Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER, } Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

TO A FRIEND.

My heart is sad to-night, dear friend,
My soul with grief is bowed;
And earth, though wearing joyous smiles,
Seems covered with a shroud
The breezes which around me play,
Whispering in mornful tones,
Remind me of "the passed away,"
And tell me "I'm alone."

Deep down within the silent grave
A cherished form we've lain;
O! can't be those well loved tones
We no'er shall here again?
Are those blue orbs forever closed,
And has that spirit fled?
And, the one so fondly loved
Now numbered with the dead?

He's gone, aye! gone, to come no more.
This side eternity.
He's crossed the billows, gained the shore
Of life's tempestous sea.
The garnered memories of the past,
So holy and so deep,
I'll treasure as a precious boon,
Though oft they bid me weep.

The Duration of Life.

When the world was first created, it was appointed how many years each creature should exist. So the Ass came and inquired how long he was to live. "Thirty years," he was told, and then he was asked, "Is that sufficient?" "Alas!" replied the Ass, "that is a long time. Think how many wearisome burdens I shall have to carry from morning till night; corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, and I receive nothing but blows and kicks, and yet keep always active and obliging! Take away some of my years I pray!" So the Ass was pitied, and a life of only eighteen years appointed to him: whereupon he went gladly away, and the Dog then made his appearance, and asked the same. "How long do you wish to live?" was inquired of him; "thirty years were too much for the Ass; but perhaps you will be satisfied." "Do you think so?" said the Dog; "remember how much I shall have to run: my feet will not last out; and then when I have lost my voice and cannot bark, and my teeth and cannot bite, what will there be for me to do but to crawl and howl from one corner to another?" So the Dog's plea was allowed and twelve years was appointed for his age, after which he departed and made room for the Monkey. "You will live thirty years willingly, no doubt," was said to the Monkey; "you need not work like the Ass and therefore will always be well off." "Alas! it should be so," said the Monkey; but really it is very different. I must always be making comical faces for people to laugh at; and all the apples they give me turn out sour ones.—How often is sadness hidden by a joke! But thirty years I can never endure!"—Thereupon ten years were allowed to him last of all, Man appeared, healthy and vigorous, and requested a time to be appointed to him. "You shall live thirty years," was the reply; "is that enough?" "What a short time!" exclaimed Man! "just when I shall build myself a house, and lighted a fire upon my hearth stone, and just when I shall have planted trees to bear me fruit in their season, and I am thinking of enjoying life, I must die! I pray let my life be lengthened!" "The eighteen years of the Ass shall be added." "That is not enough!" said Man. "You shall have also twelve years of the Dog's life." "Still too little," replied Man.—"Then take ten, you may have the ten years allowed to the Monkey; but you must desire no more." Man was then ordered to leave, but he was not satisfied. Thus Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are the days of his manhood, which pass quickly away; he is then healthy and vigorous, works with pleasure, and rejoices in his being. Then follow the eighteen years of the life of an Ass, which brings to him one burden after another; he must work for corn which nourishes others; and abuse and blame become the reward of his labors. Next come the twelve years of the life of the Dog, during which Man has to sit in corners, grumbling because he has no longer any teeth to bite with. And when this time is up, then the ten years of the Monkey bring the close of the scene. Then Man becomes childish and foolish, and does strange things which make him ridiculous in the eyes of children.

THE BURIAL PLACE.—What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches rises before us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little narrow space of time, and how effecting are its associations! Within the flight of one-half century, how many of the great, the good and the wise will be gathered here? How many, in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of the earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his grave and patriarch, surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes or blasted expectation! How many bitter tears will be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their joys!—*Everett.*

THE IOWA CROPS.—The wheat crop of Iowa is abundant this season, tho' scarcely so heavy as last year's. It is estimated that the people of Iowa will have a surplus of twenty millions of bushels this season. A gentleman who has travelled some four hundred miles through Southern Iowa, describes the crop of wheat as very good, and corn as never having looked better.

A Queer People.

Chambers Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that terra incognita.

But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who lived among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long like talons, the better to dig for ants and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes.

They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright colored clothes as soon as they come to the moist bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowd around them, and are taken in thousands.

In slavery they are docile, attached obedient, with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—"the ape."

ONE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnatti *Commercial*, who recently visited the camp of the Federal troops in Kentucky, became much interested in a youth attached to the "Boone Rangers." He is just sixteen years of age, and has one of those mild, pleasant faces, which are so attractive in a youth. He sat quietly, but contentedly, with a group of his comrades his large gray eyes dancing with delight as unsophisticated mind transpired.

I pictured him some mother's favorite son, drawn away from the maternal protection by a love of adventure or a spirit of patriotism. I at last approached him.

'How old are you?' was the question.

'Sixteen years,' he blushingly answered.

'Are you not too young to attempt a soldier's life?'

'Too young!' he exclaimed, as his bright eyes flashed. 'No, sir, I ain't. I guess I can fight for the Union as well as anybody.'

'But you might fall under the fatigues of a march.'

'Well, if I do, I guess my brother's along, and he'll take care of me. I ain't afeered. God protects the right.'

This last expression confirmed the impression that the quiet youth was religiously inclined, but at the same moment I discovered a pack of cards in his coat pocket.

'What are you doing with those cards?' I asked.

'Doing with them?' answered the mild unsophisticated youth, '*why I play poker, and I tell you, stranger, I allays hold a h—ll of a hand.*'

I surrendered at discretion.

ORDERED TO BE RELEASED.—We learn that orders have gone from Washington to Philadelphia for the release of Messrs. Carson, Kelly and Pegram, arrested at Harrisburg a few days since, by or of the government. It is said to have been satisfactorily proven to the government that the visit of these gentlemen to the South was purely on private business, and that the funds found in their possession are the proceeds of collections of money due them.—*Balt. Sun.*

ADVANCE IN PRICES.—Spirits of turpentine has risen in value to $1 70 per gallon, wholesale price, in New York, in consequence of the blockade of the North Carolina ports, and the small quantity in the market. Before the blockade it sold from 30 to 40 cents a gallon. Common rosin, which, before the blockade, sold for $1 50 per barrel, now commands from $4 50 to $5.

JOHN MITCHELL AND HIS SONS.—John Mitchell, the Irish refugee, has two sons in the Confederate army, and they are his only sons who are able to bear arms. John Mitchell, jr., is captain of a South Carolina company. James Mitchell is a private in the company of Captain John Dooley, of the city of Richmond.

A WOMAN of a satirical mind was asked by her friends if she really intended marrying Mr. ——, adding that Mr. —— was a good kind of a man, but so very singular. 'Well,' replied the lady, 'so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to make a good husband.'

'I SELL peppermints on Sunday,' remarked a good old lady who kept a candy shop, 'they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes you must come week days. They are secular commodities.'

FAILURES AND SUSPENSIONS.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin's list of business changes for the past week, gives five failures and suspensions in Boston, twenty-three in New York, two in Philadelphia, and fourteen in other places—a total of 44 for the week.

These two lines that look so solemn,
Are just put here to fill out this column.

Democracy and the War.

We commend to the attentive consideration of our readers of all political parties, the following article from the Albany *Atlas and Argus*—the leading Democratic journal of New York. It presents, in a calm and temperate manner, the several phases of the war question, and gives its own views as to the best and most practicable mode of bringing the war to an end. It opposes separation upon any terms, denounces the attempt to make the war one of slavery emancipation, as directly subversive of the Constitution—points out the danger and almost absolute impracticability of holding the rebellious States in subjugation by military power—and finally advises the restoration of the Union by the exercise of the same spirit of forbearance, conciliation and compromise that inspired our fathers when it was originally formed. Surely these suggestions are both rational and patriotic; and the more they are considered, the more will all reflecting men see their force and propriety. We believe the time is not far distant when the people will take the very ground here presented, and demand a cessation of the war upon just such terms. In this belief, we copy the article, and give it our hearty endorsement:

There may be four different modes of treating the present war, each of which probably finds more or less favor in the minds of the people at the present time. Let us dwell briefly upon them severally.

1. *Separation:*—The Administration, pressed with the terrible responsibility of conducting such a war as this, is likely to be tempted to find relief from it in letting the seceding States go—in assenting first, perhaps, to a truce, but finally to a separation. Whatever denials may be interposed by the friends of the President—indeed, whatever may be his own feelings on this point at this time—it is easy to see that, as difficulties multiply, as the full magnitude of this war reveals itself, the tendency of events will be to incline him to escape from the horrors which cluster around him through the pathway of separation.

To this mode of relief a portion of the Republican party—the extreme Anti-Slavery portion, and *The Tribune* school, will readily assent, and, indeed will demand this course, unless their wish to convert the war into an abolition crusade can be gratified. We need hardly say—what we have so often reiterated—that to this mode of ending the war, we are emphatically opposed, as full of calamities for the future. If such a result becomes a necessity, the nation must submit to it, as to any other unavoidable affliction, but we are in favor of resisting it to the extent of the ability of the Government, and until further resistance is mere madness.

2. *Emancipation:*—It cannot be denied that there is a large class of zealous supporters of the war, whose principal interest in it is the hope that it will assume the character of a war of emancipation of the slaves and become a grand crusade for freedom. It is quite apparent that this can never occur without an utter disregard of the Constitution, and practical subversion of our present form of Government—but this matters little with the advocates of this plan, they are men of "one idea"—abolition of slavery is, in their view the only good to be accomplished and every thing else should be sacrificed to that end. If the war cannot assume this mission, they are for separation. The men of this class are more numerous than may be generally supposed. They include not merely your Cheevers and Beechers and Greely's but a vast Anti-Slavery army which swelled the triumph of Republicanism at the last election. The Administration has already disastrously felt the presure of this radical wing of its party and given way before it in its "on to Richmond" movement. It will continue to feel it, and amid the difficulties and trials which this war will involve, will be sorely tempted to hoist the banner of negro emancipation, and, it is quite within the limits of possibility, may do it. We need hardly say that such a movement—such a usurpation of power and subversion of Constitution—will be opposed by Democrats and conservative citizens to the bitter end, and can hardly fail to produce a counter revolution in the North.

3. *Subjugation:*—There is a plausibility in insisting that this rebellion should be crushed out and rebel States brought back simply to their loyalty to the federal laws and the Constitution, and we have nothing to urge against the motives of those, who advocate the prosecution of the war, solely for that end. They are acting within the limits of the Constitution—engaged in upholding the dignity and power indeed the very existence of the Government, and as far as they go, they are acting wisely and well, and certainly have our sympathy and cooperation, and we believe, that of Democrats and conservative men generally. But, in all soberness and candor, we ask such men if they believe that military force will restore the Union—ever bring back the citizens of the seceded States to loyalty to the Federal Government? Can we conquer the South? With the disadvantage of conducting the war in their territory, is it reasonable to believe that this can be done, even by a bloody struggle of years' duration? Admit that we can beat them in the field and disperse their armies and march our victorious legions over every rebellious State, will that restore them to loyalty? Will it not become necessary to garrison the whole South, and hold it in subjection with an immense army and at an expense utterly ruinous to us? In a word, will mere subjugation of the South restore the Union? We think not—Democrats and conservative men at the North, so far as we know their views, think not—and this brings us to a consideration of what is necessary.

4. *Restoration:*—Eight millions of people cannot be conquered. They may be beaten in battle at every point, but the war which seems to be ended to-day will break out at some new point next week or next year. Mere defeat will not restore their loyalty and make them faithful citizens and willing members of the Union. Rebellion may thus be smothered, but its fires will burn in the bones of successive generations, and flash out anew at every opportunity. Loyalty cannot be restored in a rebellious people except by concessions on the part of the Government. It never was restored since the world commenced, in any way. No great revolution was ever effectually crushed out by the iron heel of military power.—An amnesty, a liberal consideration of causes of complaint, generous concessions, have often triumphed where ball and bayonet failed—triumphed, too, without weakening the Government, without inviting the repetition of rebellion, but adding strength to the Government by bringing willing hearts and strong arms to its support.

In the light of these principles, we think the Union is to be restored by the same spirit of forbearance, conciliation, and compromise, which inspired our fathers in its original formation, and that "a vigorous prosecution of the war should be accompanied by the most liberal proffers of peace." If we are tauntingly asked what terms of compromise we propose, we answer such as Holt, Crittenden, Guthrie, Johnson, and other tried and devoted Union men in the Border States, shall say such as are necessary to build up a Union party and restore loyalty at the South.

We believe we have fairly presented the views upon which the Democrats and and conservative men of this State intend to stand—those which have just been put forth by the State Committee—those we anticipate the State Convention of the 4th proximo will approve, and that upon these views—coupled with a stern condemnation of the corruption and jobbery which have thus far disgraced the prosecution of this war—the Democrats of the State, and all who sympathize with them and condemn the imbecility of the present Administration, are willing to appeal to the people and abide their verdict. On these principles alone can the war be ended with honor and the Union preserved.

Position of Democrats.

Our friends, in their deterination to resist the high-handed designs of the Republican leaders, by a continued and more zealous support of the time-honored Democratic organization, must not permit themselves, through the heat and rancor of political discussion, to lose sight of the peculiar issues which rise before us. It is our *first duty* to render a cordial allegiance to the Government, and to obey the laws which have been enacted for our obedience, but this obligation is far from requiring us to stop all out-spoken opinion against those acts we deem improper, or prevent us from striving to elect officers who, we believe, will rule with more honesty and efficiency than those now in place. The republicans have set up an anti-Democratic test, which virtually is an attempt to overthrow entire freedom of Speech, opinion and of the Press, and, with unparallelled bigotry and hatred, they endeavor to fix the severest stigmas on all who do not bow down to this new fangled doctrine of theirs. The Democracy, in whose hands the Constitutional rights of this people have always been safe, we will never submit to such an intolerant requirement as the party in power would yoke upon the country. They view, with alarm, the lawless strides which are being made beyond the spirit and objects of our institutions, and feel it their duty to oppose, with renewed energy, all the hypocritical pretences and ingenious delusions by which Republican leaders aim to blind the people to their own base dishonesty and mismanagement. In doing this, so far from committing any act of injury to our present form of government, we are pursuing the only line which can maintain it. It becomes plainer every day that the present managers of our State and National affairs are unequal to the crisis, and the people will hail the period which gives them an opportunity to fill the high posts of the land with occupants who possess more of the public confidence.—*Erie Observer.*

TESTING COIN BY SMELL.—Connected with the New York custom-house is a clerk whose business it is to receive and test all money. He is a Spaniard by birth, but has been a long while in the country. Into a scale he empties a bag of gold or silver coin, and from the weight in a moment announces the amount in dollars and cents. He then runs his fingers thro' the coin several times, and applies them to his nose, after which he will immediately take out every counterfeit coin. His infallible faculty of detecting spurious metal is located in his olfactory organs.

EXTRACT FROM A DEBATE IN THE SENATE LAST WINTER.—Seward—'The day of compromise is past.' Toombs—'I am glad of it.' Seward—'And so am I.' Crittenden—'I would compromise to the last moment of time, provided we could preserve the original principles on which the government is erected.' The 'glad of it' and the 'so am I' have got their machinery pretty well at work, and we suppose the managers are *glad yet.*

MINISTER ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.—The trial of Rev. Henry Bridge, for the alleged murder of his wife Priscilla, is now in progress at Utica, New York. The indictment contains nine counts, charging strangulation and cutting the throat of deceased, also, smothering and cutting her throat, on the 11th of December, 1859. The accused is a Congregational minister.

[From the Luzerne Union.]

The Democratic Party and the Country.

The old issues that divided the Whig and the Democratic parties, as national organizations, have pretty much become obsolete, and the whole tendency of parties for years past has been towards radicalism, or perhaps we should say, *ultraism*, upon sectional questions—every day narrowing down the differences that formerly divided conservatism, till of late, those who formerly differed most earnestly have found themselves acting together upon an entirely new political basis.—Four months ago found us in a new position, because it found the country launched out upon the untried and untrodden pathway of civil war. The Democratic party had long predicted that such would be the result of a persistence in slavery agitation by the two sections of the country—had proclaimed it from the rostrum, from the press, and in fact, through every avenue by which it could reach the public conscience, but its admonitions were unheeded and the shock came at last like a thunderbolt. True still to its instincts, when the shock came, the Democratic party of the north rallied to the support of the government—a government that *was* then and *is* now proscribing Democrats for opinion's sake—not that they loved the administration, but because they loved their country and the Constitution.

Flushed with political success and infatuated with the idea of sectional subjugation, the party of the administration would tolerate no difference of political sentiment or action. They inaugurated a reign of terror and promulgated the supremacy of mob law wherever the actions of the administration were questioned by the press, by public meetings or by individual opinion. A determination was evinced to accomplish by violence, if necessary, what political action never had accomplished, the destruction of the Democratic party of this country. For a time the timid faltered, but those whose conscience told them that the Democratic party was right, and who had the boldness to stand by their convictions still stood firm, appealing with all the eloquence of patriotism and of national history to the traditions and doctrines of their fathers for the rectitude of their purposes and the correctness of their doctrines.

Four months have rolled away and behold what a change! Democrats now *know* that they were right, as their history has been right heretofore. Every step that has been taken by the State or National Administration since this war commenced has but revealed the incompetency or criminal corruption of those who have the destinies of the country in charge. Millions of dollars voted by a generous and loyal people for the support of the government have been squandered on speculators and political robbers, while the soldiers of the Union, for whose comfort and efficiency this money was voted, have been forced to subsist on bad food and fight in rags. The merest political hacks, who never saw a militia muster and had no idea of service on the field, have been made commanders of tens of thousands of gallant men, over the head of the tried generals of the Republic, only to march them into the jaws of destruction and leave them there, while they saved their worthless carcasses by timely retreats and the superiority of fast horses over human locomotion. Hundreds of millions squandered, thousands of gallant lives lost—widows and orphans multiplied—commerce destroyed, industry paralyzed, laboring men by the thousands turned out of employment and their families starving, every in't of the country prostrated and the Union dismembered—such are the fruits of the last four months of the present non compromising civil war administration of this government. And then how dark and gloomy the future!—Who can prophecy or tell with certainty where these things shall end?

Such being the case, we ask in all patriotic candor, is not the country satisfied that there is a necessity for the Democratic party? With all this accumulation of disasters, is there not need for the conservative counsels and administrative experience of that party that carried the country triumphantly through the last war with England—the war with Mexico—and in fact through all the great tribulations of the government since its organization until this present time? The heart of every honest man tells him, yes. The great conscience of the country has responded to this sentiment like one great throe of distress for the last three weeks—that after all we have forsaken the gods of our fathers, and plunged head foremost from the rock of our safety into the billows of discontent and disaster.—How shall we recover? is now the question—the anxious question of every patriotic citizen in the land. We answer only by unceasing effort, and by the strictest preservation of our Democratic organization and discipline; and now is the time to commence. The administration party must be arrested in its blind and reckless career this very fall. So far as State administrations can be controlled it must be done—legislatures must be elected with a view—for instance in Pennsylvania—of exposing the robbery and corruption and of bringing the guilty to punishment.—Every department of government that can be reached must be filled with honest unswerving Democrats, and thus gradually we may acquire power to take the difficulties of the country into safer hands and bring about an honorable and lasting peace—a peace that shall perpetuate the Union and re establish the government. It may be too late, but it is worth the trial—the people are with us. Democrats, onward to duty.

☞ Nearly the whole amount, $10,000,000, of the new loan, assigned to Boston, has been already taken.

For the Republican.

DEFEAT.

Messrs. Editors:

Since the 10th of this month, a great many persons in this county have been sailing under the above caption. Being one of those common personages myself, and not having an opportunity before, of giving my endorsement of the result of the late Primary Election, by your permission, I will do so now, through the columns of your paper.

In looking over the returns, as given last week, I notice that only *one hundred and thirty-three*, free and independent citizens of this county, wish me to continue as a candidate, while *fourteen hundred and thirty-six*, (whose voice I intend to heed,) say they prefer Mr. TEST. In view of this fact, gentlemen, you may discontinue the announcement of my name, for *I have concluded, after comparing figures with him, not to be a candidate any longer!* It is true, I have been defeated—gloriously, too—but misery, in my case, *has* plenty of company; for, defeated candidates just now, are not at a premium. In defeating me, I believe my Democratic friends only did so that they might get a stronger ticket. I think they have done this in the selection which they have made; and one which will be successful, if democrats are properly aroused to the interests of their cause. I would not wish to crowd myself forward as a candidate, to the injury of our cause; but rather sacrifice my own wishes, and pecuniary interests, for the good of the only political party now worth preserving. But I think it is due to myself here to say that, considering the nomination of Mr. Test a fixed fact, I made little or no exertion to be nominated, and if I had been allowed to consult my own feelings, I would have withdrawn from the contest long before the election. The reason I thought the nomination of my opponent so certain was, that he had been a candidate before, and defeated. In that contest he canvassed the county thoroughly, and since then has spared no pains to make his election sure; thus he became acquainted, whilst I was a comparative stranger to most of the citizens of the county. In talking with many members of our party, I found it to be their opinion, that for the above reason, his claims were stronger than those of any other man, and his success certain; therefore I never entertained the most remote idea of success, but hoped, by following in his wake, the precedent upon which he was nominated would not be disregarded three years hence.

Upon those persons who promised me their support—in townships where the returns show that I did not receive a vote—I have no reflections to cast, but would merely say to them, "honesty is the best policy." I will not condemn them, but can only excuse them upon the same ground that a certain man named Jones did his friend Smith. Jones was a candidate for office, and went to Smith to know if he could depend on his support? "Oh, yes," said Smith, "I will vote for you, and do all can for you." "Well, do," said Jones, "and here is five dollars to pay your expenses." The election passed off, and the returns showed that Jones hadn't a *single vote* in Smith's district. He went to his friend and said, "Smith, how does it come that in your district, where you promised to vote for me, and do all you could for me, I hav'n't received a vote?" "Oh, well," said Smith, "I will tell you all about it. I tried to get every body I saw to vote for you; I did all I could, and on the day of the election I returned home, went into my closet, got down on my knees, and tried to persuade myself that *I* ought to vote for you, and I'll be d——d if I could do it!"

It may be asked by some, will I support the nominees of the party? I answer, most unequivocally, YES. Though I have been defeated, my faith in Democracy has not in the least degree been impaired, and although my party slay me, I will serve it. I will not support a man, who is not a strong Union man, at a time like the present; when our country is in danger; but as I believe all our candidates are such, I can safely say I will support them. I am not of that peculiar class of men, who, because they cannot rule, they would ruin. I won't secede and run against the ticket, for I am a Union man, and opposed to secession. The only objects I have in view, therefore, in this contest, are the success of the Democratic nominees, and the preservation of this government. Trusting that both may be equally successful, I remain.

Respectfully yours,
WM. M. McCULLOUGH, Jr.

GENERAL LYON.—The bells of the various churches at Webster, Mass., were tolled at noon, on Thursday, in respect to the memory of Gen. Lyon.