

# The Columbian.

VOL. 1—NO. 14.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINES ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

While a large number of Machines have been offered to the public, some of which possess points of excellence and acknowledged merit, we have long felt that others have possessed the necessity of a Machine more perfect in its mechanical structure, combining in it

HIGHEST DEGREE SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY, and being capable of doing a GREATER RANGE OF WORK, one that could be easily understood and comprehended by all.

To supply a Sewing-Machine free from the objections attached to others has no easy task; for we not only had to surpass other Machines, as they appeared years ago, but also to improve from time to time by more recent experience.

This we have accomplished by the liberal expenditure of capital, and the patient, untiring labor of years; and in presenting our Machines to the public, we shall make strong assertions respecting its merits, which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Disarding the Chain and Loop, or Knit stitching, we adopted the

LOCK STITCH (like on both sides of the fabric), which is regarded by the masses as best suited to all kinds of work. But to most objections sometimes urged against this favorite stitch, we have added the Knit, Double Lock, and Double Knit, either of which is

STRONGER AND MORE ELASTIC than the Lock; thus enabling the operator to select a stitch

PERFECTLY SUITED to every grade of fabric, and where necessary, sew seams much stronger than it is possible to do by hand.

THE FLORENCE makes FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES with as much ease as ordinary Machines make one, and with as little machinery.

The result of repeated tests has been all we could desire, and from its first introduction the Florence has gained hosts of friends, and been regarded as a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY; proving that the public fully appreciate the many advantages combined in the Florence Machine. Over all others, the Florence must be seen to be fully appreciated.

We claim for the FLORENCE the following ADVANTAGES over any and all

SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD: It makes four different stitches, the lock, knit, double-lock, and double-knit, on one and the same machine. Each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

Every Machine has the reversible feed motion, which enables the operator, by simply turning a thumb-screw, to have the work run either to the right or left, to stay any part of the seam, or to fasten the ends of seams, without turning the fabric.

Changing the length of stitch, and from one kind of stitch to another, can readily be done while the Machine is in motion.

The needle is easily adjusted, and does not skip stitches.

It is almost noiseless, and can be used where quiet is necessary.

Its motions are all positive; there are no springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables any one to operate it.

It does not require finer thread than the under than for the upper side, and will sew across the heaviest seam, or from one to more thicknesses of cloth, without change of needle, tension, brood, or skipping stitches.

The Needle is easily adjusted, and with turn any width of hem desired.

No other Machine will do so or at a range of work as the Florence.

It will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, quilt, and gather, and sew on a ruffe at the same time. It has no springs to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

It is fully protected and licensed by Elias Howe, Jr., and our own Letters Patent.

The taking up of the slack-thread is not performed by the frequent contracting of a wire coil or uncertain operation of springs. The precision and accuracy with which the Florence draws the thread into the cloth is unapproached by any Sewing-Machine hitherto offered in the world.

We furnish each Machine with "Barren's Self-Sewer," which guides the work itself, and is of incalculable value, especially to inexperienced operators.

While possessing the above, and many other advantages, the Florence is sold at corresponding prices with other first-class Machines, and a careful examination will fully substantiate all that we have claimed for it, and justify the assertion we now make, that it is the best Sewing-Machine in the world.

We warrant every Machine to be all that we claim for it, and to give entire satisfaction, and will give a written warranty, if required.

Liberal arrangements made with those who buy to sell again. Further information may be had by inclosing stamps to the General Office of the Florence Sewing-Machine Company, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PRICES OF MACHINES.

No. 1, Plain.—This Machine makes the lock and knit stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$50
No. 2, Florence.—Gold-ornamented Machine, with drawer, and light cover, without lock; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$75
No. 3, Silver-plated Machine, ornamented; table oil-finished walnut, with heavy half-case, lock and drawer; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$85
No. 4, Silver-plated Machine, highly ornamented, and makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	\$95
Polished mahogany table.	\$62
No. 5, Walnut table, in oil.	\$62
Mahogany table, in oil.	\$62
No. 6, Walnut, oil finished.	\$115
Mahogany table.	\$115
Wooden table.	\$150

G. C. EVANS, General Agent, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

## THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper, IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY BROCKWAY & FREEZE, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

THE principles of this paper are 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 Country 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 cultivate in 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 votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of recent 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 least all business interests depend. The fireside 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 deleterious 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 their very best endeavors to fulfill the letter and spirit of the announcement above set forth, the Publishers of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully place it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unmet.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—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 Editors will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publishers and all payments thereon enforced in their names.

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 at the office where received.

Business notices, without advertisement, inserted gratis per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; all others after the first insertion.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—A postmaster is required to give notice by letter returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law when the subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another—or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it, until payment is made, and collect the whole amount when it is taken from the office or sent. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

If a subscriber who is in arrears orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

It is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed to

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CATAWISSA RAILROAD.

From and after October 1, 1866, the trains will pass through as follows:

Going North.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:45 A.M.; Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.

Going South.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.

GEORGE WEID, Supt.

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Chamber Office. Authorized agent for the collection of Bounties, Bank Tax, Penalties, and other demands against the State and National Governments.

## Original Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN, TO THE REPUBLIC.

BORACE IMITATED.

Unhappy vessel! shall the waves again, Tempests bear thee to the faithless main? What would thy madness thus with storms to sport?

Cast firm thy anchor in the friendly port, Behold thy bulwarks; the wounded mast, And sail yards groan beneath the northern blast; Nor can thy keel unaided, longer brave The rushing fury of the imperious wave.

Turn as thy sails, thy gunpowder is lost, No longer on its pedionous tempests tost, Tho' late majestic in your pride you stood, Home of the free, the white man's highest good; See Stevens stand, the Demon of the storm, And Summer followed by a dusky swarm,

White rights long saved, boldly they derive, And Constitutions, once the country's pride; You now may vainly boast an empty name, Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame.

The mariner when storms around him rise, No longer on a painted stern relies, Nor seeks to pilot 'neath the Cyclades, Some learned landsman ignorant of the seas, Ah! then take heed, lest these new tempests sweep,

In very truth, thy glories to the deep; For sunken rocks along thy course lie, And clouds and storms long heavy in the sky, Ah! then so long our ears, our love, our praise, Avoid those traits, avoid those gloomy ways, And bring to us once more the halcyon days.

PUBLISHED.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE GOLD-BUG.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad! He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

All in the Wrong.

Many years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want.

To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New-Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This Island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of weeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh hen.

The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during the summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable copse, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this copse, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the refuge to excite interest and esteem.

I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens—his collection of the latter night was very envied by a Swammerdam.

In this excursion he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will."

It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the Fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred however a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being, at that time, in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the Island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day.

Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and more than this, he had hunted down, and secured, with Jupiter's assistance,

a *scarabeus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabeus* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—, from the fort, and very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jupiter down for it at sunrise. It is the luckiest thing in creation!"

"What?—surprise?"

"Nonsense! no—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The antennae are—"

"Deity not a tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid ebery bit ob him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebbly a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color—here he turned to Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than you scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape."

Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer," and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made up on it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during his previous visits.

When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well," I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange *scarabeus*, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under my observation."

"A death's head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are an artist, I must warn you! I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—should do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I, "this is a very passable skull—indeed, I may say that it is a very excellent skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabeus* must be the queerest *scarabeus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabeus caput humani*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the antennae you spoke of?"

"The antennae!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the antennae. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively no antennae visible, and the whole did bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself on a tea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed

the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so despirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as might be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dart dat's it!—him neber plain ob notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"Very sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he aint!—he aint fid no-whar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind has got to be berry hebbly bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, taint worf while for to git mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—but den whar make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and his soldiers up, and as white as a goose? And den he keep a syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgur on de slate, de queerest figgur I eber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up and was gone de whole blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sick a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE CONSPIRACY.

### BOOTH'S DIARY.

WE copy from the New York Tribune, radical authority, the recent speech of Butler on the Surratt murder. That Bingham is as great a rascal as Butler seems agreed; and the queer revelations he makes will cause the people to believe the radicals made way with Lincoln, as has always been suspected. That Mrs. Surratt's execution was murder, is now beyond doubt.

MR. BUTLER (Rep., Mass.), asked and obtained unanimous consent to make a personal explanation, the time being limited to fifteen minutes. He stated that he had caused to be placed on the desk of each member a copy of Mr. Bingham's speech the other day on the personal discussion with himself, showing in parallel columns the speech as it appeared in the manuscript of the reporter and the speech as it appeared in the Globe. The speech as written contained five hundred and eighty-nine words; as printed it contained one thousand and forty-seven words, and in the reporter's manuscript there were two hundred and eighty-two erasures and alterations. He (Butler) had understood the rule to be that in a personal debate a member had no right to make any changes unless they were submitted to the member affected by them. The rule had been violated in this case. In the matter thus interpolated was this sentence: "What does the gentleman (meaning Butler) know of the evidence in the case, and what does he care for the evidence when he thus assails the official conduct of those men who constituted the Court?" He (Butler) would state the evidence on which he had made the other day the statement that Mrs. Surratt was innocently convicted. He held in his hand the printed report of the trial, and had examined it with great care, because this was no sporadic thought of his. It was the result of careful and anxious investigation for another and a different purpose, to see who were in the great conspiracy. The gentleman (Bingham) had said that he was the Advocate on the part of the United States on that trial. That was a great mistake. He was the special Judge Advocate, whose solemn duty it was to protect the rights of the prisoner as well as those of the United States, and to sum up the evidence within the gentleman's (Bingham's) knowledge which he had not produced on that most momentous trial. When Booth was captured by Lieut. Col. Conger there was said Mr. Butler, taken from his pocket a diary like the one I now hold in my hand (holding up a small morocco covered pocket diary) in which he would set down day by day his plans, his thoughts, his motives, and his excuse. That diary was put into the possession of the Government, but it was not laid before the Military Commission, although the gentleman (Bingham) did lay before the Court Booth's tobacco pipe, spur, knife, and other articles found on his person. The diary was not produced. That diary now appears before our Judiciary Committee, and let me say here that I did not obtain my information from that Committee about the thirteen pages of entries made in the diary, prior to the time of Mr. Lincoln's assassination about. The entries show that those pages were all cut out. What I want to know is this: *First*, Was that diary whole when it came into the hands of the Government? *Second*, Whether it was good judgment on the part of those who were prosecuting the assassins of Abraham Lincoln to put in a tobacco pipe found in Booth's pocket as evidence

against the prisoner, while the diary in Booth's own handwriting detailing all the particulars of his crime was withheld? I did not charge the brave, and gallant soldiers who sat on that Court with any wrong. They did not see the diary. They did not know of its existence. If they had, they might have given a different account of the matter. Who spoiled that book? Who caused that innocent woman to be hanged while he had in his pocket the diary which would have shown at least what was the idea and what were the thoughts of the inmate conspirator? There is still remaining in that diary a memorable sentence written but a few hours before J. Wilkes Booth's death. I quote from memory. "I have endeavored to cross the Potomac five times and failed. I propose to return to Washington and give myself up, and clear myself from this great crime." How clear himself? By giving himself up and disclosing his accomplices! Who were they? Who spoiled that book after it got into the possession of the Government? If it was spoiled, why was Lieut. Col. Conger allowed to go on and state what had been found on Booth's body? The questions were carefully put to him, so he should not tell about the diary. He identifies the knife, pair of pistols, holster, tobacco-pipe, cartridges, a bill of exchange, etc.; but he was nowhere asked, "Were these all the articles that were found on Booth?" If he had been asked that question, he would have answered that he taken Booth's diary from his pocket as he lay gasping in death. I do not know what would have been the verdict of the Military Commission if that evidence had been produced. That evidence found on the person of Booth should have been produced. I understand the theory to be that the reason it was not produced was lest Booth's glorification of himself should go into the case. I think that a most lame excuse. If an assassin can glorify himself let him do so; but there is no danger of it. Therefore, I again say here, it was a reasonable circumstance that a piece of evidence found on the body of the great conspirator should be concealed. I will take that back—I mean that it was not put forward—not brought before the great public mind. I believe that piece of evidence would have shown what in my judgment the whole case now shows—that Booth up to a certain hour meant a capture and abduction of Mr. Lincoln, and that he changed his purpose and resorted to assassination. Mrs. Surratt may or may not have known of the change of purpose. What I find fault with in the Judge-Advocate who did not sum up for the prisoner, is, that there was no notice by him brought to the mind of the Court, in his very able but very bitter argument against the prisoner, of this change of purpose. If Mrs. Surratt had had no knowledge of the intended assassination and the prisoner could not have been convicted. These are the reasons why I say that I am glad the blood of that woman, whether she were innocent or guilty, is not on my hands. I mean by no means to say a word against the officers who composed the commission. They were men who relied for the law upon the Judge-Advocate—who thought they had all the facts before them, but before whom all the facts were not put. I do not mean to say that they judged wrongly under the light which they had. The point which I make, and the point which I should stand made before the country, is that all the testimony was not before the tribunal. If all the testimony had been presented, we should have been able to pursue the accomplices, and to find out who it was that changed Booth's purpose from capture to assassination—the man who was to protect the assassination, and that would not profit by the capture of Mr. Lincoln—who it was that should succeed to Mr. Lincoln in case the bullet made a vacancy. In some aspects of the case that diary might not have been legal testimony; but its moral evidence would have carried conviction to the mind of every body, because it was the dying declaration of a man, assassin though he were, who was telling the truth to God, himself and God. How was Booth, by coming back to Washington, going to clear himself of that great crime? That question still remains. Were the 18 pages of Booth's diary gone when it came before the possession of the learned Judge-Advocate? If so, why did he not inquire what became of them; whether Lieut. Col. Conger gave them to somebody; whether it went from his hands into other hands, and whose hands it was that cut out those leaves? I should not have pursued this matter further, except that the gentleman (Mr. Bingham) charged me with having made the assertion that I did without an examination of the evidence. He has chosen to bring the matter here, not I, and I desire now that in some form this matter may be fully and thoroughly investigated.

Here the fall fall of the hammer indicated the termination of the 15 minutes allowed to Mr. Butler.

A GOOD TUNE BUT NOT OPPORTUNE.—A gentleman visiting in the family of a worthy deacon, in a neighboring town had been showing the children, one evening, a beautiful musical box, after which he wound up and put the instrument away in his pocket. At the hour of retiring for the night, the visitor was called upon for a prayer, and, having got upon his knees, was in the midst of what promised to be a somewhat prolonged petition, when suddenly, in consequence of a change of position on the part of the suppliant, the musical box started gayly off with the tune, "Take your time, Miss Lucy!" To say that the prayer was brought to a rather abrupt termination, and that even the worthy deacon rose from his knees all but convulsed with laughter, is drawing the effect of the incident quite mildly.

At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones, "Who made the laws of our Government?" "Congress," was the reply. How is Congress divided?" was the next question; but the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it.

"Well," said the examiner, "Miss Nellie what do you say the division is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came, "Civilized, half civilized, and savage."

## Choice Poetry.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

Rev. Mr. Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Penn. Illinois, being asked the above question by a lady, responded as follows:

I am of a band Who will faithfully stand In the bonds of affection and love; I have knelt at the door, Once wretched and poor, And there for admission I stood.

By the help of a friend, Who assistance did lend, I succeeded an entrance to gain; Was received in the West, By command from the East, But not without feeling some pain.

Here my conscience was taught With a moral gibe fraught With sentiments holy and true; Then onward I travelled, To have it untravelled, What Hiram intended to do.

Very soon to the East I made known my request, And "right" by command did attend; When to I perceived, In the form revealed, A Master, and Brother, and Friend.

Thus far I have stated, And simply related, What happened when I was made free, But I've "passed" since then, And was "raised" up again, To a sublime and ancient degree.

Then onward I marched, That I might be "Arched," And find out the treasures long