was now ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron and his assistant, who was also named Cameron. La Mab MacDougal, a half-breed, and his son Beauceil. I dispatched the young Indian after La Mountain who came in after a moment the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely tendered us, and we began to eat. Language is inadequate to express our sensations while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from our sombre future, and the 'silver lining" shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed."

REWARD OF HONESTY.

Johnny Moore is the name of a bright-eyed, jolly-faced lad, twelve or fourteen years of age, whose invalid and widowed mother, living on Morgan street, he helps to support by the sale of newspapers and such errands as he may chance to fall in with. Yesterday morning he chanced to stumble against a large pocket-book, which he picked up and found to contain a large number of bank notes and papers.

While he was meditating on the sudden riches he had amassed, and which he had slid into a capacious pocket, or perhaps racking his youthful mind whether to seek for the owner or conceal his good fortune, a gentleman rushed by him in an anxious, hurried, nervous manner, which convinced the boy that he was looking for something, and he thought he knew what.

"Have you lost anything?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, my pocket book," was the gentleman's answer; "have you seen it?"

The little fellow "expected" he had; he didn't know, though. What kind of a pocket book was it?

"This led to an adjournment to a neighboring store, where the flushed and almost breathless individual "of the first part" proceeded to say that the pocket book was a black one, containing $1,200 in bank bills and some accounts, a strip of red morocco binding underneath the flap being inscribed "Robert Thomas, Covington Ky." The description tallied, and Johnny's eyes snapped with cheerfulness as he placed the treasure, just as he had found it, into the stranger's hand; and we opine there was a greater joy in that one act than $10,000 could have purchased at the expense of a guilty conscience.

Mr. Thomas hardly seemed to know which to feel most—relief on the recovery of his money and papers, or gratitude to the lad and admiration of his honesty. Taking Johnny by the hand, whose bounding heart (he knew not why) had by this time "splashed tears into his eyes," the gentleman took him to a clothing store and dressed him out, from top to toe, in a bran new suit. Then proceeding to a jewelry store he purchased a good silver watch, upon which he directed to be engraved these words: "Robert Thomas to Little Johnny Moore. St. Louis, September 3, 1859. Honesty is the best policy." Not even content with this the generous stranger placed in a neat bead purse five twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he directed the lad to give his mother.—*St. Louis Republican.*