WM. A. MORTON.

Boetry.

A Kiss in the Wood. An enterprising lover gives the readers of the Home Journal a pleasant bit of autobiography as follows:

"The pic-nic's all behind us, Kate;
'Twill take them long to find us, Kate;
There's a world of bits in a harmless
And no one near to mind us, Kate!" Her sweet face took a ruddier hue;

hasty backward glance she ture. She did speak but on her cheek he crimson tint still richer grew. Then mute she stood, with down cast eyes, As fair as nymph in maiden guise; Just then some evil disposed young de'l My lips possessed by some surprise;

And stole a kiss before I could Prevent the sauce-box, if I would; "Why, Harry Brake, how can you take Such liberties here in the wood? "It's quite too bad! besides, how queer That we're alone together here! Come, let us go—right well you know I'd rathe—have the others near."

A glance gleamed from her bonny eye, That tempered well the curt reply; With gentle haste about her waist My arm crept eagerly, but shy.

"Don't, Barry dear!" 'twas soft and clear, But how it thrilled my heart to hear! "Oh, Barry, don't!" "No Kate I won't!" Alas; but yet I did, I fear! l kissed her hands, I kissed her brow, I kissed her dewy mouth, and now With this for this, and kiss for kiss, She paid in usury, I trow!

Then all her form was love possess And fondly to my heart she pressed; With blushing face and free embrac she clasped me to her heaving breast. "The pir-nic was behind us, Kate; It took them long to find us, Kate; We proved what bliss was in a kiss, And no one near to mind us, Kate."

Literary.

Joining the Odd Fellows. " Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my

opinion of secret societies.' "Perfectly, my dear, perfectly," said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets with all the energy he could sustain.

"Don't you think it best?" "No sir, once for all, I do not." "Consider, my dear, if you should be

" And you will join?"

left a widow, with nothing to support "Now what a ridiculous argument.

Do you suppose, Mr. Jenks -"My dear."

"Mr. Jenks." "Will you listen for a moment?"

"Certainly" "Well, then, much as I respect your it will be impossible for me to oblige | ticle they have on. you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be

initiated." Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder. "And you are actually going to be

initiated?" "Yes my dear." "Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?"

"Perhaps so." Comforted by this assurance, the lady

a better man. "Well, my dear," exclaimed Mrs Jenks, " what did they do to you-what is it like-were you much frightened?

Come, tell me all about it." "Don't ask me," gravely replied our friend. "I beg you won't ask me." "Why not, I'm your wife, you know, and wife and husband are one. Why

" Hark !" said Jenks, " did you hear anything?"

"No, nothing." "Silence, my dear, remember what stones, books, in running brooks. If I should divulge it."

"Who, my dear " "The patriarch of the lost tribes Even now he may be at our window. 'Mercy on us," ejaculated Mrs. Jenks,

"how you do terrify a body. I-I-I-I-shiy-shiver all over.'

"If you don't want to be killed out right, ask no more questions." about it, an idea or two, that wouldn't

be divulging you know.' "What if you should in an unguard ed moment let the secret out." "Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my

keeping." "You will never tell?"

" Never." "Not even to your mother? You know how gossiping some old ladies

"I'll never open my lips to her on the subject." "Hark!" exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start, "hear you nothing." "Nothing" repeated his wife with

unfeigned alarm. "Tis only the wind," mused our friend; "I thought it might be the grand bashaw, armed with his circumventer and covered with the curious devices of the order. Now listen if you love me-for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your

lips forever on the subject." "Well my dear," said the lady with a long drawn sigh." You have often heard of the cat be-

ing let out of the bag ?"

"Well. I saw that cat to-night." "A real live cat?"

"Yes, and an immense cat at that, a monstrous cat. But you shall hear.

You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning." "That's right," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks,

breathless with interest. "On arriving at the Hall, I was immediately seized by four smart fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue-tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the

science of astronomy.' "What a queer proceeding," claimed Mrs. Ĵenks.

"How I answered those questions must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself-certain it is, however, I did answer every one-although I did not know it till to-night, there's a dipper and a chair and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. It is not a pity that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected."

"What, what then ?" "Why, the next question is too absurd to be repeated." "They wanted to know whether

took a newspaper, and if so how much I owed the printer. Fortunately, I had just then paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Old Fellow who owes a cent to the printer."

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, "what an influence those newspaper do exert to be sure." 'Exactly! But scarcely had I an-

swered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up and we as quickly shot down."

"What—through the roof?" "Oh, no! Isuppose we took the stairs:

but I was securely bound and tonguetied. I hardly knew how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitchdark, and a strong odor of

brimstone pervaded the room." "Brimstone, my dear?" Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a stifling sensation." "Well of all things."

"Then began the roar of artillery with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult I heard a low, sweet voice, chanting a hymn of peace. Man shall love his fellow, sang this angel-cruel war shall be waged no more-peace shall reign-slavery shall -charity fills the hearts of men.' When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air."

"How very odd." "Yes, but just like these Odd Fellows, they are real reformers," replied our friend.

"Well, my dear." "Why then lights were prepared, and I signed the constitution." "Well, what of the cat of which you

were speaking?" "Oh nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two sheappeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen that cat out of bashaw, who in a loud voice, continuthat which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbor as themselves, whereupon the grand patriarch armed with the tail of the greatgrand-father's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting."

"Well, I declare," ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, "and this is joining the Odd Fellows."

"Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you, a profound secret," said Jenks, with a half-smothered chuckle as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing out-right.

Why Women Dress. The true explanation of the prevailing extravagance in costume is, that women dress for one another.

In other words, they dress for eyes which can appreciate the material and wishes, and you know I love you dearly, timate the cost of every separate ar-It is quite true that many men care

as much for, and are as competent to give an opinion on, the appearance of their wives, or sisters, or friends, as any number of female acquaintances; but the grounds upon which the two classes of critics will base their several judgments will always be distinct, and the conclusions themselves not unfrequently quite opposite.

Ask a married woman to tell you who will hardly ever find them agreeing in offered no further opposition, and our their answer. Go a step further, and prove the destruction of nearly all who hero took his departure. About the costumes which have been selected, and are raised in the city. you will discover almost to a certainty that the woman has singled out the most expensive dress in the room, whereas the man has simply asked himone has suffered herself ) be so impressed by the richness of the material, the elaborateness of the embroidery, the costliness of the trimmings, that in

the end she has found it simply impossible to leave these things out of the calculation. The other, happy in his ignorance, has looked only at the general effect, and has probably given the pref erence to a young lady whose gown Shakespeare says about sermons in has no other merits than those of being scrupulously neat, becomingly cut, and

perfectly well made. We submit, therefore, that if that deference to masculine taste which is so frequently professed really existed in any appreciable measure, it would supply an antidote to many of the grievances under which society now labors.

A week or two back, the correspondence of an evening cotemporary was Sure you can tell me something largely taken up with the sorrows of parents, who have to see that their daughters look like other people, and at the same time to make both ends meet; and we have no doubt that as soon as the elections are over, the columns of the Times will be thrown open to an endless repetition of similar complaints. My daughters' gowns must sweep the pavement as they walk, cries one heart-

broken mother, or if they do so far consult their pockets as to loop them up, their underskirts must be flounced and embroidered until they become as costly as the gown. There is no necessity in the case, interposes a sterner moralist; young women should have no wish to dress beyond their means merely for the sake of rivalling their richer friends. It is here that our theory comes in and har-

monises these opposing views. No man ever feltanything of irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing-sweeper, or attach any value to the amount of open work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt. If young ladies would but believe it-or rather if they did but attach any importance to it when they do believe it-a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance so far as these considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are spotlessly clean and their stockings guiltless of a

wrinkle. We do not say that even these characters, when added to the well-fitting gowns for which we have already stipulated, are to be attained without some expenditure of money, for cleanliness, at least in London, is not a cheap virtue and it is not every dressmaker who knows how to make a dress. But, at any rate, the proposed standard is a good deal easier of attainment than the spurious fine-ladyism after which so many women toil in vain; and we cannot but believe that if girls did but think more of pleasing the other sex and less of vieing with their own, their parents would see reason to bless the change, the next time they came to look

-"Don't you ever go to evening par-"No," said my friend Tom, "I used to, but I am cured."

over their milliners' bill.

"How so," said I, anxious to learn by experience. "Why, you see," said Tom, "I went to one some years back, and fell in love with a beautiful girl. I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor, But I swore vengeance, and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness,

gardless of expense." "Had you your vengeance?" said I. "Yes, I struck that fellow in his most vital part. I never paid that bill. But those infernal clothes were the cause of

and ordered a new suit of clothes, re-

those internal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortune." "How so," said I. "Wearing them, I captivated my present wife! She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since."

Peach Pot-Pie.

"What's that, you innovator? Peach

Pot-Pie 311 "Yes, ma'am-that's exactly what I do mean-a peach pot-pie. Nothing example in the formation of habits, ridiculous about that certainly. I don't know that it is even new to the public. It has not been to me any time these four years. I learned it of a Savoyard chef, and I consider it one of the choicest bits of kitchen science I ever fell heir to .-Please bear it in mind till peach time-

experiment, and become converted. Take nice, tender, lean veal, clear of bone, cut it into shreds, then good, fineflavored peaches-not so ripe to be perish-industry shall meet its reward possible. Have greased as many of the got to following the example of the an inch in depth yeal, peaches and of following the minister's example so make it greasy. A dusting of pepper, a

tom one. Thus fill all the plates then set the first one in the bottom of a steamer or tin kettle, cover it with an inverted | Mary, like a good many others, forgot it plate, then set in another and another, the bag. But what struck me with the until all are stacked in. If the steamer greatest awe, was the appearance of the sused, nothing more is required than do?" said she, "the minister is to be lost tribes, and the double jointed to cover closely, and to steam away for here to-day, and I haven't looked in the an hour and a half. If a kettle is used, book he gave me! How can I answer ally said—'Life is short—prepare for place it in an iron pot or kettle, with water enough to come half way to the inner kettle, and boil as before an hour and a half. Serve the dishes just as they come from the kettle on other plates.

Farmers' Sons.

The sons of farmers commonly think their lot a hard one. Unlike most city youths, they are compelled to perform daily toil. Their life is not one of constant amusement. They cannot see and hear as much as their city cousins.-They do not dress in as fine clothes cannot treat and be treated at the popular saloons, or visit the costly gambling resorts which abound in every city.-Some of them feel that their lot is indeed a hard one, and their highest ambition is to go the city and see "all the

sights." But let us talk to our farmers' boys You are in the right place. You are learning habits of industry and frugality. By your daily toil you are acquiring a sound constitution-a most important matter; and this is one of the easons that most of our great men have come from farmers' boys. They have grown up robust, with constitutions that could endure a great amount of mental labor, which youths from the city, with weak and feeble frames, could

not stand. If you cannot see as much as city is the best dressed girl at a ball, and you youths, neither are you exposed to the vices and temptations of city life, which

You are on the right track-go ahead. Resolve to form no bad habits. Indulge in no intoxicating drinks; if you form a love for them it is almost impossible to self which is the most becoming. The subdue it. Do not acquire the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco, or taking snuff. Read good books; let no opportunity for improvement pass away neglected, and you will grow up useful and

intelligent men. A Point of Order. One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of New York, rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day, in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for length and emptiness, a "gassy" mem ber from the metropolis stopped to take

a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried: "Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman rom New York to order."

The whole assembly was startled and stilled: the member from New York stood aghast, with the glass in his hand,

while the Speaker said; "The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order." To which Mr. Bloss, with great grav

ity, replied: "I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a windmill to go by water." It was a shot beyond wind and water the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and glass down together.

Candor.

There is nothing sheds so fine a light ipon the human mind as candor. was called "whiteness" by the ancients, for its purity; and it always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for, or practised, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow-men, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candor and ingenious truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honor, but none wear better or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must

pay to virtue. -A well-known lawyer being sen for to act as counsel for some men accused of horse stealing in the jail at Waverly, Bremer county, was sent for also by an Irishman in another room in the same prison. "Well, Pat, what do you want with me?" "And what should I want with you but to get me out of this." 'And what are you here for?" "Just for burglary, I believe they call it. "And what is the testimony against "And niver a bit at all. Only you?" I tould the justice of the pace myself that I did it." "Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here." "An' is it that you say? Shure now, and in the counthry I came from nivir a bit would they kape anybody in jail on such a trifling ivi-

dence as that!"

- The funniest story of the age is told by a Detroit paper. A lady suspected her husband of improper intimacy with the hired girl. Without informing her husband of her intention, she sent the girl off that night and went to sleep in the girl's bed. She had not been there long when somebody came and took the other half of the bed. About two hours after the wife rose, intending to reveal the intended infidelity of her spouse, struck a light, when lo! it was the hired

Adam's Fall. A favorite temperance lecturer down South used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad

ruinous in their effect. Adam, and Mary, his wife, who lived in the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks anyway, quite industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a great

deal of a good glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have a glass of good toddy made, and the minister never reslumpy-peal thin and slice as thin as | fused to imbibe. After a while Adam smallest size soup-plates as you will minister to such an extent that he behave plates laid at the dinner-table. On came a drunkard—drank up everything each of these plates have a crust rolled | he had, and all he could get. Mary and out a quarter of an inch thick, and lay in Adam became very poor in consequence thinly sliced potatoes in equal propor- closely; but the minister continued still tions. Add as much butter as will flat to get his glass of toddy. One day he vor the dish, but not so much as to called in and told Mary he was going away for a week-should return on pinch of cinnamon, and then cover with | Friday-and handed her a book containcrust something thinner than the bot- | ing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said yes, and laid away the book carefully. But until the very Friday that the good minister was to return. " What shall I

> the questions?" "I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter, and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of

toddy.' Mary took the advice, gave Adam a quarter and a jug and off he started. After getting his jug filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed the other, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house Mary sked very anxiously for the jug of rum. Poor Adam managed to stammer out that he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and spilt the rum.

Mary was in a fix-Adam drunk-the ainister coming-the rum gone-and the questions unlearned. But here comes the minister! It won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk, so she, for want of a better place to hide, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the min-After sitting a few moments he asked Mary if she could answer the mestion, "How did Adam fall?" Mary turned her head first one way,

and then the other, and finally stam-" He fell over a pile of rocks." It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another ques-

Where did he hide himselfafter the Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she spoke out with, " Under the bed sir! There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about

The good minister retired-not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

Vanity. Talk of the vanity of woman. Is there no vanity in man? Show me one

girl with her pretty head stuffed full of her own beauty and consequence, and I will show you fifty youths, upon whose ips the small down, by much coaxing has ventured to appear, and a hundred nirsute dandies, exulting in a full facial crop of spontaneous growth, who are nore perfectly possessed with a self satisfied estimation of their own irresistible charms than any miss in her teens.

Each of these apologies of men fancles every woman whom he happens to acounter, desperately enamored of him, and is fully persuaded in his own mind that he bears to the fair sex the same relation that the late Martin Scott did to the raccoon. "Don't fire," said the raccoon to the captain, as the latter

was about raising his unerring rifle, "I will come down." "Don't pop the question," damsel, to one of these exquisite lady-killers, "I

will marry you."

Not so Good. A young gentleman was paying special attention to a young lady, and one day a little girl, about five years old, slipped n and began a conversation with him "I can always tell," said she, " when you are coming to our house."

"You can!" he replied; "and how do you tell it?" "Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good, and she gives me cake and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her for anything she slaps and bangs me about." This was a poser to the young gentle

left to return no more. "If any one speak ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of

man. "Fools, and children tell the

truth," quoth he, and taking his hat

him, said: "It is no matter; I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny-a good conscience. - An old Methodist, very good at re ponses, which were not always appropriate though always well-meant, went

: hise " Brethren. I have reached the conclusion of my first point." "Thank God!" ejaculated the man, who set before him profoundly nterested, ina voice that was heard in every part of the church. The last part of that sermon was harder to preach than the first.

one day to hear a popular preacher.

The preacher, usually lucid, was rather

perplexed, and felt it himself. He

labored through the first part, and then

- Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb "a soft answer turneth away rath," says, "that it is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

Miscellaneous.

News from Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 24. THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE. Father Walter has been requested by the Archbishop of Baltimore to cease all controversy relative to Mrs. Surratt's innocence. This ends the matter, and prevents a prepared reply to General Hardie being made public.

THE FRACTIONAL CURRENCY. About \$50,000 worth of defaced o worn-out fractional currency is destroy ed per day, and its place supplied with new, the entire amount in circulation being upwards of \$21,000,000. No more three-cent notes are to be issued, the act of Congress prohibiting them, and the five-cent notes will also gradually be withdrawn. THE SOUTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR.

lina delegation left on the morning train for the South. The governor returns to enter actively upon the work of reconstruction in that State. The radical lamor for his removal had little or no TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC. It is learned here that additional tele-graph facilities are to be immediately royided between the Atlantic and Pa-The United States Pacific relegraph Company have purchased the wire for their new line, and the sec-tion between Chicago and Omaha, N.

Governor Perry and the South Caro

T., and Virginia city to San Francisco, re to be completed before winter sets n, while the whole line will be com oleted within one year. THE MARY LAND APPOINTMENTS AGAIN Hon. Montgomery Blair, in company with a large delegation from Baltimore, and another interview with the President to-day, with reference to the Mary land federal appointments. It will be remembered that two sets of appointments have been made, but commissions issued to neither. They are still in abeyance. The opposing parties to the contest are still earnestly engaged in presenting their respective claims. The Philadelphia and Baltimore delegations ccupied a good portion of the President's time to-day. Two sets have been appointed to office in Baltimore, but

both are hung up for the present. The New York appointments will be delayed THE ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PEN. The case of Captain Wertz, charged with inhuman treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, has been delayed for some days. The specifications set forth that he grossly neglected to care for those placed in his charge; that he re-fused them a sufficient amount of food, and gave spoiled meat, &c., to the men; that he refused them water, and forced them to drink water into which had peen thrown and drained the slops from cook-houses and camps; unduly punishing some for minor offences by chaining them together until they died; giving them no shelter from heat or cold, and

cobbing them of their clothing and blankets. THE SECRETARY OF WAR.
The Secretary of War hasordered that to secure equal justice and the same personal liberty to the freedmen as to other citizens and inhabitants, all orders issued by post district, or other com-manders, adopting any system of passes for or subjecting them to any restraints or punishments, not, imposed on other or punishments not imposed on other classes, are declared void. Neither whites nor blacks will be restrained from seeking employment elsewhere when they cannot obtain it at a just compensation at their homes, and when not bound by voluntary agreements; nor will they be hindered from traveling from place to place on proper and legiti

mate business

Obituary. Died at Cassella, the residence of his arents, in Sewickley, on Tuesday morning last, George Dawson Cass, son of Gen. Jeorge W. Cass.

Death is a fearful visitor, at all times and everywhere. Even the few, who from age, or trouble, or privation, we may think should be "a weary of the world," never welcome the universal destroyer. But there are instances where, not only to the afflicted, but to those who know and sympathise with them, the blow is especially severe—and

this was the case in the unexpected death we have recorded.

The deceased had just passed the age of twenty-one. He was a youth of ability and abundant promise, and his in-dustry, energy, and bodily vigor, seemed to mark him for a long and useful career. His unchanging kindness and devotion to parents, brothers and sisters -his cheerfulness of temper, his constant readiness to gratify the wishes and minister to the comfort of kindred and friends, made him the beloved of all who

dwelt or sojourned in his home. The centre of the affections, and the hope of his family, his loss is unspeakably af-flicting. A wound so terrible cannot be flicting. A wound so terrible cannot be healed by the sympathy of stranger hearts, and we feel how poor and weak any expressions of ours would be, to soothe or assuage the sufferings of the bereaved. Their consolation must come

from the Fountain "whence all blessing flow."-Pittsburg Post. How the Shoddy Broth is Mixed. The New York Tribune discourses as follows about the incongruous admixture of radicalism, shoddy, and all the other odds and ends of the "loyal"

party in Pennsylvania: The contest is very animated over the Philadelphia appointments. There are three slates before the President-the congressional slate, the radical slate, and the Cameron-Forney slate. The Congressmen of the city profess the right to control the Federal appoint ments, and urge Morton McMichael, for Collector; Wm. A. Kern, for Post-master; A. B. Sloanaker, for Surveyor, James Pollock, for Director of the Mint; and Chas. Gibbons for District Attorney. The Radical slate is headed by Thos. Webster as Collector, John Gilber Brown of the Press, for Postmaster, E M. Davis for Surveyor, George I. Richie for District Attorney, and J. Barclay Harding for Director of the Mint. The Cameron-Forney slate would gladly retain Thomas for collector, and Walburn as Postmaster. Cameron wants B. s Postmaster. Cameron wants B. Brewster as District Attorney, while Forney wants Daniel Dougherty, the Forney wants Daniel Dougherty, the eloquent young Irish orator, for that office, and Brown for Postmaster. Col. Fitzgerald was urged by leading mer-chants for the Collectoship, but has withdrawn positively in favor of Thomas and is mentioned as the Union nominee for Governor. M'Clure and Curtin have scattered their preferences over the slates, and are more anxious about the coming election for Senator in place of Cowan, and the Governor also. The friends of Forney hold him in reserve for the Senate. Judge Kelly is in high favor with the Radicals as candidate for

men. Current is reported, with a abroad, and M'Clure run as his candi-date for Governor. Pennsylvania is hard to understand in a political way, and never more mixed up than now.

Senator, while Forney will be supported by the War Democrats and Douglas

nen. Curtin, it is reported, will go

Spicide of a Bank Officer. We regret to learn that William M Beetem, Esq., the well-known Cashier of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, committed suicide, early this morning, by hang-ing himself. The particulars, as far as we have been able to obtain them, are, that Mr. Beetem's mind had been slightly deranged for several days past, and that his singular manners attracted the notice of his friends, and the bank officers, and last evening he passed out of the bank, leaving its doors and safe open. At a later hour, he, in company ith his wife, visited her parents and returning home, retired as usual. This morning Mrs. Beetem proceeded to market, leaving Mr. B. in bed. Upon her return it was discovered that he had arisen, shaved himself and left the room. search was at once made for him. and his body was found hanging in the garret of the residence, with life extinct.-Mr. Beetem has for years been one of the most prominent business men of Carlisle, and his sudden death has cast a gloom throughout the town.—Wed-nesday evening's Harrisbury Telegraph. Y. Herald,

llow to be Independent. Mr. Peter C. Brooks' maxim was that the whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures.' An amusing and singular illustration of that distinguised merchant's maxim is thus given :

" A merchant named Porter once had a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy. Every Saturday night, as Porter wa sitting balancing his cash, a note would come requesting the loan of a "five dollar bill." The money was always punctually restored at eight o'clock on the Monday morning following. But what puzzled the lender was, the person returned the identical note he fact he had made private marks on the

note; still the same was handed back on Monday." "One Saturday evening Porter sent a five dollar gold piece instead of a note and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. Porter got nervous and billious about it; he could hardly sleep at night for thinking about it: he would wake his wife in the middle of the night, and ask her what she thought of such a strange occur-rence. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when news came from the reverend borrower one Christmas eve, asking the loan of ten dollars. A brilliant thought struck him. He put on his great coat, resolving to call and demand an explanation of the mystery When he was shown into his friend's study, he found him plunged into the

profoundest melancholy."
"Mr. B." said the lender, "if you will answer me one question I will lend you that ten dollars. How does it happen that you always pay me the money you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday morning?"

The person raised his head, and, after a violent internal stringgle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said in flattering tones: "Porter, you are a after a gentleman, a Christian, and a New Yorker; I know I can rely on your invaluable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor; and when, on Saturday, I have bought my Sunday dinner, I seldom have a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his con-gregation properly without he has something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have, there-fore, borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasio ally as I preached on Sunday. know how independently I do preach-how I make the rich shake in their shake in their shoes. Well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five-dollar bill in my pocket. Of course never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning. But, to-morrow Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach, and I thought I would try the fect of a ten-dollar bill sermon

The Former-Home and Family of Henry

A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial tells the following story of Ashland, the late homestead of Henry Clay, and the history of

his descendents: "The homestead of Henry Clay is now oratorial displays, than the in coupled by the family of Hon. Thomas clay, one of his sons, and present Min-Gen. Howard should adop ster to one of the South American governments. It is owned by the heirs of James B. Clay, a degenerate son of the great statesman, who, it will be remem-bered, died in Canada, about a year ago. The house in which Mr. Clay lived, when at home, was torn down, years since, by James, and a magnificent structure erected on its site, and there is nothing now about the place to remind one of him who once owned and honored it except the family buggy in which the old man and his wife used to drive about, and the oak trees in front of the house, beneath which he used to sit and talk with family and friends. 'Mr. Clay had five sons. them survived him. One, who bore his father's name, was killed in the Mexican war. Thomas, as I have said, is

now a government minister. John is living on one-half of the old homestead (now divided into two farms.) lied a fugitive in a foreign land, and Theodore (the oldest of the family) is, and has been for twenty-five years, an nmate of an insane asylum still avowing to every one that he is the original George Washington, and refusing to reond to a call by any other name. Mr. Clay had no possessions of any kind at the time of his death, with the exception of Ashland, which was, of course, orth a considerable sun; but even that was very heavily mortgaged, he thought at one time he would be compelled to abandonit to his creditors.

to pay one of his notes, he was told that he did not owe a cent. Kind and gener-ous friends had taken his case in his hand and lifted the pecuniary burden from his shoulders."

until one day when he entered the bank

President Johnson and the Radicals. The course pursued by Presiden Johnson in reconstructing the South has completely broken up the political parties of the North. The democratic party has gradually been drawn into the ranks of his supporters, while the radical wing of the republicans has fallen off. There is very little doubt that Johnson will turn out a democrat: that he will be a freetrader and stric constructionist, and that the party which ultimately will support him is the one which opposed his election to the Vice Presidency. Johnson now gives daily audiences to Northern democrats, and says he wishes to see all the leaders of the party.' Several of these gentlemen who have recently visited him, and who entered his reception room quite skepti-cal as to their belief in his reported Democracy, have left the audience highly delighted. His views they consider as sound and conservative Democracy. He sound and conservative Democracy. He is opposed to negro suffrage, opposed to repudiation, military trials and military governments. In his appointment of Southern provisional Governors he has Roughdom had, in fact, a perfect carniselected, he says, men who, without regard to their former connexion with the rebellion, enjoy the greatest confidence of thepeople of the States they are to govern. ed out a well defined path. They are to make the military power subordinate to the civil authorities. They are to es-tablish post routes and assist in opening the channels of trade. Beyond these form are to assemble a State Convention as quickly as possible and have the am-nesty oath as universally taken as pos-sible. When the State Convention assembles it is to be the governing power and what it prescribes these provi Governors are to carry out. Of the Northern radical republicans Mr. Johnson talks as sneeringly as ever a demo-crat could. His dislike of them and

their measures cannot be concealed.

Reduction of the Army and Navy. We again impress upon the government the necessity of a speedy and large reduction of the public expenses. The eduction of the public expenses. army should be reduced to a minimum of twenty-five thousand men, and the navy in the same proportion.

That is all the troops we require to garrison the forts in the South and on the Western frontier. The rebellion is completely subdued. There may, and here doubtless will be, a great deal of talk and bluster among the Southern politicians; but there will never again

a large standing army a necessity.

The aspirations of the South for a separate independence have received a quietus. It is the duty of government, therefore, to reduce the expenses as rapidly as possible; and if it is not done at once the "national blessing" of Jay Cooke will soon amount to five thousan millions instead of three thousand.—N.

for a century to come, be any show o

nostility to the government, renderin

NUMBER 30. "Poor Old Uncle Ned."

The head of the Freedman's Bureau, General Howard, has notified the wheat and tobacco growers of Maryland that if they do not cease turning off their old slaves to starve, or neglect to employ them, the government will take possession of their farms and put freedmen to work on their lands. Slavery, it must be remembered, has been abolished in Maryland. The planters no longer have the advantage of the services of the ablebodied negroes; yet, according to Gen. Howard's dictum, they are either comnelled to maintain in idleness the old will be taken possession of by the government, and the freedmen put to work member that he is in free America, and not in Russia.) The government, in effect, robs the planter of the services of all able-bodied servants, and then requires him to feed, clothe and house the fathers, mothers and helpless children of these same freedmen. A more glaring instance of injustice and wrong, and a more discreditable threat than General Howard makes, is not to be found in the long catalogue of administrative usurpa-tion during the past four years. The slaves in Maryland, being freed, the planters are released from all legal moral obligation, except in so far common humanity requires, to feed clothe or take care of them. Gradual emancipation was urged to avoid the very sufferings which General Howard s to cure, but the radicals would not listen to suggestions so humane and proper. Now, seeing that immediate emancipation has inflicted a grievous wrong upon the negroes, it is ordered in a very czaratic style, that the late slave owners shall be made to bear its all the labor that made slavery profita-ble, yet, under penalty of confiscation, are made to assume burthens which they had no hand in creating. a fair type of Abolition humanity, and is about on a par with the zeal with which these earnest patriots were will-

ing to sacrifice their wives' relations to bring the war to a close. We are surprised that Gen. Howard, New Englander as he is, did not borrow an idea from home, for the relief of these indigent Uncle Nedsandsuffering Aunt Crows. In the New England States, the town poor—poor whites—are let out annually to the lowest bidder, the successful operator in Yankee flesh and blood, obligating himself to feed and clothe the unfortunates for a year, being at liberty to exact as much labor from them as possible. In Connecticut, the State poor are rented out, at for the lot from \$1,200 to \$2,000 per year. In the towns, the direct care of the great mass of the paupers falling on the local authorities, the rates, as we learn from the last market report, in a Connecticut paper, are as follows: "Newtown, 4,000 inhabitants, \$900 a year; last year owing to the high price of provisions, about \$500 extra was paid. Barkhamsted, 1,300 inhabitants, the sum of \$450 was paid, and the contractor was Mr. Mason, of New Hartford, who also keeps New Hartford poor. Towns of 1,000 to 1,500 inhabi ants pay \$500 to \$600 a year, the lowest bidder taking the paupers. heard of instances of cruelty to these paupers, rivalling anything the imagi-nation of Mrs. Stowe has produced, but they rarely excited remark. It was all done "in the interest of God and hu-manity," by "the party of great moral ideas;" and besides, slavery at the South

was a much better subject for glowing oratorial displays, than the misery and Gen. Howard should adopt in Mary-New England system of disposing of the poor and unfortunate. The impression is that his National-Joint-Stock-Negro-Amelioration-and-Comfortably-Providing Company will have on their hands old or lazy to earn their hog and homi ny. They should immediately be sold off in New England style to the lowest bidders. We have no doubt that some the Vankee operators in such "trades," who know to a nicety the exact amount of brown bread and codfish that will sustain life, would be willing to take the whole lot, on a venture, and at a reasonable price.—Pittsburg

Soldiers, not Hangmen General Sherman lately made a few remarks to some people at St. Louis. during which he seized the occasion of an interruption by a sneaking radical, to administer to the Stauton-Hunter

Holt hangman's arrangement the following cut. Said he: "You have cities to build, railroads to build, commerce to develop, agriculture to encourage—everything to do to build up a great nation. [A voice--"And Jeff. Davis to hang."] Hang him as much as you please. [Laughter and cheers.] On that subject I tell my soldiers this: The soldier's duty is to fight an armed foe; allow the sheriff and the iailor to do their executions. It is none of our business. [Cheers.] part, I and all my soldiers

selves in too much respect to be hang-Sherman spoke "by the book," for not a true or successful soldier has ever been a member of one of those despicable military commissions, or has been guilty of playing the infamous part of

hangman.

A Country Village Sacked. HUDSON, N. Y., July 26.
This city was visited yesterday by a gang of roughs and thieves, who accompanied the

(fuard from Albany. The scoundrels spread all over the city, robbing and knocking down the itizens to their hearts' content. a long time they kept this up, for there was no one to make them afraid. When starting to return to the boat they commenced a series of the most brutal and devilish outrages, and still they were allowed to have their way. They amused themselves by firing stones, revolvers and guns at the people, vary-ing this order of things occasionally by striking them with their clubs and fists,

A young man named Race, of Hudson, was shot in the leg. A boy named Berry had his arm broken. Another boy was badly beaten over the head with a club. Officer Salspaugh, aged seventy years, was pounded almost into a jelly. Many other persons were badly

beaten and injured. The saloons and drinking places in the city were completely cleaned out, and their occupants abused in the most shameful manner. Over three thousand one hundred of whom were the very worst species of "roughs." Many per sons were robbed of their watches, money, and other valuables. Prospect Hill was covered with men, women and children, who had been driven from their homes, and compelled

to fly by the roughs for their lives

Only six arrests were made, and those were let off to-day, with a light fine.—
The whole affair was one of the most

outrageous ever perpetrated upon a law and order-loving community. How long such dastardly outrages are to be tolerated with patience remains to be seen. -Doctor, "I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse, and says, "there is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look atmy tongue, just look at it: now say what does that need ?"

"I guess that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement. -When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he'd had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, though she had fifty relations who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it. The Crops.

ARMSTRONG COUNTY .- The Kittanning Free Press thus discourses: The present season has been a prolific one to the agriculturists of Armstrong county. is well as to those of the whole country All over the country we hear but one response—that the present harvest is the most productive of any for some years, in every respect. The hay crop has been an extraordinary yield, and those having cattle and horses to feed smile complemently as they view the productors. placently as they view the ponderons shocks dotting the shorn meadows.— The enormous healthy product of the wheat field causes the countenance of the good house-wife to be illuminated with a genial glow, because she, for a season, will not be troubled with "sunny" bread. The oats crop is the heaviest general crop known in Armstrong county for many years, and will produce a material change in the price of grain, which, while it may not prove entirely satisfactory to the producer, will be hailed by the purchaser as a precursor of better Horses that have heretofore een frameworks, will, in fat and kick in the traces. The rye crop! See that jolly distiller, how complacent y he strokes his whiskers in contemplating the anticipated cheapness of "stock in trade." At present prices of

"stock in trade." At present prices of the "extract" large profits may be safely counted. NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.-Says he Miltonian: We never saw corn looking finer at this time of year than it now does in the northern part of this

county, except on some of the low lands on the river bank which wereoverflowed this spring. SOMERSET COUNTY.—The Democrat says: The weather has been very un-favorable to the farming community. There has been so much rain and cloudy weather that it was almost impossible to secure the hay and grain in seasonable state The crops now being garnered are heavier than they have been for many years. The Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Buckwheat, Barley and Po-

tatoes are remarkably fine.
The Democrat thinks Mediterranean wheat better suited than any other to the elevated region of Somerset. It says: That the Mediterranean wheat is better adapted to this climate than any other kind we think has been fully de-monstrated this season. Every kind of wheat, it is said, has been injured by the weevil and rust, except the Mediterranean. It matures sooner and for that reason is better adopted to our cold climate and late seasons. Our farmers should sow this kind of wheat and sow more of it. There is no reason why this county should not produce all the wheat consumed in it. Experience proves that by the use of good fertilizers, such as lime and manure, as much wheat can be raised here to the acre, as elsewhere, and yet every year, flour is being imported from the neighboring counties. We ed from the neighboring counties. We think that 20 bushels of wheat can be raised to the acre in any ordinary season and according to that yield, there is no good reason why we should depend upon our neighbors in Westmorland and Bedford to supply us with the 'staff of life."

Melancholy Occurrence---Three Chil-

dren Drowned.

We are called upon to record a most

melancholy occurrence, which took place on Wednesday evening last, about two miles from this borough, by which three interesting children of Mr. Joseph Wentzel, of Pottsgrove township, were drowned. The facts of the case are about as follows:—During the absence of Mr. Wentzel, who was employed in this borough, his wife locked up the house, and taking her children, five in number, with her, went on a visit to her fathe Mr. Jacob Mauger, who owns a mill on Sprogle's Creek, and who lives probably a mile distant from Mr. Went-In the evening when Mrs. Wentzel wished to return home, the very heavy rain which passed over this vicinity, came up, and Sprogle's Creek, from a small, quiet stream, over-flowed its banks suddenly, and became a roaring torrent. After the shower was over, Mr. Henry Mauger, abrother of Mrs. Wentzel, undertook to take her and her children home in a carriage, and in doing so, attempted to cross the creek, near Mr. Mauger's. When the horse had got fairly into the stream. which was deep and rapid, he fell down, upsetting the carriage and throwing its occupants out into the creek. Mr. Mauger managed to get out, and Mrs. Wentzel was also rescued after being carried under two or three times. One of the children clung to the wagon and was takenoutsafely, and another was rescued, when nearly dead, about three hundred ards down the stream, by its grandfather, Mr. Mauger. The other three children were carried rapidly away, and perished in the raging waters. One of them was found the same evening, but the bodies of the two others were not reovered until the next morning when the flood had subsided. The names of the drowned children were Hannah, aged near ten years; Mary, aged five and Charles, a little baby boy of only eight months. The horse which was attached to the wagon, after falling down, became entangled in the gears and was also drowned.—Pottstown Led-

THE FORTRESS MONROE correspondent of the New York Herald, writing on the 25th, gives the following infor-mation in relation to Jefferson Davis: Jeff. Davis was last evening allowed to come out of his casemate, and take a walk inside the fortress. An officer and guard accompanied him. He protracted his walk nearly an hour. This is the first occasion of his being allowed outside his casement since he was first put in there on the 21st of May last. Dr. Craven, his medical custodian, I am told, advised that unless he be allowed outdoor exercise he would not live much longer. The late extraordinary heat— the thermometer one day indicating one hundred and seven degrees in the

shade inside the fort-has had a very debilitating as well as depressing effect on him. In a recent letter I stated that, notwithstanding contradictions of my pre-vious statement that Davis was in declining health and would not survive six weeks longer close incarceration, I was not prepared to modify that statement, but fully and implicitly believed the facts set forth to be true. The truth of this statement is confirmed in the permission just given to Davis to take outdoor exercise. It is understood that this permission is to be allowed him every day, at least to an extent giving assurance of preservation of his health and life.

Somnambulic, A returned soldier, whose name we will not mention, created a hubbub generally about 3 o'clock on Saturday morning by taking a night stroll with no clothing on his person but his shirt.
To quiet his nerves he took a dose of laudanum, which had the effect of bringing on a delirium. Jumping out a second story window, he walked to Dipple's tavern, got into a window and ightened some of the inmates. Leavng there, he got into Mrs. Kemmer ing's garden, where, being taken for a ing's garden, where, being taken for a robber, a pistol was fired at him. That region being too hot, he betook himself to the canal, and waded in, but finding it, perhaps, too cool, he returned to his home, where he found the neighbors aroused, ready to start on a search for him, for fear he might, in his bewilder-

A FELLOW in Arostook, Maine, advertising for a wife, describes himself as follows:

drowned.—Lewistown Democrat

"I am eighteen years old, have a good sett of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the Star-Spangled Banner, and the 4th of July. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it down. My buckand seeded ten of it down. My buck-wheat looks first rate, and the cats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two-year old bull, and two heifers, besides a house and barn. I want to get married. I want to buy-bread and butter, hoop skirts and water-falls for the female persuasion during falls for the female persuasion during my life. That's what's the matter with me. But I don't know how to do it,"