Merchants and others, advertising their business ill be charged \$15. They will be entitled to 4 dumn, confined exclusively to their business, with

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OB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fanplors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every vaand style, printed at the shortest notice. The ORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power ses, and every thing in the Printing line can and down trodden. Many times were the executed in the most artistic manner and at the blacks heard to exclaim in the bitterness rest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Bradford Keporter.

FROM HARRISBURG.

Harrisburg, April 22, 1865. Wednesday the 19th was indeed a day him. Still they were all the time good nanourning in the Capitol of the State. tured and kind. Separating the masses itical parties, denominational differences, when they reached the door so that but social inequalities disappeared, and all two should enter at the same time. But mourners together. When the news for the exertions of these soldiers it would reached here that Mr. Lincoln was as- have been extremely difficult, if not imposssinated, one or two irresponsible, incon-sible, for all to have got into the hall where derate persons made use of some improp- the corpse was deposited. The whole arexpressions, but on the day of the fun- rangements were admirable, and the plan citizens generally wore crape upon the It is believed that there was no accident fram, all kinds of business was sus- of any kind occurred during the evening or nded, the churches were filled and the the succeeding day. It is very seldom that ferent clergymen gave vent to their feel- such a crowd is together so long and such rs in words of sorrowful eloquence, while a procession marches so great a distance, ir hearers expressed their grief in tears and so many large guns are fired, with a ad sobs. So much true, genuine mourn- press around them constantly, without was never before seen in Harrisburg. | more or less accidents. On Friday, at eight o'clock p. m., the The face of Mr. Lincoln was considerarrived at the depot of the Pennsylvania was quite natural. The family were not ailroad, and was escorted by a large num- with the party that came on from Washer of selected pall-bearers and military ington, but are yet in that city. flicers through different streets to the It is useless, and perhaps unwise, to apitol, where they were deposited in the moralize at this time. Still one cannot rease of Representatives. The cars bring- frain from allowing the mind to run into ng the corpse were clad in the deepest the future. Every one who has read hisurning, and they appeared impressively tory, even hastily, must look back to the The Hall was fitted up days when nations that have long ago ith great taste and skill. The corpse ceased to exist began to decline, and comas placed directly in front of the Speak- pare their situation with ours at present. 's desk, the head toward the desk, the Corruptions, rebellions, assassinations of e pale face of the man who but eight other in rapid succession. So has it been lys before was the hope and pride of the with us. ation, and then passed out the windows firectly back of the desk. The arrangeent could not have been better, and great

When the corpse arrived at the depot rain was falling rapidly, still the crowd immense, tens of thousands of people od in the streets for a full hour, notthstanding the great rain.

edit is due to the committee which had

The hearse drawn by six white horses ed slowly to the Capitol, while the tollbells spoke forth a nation's grief, the nons roared, but loud above the cans was heard the thunders of Heaven's lery, and the clouds poured down their tents as if the very elements of Nature

The crowd at the Capitol was so dense, the anxiety to see so great, that it reed all the authority of military discito keep the way clear. Still there no boisterousness, but a serious de nination to look upon the face of ABRA-M LINCOLN, dead. The corpse was exsed from ten till twelve Friday night, d the passages through the room were

wded every moment. At twelve the doors were closed and ards placed by the side of the coffin and and the building all night. The doors re again opened at seven in the morning, long before six, thousands were waitaround the hall for entrance. At sevthe broad walk from the front of the pitol to the Brady House, was crowded h human beings. It was one solid mass living humanity moving, or rather being oved, toward the doors. On all the other enues to the Capitol through the yard, it s the same. From seven till nine the ass continued to press in with the same gerness, and without any abatement as numbers. State and Third Streets, and yard, were constantly filled with men. nen and children, all crowding forward see the corpse. Many came out of the se with eyes suffused with tears. Strong n wept, women sobbed, and even chil-

At ten the coffin was closed, the pallirers bore it to the hearse, and the long cession proceeded with slow, solemn p through several of the streets to the ot, where the corpse was again placed he cars and proceeded to Philadelphia. There was quite a military display in the ession. The infantry, artillery and valry, were all represented. Gen. Cab-ADER, and Admiral FARRAGUT, were ong the officers of high grade. The ets through which the procession moved e filled with people. It did not appear a moving mass, but all were stationa-It is difficult to estimate the number sent, but there must have been at least enty thousand in the streets. Still there no pushing and pulling, no rough wding and jamming, no loud, boister-

indeed a funeral procession. The bells tolled and the cannons sent pse was taken from the Capitol till the self a serious vice.

appearance was upon every face. It

Bradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXV.

cars had moved out of the city, and the

solitary gun at Fort Washington, upon the

stantly, and determined to get into the

Selected Loetry.

THE LOST CHIEF.

He filled the nation's eye and heart,

An honored, loved, familiar name So much a brother, that his fame

Seemed of our lives a common part.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,

As if on each strained sinew swung

His changing face what pen can draw-

Pathetic, kindly, droll or stern;

Pride found no idle space to spawn

Her fancies in his busy mind:

He was his Country's-not his own!

Her flag upon the heights of power,

Stainless and unassailed to place-

Was bent through every burdened hour.

The veil that hides from our dull eves

A hero's worth, Death only lifts;

While he is with us all his gifts

Find hosts to question, few to prize.

But done the battle-won the strife,

The clay-cold brows undecked in life.

And men of whom the world will talk,

And only, as they quit us, prove

That giant souls have shared our walk.

For Heaven-aware what follies lurk

O, loved and lost! Thy patient toil

With not a Slave on all her soil!

In our weak hearts-their mission done

Snatches her loved ones from the sun

Hath robed our cause in Victory's light

Our country stood redeemed and bright

Again over Southern towns and towers

And as the weeks to summers grew

'Mid peals of bells, and cannon-bark,

And shouting streets and flags abloom-

Sped the shrill arrow of thy doom,

Thick clouds around us seem to press:

The heart throbs quickly-then is still

"Father," 'tis hard to say, "Thy will

And, raised on Faith's white wings, unfurled

In heaven's pure light, of him we say :

"HE FELL upon the self-same day

A GREATER DIED TO SAVE THE WORLD!

The eagles of our Nation flew:

Each day a new success was ours

And-in an instant-all was dark!

Be done!" in such an hour as this

His blood is freedom's encharist

And the world's great hero-list

A martyr to the cause of man.

His name shall lead the van!

In the same hour that crowns their work.

For ages hence, may noteless move;

When torches light his vaulted tomb,

Broad gems flash out and crowns illum-

To this one end his earnest face

He had no wish but for her weal:

Nor for himself could think or feel

No just appraisal 'till withdrawn

But as a laborer for her throne.

The inmost truth of all he saw.

And with a glance so quick to learn

His worth-like health or air-could find

Was with such nervous tension strung.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 4, 1865.

NUMBER 49.

Select Tale.

"WHO DID IT?"

west side of the river, answered its fellows at the Arsenal, and the reverberations About a half a mile from the village of of all rolled along the river and valley, Poaktown, facing the high road to Balston, and were echoed and re-echoed from the and separated from the river Poak by a far-off mountains. So passed from the small garden and a belt of trees, is a long low cottage, known in the neighborhood as "The Building." It originally consisted of Capitol of the Commonwealth, all that is left on earth of the man whom of all othtwo cottages, and went by the name of ers the people delighted to honor, and who Marwood's Buildings ;" but who Marwood was looked upon as a father, by the poor was, and what induced him to build such uncomfortable cottages, had escaped the The sitting room on the ground floor, and of their souls: "We have lost the best two bed-rooms above. The original partiearthly friend that God has ever given us.' tion wall between the two cottages, and Great credit is due to the guards that the two separate staircases, still remained were stationed around and in the Capitol. One led from the sitting-room to the bed room above where Mr. Vance, the present The throng were pressing upon them con-

went from the kitchen to the bed-room of room, each before the one standing beside Mary Edgecomer, his only servant. Mr. Joseph Vance, who was a spare built clean-shaven man of about forty, with gray hair, and no whiskers; and with nothing remarkable about him except a deep cui over his right eve-brow, had now been oc cupying the building for a little over a year. When he first came into the neigh borhood, the gossip of Poaktown had spec ulated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their con jectures. He never himself volunteered any ral a deep, solemn gloom settled down up- of the committee having the matter in information as to his previous life, except all. Every house was draped in black, charge was well and faithfully carried out. that on one occasion he had been heard to say something which led to the inference that he had been a sea captain. People too, who had been inside "the buildings' since Vance's tenancy had noticed the drawing of a ship, and some shells lying about room. This was considered enough to confirm his statement, and on the strength of it the villagers called him the captain.

Nothing more was known of the captain, and curiosity about him had nearly died out when Sarah Epps, on her return from Stokeortal remains of our lamented President bly discolored, although the countenance mouth, where she had been on a visit to her sister, who had married a pilot at that flourishing seaport, brought news about him, which set the village ear tingling for some time. The pilot, her brother-in-law. remembered the captain when he was in the China trade, and Sarah was full of smuggling stories, and even piracy, in which the captain had taken a leading part. But then all knew that Sarah was an incorrigible gossip, and that any story under her management would grow considerable The captain meanwhile troubled himself very little about the village talk, living a quiet life in his lonely cottage, with his nly servant, a buxom widow of thirty-five. adience walked in in double file, viewed of the head of the nation, followed each Sarah Epps had been heard to say that she was more than a servant to him, but then nobody minded Sarah's tittle-tattle

About the time our story commences, the captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy going, well-to-do gentle man of Poaktown, began to think, as he expressed it, he should like to see the color of the captain's money. The house had been occupied for more than a year, and not a penny of rent had he yet been paid. ready money had not been plentiful with the captain, and that for the last eight or nine months little or nothing had b the captain lived a quiet, simple life. it was reckoned that, altogether, they must amount to over £100; and that was a serious sum to the village tradesmen, and to all appearance a very difficult one for the captain to pay. He was dunned, and legal proceedings were threatened, but all atexcuses. The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular ing for 12 o'clock on the following Monday, when," the captain wrote, "he would sat isfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid in to his account at

Poaktown and hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilbank at Balston, where he stayed about ten minutes and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat looking pocket-book .-Johnny then waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove

straight home to the "building." At six o'clock on Sunday morning, the indoor and Mary Edgecombe, white with tertain, had been robbed and murdered in the night. The inspector was almost immedifully, for it was whispered that the of the village, consisting of two police- from London. men, set off with him for the "building. Mary Edgecombe, who seemed utterly pros- all that the inspector had to tell. trated, remained under the care of the in-

spector's wife. tor found the front undisturbed, the win- his debts to-morrow." dows closed, and the doors locked. On going round to the back, the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be opened, and on entering the sitting-room, drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bed-room, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in if a heavy body had been pressed down up- na house. And you suspect no one?" on it. A large clasp knife stained with blood was lying on the pillow, and by the note." door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered, He took the pocket-book, and IF you see half a dozen faults in a woman looked carefully through it-it was empty ; you may rest assured she has half a dozen but lying near it, and upining the door, was you may rest assured she has half a dozen but lying near it, and upining the door, was all over," when you may rest assured she has half a dozen but lying near it, and upining the door, was man's all over," and upining the door, was a stalk, or low jests, but a solemn, mourn-virtues to counterbalance them. We love a piece of neatly folded paper. It had eyyour faulty women, and fear your faultless idently fallen from the pocket-book while

wishing to carry about him nothing which outside were getting more excited. might aid detection, had left the pocket-book | thought that, now the London detective had this paper. Policeman Jones was imme- from his hiding place, and handed over to diately sent off to Balston with the paper, justice. Time, however, went on, and Perto enquire of the bank manager whether kins was still inspecting the premises, while those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the captain the day before; and, if so, to take measures to stop of the murder, and any facts he might as- assertion did not meet with the disappro-

the body? From the blood on the stairs of waiting. and in the sitting-room, and the open gargrass were the footprints of a man, the occupier of the building, slept; the other toes pointing toward the house, and the wards, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass plot, and half way through the belt of trees, the footprints continued; there they ceased .-On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a long heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance a few feet the ground had been dug up as f it had been intended to bury the body there. This project, however, had been al most immediately given up, for the work was scarcely begun. The murderer had been interrupted, or perhaps had though of a better plan for disposing of the body But where? The policeman and inspector looked at one another; they had come to the same conclusion. Sure enough, on the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward not backward, and impression was clear and sharp. body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish -there would be little difficulty in dragging it -Drags were sent for, and the inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to ad mit no one except on business.

The inspector had hardly finished his breakfast, when Policeman Jones returned from Balston. He had been eminently successful. The bank manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank notes paid the day before to the cap tain. The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob & Co., the great China and quiries in the town, and at the railway sta- every possible direction. The result seemed tion. At the station he found that a man satisfactory, for he pocketed them. in a greatcoat and wide-awake hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, and who dug grave under the trees, and the impresseemed to avoid observation, had left that sion in the wet leaves seemed to interest had offered a £5 note in payment for his like one preoccupied with his own thoughts The fact had for some time been gradually dawning on the neighbors that, since the difficulty he had in getting change so ticket. The clerk remembered this, from They came to the river. first months he had occupied the building, early on Sunday morning. The note was spector, pointing to the two boats which man and orders for his apprehension had The sums owing were not large, for been telegraphed to London, and an answer But had been received, stating that the police were on the murderer's track, but that, to make all safe, a detective would be in Poaktown by the middle of the day.

Mary Edgecombe, who had partially rethe building." She identified the clasptempts to get money were only met by civil knife, pocket-book, and various articles of clothing which were lying about the captain's room, as belonging to him. She staletter was sent to them, appointing a meet- ted that she had retired at 9 o'clock on the previous night, and that she had heard no noise during the night. She was posivive that no one was in the house when she went to bed, except herself and the captain. But the garden door was often left unlocked On Saturday the captain walked into and could be opened from the outside. The inspector was satisfied. The motive was a detective? clear enough; the police were close upon son, the landlord's son, drove him to the the murderer's track; all that was now

wanted was the body. He turned to the river, pleased at the promptness and energy he had shown, and chuckled to think that the London detec tive would find nothing to do when he did arrive The drags had now been at work for some time, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and habitants of the quiet High street of Poak-town were aroused by a violent knocking able angle, but no body had been found. at the door of the police station. The policeman who was on night duty opened the a gig drove up to the building, and a dap per little man in a frock coat buttoned to ror, and panting for breath, nearly fel' into his the chin, and with a heavy black mousarms gasping out that her master, the cap- tache, jumped out, The crowd which had collected by this time, made way respectately called, and the whole available force ger was no other than Detective Perkins

In a few minutes the detective had heard "Wait one moment," said he, "let's get it all straight. All the village, you say, On reaching the "building," the inspec- knew the captain would have money to pay

> The inspector nodded. Which amounted in all to £100, more or less ?"

The inspector nodded again. 'And he drew out of the bank £270. Was that the whole legacy ?" "It was" He didn't want £270 to pay £100, did

This was a new light to the inspector. who shook his head cautiously. "From whom did the order to oney come ?"

Cowie, Nabob & Co." "Cowie, Nabob & Co.," repeated Perkins. the middle of it was a deep indention, as referring to his note-book; "the great Chi-"No one, except the man who passed the

"Of course. But this woman who lived thing." with him-" suggested Perkins.

The inspector shook his head.

"No one who had a grudge against him tal of which amounted to £270. Here was river.

a clue at once. The murderer evidently They entered the building. The crowd behind, but in his hurry had overlooked come, the murderer would be soon dragged

"He's no conjuror. I told ye so afore them. He also received orders to telegraph said one sturdy countryman, who had been immediately to Scotland Yard an account a skeptic from the first. And this time his bation it had called forth when pronounced So far so good; but where, after all, was half an hour before. The crowd were tired

Perkins, meanwhile, unconscious of ho den door, it was presumed that it had been tile criticism, had looked over the kitchen removed from the house. After locking and Mary's bed-room, but without making the bed-room door, the inspector proceeded any discovery. When he came to the capit, and took a general survey. He then proceeded to the details. He raised the chairs, heels deeply indented in the soft earth. The and then put them down again in their orrest of the footprints were partially oblit- iginal positions, repeating this operation first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side view, and then the other side view till he had exhausted it, and the potience of the inspector. He then stood, and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to make the impression which still remained on it. There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He pulled out the drawers and examined the wardrobe of the deceased man. A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next attracted his attention. He examined them carefully Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he brought out his pocket-book, and referred to something written in it. He then examined the boot again, and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed 'Boots, I suppose, are the captain's?"

"Yes, his servant identifies them," said the inspector, who was rapidly coming What on earth could it matter whether the captain had two or three pairs of boots? At last Perkins finished his examination of the bed-room, and went down stairs, inspecting each stair as he went. These apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded into a broad grin.
"You see how it was done?" asked the

inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb. Perkins smiled: he was not the man to commit himself. He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting paper .-These he examined attentively India bankers. Jones had then made in them up to the light and turning them in The footprints in the garden, the half

morning for London by the 5:30 train. He him a little. He examined them, but only "We're dragging the river," said the in-

produced and found to be one of those stolen from the captain. A description of the Ah, ves !" said Perkins, as if he thought

that the necessity of doing so had never struck him. The man's a perfect fool," thought the

And now about this captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprint he covered from her fright, was now taken to could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Vance

you say. What is he captain of?"
"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China "China!" repeated Perkins, as if the

China," repeated the inspector, gruffly. He was losing all patience; how on earth did such a born idiot ever become

What sort of a man is he?" "Tall, spare-built, about forty, gray hair

and no whiskers." Deep cut over the right eyebrow. ded Perkins, quietly, as he stooped and fit ted the boot into the impression Yes," said the inspector, puzzled a

Perkins knowledge. 'He never went by that name here, did he?" said Perkins, handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Compton."

He was getting more and more puzzled. Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Vance; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's

safe enough there." And he jerked his head towards the river

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's nearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope around his neck yet. It's a plan.man: don't you see he has murdered himself, and bolted with the swag? That room somehow looked queer. It was overdone—too much blood, and too regular. When I found that boot, I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkins, pulling the sheets of blotting paper out of his pocket and holding them to the inspector. There, all over them were the words Cowie, Naknown so well.

the their loud peals, from the time the defects which she must have, is of itthe was taken from the Capitol till the self a serious vice.

beautiful snake. The power of concealing three, and written on it were the numbers enough to account for this," said the inthe defects which she must have, is of itthe defects which she must have the numbers and the cannot have the she was tried by the name of Joseph not learn the great reson that must have the numbers and the cannot have the number ha

natural life. His creditors at Poaktown were the only persons who regretted him.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION IN MODERN

A crime so horrible as assassination is held in detestation and abhorrence by every civilized people. The savage tribes of America, by whom it is systematically practiced, resort to it only to avenge the mur-der of a relative. Unless under peculiar circumstances, it carries with it the presumption of cowardice, the exceptions being where the horrid deed is done in public, and the perpetrator places his own life in imminent hazard, either from the fury of the populace or those more regular steps felon's death. The assassin of Mr. Lincoln to the garden. Outside the door on the tain's bed-room, he stood in the middle of could hardly hope to escape, though the murderer-in intent, if not in fact -of Mr. Seward had more chance in his favor .-There are not wanting, in recent times, plenty of instances of attempts being made to assassinate royal or other eminent politerated, as if something heavy had been dragged over them. The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room back-the bed. He looked at it from all points—to assassinate royal or other eminent political personages; but they have almost invariably miscarried from one cause or anvariably miscarried from one cause or another The attempts on the life of Napoonce repeated, the Emperor of the French still lives. We are many of us old enough to remember the plot of Fiaschi to murder own Queen and the love which is borne her cess Royal; and at another time, a captain of dragoons assaulted her Majesty by moved. horsewhipping her. The successful attempt in the case of Mr. Percival, shot by Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1811. Bellingham acted from a sense of personal injury. A Russian merchant, he attributed his ruin to Position. chant, he attributed his ruin to Percival, and took this means of revenge. At a still later date, within about twenty years, an attempt was made on the life of Sir Robert Peel, and the ball intended for him struck or Walworth was an inordinate lover of and killed his private secretary, Mr. Drum- cold water. Silas Wright, on the contrary, mond. In 1820, was formed the Cato-street conspiracy, with Thistlewood at its head, for the purpose of assassinating the whole the bar were present, a slightly inebriated British Cabinet, at a dinner to be given at individual arose, and offered the following Lord Hatrowby's house in Grosvenor square. | toast :- "Here's to the two greatest men The conspiracy was denounced by government spies, and Thistlewood was executed Wright, who between them drink more for the crime. About twenty years before this time, a madman named Hadfield fired United States!" This compliment the from the pit of Drury Lane Theatre at Chancellor thought rather a doubtful one. George III. in his box, and, missing his aim, was tried for treason, but not convic-

ted, on account of his irresponsible condition. He was kept in confinement for safewith a knife as he was alighting from his nan was treated as a maniac, and confined litical personages taken together were not morning, as she wished me. attended with as much success as the two which were made simultaneously at Washington last Friday night. The those attempts is more unusual than the acts themselves. And the reasons for that success are plain. An English King may be fired at, as we have seen, from the pit of a theatre, or an Emperor of the French may encounter an attempt at assassination the moment he passes out of the opera into his carriage; but at Washington an assassin can get immediately behind the Chief Magistrate in his box at the theatre, and make sure of his murderous purpose. cival was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons, and Sir Robert Peel was shot idea of that country gave him exquisite de- at in the street; but at Washington the assassin, with a clumsy lie in his mouth, finds ready admission to the sick chamber of a feeble and emaciated minister of State, and strikes blows which he intended to be mortal. This strange facility of access to great political personages having proved fatal, may cause the notions of primitive simplicity which were thought to comport with the character of that Republic to be revised and it may henceforth be found accorded to Kings and Emperors in Europe. Whatever may have been the motive for friends nor foes. the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward, they can but inspire horror in all right

ninded persons everywhere. So far as the cause of the South is identified with these acts, it will suffer in the estimation of the and board yourself than to sit around day world. There is nothing to be gained to after day, or stand around corners with any cause by so horrible a crime as assassination, and much to be lost. One of the effects will be, in this case, to exasper-bush and the North conject the South and to ate the North against the South, and to cause it to insist on much harder conditions, when the question of final reconciliation comes to be discussed, than it other wise would have done. There were two parties in the North; one in favor of mild first case, and make his fortune. Such is measures, such as foregoing the right of confiscating the property of men who had been in arms against the Washington gov-ernment; the other insisting on the hanging of Jefferson Davis whenever he should be caught, and similar measures to extreme bob & Co., in a neat clerk like hand, with severity. The "malignants," as they were the peculiar flourish at the end which those not inaptly called, were likely to have been who have dealings with the eminent house greatly in the minority; but the temper of That letter to the Bals- the North will be exasperated by ton Bank is a forgery; it's not the first assination of their President and the murtime he has served Cowie, Nabob & Co. derous attack upon Secretary Seward, and this trick. He was in their London count- mild and merciful councils will be likely to ing-house for five years, came over with be forgotten in the bad feeling that will them a forged character, robbed them to once more become predominant. Outside the tune of £2,000 and bolted. He's been the United States these assassinations will smuggling and thieveing all over the world injure the cause of the South in the estimable of deaths? Because he makes faces ever since then. But when's the next train tion of the world, precisely in the propor- and busts. to town? I wouldn't miss him for any- tion that Southerners may be found to have been in the plot or to have approved of the Perkins was right. The manager of the crime after its perpertration. Balston Bank found to his astonishment death of Mr. Lincoln will alter the war pol-"It's a man's doing. She wouldn't have that Cowie, Nabob & Co., repudiated the icy of the Northern States cannot be supyou may rest assured she has half a dozen but lying near it, and behind the door, was the strength. Besides, the footprints are a letter which purported to bear their signa- posed. He was but a representative man; ture. It was a forgery. On the following and the large vote he recorded on his re-Tuesday the captain was arrested at the election shows how much more fully he women. When you see what is termed a the murderer was emptying the contents faultless women, dread her as you would a lt was a helf sheet of note paper folded in get their money from him, but that's not age for Melbourne, and at the next Balston General McClellan. The assassins have beautiful snake. The power of concealing three, and written on it were the numbers enough to account for this," said the in-

half an inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and turning his face up in the air, poised it on the tip of his nose. The little boy who sat by him henceforth handed him whatever he called for. First, two or three more pieces of wood, which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece, to which he gradually made additions, until he had built upon his nose a tree with two branches. He always kept its balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding a piece in each hand, and never once taking is eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a skeleton of a tree was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could reach with his hands to put the topmost branches on. It was a wonderful structure, and we which lead through a judicial process to a all held our breath as he added the last bits. But it was not done yet. The boys now handed him the little birds, and still, two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them all over the tree. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose, was something wonderful, and I think he must have breathed through his ears, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about the nose or mouth. After putting all leon III. are fresh in the public reccollect the birds on he paused, and we, thinking tion; but though they have been more than the trick was finished, began to applaud But he immediately held up his forefinger for silence There was more to come. The boy put into one of his hands a short, hollow reed, and into the other some dried Louis Phillippe, and to recall the days when the Duke of Wellington found it necessary to secure his windows with thick iron shutters. Not all the virtues of our and shot off the birds. The breath he gave was so gentle and well calculated that it by her subjects have protected her, at all gave no percepitble movement to his face; times, from attempts upon her life. In 1840 it just sent the pea far enough to hit a para madman shot at the Queen and the Prin-ticular bird with perfect aim, and knocked it over. Not another thing on the tree Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down, and in recent times to assassinate a statesman so until all the birds were bagged. The in the case of Mr. Percival shot by Bellingwouderfully than its manner of erection.

tional mind and not the will or the power

of an individual, that controls the policy of the nation, in circumstances similar to

those of the United States. The policy of the North, be it right or wrong, will not die with President Lincoln.—Toronto Leader.

FEAT OF AN EASTERN MAGICIAN.

The conjuror spread a piece of matting,

bag, and emptied it on the stone in front of

him. The contents were a quantity of lit-

tle bits of wood; some forked like branches

of a tree; some straight; each a few inches long; besides these there were some fifteen or twenty little pairted wooden birds, about

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT .- The late Chancel. was anything else but a teetotaller. At a dinner at which a great many members of

A worthy doctor who was laboring under the delusion that men and women meant This was the second attempt on the dial invitation to call at the house of a lady what they said, was tempted by a very corlife of that king, Margaret Nicholson having, in 1786, attempted to stab his Majesty servant opened the door so quick that her with a knife as he was alighting from his carriage near St. James' Palace. The wolling I am not at home!" His ready with in Bethlehem Hespital. All these attempts in a loud tone to the servant, "Tell your came to his rescue, for he immediately said to assassinate royal and distinguished po- mistress I have not called upon her this

A MARRIED lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, and therefore nearly always out when her husband returned home, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned anxiously exclaiming, 'My dear, where shall I find you when return?"

t would turn to better account, to be patient. Nothing defeats the malice of ar enemy like a spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armor, repels the most pointed shafts of malice; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them

He who, by a straight-forward course of conduct, makes good friends on the one necessary to surround the President of the hand and bitter haters on the other, gives United States with that protection which is evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his com-In this way the manners of the Republican position; while the chicken-hearted, imbe court of Washington may undergo a change. cile character is capable of making neither

> Young Man, Pay Attention.-Don't be a loafer, don't call yourself a loafer, don't keep loafer's company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work for nothing thing to bustle about. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend an imaginary one. A quire of old paper tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his the world; to him that hath shall be given. Quit droning and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances.

Can any civil engineer inform us how it s that the mouths of rivers are larger than

TENNYSON says that a kiss is merely an

ideal pleasure. It may be a mere idea, but it is a touching one. Our country's best resources are un-

doubtedly its women; but its resources should be husbanded. Why does a sculptor die the most horri-

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good con-versational powers. A wicked editor, in ommenting upon the fact, says: should have married her and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk,"

A printer's apprentice, who was doing the agreeable to clergyman's daughter, was