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Original Poetry.

THE FAREWELL OF M. J. BELL.

BY MRS. M. C. LEE.

Farewell, father, I have suffered—
Oh, you know I've suffered long—
My temples throb—my head is aching—
And must I suffer, suffer on?
I am weary; Oh, how weary!
And I long to see the light,
For this world is cold and dreary
Compared with this bright land of rest.

Farewell, father, I am dying;
Don't you see the Angel's hand?
Don't you see them coming, flying,
To wait for me that better land?
Tell me, father, will you miss me,
When your children meet at eve?
Tell me, will you try to meet me,
When this sinful world you leave?

Farewell, sister, you will miss me
When the lovely roses bloom;
Will you scatter, in remembrance,
Flowers on my lonely tomb?
You will miss me most, dear Mary,
In the lovely month of May,
When next you gather early flowers,
Passive in death's cold arms I'll lay.

Farewell, sister, you will miss me,
When you enter the front room,
Where I suffered, where death found me,
Where I was shrouded for the tomb;
Dearest Mary, will you meet me
On that bright and holy day?
Don't you see Jesus inviting,
You with bleeding, outstretched hand?

Farewell, brother, you will miss me
When you see at school again,
When your seat is vacant,
Will your heart be filled with pain?
When you remember me, dear brother,
Think I'm with the happy host,
To meet me on that happy shore,
To meet me in that land of rest.

I am coming, mother, coming
For a long and fond embrace;
When the blessed stars forever
Will see each other face to face.
Brief years have passed since last we parted,
But now we'll meet to part no more;
Come, dear father, sister, brother,
Meet me on that happy shore.

DOWNER, APRIL 17TH, 1865.

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by his industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberated on his death almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed fast flickering in its sockets. "When one of his sons observed—
"Father, you will probably live but a day or two, is it not well for you to name your beaers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man; "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he called out to his son, "My son, read the list."

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off?" said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never any where in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

A MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—The following is decidedly the nearest little mathematical puzzle that has come to our notice:

A man has sixty apples; he sells thirty for five cents, which is half a cent a piece, or two apples for one cent. He sells the remaining thirty for ten cents, which is a third of a cent a piece, or three apples for one cent. Thus we see that for five apples he gets two cents; now how many cents does he get for sixty apples? The problem seems plain enough, and the rule of three gives the immediate result of twenty-four. But on the other hand, if he gets fifteen cents for thirty of his apples, and ten cents for the remaining thirty, it seems pretty evident he gets twenty-five cents for the sixty.

MIDNIGHT.—There is something as beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant; and over all the sleepless Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. Then eternally only seems real, and every day's life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase these thoughts away, as the sun dries up the dew drops, which like our thoughts, performed their reviving mission ere they departed.

The oil wells in Burmah, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of eight hundred thousand barrels per annum at least a hundred years, a mounting during that period to about eighty million barrels, English measure; these, if arranged as previously stated, would form a continuous line of oil barrels twenty-seven thousand three hundred miles long. Oil wells also exist in Persia, and it is said have lately been discovered near the sea of Azof, while on the Island Samos they existed five hundred years before the Christian era.

As an instance of good fortune that sometimes attends speculation, the Cincinnati Commercial is told of a man who two or three years ago was a newspaper carrier in that city, and is now estimated to be worth over two millions. Petroleum is the business for him.

GERRIT SMITH to the PRESIDENT.

[The following letter is important chiefly because its author is a pure, unadulterated, "perfect equality" Abolitionist. But he is a man of great intellect, of large and long experience and observation, and of the sternest integrity. It is to be hoped that his appeal to President Johnson may not be in vain. Should it be—should our Government adopt a revengeful policy, and inaugurate a system of capital punishment for the leaders of the Rebellion—that peace, which is now at the threshold, may be far in the future.—Ed. Rep.]

PETTERBORO, April 24th, 1865.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON:
HONORED AND DEAR SIR: Only ten days ago and the country felt sure of an immediate peace. The only apprehension was that its terms would be easier than it was prudent to grant. To-day, there is a strong and wide-spread fear that peace is afar off. Whence this great change? It comes from the assassination of Abraham Lincoln; and from you taking his place.

1st. For, while the incessant demand for a bloody and rigorous policy toward the conquered rebels met with no response in the remarkable kindness and compassion of Mr. Lincoln, it is apprehended that there may be qualities in yourself to which such a policy, unless condemned by your judgment, would be entirely welcome. Then, by your contact with the rebellion—by your personal observation of its crimes, and especially by what you and your family and friends had suffered from those crimes—your temper, unless marvelously controlled, could not have failed to be excited, and to call for the severest punishment on the leaders of the rebellion.

2d. While Mr. Lincoln was yet alive, Government was incessantly called on by presses and public meetings, by sermons saturated with the vindictive and blood-thirsty spirit of the Jewish theology, and by voices innumerable, not to spare these leading rebels. No wonder then, that the manner of his death is made use of to increase their thirst for blood. For, absurd as is the charge, that the assassin was their tool, it nevertheless gains extended credence. They all knew Mr. Lincoln's characteristic clemency, and that the terms of peace he was intent on were exceedingly mild. Hence, how insane is the supposition that any of them sought his death.

3d. Why should not Government endeavor to adopt, or, even for one moment, to adhere to, this rigorous and bloody policy? Why should not Government deal with the conquered in this war, as it would deal with the conquered, were it successful in a war with Mexico? The answer is—because it is a civil war. But is it not such a civil war as the ablest publicists hold should be conducted by the rules of international war. Says Vattel:

"But when a nation becomes divided into two parties absolutely independent, and no longer acknowledging a common superior, the state is dissolved, and the war between the two parties stands on the same ground, in every respect, as a public war between two different nations."
* * * They decide their quarrel by arms as two different nations would do. The obligation to observe the common laws of war toward each other, therefore absolute—indispensably binding to both parties, and the same which the law of nature imposes on all nations in transactions between state and state."

How emphatically this applies to our case! Three-fourths of our nation, containing many millions of people, broke away from the Northern half, and became manifestly a nation de facto as well as de jure. We could not proceed against these many millions as against traitors and pirates, and try them by municipal law. The case went immeasurably beyond the scope of the Constitution, and took its place under the provisions of international law. Belligerent rights were accorded to our enemy by our own as well as by other nations. There were truces, that the dead might be buried, and for other purposes. Captives were not killed, but held as prisoners of war. There were negotiations for peace; and that one occasion the President and Secretary of State were our negotiators, and went to meet their enemy, not only our respect for the Law of war in our contest with him. Both parties were vitally interested in subjecting the contest to this law, and in not letting it sink into an internecine and piratical one. Both parties were equally concerned to save life, town and property; that their citizens would not shrink from becoming soldiers and sailors. God forbid that that now, when the tide of war sets strongly in our favor, we should be guilty of thrusting the Constitution into the place of the code of war, and of holding and trying as traitors those whom we (none the less really if indirectly) agreed to regard but as enemies; and whom, by all the conclusive reasons of the case aside from such agreement, we are bound to regard in that light only. We must not be guilty of this base and faithless bargain. The South would hate us for it! The world would despise us for it! And would not the North herself, if not despising us for it, be, at least, fearfully divided in regard to it? Greatly should we all love our country. But there is one thing we should all love more; and that is fair dealing. "Our country right!" not "our country right or wrong"—should be our motto.

But there was another and no less conclusive argument for conducting the contest with our enemy on the most liberal and humane principles. It was that it is only that there must in order to move such vast numbers, be their sincere belief in their cause, but, that considering how many wise and good men there are among

them, their cause, however lacking in soundness, must have a strong resemblance of soundness. And such it, in fact, has. The constitutional right of "secession," which is their cause, has from the first been extensively believed in. Even Jefferson and Madison favored it more or less directly. Nearly the whole South had come to believe it, and no small part of the North. It is true that the American people have now put their final and effectual veto upon the doctrine of "secession." They have done this, not only on the battlefield but at the ballot-box also. Gen. McClellan's nomination was but a device to get votes. Mr. Pendleton, an open and unqualified advocate of the doctrine, represented the Democratic party; and your vast majority over him goes along with our military victories to prove that the American people have no longer any patience with the doctrine. Even those who have clung to it the most tenaciously, and those who still see strong arguments for it must give it up. The nation will mark with her strong disfavor every one who will continue to uphold this doctrine which has cost her so much. Nevertheless, not to let the extended conviction at the North as well as at the South, present as well as past, of the truth of the doctrine mitigate in some degree the crime of the mad-igniting of the Southern people to it, is to deny a great and guilty insensibility to the claims of reason, candor and charity. He is not a right-hearted man who can read without sorrow for General Lee, and without some measure of excuse for him, the accounts of his hesitating between the claims of his country and his Virginia, to his paramount allegiance. Charge the general with guilt for choosing Calhoun instead of Webster for his expounder of the Constitution. But admit it to be more his misfortune than his guilt that, in respect to State sovereignty, he grew up under the teachings of Jefferson and Madison instead of those of Washington and Hamilton and Jay. Candor will allow the like plea even for Jefferson Davis. Let him who "is without sin"—this sin of taking as a political authority not Calhoun merely, but even Jefferson or Madison—let him first cast a stone at Jefferson Davis. The simple truth is that our nation had not learned that God did not create one race of his children to be trampled upon by another; nor that she is but a single nation instead of a dozen of nations. These lessons she now learned. The war has taught them, and the cost of learning them has been too great that she should ever forget them. From the lack of candor and magnanimity of the South the North had been willing to learn them, so neither can put the entire blame of the war upon the other; but both are to forgive each other, says to the North as well as to the South, "Go, and sin no more."

I called "secession" the cause of the rebels. Perhaps, it will be said, that not "secession" but slavery was it. Nevertheless, if slavery was the ultimate cause—if perpetuate that abomination and extend its borders was the end they had in view, still it cannot be denied that "secession" was their proximate cause.

But it will be said, that the South does not abide by the rules of international law, and that, therefore, the North is released from them. Sorry am I to have to own that she does not. She starves and murders prisoners of war—than which there is no more abhorrent crime. But what is the spirit which prompts her to it? It is the pro-slavery spirit. The spirit, which ignores the rights of man to stand in his own right, and is the south alone responsible for this spirit? The North is, in consequence, less so. Until the rebellion, the commerce, politics, religious and social influences in the North were mainly in the service of slavery; and did much to give strength and rampancy to its infernal spirit. Nothing like half the people of the North thought a man disqualified by his slavholding to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and so far from punishing the South for any part of it. If a drunken father has brought up his sons to be drunkards, and if, in one of their family carousals, they fall upon him, he should not, if he shall afterward get them in his power, punish them either for their drunkenness or for beating him. All it becomes him to do is to guard himself and them for the future; and this he can most effectually do by clearing his house, and forever keeping it clear, of intoxicating liquors. So, too, the duty of the North is not to punish the South, but simply to provide for the future safety of both North and South. I scarcely need say that the main thing to this end is to rid the land of slavery, and to restore to its victims the civil and political rights of which it has robbed them. To this I would add no death, no imprisonment, no banishment—nothing but the breaking up of the large landed estate of the South for the benefit of the needy, and the perpetual withdrawal of political power from the disloyal leaders, and the temporary withdrawal of it from the disloyal masses.

I admit that the probation in the one case would be liable to be shortened, and the absolute denial in the other to be repeated. Nevertheless, since safety shall be our sole aim, I would say—let even this take place whenever it should be safe to have it take place.

Not to hold the disloyal, who trample upon all our laws, to be unqualified for all part, from the ballot-box upward, making and administering our laws, is suicidal folly; while we withdraw from the black man the musket with which he has saved us, and then refuse him the ballot with which to save himself, is base and cruel ingratitude.

Just here it may be objected, that the international code of war, which, I contend should be to the end, continue to govern our contest with the South, does not authorize the conqueror to meddle with the systems and arrangements of the conquered. But it does, as the practice under it abundantly shows. "He may," says Vattel, "do himself justice respecting the object, which had given rise to the war." * * * He may even, if prudence so require, render her (the conquered nation) incapable of doing mischief with the same arms in future. Certainly, this is broad enough to cover our claim to break up the slavery of the South and the great estates it has created, and to provide at her ballot-boxes for her safety and the safety of the whole nation.

I referred, at the beginning of my letter, to the apprehension that peace, which, only a few days ago, seemed so very near, is now quite remote. I cannot doubt that it is, if the severe policy toward the conquered rebels, which so many are calling for, shall be adopted. In that event, hardly in my day, or even in yours, will peace return to your afflicted country. For once let it be known that the leading rebels who shall fall into our hands, will be doomed to punishment, be it death, imprisonment or exile—and immediately, among their fellows sympathy with men and ages against us will know no bounds. Tens of thousands will burn with vengeance, and will care for nothing but to gratify it. This will be true, as well of persons under parole as of others. In that state of things a guerrilla warfare would ensue, which, if not pacified by concessions, and such concessions too as would fatally invade national and human rights, might run through many years, harassing and wasting our armies, and adding fearfully, if not fatally, to our already vast debt. It must not be forgotten that it cost our nation many years, many lives, and thirty or forty millions of dollars to put an end to the guerrilla war carried on in Florida by a handful of Indians and negroes. Nor must it be forgotten that the hundred thousand Dominicans are just now enjoying a complete and final triumph over the many millions of Spain. Rome, like ourselves, was it through many years, striving for to achieve an entire conquest of the few Cantabrians. The lesson of such cases is, that a people, however great, should be years of driving to desperation, a people however small. It may be hoped that the negroes of the South would stand in the way of this apprehended guerrilla warfare. A part might. But the remainder identifying it with justice and mercy, might hasten to identify themselves with it. Moreover, if our Government shall be guilty of what seems to be bad faith or cruelty toward the conquered rebels, it could there be a disaffection at the North far more alarming than the hitherto manifested? In a word, would not the Government thereby make an enemy of the South and an enemy of the North also?

I have glanced at the painful consequences of a harsh and unfair treatment of our conquered enemy. But how blessed would be the consequences of a wise and kind treatment of that enemy! Then the South would be at peace with us, and would soon learn to like her; and would soon welcome the tens of thousands of families that would immediately begin to emigrate from the North to the South. Then the North and the South (slavery having passed away) would rapidly become one in interest, and one also in character. Moreover, the whole world would be blessed by the termination of this most horrid war in a peace so full of reason, justice and love. Christianity would be honored and advanced by the peace made so strikingly to her own spirit. In that spirit we cannot shed one drop of blood of our subdued foe. If possessed of it, we shall forgive and forget the wrongs done to the North, and shall feel that the South has suffered enough, and that she deserves to be soothed and comforted, and no more afflicted, by us.

Largely on your wisdom and magnanimity do I found my warm hopes of seeing this war give place to a bloodless, kind, forgiving, and, therefore, immediate peace. But this is not all for which I look to you. Now, while we have this fresh sense of one of the worst wars—now, while we can contrast its ugliness with the beautiful peace, which, unless we thrust it from us, is just at hand—now is the time for our nation to be the first of all nations to propose an end of national wars by means of an International Congress, whose decisions upon the disagreeable and controversies between nations shall be final. Yours be the glory to favor a measure fraught with more honor to God and more happiness to man than any, or even all, other measures! Yours be the glory of identifying your Administration with the cause of international peace.

With great regard, your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

Navada, "the baby State" of the Union, produced last year, fifteen millions in silver. That child of Uncle Sam's was certainly born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

AMEN SAY WE.—The New York Tribune says justly: "Let not the victory of the republic be stained by a single act of vengeance, by one wanton infliction of pain. Let not the national ensign be stained by one drop of blood shed to punish rather than to save."

WHERE BOOTH LIES.

A correspondent of the New York World writing from Washington, on Friday, says:

Yesterday the Secretary of War, without instructions of any kind, committed to Col. Lafayette C. Baker, of the secret service, the stark corpse of J. Wilkes Booth. The secret service never fulfilled its vocation more secretly. "What have you done with the body?" said I to Baker. "That is known," he answered "to only one man living besides myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only man that knows is sworn to silence. Never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered." And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, a small row boat received the carcass of the murderer; two men were in it; they carried the body off into the darkness, and out of that darkness it will never return. In the darkness, like his great crime, may it remain forever. Inexplicable, in itself, and condemned to that worse than damnation, annihilation. The river bottom oozes out it laden with great shot and drowning manacles. The earth may have opened to give it that silence and forgiveness which man will never give its memory. The fishes may swim around it, or the daisies grow white above it, but we shall never know. Mysterious, incomprehensible, unattainable, like the dim light through which we live and think upon as if we only dreamed them in per turbid fever, assassin of a nation's head rests somewhere in the elements, and that is all; but if the indignant seas or the profaned turf shall ever vomit this corpse from their recesses, and it receives humane or Christian burial from some who do not recognize it, let the last words those denouncing lips ever uttered be carved upon them with a dagger the history of a young and once promising life—useless!

MR. LINCOLN ON JOHN BROWN.
Chicago, April 14.—To the Editor of the Chicago Times: Much dissatisfaction and holy horror have been expressed in some of the "loyal" newspaper sheets, and by a certain Tennessee river preacher, because in one of your editorials, you denounced both John Brown and J. Wilkes Booth as individuals acting from the same motives in their diabolical design. Now if they will refer to a speech made by Mr. Lincoln at Cooper institute, New York, Feb. 27, 1860, they will learn that he did not consider John Brown a glorious martyr. He said "Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, was the same as that of John Brown, and yet these parties differ as a man whom our late President denounced as an assassin."

The Firing of Richmond—Letter from General Ewell.
[Washington Chronicle, April 29.]
The following is an extract of a letter from the rebel General Ewell explaining the partial burning, etc., of Richmond, during its evacuation by the rebel army. It is addressed to a relative near this city, and is dated at Fort Warren, April 15. I am abused for burning Richmond, as if I were to keep order. I had told the principle citizens, months before, what would happen, and urged them to form a constabulary force to keep order. But they would not—only three persons offering their services, when there were hundreds doing nothing. The fire hose was cut, and the arsenal burned by the mob. I have taken every precaution possible, and the people must blame themselves. To prevent misstatements as regards our capture, I would state that we were ordered to follow Anderson; that after driving back an attack on our wagons we found Anderson cut off from those of Lee's army in front, and the Sixth corps came after me, attacking my troops. Anderson failed, after a trial, in breaking through those in his front; and my men, entirely surrounded, fighting over ten times their number, were captured or slain.

Too Much For Him.—A Cincinnati merchant and his wife—fond of practical jokes—recently entered into a wager by which the one who should first be sold by the other, was to submit to a penalty imposed by the triumphant party. For some days both were equally vigilant, and every attempt at a joke failed. One evening, as the couple were about to attend a party given by some friends, the lady complained of indisposition, and the husband went to procure a carriage. While he was gone, a negro woman of the wife's size and height was bundled upon her cloak and furs, and when the carriage came took her place beside the husband, with a thick veil drawn over her face. On reaching his destination he led his other guests, when lifting the veil discovered the "sell." The next day the disappointed husband submitted to the penalty and wheeled a barrel of flour through the several principal streets to his own door.

TALKED YOURN.—A good anecdote is told of a housepainter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of "putting it on too thick." One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe reprimand. "There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy, in reply, "but it seems to me that you put it on a thunderin' sight thicker than I did!"

Why is a hen seated on a fence like a cock? Because the head is on one side and the tail on the other.

THE WOMEN OF RICHMOND.

A correspondent, writing from Richmond, three days after its occupation by the Union forces, tells the following story:

Around the corner of a square opposite the Capitol there suddenly burst, at noon yesterday, a brilliant cavalcade of Northern officers and ladies. The dust from their horses' hoofs surged to the sidewalks, and into the faces of a group of the daughters of Richmond who were returning from church. The eyes of the female riders, aglow with excitement and pleasure, were first lifted toward the statue of Washington, immediately in front, then fell with a curious look, mingled of irony and wonder, upon the ladies of the sidewalks. In the gaze that returned the look flashed that keenness of the varied lightnings of a woman's eye—a quivering scorn. One of the equestriennes could not have observed it. Reining her horse up to the curb, with an expression of girlish ardor and delight, she bent a sunny face, crowned with golden hair, above the astonished group of southerners, and, singing out one haughty figure from the rest, said eagerly:

"I beg pardon, but is it not true that I recognize a friend. Can it be that this is really?"
"You are mistaken," the Southerner responded, with the same fixed gaze: "I have no friends who you abide."
Lifting her dress at the curb, the woman passed on with just the slightest bow that was not in the slightest degree returned.

Yet, let us fairly judge them, for there is something appealing in their sorrow. Humiliated as they are, who in their beauty and their loftiness of spirit have been cupbearers of hope to the rebellion, what have they to sustain them save their pride? Here, where all is over and done to our content, we can afford not only to pity, but to admire them.

SENSELESS MAXIMS.—Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.
Never hire servants who go in pairs, as sisters, cousins, or anything else.
Never speak of your father as "the old man."
Never reply to the epithets of a fool or a drunkard.
Never speak contemptuously of woman-kind.
Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend however bitter now.
Never smile at the expense of your religion or your bible.
A good work is as soon said as a bad one. It is a fool always; even, *et cetera*.
Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

A PATIENT'S JOKE.—A sturdy sergeant being obliged to submit the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform, as usual; but the veteran refused, saying if the cutting was to be done on him he wanted to see it, and laying his arm out before him, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain, except a firmer setting of the teeth as he saw struck the marrow.

The operator, as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked: "You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."
"What was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.
"What was that?" asked the doctor.
"A butcher? That was the sergeant, with a grim smile, which despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

ADVERTISING.—You see goods are like girls—they must go when they are in fashion and good looking, or else a yoke of oxen wouldn't draw them off afterward. The man that advertises most does the most business, because he don't make one's stock last one's lifetime.
Advertising is like money if followed up. Merchants think nothing of paying forty dollars for one sign, with nothing but a name on it. Well, what do you think of having several hundreds or thousands of signs a week in a newspaper? In it you show your whole establishment to the country every week?

A certain line-drapser waited upon a lady for the price of an article purchased at his shop. She had endeavored to return him that she had paid him for it when he called some time ago; he declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance; on which she produced her receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did it; I recollect it." To which the lady replied, "I quite believe you are sorry you did not recollect it."
A lady passing along the street one morning noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the pavement for the purpose of clearing the snow. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's a real benevolence."
"No, it ain't ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."
"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman, "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want your daughter."
The workmen of the Kiltary, Me. navy had raised \$3,330 for John Magraw, who had both hands blown off while firing a salute.
A Southern at girl school at Saratoga was expelled last Saturday for saying that was the happiest day of her life.
The Bergon tunnel, on the Erie Railroad, which has been the scene of so many accidents, is now lighted with a calcium light.