

The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1867.

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THE COLUMBIAN,
A Democratic Newspaper,
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
JOHN G. FREEZE,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors, that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also, this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to enlighten its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while to that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and notes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The friends and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. Its Conductors are determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any detestable doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use his very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcements above set forth, the Publisher of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully places it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editor will put the information in proper form.

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THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered, through the mails, to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid by the way where received.

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JOHN G. FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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CHAS. M. VANDERLIEP,
FRANK H. STUEBEL.

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

PRESIDENT of the Louisville Journal, thus speaks of the following beautiful lines:
"One might almost wish to die if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory."

On the bosom of the river,
Where the sun unshowered his quiver,
Where the starlight streamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free,
Morning dew-drops long like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the simple waves sang to her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious sewing,
While the starlight streamed forever,
Like an angel from above;
Through his hair the breezes parted,
And his eyes the world were gazing,
On the blue of his cheek and nose,
While the waves sang to her
Softly to the radiant sea.

Through those locks, a brightly flowing,
And the hair in fearful thickening,
And his hands were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold;
Softly down the stream he glided,
Softly the simple waves sang to her,
And a rainbow arch abided,
On his canvas snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Proved that he was with communion
'Till the elements might rise;
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water flames corolla,
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those people waves enchanted,
Behold him sailing to the ocean,
By an awful spell, that haunted
Each corner to her shore,
Night shadows sink the air encumbered,
And the stars in fearful thickening,
While the water flames corolla,
Trembled to his music sighs.

Then those rushed with lightning quickness
Over his face a mortal quickness,
And the hair in fearful thickening,
Gathered 'round his temples fair,
And there sweet a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer
As his benighted pilot came,
Perishing by that city there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I was not very much surprised to receive, one morning, a letter from my niece, Mrs. Lorimer, although she had never written to me since her marriage—nearly four years ago—nor did the contents of her letter excite much astonishment in my mind, different as it was from the unobscuring accounts I had always received of her happiness and prosperity. I was unspeakably grieved, to be sure; but I had always had my doubts about the sincerity of her protestations, for I knew the vain, proud, self-disappointed would seem to her humiliation and defeat.

I did not overlook the remembrance that her sisters had visited her, and brought back glowing accounts of her felicity; but then a fine house and a large establishment made up their estimate of a happy marriage; and so long as everything seemed smooth and courteous between the pair, they would never look further or deeper. Howbeit here was Isabel's counter-statement.

"Dear Aunt Sarah," ran the letter, "will you leave home, and come and stay with us for a time? The house is quiet; the summer is in its glory; and it will be such a pleasure to me. Do come in spite of obstacles, for I am unhappy and want to consult you. To whom else can I look?"

So, though I felt it rather hard to leave my pretty cottage and flower-garden at the pleasant season of the year, and still more so to break off my old ways and habits of life, which fitted me there like a glove, I resolved to lose no time in obeying Isabel's summons. For I was very anxious about her. I thought some conjugal crisis must have occurred, or she would never have dropped the veil. I knew Mr. Lorimer so slightly that I had little ground for speculation, so far as he was personally concerned; but I knew that Isabel had married—*from respect*, she said; and I could not help remembering how, even with the solemn nuptial vows in her ear, and enunciated, too, with a tremulous passion, she had turned her graceful head from after and priest to mark the ample flow of her satin drapery and costly veil. Some night had called it a charming *nuptial*; but it did not seem so to me, nor was I one who fondled and praised her—her husband among the rest—for the clear calm tones in which she had spoken her own responses. I did not like it; there was depth enough in Isabel's nature to have made her forget her bridal suit, and to have stifled in whispers her bell-like voice, had I heard been true to her words. When I looked from her husband's flushed face and eyes, which shone when they fell upon her, to her cool cheeks and smiling lips, I made an old woman's inward anxiety of it: "Hot love soon grows cold," said I to myself; "and she, poor child, is not in love at all. God grant the flame may never break out of bounds!" To speak truly, the last was my present fear. I was not afraid of any outward compromise of Isabel's duty, for I relied upon the self-restraint of her character and her pride of position; but had she discovered that she was capable of loving as she never had loved, and that the object of that love

was not her husband?—that a blessedness once possible, was now in sight, but out of reach forever? Then again, came back the consolatory reflection that she would never have owned it; pride and shame would have sent her silent to the grave; and my heart ached involuntarily as I conceived that burning grief devouring her in secret.

At all events, I would go. The very same day I received Isabel's letter say my arrangements complete; and the evening post carried her a letter stating at what hour they might send to meet me at the railway station. Then I put on my bonnet, and made the best of my way to the city, to tell her family of my visit, and receive their commissions.

It was a sultry evening in the beginning of July, and the heat, dust, and turmoil of the metropolis struck me oppressively. The cross of St. Paul's flamed in the blazing sun; the gay display of Summer fashions in the adjacent windows looked tawdry and eclipsed in the unmitigated light; and one by by, half in pity, half in disgust, the drooping, scentless roses thrust upon the attention by the importunate flower girls, I found my brother's war-house in full activity; he himself was paying commercial court to some important customer in one of the long narrow alleys formed by hales of goods, which fronted the public door which I had entered. He saw me at once, and directed me to wait his leisure in his private counting-house with an air of undisguised astonishment at my appearance. When he joined me I told him briefly why I had come, for it was long since Robert and I had been on affectionate terms. He appeared highly amused at the idea of my going to Morton Leas.

"Why, what can Isabel want with you, Sarah—a quiet, dull old soul like you? No offense, I hope; but you must wonder yourself; besides, you will be like a fish out of water in that grand house and with their fine ways. You have no notion of the style they live in?"

"I said quietly: "If I had not, it was from no want of information on the subject, and that I had every confidence that I would not commit myself in his daughter's house;" and then I went up stairs to see her sisters.

It was the same story over again—unbounded surprise and wild conjectures. I had to listen for the hundredth time to a recital of "how things were done at Morton Leas," and they seemed to share their father's apprehension that I should find this splendor quite too much for me. As they had no instructions to give beyond an entreaty to write and tell them "how it all struck me at first sight, and how I got on with Mr. Lorimer," I was soon back again on my homeward way.

How it all struck me at first sight I will remember! A heavy storm in the morning had cooled the air and laid the dust, and after the restraint of my journey, I enjoyed keenly the unaccustomed luxury of reclining at my ease in a luxurious carriage as it rolled rapidly over the well kept roads through the noble fir plantations I had heard were Mr. Lorimer's special pride. How exquisitely the slender spires of the trees stood out against the roseate amber of the sky; how gratefully the eye rested on their stately layers of green shadow! Now a splintered darted in momentary view, which was a charming vision to my citizen sight, as were also the mercenary rabbits that at every point appeared and vanished with incredible swiftness.

"You can see the house now, ma'am, through the trees," said the coachman, civilly turning round to indicate it. I could, and a grand old place it seemed to me—grand even than my tutored expectations. I don't know in what style or of what date it was; its ample front looked to me like the facade of a Greek temple, only the Portland stone was reddened with age, and was almost covered with a dense but end-close growth of ivy, intermingled with the graceful festoons of the Virginia creeper. On the broad terrace on which the front opened, I recognized the figures of my host and hostess, which so occupied and excited my mind that I received but a very general impression of any other external object.

I was just conscious of green lawn stretching its velvet plain beyond my range of sight—of an antique flower garden glowing with vivid dyes, and breathing a perfume exquisitely sweet and delicate—of the park beyond the distant fence, and the deer peeping tenderly between the slender rails.

I could not help the reflection that Mr. Lorimer's mercantile connection must indeed be on a colossal and remunerative scale, to have permitted him in early life to make himself the possessor of so fine an estate.

I was so eager to get my first glimpse of Isabel that I was on the point of overlooking the courtesy of my host, who came down the steps to hand me from the carriage. He spoke to me so kindly that I wondered at my former impression of his coldness and stiffness.

"I am so truly pleased to see you here at last," he said; "and so, you may be sure, is Isabel." Silly old woman as I was looking out for some indication how matters stood between them, I felt as if I could detect a change from the cordiality of his tone from the moment he mentioned his wife's name. He led me up to where she stood smiling to receive me, and placed my hand in hers. "I hope, he added, "you will be able to enjoy yourself with us;" and then, as if he considered his duty done,

he turned and went into the house. He had not looked at Isabel as he spoke, or he could not have failed to have seen in her eyes a wistful expression, which touched me deeply, for it seemed to plead for his notice; and he went away without a word, which surely would have been the case if cordiality and affection subsisted between them.

I turned and gazed at Isabel, who stood watching me attentively, and still holding my hand in hers precisely as her husband had placed it.

"Wig, child, how beautiful you have grown!" I said, involuntarily; "and how stately stands the queen of this fair demesne! What! not a word or a kiss for the old aunt-mother?" In a moment her lovely arms were round my neck, and she was showering kisses upon me. I was affected by the convulsive pressure of her embrace, and the speechless fervor of her emotion, and I tried to release myself playfully.— "Just as of old, reckless of fiery!" I said. "Alas! for my new cloak and bonnet. Take me up stairs, my dear, and show me the children." Thereupon, suddenly composed, she drew out from behind her, with a charming gesture, a pretty snow-drop of a child, who had been clinging so timidly to her dress, amid the ample folds of which she had hitherto been effectually concealed.

"Here is one of my darlings; Lilly I call her, because she is so white. The other is asleep. But come; I keep you standing; we will show Aunt Sarah her room." She caught up the child in her arms—like and tall, the weight seemed of no account to her—and preceded me up stairs with such a firm yet light step that I followed her movements with admiration. How the promise of the girl had fulfilled itself in the woman! She had always been exquisitely pretty; but her beauty seemed to me to have a higher character now. She had quite recovered her composure, and, staying with me while I dressed for dinner, asked me a hundred questions concerning her old home and family. I could see she was afraid of my taking the initiative, but I had no idea of being so premature.

The reader of an old woman's story will readily excuse all superfluous detail. I must not describe trifles with the minuteness of a three-volume novel. Suffice it, all around me proved that wealth and good taste had combined to give my Isabel a home that should have been an elysium; and that before the first dinner-hour was over, I was convinced that Mr. Lorimer had survived his love for his wife, and regarded her no longer but as an elegant appendage to his house and table. I saw, too, that Isabel was miserable beneath her cold and indifferent demeanor (good heavens! how every trace of the impassioned, self-confident girl seemed washed away); but the cause of the husband's coldness and the wife's disappointment I could not guess. With whom lay the blame? We were not alone at the table. I found that Mrs. Vivian, Mr. Lorimer's only sister, was a guest as well as myself. This lady did not please me at all; her manners were not only languid and careless, and it almost seemed to me that her attentive solicitude for her brother, to whom all her conversation was addressed, and her measured civilities to Isabel, there was a lurking insult to the latter which must inevitably make itself felt. Mr. Lorimer himself was an admirable host, so kind, and skillful in his kindness, that even I, predisposed to nervous shyness of himself, felt at ease. Nor must it be supposed that there was any failure of outward respect toward his wife; he never avoided addressing her, or referring to her opinion, whenever it was natural to do so; but it was the avverted or chilling look, the tones uncolored by an accent of tenderness, from which I drew my conclusions. How different from the wedding morning! thought I; say, one part of the prophecy was fulfilled—the hot love was cold enough now.

I was very glad when dinner was over, and we rose to retire to the drawing-room, and still more so when Mrs. Vivian announced that she was under the painful necessity of leaving us for an hour or so, to make arrangements for her departure on the morrow.

I was very anxious now to question Isabel, but I found such was not her present intention.

"Let us go to the nursery," she said. "I always see the babies put to bed."

However, when we reached the nursery, we found the children asleep, for dinner had been later on my account, and the nurse was rigorous about extinguishing them at the appointed hour. I had feared Isabel would have been a careless mother; but as I watched her leaning over her babes, the tear gathering in her eyes as she gazed at them, I felt ashamed of my involuntary injustice. The baby lay in her basket— which was in that state of high toilet common now-days to those charming receptacles—with its cherub face flushed in healthy sleep, and one fat, rosy morsel of manna-like sculpture. I saw some deep passionate feeling was welling up in Isabel's heart as she stood by her side, and presently turning from her, she dismissed the servants down stairs, saying to me, in a forced tone of carelessness: "You and I, dear Aunt, will keep watch for a little while, like sometimes to spend a quiet hour without them."

We were hardly alone before her self-

command gave way; she sunk on her knees by the child's couch, and stifled sobs shook her from head to foot. I went gently up to her and stroked the bowed head without speaking. My heart bled for her; I felt how bitter was the long suppressed anguish that was now finding vent.

"Come, dear child," I said, "let us sit down in this window-seat and talk your troubles over. I am sure they are not irretrievable."

She lifted her wet pale face with a bitter smile. "I have but one trouble, and you have discovered it already—my husband does not love me!"

I saw she watched me feverishly, in half hope of a disclaimer, but I could not give it.

"There is some quarrel between you," I began soothingly—"some temporary alienation;" but she interrupted me decisively.

"Not so, Aunt Sarah—not so! It is confirmed indifference, the result, he would tell you, of my own heartlessness—hopeless indifference, for it is the hard cold of former heat!"

"Poor Isabel!" I said, "and you love him now?"

She stooped down and kissed Lilly with enecupated passion. "I would give this child of my heart to win back my husband," was the answer. "I would consent to lay her in his grave, if over that grave he would look as he used to look, and speak to me as he once spoke."

But I must not go over every spoken word, but tell in brief what Isabel told me in vehement detail. It may be other young wives may learn a caution from it.

She had married with a very superficial knowledge of her husband's character, after a brief acquaintance. He courted her from a position considerably higher than her own, which dazzled her ambition, added to which he was passionately in love, and worshipped at her foot-stool. It was a dangerous alliance he offered. Isabel had many fine qualities, but her education had been uninformative; she had always been greatly flattered and indulged in her own circle, and she took her lover's devotion as a matter of course, accepting as her right all his lavish liberality, and seeming take it for granted that nothing more was required of her than to be the gracious recipient of the tribute offered. Worse than all, she married without love, yet deceiving Mr. Lorimer with the impression that she loved him. I rather think she deceived herself, saying she had a great respect for him; that she loved him, she supposed, as much as she could love any man. Poor girl, vain, selfish, and ignorant of the world, she was weak enough to estimate her surrender at the exaggerated price her lover put upon it, and to believe the glamour would last!

But men soon wake up from these illusions; it is only for a time that a husband can deceive himself that he is loved, unless the wife be a consummate hypocrite, or her own uxorious fool. Mr. Lorimer continued to adore his beautiful young wife, until the first blindness of passion having cleared away, he began to perceive she was exacting and unresponsive.

"You cannot believe," said Isabel, "with what insane arrogance I acted. To be the supreme consideration, for my will to take precedence of his, was what I expected and claimed, and it never occurred to me to feel grateful for his indulgence to wonder at his forbearance; moreover, I did not love him then and I began to weary of his attentions, to sicken of his perpetual companionship. I suppose I scarcely tried to hide my impatience, for I was so besotted that I believed he must always love me."

"About this time, his sister, Mrs. Vivian came first to stay with us, and I doubt not she stimulated her brother's awakening. Besides, Maurice is a proud man, with a sufficient sense of his own excellence and dignity; and it was impossible for him, when he began to reflect, not to consider how much he had bestowed upon me, and that I had not even paid him with my love! I don't know how it was; I was blind to the gradual change in my husband's manner, oblivious of the influence which was working against my happiness; but it was so. It was over Lilly's cradle that I first awoke to a consciousness of my position. It had been a great disappointment to both of us that she was a girl, to me, I think, especially. One day I was leaving her sex very weakly, and felt surprised that he did not join in the lamentation. "Are not you disappointed too?" I asked.

"Yes," he said coldly; "but my disappointment is irretrievable, and dates further back. Try and love your baby, Isabel, if you can."

"These words fell upon me like a thunder-bolt; I suddenly saw my whole conduct in its true light, and in all its consequences; but it was too late! From the moment I was forced to realize the idea that he had ceased to love me, I received a vivid recollection of the love. I came down from my seclusion to find him, as you see him now, coldly considerate, punctiliously attentive; but he no longer sought my society, or welcomed my coming with smiles.

"I cannot tell you the exact change had upon my wayward heart; besides, it seemed dreadful not to be loved by one's husband. In my turn, I began to love him passionately, to wait upon his words, to court his attentions, even to solicit his endearments

for his coldness maddened me. Perhaps I might have succeeded if he had been left alone, but Caroline Vivian was with us. Her presence and influence ruined everything. Previously she had seen my husband's devotion and my neglect at their full, and no doubt all she had said to him then of his blindness and my worthlessness was bearing now its abundant fruit. I could not endure her to see our position reversed and what I was suffering. I could not see for her to see me rejected; and during the months she stayed with us, I tried to set my former part as closely as possible. So mad was I in my false pride, that I have sacrificed the happiness of all my life to it. I succeeded so well in this miserable game that I deceived both him and her. I left them constantly to their own society, while I was thirsting for one hour of his. I rode, drove, visited, according to my own convenience and leisure. I consulted my husband's inclinations less than in former times. I justly felt myself open to Caroline's interference and reproaches, but I would not hear them. Violent scenes followed, until Maurice himself silenced her. He wanted no champion of his happiness. He said; expostulation and reproach would not transform my nature, or give him the wife he had expected—no third person could lighten the lot he had to bear. The night Caroline went away, I threw myself at his feet—I besought him to love me—to believe that I loved him. Men are not impulsive, inconstant, demonstrative, like us, and he could not understand such conduct. He called it caprice, policy, hypocrisy—said I had worn out his regard; reminded me of this and that—careless words, selfish actions, which I had forgotten, but he had brooded over in silent bitterness and disappointment. Alas! alas! how black the catalogue appeared!

"The tale is nearly told out, Aunt Sarah. Since then things have gone on worse and worse. His propriety and coldness have been always the same, while my conduct has been actuated by passion, grief and resentment, perpetually at strife. By turns I am neglected and disdainful, reproachful and imploring. I love him now as he never loved me. His patience and temperance appear to me admirable in the midst of my misery, for the uncertainty of our relations, embitter his life. Caroline has been once more our guest for the last week or two; and perhaps now her presence does good, for it forces me to a measure of quiet and consistency.

"To-morrow my husband leaves me for Glasgow on important affairs. I half think everything is not going right in his business connection, but he never talks on the subject, only he looks harassed beyond his wont. He said he might be a month or two absent; and so, Aunt Sarah, as my misery was getting intolerable, I thought I would send for you. Now what comfort have you to give me?"

"Poor Isabel! I could but clasp her in my arms, and try to soothe her by my affection. What chance she had of regaining the happiness she had so recklessly squandered, I felt very incompetent to decide, owing to my slight knowledge of Mr. Lorimer's character, and his immediate departure would preclude the possibility of my forming a judgment. "But, my dearest child," I argued "some thing appears to me absolutely certain, that a man like your husband, with quick perceptions and sensibility, can never resist the influence of your love and duty if you will but try and regulate their exercise. You must earn his respect, constrain his affection, and time must give you the victory. Prove yourself worthy to be loved, Isabel, and he will love you."

"I cannot wait," said Isabel, clasping her hands; "I want it once—to-morrow—now! I shall never win it on system. But it grows dark, dear aunt; we must go down stairs. Come with me to my dressing-room till I can find nerve and composure to meet him again."

Concluded next week.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES.

FIRST, LAST AND SEVERAL INTERIMMEDIATES.

Mary Angell Young is the first living and legal wife of the prophet. She is a native of New York, and is a fine-looking, intelligent woman. She is large, portly, and dignified. Her hair is well-sprinkled with the frosts of age; her clear hazel eye and melancholy countenance indicate a soul where sorrow reigned supreme. She has been much attached to her husband, and his infidelity has made deep melancholy upon her mind. Her deep-seated melancholy often produces flights of insanity, which increase with her declining years.

Lucy Decker Seely is the first wife in "plurality," or the second "woman." Lucy Decker was married to Isaac Seely, and had two children. She afterward became a Mormon, and went to Nauvoo to reside. Her husband, Seely, was somewhat dissipated, but treated her well. She, however, saw Brother Brigham and loved him. He visited her, told her that Seely could never give her an "exaltation" in the eternal world; that he, being "high in the priesthood," could make her a Queen in the first resurrection.

She yielded to these inducements and the prospect of her inclinations, for her husband, and was "sealed" to Brigham Young.

Lucy Decker has brown hair, dark eyes, small features, a fair skin and

short of stature, but quite *enpoint*. She would strongly remind you of a New England wife, "fat, fair and forty." In common with nearly all the inmates of the harem, she is of very ordinary intellect and limited education.

Clara Decker, sister of Lucy Decker, is a short, thick-set person, very much like Lucy in appearance. She is much more intelligent and agreeable than her sister, and in every way her superior. She is a great favorite with the Prophet, has three or four children, and is much attached to her "husband."

Harriet Cook was early in the plurality, having been sealed to Brigham at "Winter Quarters," on the Missouri River, while the Mormons were on their way to Utah. This was five years before polygamy was publicly proclaimed in Utah as a divine institution. Harriet is very tall, has light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion and a sharp nose. She is slender, but has much power of endurance and a look of determination.—Mrs. White's "Mormon Prophet."

YOUNG'S LAST WIFE.

Dr. Adonis, after various wandering, has turned up in Utah. In a letter from the promised land he writes, under the date of Nov. 22, as follows about Brigham Young's last wife: "I saw the President's last wife at the tabernacle on Sunday last. The lady's name before marriage was Maria Folsom. Her former residence was at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is an imperious-looking beauty, of the Grecian rather than of the Roman order, and is very imperious and jealous. Like all passionate and jealous women, she is noble hearted. Miss Folsom is Brigham's last wife and pet. Two of the President's daughters play at the theatre, and are great favorites with the Gentile portion of the community. One is married (Mrs. Clawson), and the other (Miss Jane) is single, but is being waited on by a distinguished editor."—*Mil. Wisconsin.*

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

In response to one of the toasts offered at the celebration of the battle of New Orleans, Hon. Montgomery Blair said: "I shall only remark that it is a time when all the friends of the Constitution should pledge themselves to the maintenance of one of the plainest clauses of that instrument, and the overthrow of which is one of the breaches through which the enemies of the Government are seeking to overthrow it. How rapid they have been their strides! Already they have struck down the States; already they speak of striking down the courts in the same moment. As we now now speaking in this hall, they are leveling their shafts against the President of the United States. The States, the courts, the President, the Constitution, all branches of the Government are to be swayed from their positions, overturned, destroyed. But, my friends, I am not one of those who despair. I do not believe that the people of this country are ready to tear down the flag, the Constitution, and see them trampled under foot; to see the plainest limitations set at naught, and all power centered in the hands of an irresponsible rump Congress. [Cheers.] I did not intend to say as much, but let me recall to you and to the world that Mr. Johnson is threatened with impeachment for standing by his oath to support the Constitution, and to support it in that sense in which he and his illustrious predecessor understood it, when they were knowingly elected by this same revolutionary party [cheers] who then promised to stand by him.

I mean to commit a breach of confidence here to-night. I want to read you a telegraphic dispatch. Here it is, from Andrew Johnson to Montgomery Blair, in the year of our Lord 1863:

NASHVILLE, NOV. 24, 1863.
[Received Washington, November 25, 1863. To the Hon. Montgomery Blair, Post Master General. Marked confidential.]

I hope the President will not be committed to the proposition of States relating into Territories, and hold them as such. If he steers clear of this extreme his election to the Presidency is without a reasonable doubt. I expected to have been in Washington before this time, when we could have conversed fully and freely in reference to the policy to be adopted by the Government.

[Lincoln was in the habit of consulting the Military Governor, Andrew Johnson about his policy.] [Cheers.]

But it has been impossible for me to leave Nashville. I will be there soon. The institution of slavery is gone, and there is no good reason now for destroying the States to bring about the destruction of Slavery.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

That message was delivered by me to the President, November 25, 1866.

Is it not a matter of history? Did not every man who hears my voice know that advice was adopted—a reconstruction adopted and proceeded upon by Abraham Lincoln upon the doctrine laid down in that dispatch; and now, when he is called hence, killed by the hand of an assassin, his successor, who gives him the advice he craved out, is to be impeached for a faithful adherence to the doctrine, principles, and practice which Abraham Lincoln was elected upon, which he practiced in his lifetime, and which Mr. Johnson, as an honest and faithful man, is struggling to carry out! Do not despair. No, my friends; that great popular power, that deepest love of country and the Constitution written in the heart of every American, will arise and stand around Andrew Johnson while he fulfills the mission of Abraham Lincoln. [Great cheers.]