H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher.

"Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong."

\$2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11.

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1865.

NUMBER 19.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEAUMONT, DR. G. Z. DIMOCK.

sarie's Hytel. Montrose, February 6th, 1863, Typ

C M CRANDALL

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC. MONTROSE. PA., knowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any the United States. Pennion Vouchers and Pay Cer-ricdged before him do not require the certificate of the bourt. Montroes, Jan. 2, 1863.—1f.

CHARLES HOLES. EALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms on east aide Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's Store, introce, Pa., Nov. 7, 1854.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK, DFVEIGIAW and SURGEON, respectfully tend donal services to the citizens of Friendsville and set in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's Friendsville, July 37, 1884...!

E. W. SMITH. A TTORNEY A COUNSELLOR AT LAW and L. Agent. Office over Lea's Drug store. busquehanna Depot January 23, 1854.

D BALEB in Stants and Pancy Dry Goods.
Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Bund Case, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Pro-New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1884-45

ANUFACTURERS of MuliCastings, Castings of all kin Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implemen-ealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., htrose, Pa., February 22, 1864. BILLINGS STROUD,

PIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office row building, east end of Brick Block. In his absences at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown. Montross, February 1, 1884—15

MANUFACTURES of BOOTS&SHOES CONTROL MODIFORD, JANUARY 15, 1864.-11 LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

EP constantly on hand a full supply of every v GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By str DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

NET AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay t, Great Bond, Susquehavira County, Fa. and, August 10, 1933.—19 BOYD & WEBSTER,

in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, e; also, Window Sash, Panel Door Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Swildin of dearle's Hotel, and Carpenter Sh Pa., January 1, 1864.-tf DR. JOHN W. COBB.

IAE and SUEGEON, respectfully tenders his service ditisens of Susquehanna County. Having had about tence in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especis till be given to SUEGICAL OPERATIONS.

MANUFACTURES of all descriptions of WAGONE, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the
besistyle of wirkmanthy and of the best materials,
at the wall knows gand of E. H. BUGERS, a few rods east
of Scarle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.

Mostrose, June 1, 1024.

BALDWIN & ALLEN, D EALKES in FLOUR, Sait, Pork, Flah, Lard, Grain, Feed Stahles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GHOCERLES, Soich as Sugars, Moissees, Syrpa, Tes and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge. Montroes, January 1, 1864-47

DR. G. W. BEACH, DERSONAN AND SUNGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklynders, Part tenders his professional services to the citizens of the content of the professional services to the citizens of the content of the late Dr. B. Hichardson, and boards at Mrs. Sichardson of the late Dr. B. Hichardson, and boards at Mrs. Sichardson of the late Dr. B. Hichardson, and boards at Mrs. Sichardson of the late Dr. B. Hichardson of the la

DRAOTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER: also Dealer!
Boota, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing don with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Scarlew Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1854.—17

JOSEPH RICE MANUPACTURER and DEALER in CHAIRS, Bedstead and Cabinet Ware. Shop four miles east of New Milfor Kew Millord, October 1, 1851,-tf

DES. PATRICK & GARDNER DHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faith punctually to all business that may be entrusted to the terms commensurate with the times. Discuses and de 0 9 p. m. ontrose January 1, 1864,-tf

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP. A TTOBNETS AT 1.AW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susper hauna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Lozerne Counties, Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861. ALBERT CHAMBERLIN

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Order over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brother
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860. J. LYONS & SON. D EALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware that incruments Stock Winds, 4c. Also carry on the Book Bind in business in all its branches, Stock Winds, 4c. Also carry on the Book Bind in business in all its branches.

ABEL TURRELL

EALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALE, Paint, Olis, Dye-stuffa, Varniabea, Window Giase, Poros, Grocerie, Glassware, Wall-Pager, sev-Fancy Gooda, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trus-Clorks, Brunke, &c., and Agent for all of the most popu-patent Medicines. C. O. FQRDHAM,

MANUFAUTURER of BOOTS & SIOES, Montrose, Pa.
Mapo over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promMontrose, April 2, 1851.—if CHARLES N. STODDARD, DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Lenther and Find.
Ings. on Main at, third door below Searle's Hotel,
N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done heatily.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

I. H. BURNS

A TTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J Turrell, For A opposite Starie's Hotel Pension and Bunnty Chains can'to Jumpard. Collectors promptly made. Montroe. Nov. 21, 1844. U. B. R. LYONS & CO.,

D SALERS in DEY GOODS, GROUERIES, BOOTS, SHOPE Ladles Gaiters, Carpeta, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Pa Mr. Painta, Oila, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. rose. January 1, 1864,-1f READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

DEALERS IN DEL COODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paintz, Oft.

Officerica, Hardware, Jrockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jeweller, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.

PHILANDER LINES ASHIONABLE TAIL/DE, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES. ASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Repub-lican Sisam Printing Office. Montrose, Pa., October 25, 1659_H

D. A. LYONS.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

BY THOMAS HOOD. Within his lonely room was Ambrose sitting,
Where half the night in study deep had sped ;
The lamp was low, the sinking fire emitting
A lurid gleam of red.

Upon his knees reposed a treatise saintly— An ancient tome, with pond'rous clasps

Ambrose, the curate, single-minded, carnest, In labor ceaseless, in long-suffering tried, Whose spirit, like the silver trebly furnaced, Was sorrow purified. Through that old writer's strange and antique di

Ambrose had labored, striving to bold tast. His author's aim and ultimate conviction Still closely to the last; But dazzled off by unaccustomed phrases, By eccentricities of thought and style, Had lost the thread amid unending mazes, Too certain to beguile.

He closed the volume with its triple clasping, Sighed with relief to think the task was o'er. Like one who after swimning flings him gasping Upon the welcome abore.

Then, as he musing watched the ruddy ember, A feeling all unwonted o'er him crept: And if he woke he never can remember, Or whether 'twas he slept... But he or saw—or dreamed he saw—a visiou; A gloriops angel stood before him there, Whose purple pinions dripped with dews Elysian That perfumed all the air.

'Ambrose, at your bewildered soul's petition, To lowly earth from lovely paradise come to show you, by Divine permission, The accepted sacrifice." He took his hand, and from that chamber sweepi The two-through air passed silently and slow. Noiseless as sunset clouds in heaven steeping— Unseen by all below.

They saw the monarch in his splendid palace, While cannon bellowed from the outer wail, Quaffing the wine from out the red-gold chalice, At some high festival,

And at the gate, to sound of trumpet's blaring, A berald flung amid an eager crowd Lurgesse of money, with a hand unsparing, Amid rejoicings loud. They saw the rich men, in their fine seclusion From want and care, who held luxurious state, And gave by servants' hands of, their profusion To beggars at the gate.

But the celestial guide still onward hastened, Deeming these offerings as of little price: And Ambrose longed to view, with spirit char The accepted sacrifice.

Then he beheld a child its journey wending,
Tolling on painfully with wearled feet.
While from the flery sun there seemed descending
A very weight of heat. The sultry air was tremulous and hazy,
So fleree the drouth that on all nature lay,
The grass was withering, and the hardy dalay
Was tading fast away.

And now he watched the little traveller gaining A humble dwelling, trellised o'er with vine, We reon the suclight was incessant raining— On cluster, lent, and vine. Walf-fearful by the porch he saw her linger— Poor little birdle, lately from the nest— He heard her tap there with a timid finger, And make her meek request.

Then, when the tiny traveller, basket-laden, At her own boldness scarod, began to shrink There came a sweet-faced, gentle-hearted maid And gave to her to drink. And while the child was gratefully receiving
The cop of water, clear and cool as ice,
In Ambroace car the angel whispered, leaving,
"The accepted sacrifice!"

VICTORY. BY LOUIS II. ALLANSON, U. S. FLAG-SHIP MALVERN

Oh! that the bell in each spire in our nation Would vibrate the tolks through beaven's free Swell every heart with the glad declaration, Peace, Peace is declared—Feace, Peace, ev

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SUBGEON DENTIST. Office over the Bankins
Office of Cooper & Co. All Dents: Operations
will be performed in his usual good thyle and
warraned. Remember Office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Rottrong, January I. 1844—W

E. J. ROGERS,

Where't

Over the plains where our braves are defying

The steel of the foc, the balls and the shells:
Through the foul dens where our brothers are dy
ing,
Freedom will dawn at the sound of the bells. Feithful, true lovers will hush their heart's beating Fond loving mothers the sad tears now cease; Eathers and brothers will shout the glad greeting, The bells are all pealing the long prayed for peace But to some hearts, though proud, those tones will be knelling
A long, sad ferewell to their manly and brave;
bh! tyrany again can never find dwelling
For dark plotted treason, nor home for its slave. Cannon of heaven, swell, swell loud your booming. Fierce flashing lightning, emblazon the sun: Homeward with glory the brave boys are coming, Our carbe is triumphant—the battle is won.

> BOOTH'S DEATH. · Account of Colonel Baker.

Washington, April 28th.—A hard and grizzly face overlooks me as I write. Its inconsiderable forchead is crowned with turning sandy hair, and the deep concave of its long insatiate jaws is almost hidden by a dense red beard, which cannot still abute the terrible decision of the large mouth, so well sustained by searching eyes of spotted gray, which roll and rivet one. This is the tage of Layfayette Baker, Colonel and Chief of the Secret Service. He has played the most perilous parts of the war, and is the capturer of the late President's murderer. The story that I am to tell you, as he and his trusty dependents told, it to me, will be aptly commenced here, where the net was woven which took the dying life of Wilkes Booth.

When the murder occurred, Colonel Baker was when the murder occurred, Colonel Baker was more than Washington. He returned on the 3d morning, and was at once brought by Secretary Stanton to Join the hue and cry against the escaped Booth. The esgacious detective found that nearly ten thousand cavalry and one tourth as many policemen had been meantime scouring, without plan or compass, the whole territory of Southern Maryland. They were treading on each others' heels, and mixing up the thing so confoundedly, that the best place for the rulprits to have gone would have been in the very midst of their pursuers. Baker at once possessed himself of the little the War Department had learned, and started immediately to take the usual detective measures, till then neglected, of offering a reward, and gretting out photographs of the suspected ones. He then dispatched a few chosen detectives to certain vital parts, and awaited results.

ATZEROTH CAPTURED. THE START.

The first of these was the carture of Atzeroth.—
The first of these was the carture of Atzeroth.—
Others, like the taking of Dr. Mudge, simultaneously occurred. But the district suspected being remote from the rallway routes, and broken by no telegraph station, the Colonel, to place himself nearer the theatre of events, ordered an operator, with the necessary instrument, to tap the wire running to Point Lookout, near Chapell's Point, and send him prompt messages. ompt messages.

A CLUE.

The same steamer which took the operator and 3 detectives, brought back one of the same detectives and a negro. This negro, taken to Colonel Baker's office, stated so positively that be had eeen Booth and an other man gross the Potomac in a fishing boat, while he was looking down upon them from a bink; that the Colonel was at first skeptical; but when examined the negro answered so readily and intelligently, recognizing the man from the photographs, that Baker knew at last that he had the true ecent. ORGANIZED PURSUIT.

Straightway he sent to General Hancock for 25 men, and while the order was going drew down his cosst survey maps with that quick detective intuition amounting almost to inspiration. He cast upon the probable route and destination of the sent gees, as well as the point where he would soonest strike them. Booth, he knew, would not Esep along the cosst, with frequent deep rivers to cross, nor, indeed, in any direction essat of Elemmond, where he was liable at any time to cross our lines of occupation; nor, being lame, could he ride on horseneck, so as to place himself very far west from his point of detarkation in Virginia. But he would travel directly to Binf Point, where he crossed into Eastern Maryland, and this would take him through Port Hoyst, or the Raypahannock River, in time to be intercepted there by the outgoing cavalry men. nor, indeed, in any direction east of Bichmond, where he was liable at any time to cross our lines of occupation; nor, being lame, could be ride on lise point of debration in Virginia. But he would itself in the cross of Birt. Foint, where he crossed into Eastern Maryland, and this would take him through Port Boyst, on the Raypahanneck River, in time to be intercepted there by the outgoing cave alty men.

FOLLOWING UP THE SCENT.

When, transfers, it was a fire and become our prisoners."

Jour arms and become our prisoners."

"But who are you? hallooed the same strong lived and flourished a popular young preacher. He was not specially noted for his gravity; and some of his friends expressing an opinion that he was ontire who you are and we want you. We have here fifty too wild for one of his profession, a little girl of some ten summers replied indignantly; that it was not so: at least, if he were will at times, "he was long pause, and then Booth said:—

There was a long pause, and then Booth said:—

Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends?"

No reply from the defence is the standard of the pulpit?" and there the defence rested.

FOLLOWING UP THE SCENT.

When, transfers, twenty from the defence with the profession of the same strong lived and flourished a popular young preacher. He was not specially noted for his gravity; and some of his friends expressing an opinion that he was ont of the sum not appear and pulpit was not specially noted for one of his profession, a little girl of some ten summers replied indignantly; that it was not so an entire to some ten summers replied indignantly; that it was not so an entire to some ten summers replied indignantly; that it was not so extended indignantly; that the was not so extended indignantly; the was not so extended indignantly; that it was not so extended indignantly; that the was not so extended indignantly; that it was not so extended indignantly; that it was not so extended indignantly; that the was not so extended in the

Lieutenant Dougherty, arrived at his office doors; Baker placed the whole under the control of his former Lieutenant-Colonel, E. J. Comzer, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker—the first of Ohio, the last of New York, and bade them go with all dispatch to Bell Plain, on the lower Potomac, there to disembark and scour the country faithfully around Port Royal, but not to return unless they captured their men.

AT PORT ROYAL On Tresday morning they presented themselves at Port Royal ferry, and inquired of the ferryman, while he was taking them over in squads of seven at a time, if he had seen any two such men. Continued their inquiries at Port Royal, they found one Rollina, a fisherman, who reterred them to a negro, named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance towards Bowling Green, in a wagon. It was found that these men answered the description, Booth having a crutch, as previously ascertained.

HOW THE ASSASSIN CROSSED. HOW THE ASSASSIN CROSSED.

The day before Booth and Harold had applied at Port Conway for the general ferry-boat, but the ferryman was then fishing, and would not desist for the inconsiderable fare of only two persons; but to their supposed good fortune a lot of Confederate cavalrymen just then come along, who threatened the ferryman with a shot in the head if he did not instantly bring across his craft and transport the entire party. These cavalrymen were of Moseby's disbanded command, returning, from Fairfax Court House, to their homes in Caroline county. Their Captain was on his way to visit a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and he had so far taken Booth under his patronage, that when the latter was haggling with Lucas for a team, he offered Booth and Harold the use of his borse, to ride and walk alternately.

BOWLING GREEN. BOWLING GREEN.

BOWLING GREEN.

This is the court house town of Caroline county, a small and scattered place, having within it an ancient tavero, no longer used for other than lodging purposes; but here they hauled from his bed the captain aforesaid, and bade him dress himself. As soon as he comprehended the matter he became pallid, and eagerly narrated the facts in his possession. Booth, to his knowledge, was then lying at the honse of one Garrett, which they had passed, and Harold had departed the existing day with the intention of rejoining him.

THE HIDING PLACE. Taking this captain slong for a guide, the wormat horsmen retraced, though some of the men were obaggard and wasted with travel, that they had to so haggard and wasted with travel, that they had to be kicked into intelligence before they could climb to their saddles. The objects of the chase thus at hand, the detectives, full of anguline purpose, hurried the cortege so well along that by two o'clock early morning all halted at Garrett's gate. In the pale moonlight, three hundred yards from the main road, to the left, a plain, old farm house looked grayly through the environing locusts. It was worn and white-washed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent exvaligmen, like watching owis which stood as sentrics over some horrible secret asleep within. THE BARN.

THE BARN.

Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house liselisy to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn a few long corn-cribe lay with a cattle ahed it hand.

In the dead stillness, Baker dismounted and forced the outer gate; Conger kept close behind him, and the horsemen followed cautiously. They made no noise in the soft clay, nor broke the all-loreboding silence anywhere, till the second gate swung oven gratingly, yet even then nor hoarse nor shrill re sponse came back, save distant creaking, as of froge or owls, or the whiz of some passing night-hawk.—80 they surrounded the pleasant old homestead, each horseman, carbine in poise, adjusted under the grove of locusts, so as to inclose the dwelling with a circle of fire. After a panse, Baker rode to the kitchen door on the side, and dismounting, rapped and halined lustily. An old man, in drawers and night-shirt, hastily underw the bolts, and stood on the threshold, peering shiveringly into the darkness.

QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Baker seized him by the throat at once, and held a pistol to his ear. "Who, who is it that calls me?" cried the old man. "Where are the men who stay with you?" chilenged Baker. "If you prevariente, you are a dead man!" The old fellow, who proved to be the head of the family, was so overawed and paralyzed that he stammered and shook and said not a word. "Go light a camble," cried Baker, sternly, "and be quick about it." The trembling old man obeyed, and in a moment the imperfect rays flared upon his whitening hairs, and builshly pailld face. Then the question was repeated, backed up by the climmering pistol. "Where are these men!" The old man held to the wall, and his knees smote each other. "They are gone," he said. "We haven't got them in the house; I assure you that they are gone."

THE TRUTH AT LAST. THE TRUTH AT LAST.

In the interim, Conger had also entered, and while the household and its invaders were thus in welrot tableaux, a young man appeared, as if he had risen from the ground. The muzzle of everybody threed upon him in a second; but, while he blanched, he did not lose loquacity. "Father," he said, "we had better tell the truth about the matter. Those men whom you seek, gentlemen, are in the barn, I know. They went there to alcep." Leaving one soldier to guard the old man—and the soldier was very glad of the job, as it relieved him of personal hezard in the approaching combat—all the rest, with cocked pistols at the young man's head, followed on to the barn. It lay a hundred yards from the house, the front barn door facing the west gable, and was in old and specious structure, with floors only a trifle above the ground level.

ON GUARD. ON GUARD.

ON GUARD.

The troops dismounted, were stationed at regular intervals around it, and ten yards diatant at every point, four special guards placed to command the door, and all with weapons in supple preparation, while Baker and Conger went direct to the door. It had a padlock upon it, and the key or this, Baker secured at once. In the interval of silence that en sued, the rustling of planks and straw was heard in side, as of persons rising from sleep. A PARLEY.

we will allow you dree minutes to make up your mind."

And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, a small ow-boat received the careass of the munderer; two men were in the house door.

And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, a small ow-boat received the careass of the munderer; two men were in the boat, and they carried the boad; off. Into the darkness, and out of that darkness it will never return. In the darkness, like his great trumpeter comes, chall the grave of Booth be discovered."

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"Get away from me. You are a coward, and mean to leave me in my distress; but go, go.—I don't want you to stay. I won't have yon etay." Then he shouted aloud—"There's a man inside who wants to surrendar."

Baker—"Let him come if he will bring his arms. Here Harold, ratiling at the door, said. "Let me out, open the door; I want to surrender."

Baker—"Hand out your arms them."

Harold—'I have not got any."

Baker—"You are the man who carried the carbine yesterday; bring it out."

Harold.—I haven't got any."

This was eaid in a whining tone, and with an al-most visible shiver. Booth cried aloud at this hesi-

rolled, while his teeth ware fixed, and he were the expression of one in the calinness before freezy.—
In value he peered, with vengeance in his look: the biaze that made him visible concealed his enemy.—
A second he turned glaring at the fire as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse and he dismissed it.

He then made toward the main door of the barn, with carbine in one hand and pistol in the other, and when about the centre of the harn a pistol shot was heard from near the corner of the building,—
During this time Baker was holding the door partially open. On hearing the shot he opened the door and went in just in time to see Booth fall.

Conger, who immediately entered the barn, asid:

"He has shot himself." Baker reached the body and clasped Booth by the arms, thinking he was probably only wounded. But, finding him poweriess, with the sid of Couger. Deberty, and two solders, he was carried out of the barn, and laid upon the grans a short distance from the door, and appeared to be insensible. By application of water, batting his face and head, he revitered, opened his eyes and made an effort to speak. Col. Conger placed his car to Booth's mouth, and heard him say: "Tell mother I die for my country."

The heat became so intense that Booth was taken to the porth of Garrett's house. Col. Conger immediately sent to Port Royal for a surgeon, and an hour clasped before the surgeon arrived, during which time Lient. Baker constantly batthed Booth's head in toe-water, and placed in his mouth a went cloth, Booth being unable to get his lips to a tumbier, owing to the fact that he could not be raised up. In the meantime it was discovered that the wound had been inflicted by a shot from a pistol in the hands of Sergeant Corbett of the 16th New York, perforating both sides of his shirt coller.

Shortly safer Booth was laid upon the porch he made an effort to speak. He said: "Tell my mother of the part of the princess, and dish soft bis like soft was the princes,

Cavalry, the ball passing entirely through his neck, perforating both sides of his shirt coller.

Shortly after Booth was laid upon the porch he made an effort to speak. He said: "Tell my mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."

This was said with great difficulty, and apparently in the greatest pain. He said two or three times at intervals: "Kill me—kill me!" and by aigns indicated that he wanted to cough, and that he wanted Conger to put his hand on his throat. Conger did so, but Booth did not succeed in coughling. He seemed now to be falling rapidly, but revived egain and said: "My handa." His bands were then lying motionless by his side. Baker raised one of his hands so that he could see it, and bathed it in towater. Booth, with great effort, his eyes glaring at the hand, said: "Uselezs—useless." Baker let go the hand, which fell powerless by the dying man's side.

go the hand, which fell powerless by the dying mam's side.

Again Booth sank away, and was fast feiling when the surgeon arrived. The latter examined the wound for some minutes, and said Booth might live for twenty-four hours.

But Booth's countenance soon changed, his eyes assuming a glassy appearance. The surgeon then said he thought he was dying.

About this time Col. Conger left for Washington, with orders to bring the body when death ensued to the boat at Belle Plain.

Booth seemed now to be in the agonies of death. His face was terribly distorted, his chin drawn down and to one side, countenance turned bluish, and he seemed to be in the most terrible agony. It was soon over, however, and the surgeon pronounced Booth dead.

He received the death wound at fifteen minutes past three, and died at twenty minutes past seven on Wednesday morning.

Beside Lentenant Baker and Lieutenant Doherty, and the soldlers, there were present at the death-seem four or five of the ladies belonging to the Garrett family, the old man Garrett, and his two sons.

After the surgeon had pronounced Booth dead,

sons.

After the surgeon had pronounced Booth dead, Lieut Baker took his blanket from his saidle and in it rolled the body, sewing the blanket up about the feet and head. Previous to this the surgeon had tied up the dead man's chin and hands, and closed

tied up the deal man a cut and the bis oyes.

The body was placed in a rickety one-horse buggy wason, belonging to a free negro living near by, and taken thirty miles over the country to Belle Plain, where the boat Ida was in readiness to bring the party to this city.

HAROLD.

HAROLD.

All the way associate with the carcass went Harold, shuddering in so grim companiouship, and in the awakened tears of his own approaching ordeal, beyond which loomed already the gossamer fabric of a scaffold. He tried to talk for his own exoueration, asying he had ridden as was his wont, beyond the East Branch, and returning found Rooth wounded, who begged him to be his companion. Of his crime he knew nothing, so help him God, &c. But nobody listened to him. All interest of crime, courage, and retribution centered in the dead fiesh at his feet. fect.

At Washington, high and low turned out to look on Booth. Only a few were permitted to see the corpse for purposes of recognition. It was fairly preserved, though on one side of the face distorted, and looking blue like death, and wildly bandit-like.

WHERE BOOTH LIES. WHERE BOOTH LIES.

Yesterday the Secretary of War, without instructions of any kind, committed to Colonel L. C. Baker, of the Secret Service, the corpse of J. Wilkes Booth. The Secret Service never infalled its volition more secretively. "What have you done with the body?" said I to Baker. He replied:
"That is known to only one man living besides myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only man who knows is sworn to allence; never until the great trumpeter comes, shall the grave of Booth be discovered."
And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, s

By Some years ago, in the great State of Indiana, within a steep related to ask; and the rever a man you come within sever a miles of any town, I'll—was not appealing noted for his gravity, and some of its profession, a little gird of club. It was all the poor divit wanted. He put his fill between his lega, and took to his some ten summers replied indignantly; that it was not so: at least, if he were wild at times, "he was a more accused in the pulpit!" and there the defence rested.

The Suppose one of Brigham Young's wives though die—could be be created a without a wife of Dublin, you are in luck. There's the Danes moldbering us though die—could be be created a wife way, and if you have the pulpit in and in any or many next day.

Well, to be sure," says he, "king of Dublin, you are in luck. There's the Danes moldbering us to me end. D—run to Luck wid emit and if any the cin are uniform emit to this grathern with the

Here ensued a long and eventful pause. What thronging memories it brought to Booth we can only guess. Baker, after a lapse, halled for the last time.

"Well, we have waited long enough, surrender your arms and come out, or we'll die the barn."
Booth answered thus:—"I am but a cripple, a one legged man. Withdraw your forces one hundred yards from the door, and I will come Give me a chance for my life, Captain. I will never be taken alive."

Baker—"We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again appear, or the barn shall be fired."

There was a pause repeated, broken by low discussions within between Booth and his associate, the to lorge, by Enniscorthy, and she was so poor, she di no ciothes to put on her son, so she was to fix m in the ash-hole, near the fire, and pile the warm hes about him; and according as he grew she sunk pit desper. At last, by hook or by crook, she a goat skin and fastened it round his metal.

when he had it gathered and tied, what should come up but a big giant, nine foot high, and made a lick of a club at him. Well, as became Tom, he jumped a one side, and picked up a ram-pike, and the first cinck he gave the big fellow he made him kins the clod.

"If you have e'er a prayer," says Tom, "now's the time to say it, before I make brishe of you."

"I have no prayers," says the giant; "but if you spare my life I'll give you the club; and as long as you keep from an you'll win every battle you ever light with it."

Tom made no more bones about letting him off; and as soon as he got the club in his hands, he sat down on the bream, and gave it a tap with the kippeen, and says:

run the risk of my life for yon, the least yon can do is to carry me home."

And sure enough, the wind o' the word was all it wanted. It went off through the wood, groaning and cracking, till it came to the widow's door.

Well, when the sticks were all hurned. Tom was sent off again to pick more sprigs; and this time he had to fight with a giant that had two heads on him. Tom had a little more trouble with him—that's all; and the prayers he said, was to give Tom a fife, that nobody could help dancing when he played it. Begonios, he made the faggot dance home, with binnself sitting on it. Well, if you were to count all the steps from this to Publin, dickens a bit you'd ever arrive there. The next giant was a beautiful boy with three heads on him. He had neither prayers or catchism no more nor the others; and so he gave Tom a bottle of green ointment that "He hasn't got any arms—they are mine, and I have kept them."

Baker.—"Well, he carried the carbine and must bring it out."

Booth—"On the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms with him. They are mine, and I have got them.

At this time Harold was quite up to the door, within whispering distance of Baker. The latter told him to put out his hands to be handcuffed, at the same time drawing open the door a little distance. Harold thrust forth his hands, when Baker, selsing him, jerked him into the night, and straightiwar do livered him over to a deputation of cavalrymen.—The fellow began to talk of his innocence and pleads so noisily that Conger threatened to gag him unless he ceased. Then Booth made his last appeal:

"Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave men, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

It was too late for parlow. All this time Booth's voice had sounded from about the middle of the blaze.

THE BARN FIRED.

Ere he ceased speaking, Colonel Conger slipped a crack, and lit a match upon them. They were dry and blazed up in an instant.

Bebind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Booth standing upright upon a cruck. At the gleam of the fire Booth dropped his cruck and care the word tack, and he wore the capted and crept to the spot to espy the incendiary.—His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled, while his teeth were fack, and he wore the capted and rolled, while his teeth were fack, and he wore the capted and rolled, while his teeth were fack, and he wore the capted and rolled, while his teeth were fack, and he wore the capted and rolled, while his teeth were fack, and he wore the capted and rolled had have been and playing the perend, with very gender of the fire word had been and the playing the bear.

The fellow began to talk of his innocence and pleads to the like the stalk, but it would be men and will be predered with the playing the playing

"My business, "esp Tom, "it so make the beau"Do you see all them merry fellows and skillful
wordsmen?" ary the other, "that could est you
of when seering of a laugh from her these seven years,"
So the fellows gathered round Tom, and the bad
man aggravated him till he told them he didn't care
a pinch of anni for the whole boilin' of em; let'em
come on, six at a time, and try what they could do.
The king was too far off to hear what they were
saying, what did the stranger want.
"He wastig," anys the red-headed fellow, "to
make harts of your best men."
"Oh!" says the king, "If that's the way, let one
of them turn out and try his mettle"
so one stood forward, with sword and pol-lid,
and made a cut at Tom. He struck the fellow's clbow with the rinb, and up over his head flew the
sword, and down went the owner of it on the gravel
from a thump he got on the helmet. Another took
his place and another, and another, and then half's
doen at once; and Tom eent swords, helmets,
shields, and bodies, folling over and over, and them
saying bound that they were kilt, and disabled.
"King of Dublin," says Tom; "seed a jackeen to
was invited to dine with the royal family. Next day
Redhead told Tom of a wolf, the size of a yearling
helfer, that need to be serenashing about the wall,
and eating people and cattle; and said what a pleasheart run into her cheeks.

So there was no more fighting that day, and Tom
was invited to dine with the royal family. Next day
Redhead told Tom of a wolf, the size of a yearling
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was invited to dine with the royal family. Next day
Redhead t

ure it would give the king to have it killed.

"With all my heat," says Tom; "seend a jackeen to show me where he lives, and we will see how he behaves to a stranger."

The princess was not well pleased, for Tom looked a different person with fine clothes and a nice groen berrodh, over his long, curly hair, and besides he'd got one laugh out of her. However, the king gave his consent; and in an hour and a half the horthle wolf was walking into the palace-yard, and Tomis step or two behind, with his club on his shoulder, just as a shepherd would be walking after a pet lamb.

and Toma step or two behind, with his club on his choulder, just as a shepherd would be walking after a pet lamb.

The king and the queen, and princess were up after in the gallery, but the officers and people; of the court that were padrowling about the great lawn when they saw the great beast coming in, gave themselves up, and began to make for doors and gates; and the wolf licked his chops as if he was a saying, "Wouldn't I enjoy a breakfast of a couple of yez!" The king should out:

"Offilla and Chreck an Gone, take away that torvible wolf, and you may have all my daughter;" but Tom didn't mind him a bit. He pulled out his fic and began to play like vengeance; and dickens a man or boy in the yard but began shoveling away heel and toe, and the wolf himself was obliged to get upon his hind legs and dance "Tatter Jack Walsh" slong with the rest. A good deal of the bairy fellow wouldn't pin them; but Tom kept playing, and the wolf whether her is the true will follow ed, and kept one eye on him and the other on Tom, to see if how would give him leave to eat him. But Tom shook his head, and never stopped the tune, and Redhead never stopped dancing and bawling, and the wolf dancing and roaring, one leg up and the other down, and he ready to drop out of his standing from fair thresomeness.

When the princess saw that there was no fear of any one being kilt she wiss and dared the the act of any one being kilt she wiss as divarted by the steet of any one being kilt she wiss as divarted by the steet of any one being kilt she wiss as divarted by the steet of the wonled the princess as with the ready to drop out of his standing from fair thresomeness.

"So," says Tom to the king, "will you let me have the other half of the princess if I bring you the

"No, no!" says the princess, "Pd rather be your wife than see you in that danger.

But Redhead whispered and undged Tom about how shabby it would look to reneages the adventure. So he saked which way he was to go, and Redhead directed him through a street where a great many bad women lived, and a great many sheeben houses were obeen, and away he set.

Well, he travelled and travelled, till he came in alght of the walls of hell; and, hedad, and before hie knocked at the gates, he rubbed himself over with a greenish oliment. When he knocked a hundred little imps popped their heads out through the bars, and axed what he wanted.
"I want to speak to the big divil of all," says Tom; "open the gate"
It wasn't long till the gate was thrune open, sand the Ould Boy received Tom with hows and scrapes, and axed his business. "My business isn't much," says Tom; I only come for the loan of that fall that I see hanging on the collar beam, for the king of Dublin to give a thrasing to the Danes."

"Well," says the other, "the Danes are much better customers to me, but since, you walked so far I wont refuse. Hand that fall," says he to a young limp, and he winked the far-off eye at the same time. So while some were barring the gates, the young divil climbed up and took down the fistil that had the handstaff and bolten both made of red hot from. The little vagaboud was grinnling to think how it would burn the hands off o' Tom, bot the dickens a

"Ob, bo!" says Onld Nick, "is that the way? It is easier getting inside them gates than getting out again. Take the tool from him and give him a dose of the oil of stiern."

is easier getting inside them gates than getting out again. Take the tool from him and give him a dose of the oil of stirrup."

So one fellow put out his claws to ecize upon the fiail, but Tom gave him such a welt of it on the side of his head that he broke off one of his horns, and made him roar like a divil as he was. Well, they rashed at Tom, but he gave them, little and big, such a thrashing as they didn't forget for a while. At last says the ould this for all, rubbing his elbow, "Let the fool out; and woe to whoever lets him in again, great or small."

So out marched Tom, and away with him, without minding the shouting and cursing that they kept up at him from the top of the walls: and when he got home to the big lawn of the palace, there never was such a running and racing as to see bimself and the fiail. When he had his story told, he laid down the fiail on the stone step, and bid no one for their lives to touch it. If the king and queen and princess made much of him before, they made ten times more of him new; but Redhead, the mean seruft-hound, stole over, and thought to eatch hold of the dail and make an end of him. His fingers hardly touched it when he let a fourout, as if heaven and earth were eming together, and kept filinging his arms about, and dancing, so that it was pitful to look at him. Tom ran at him as soon as he could rise, caught his hands in his own two, and rubbed them this way and that, and the burning pain left them before you could reckon one. Well, the poor fellow, between the pain that was only gone, and the comfort that he was in, had the comicalest face that you ever see, it was such a mixtheram-gatherum of laughing and crying. Everybody burst out. a laughing—the princess could not stop no more than the rest; and then easy of the pain that he comicalest face that you ever see, it was such as mixtheram-gatherum of laughing and crying. Everybody burst out. a laughing—the princess could not stop no more than the rest; it and then the restyr it rers were passing next morning, they fo

WHY EPIDEMICS RAGE AT NIGHT.—It was in

subjected.

In the epidemics of the middle ages, fires used to
be lighted in the streets for the purification of the
air, and in the plague of London, in 1635, fires in air, and in the plague of London, in 1685, fires in the streets were at one time kept burning increasant ly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly trains of guspowder have been fired, and cannon discharged for the same object, but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, though out of doors, be on too small a scale, as measured against an occan of atmospheric air, to produce any seemable effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction and consequent diution of any malignant gasses it may contain, and it is of course the air of the room, and that alone, at night, which comes in confact with the lurgs of the person sleeping.—Westminister Review.

What an Editor Might have Brew.—Holland, the editor of the Springdeld (Mass.) Republican, has been up in Vermont, to "where he came from," and thus sketches what he should have been it he had not left home and become an editor:

hairy fellow wouldn't pin them; but Tem kept playing, and the outsiders kept dancing and abouting, and the wolf kept dancing and arearing with pain his legs were giving him; and all the time he had his eyes on Redhead that was shot out along with the rest. Wherever Redhead went the wolf followed, and kept one eye on him and the other on Tom, to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would give him leave to eat him. But to see if he would have and never stopped the tune, and rechead never stopped dancing and bawling, and the wolf dancing and rearing, one leg up and the other down, and he ready to drop out of his standing from fair tiresomeness.

When the princess saw that there was no fear of any one being kill, she was so divarted by the stew that Redhead was in, that she gave another laugh; and, as well become Tom; he cried out:

"King of Dublin, I have stwo halves of your daughter"

"Oh, halves or sils," says the king, "put away that divil of a wolf, and we'll see about it."

So Galla put his fife in his pocket, and says he to the basts that was sittin' on his currabingo ready to faint:

"Walk off to your mountain, my fine fellow, and live like a respectable basts; and if ever I find you come within seven miles of any town, I'll—"

He said no more, but spit in his fast, and gave a fourish of lub. It was all the poor divil wanted. Ho put his fail between his legs, and took to his pumps without looking at man or murial, and neither sun, moon, or stars ever saw him in sight of Dublin sgain.

At two and twenty on the should have badanted the should have bedanted and a school committee many fail to the pumps without looking at man or murial, and neither sun, moon, or stars ever saw him in sight of Dublin sgain.

From the let of October, 1864, to Februar stin, 1863, 72,000 men had described from the confederate armies cast of the Mississippi. During Price's recent invasion of Missouri, nearly all the Missourians in his army described, and he loss during the company 18,000 men.

strange silly piece as this be published

PAUTS ABOUT EATING

much food is taken the stomach can if into a perfect blood material, bents

in the latter. In such case, if no special change is observed, it is because the quality is unsuited to the condition of the stomach, or the general system does not require it.

An article may not agree with the stomach to-day, but may agree with it very well in a few day, weeks or months afterwards, because its distinctive elements may then be needed in the system. Most persons instinctively turn away from roust pork in midsummer—it would make them sick—but in winter time, when the thermometer is near acro, large quantities are exten with a reliah and no specific discomfort follows. As a general rule, instinct is the best guide, and that which is most reliahed is the thing which should be exten; but if some discomfort invariably follows, it should be omitted, at least until a change of air, season or occupation.

GROCKETT IN A QUANDARY.

"I never, but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genulic quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered, with politics that I forgot my rife. Any man may forget his rife, you know; but it isn't every man that can make amends for his forgetfulness by his faculties, I guess.

It chanced that I was strolling along, considerably deep in congressionals; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found I could not reach the cube with my hands, so I went feet foremes, to see if I would draw them up by the toes. I hung on at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found more of the reach them them the proved it is the other of the sole, and there I found more of the took, and there I found more of the took, and there I found more of the took of the reach them them the more of the other than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found more of the took in the first hole, and there I found more of the took in the first hole.

Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help or to wait in the hole until after election. I heard a kind of grambling and growling overhead; and looking I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me.

My motto always was "go shead," and as soon as she lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tall in my left hand, and with my little bock-hern hafted per knife in the other, I commenced spuring her forward. I'll be short fewer a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I wid! She took me out of that hole in the shake of a lamb's tall.

ANECDOTE OF DR. B

ANEUDOTE OF DR. HERRIHER.

The primary occasion of Dr. Beecher's connection with Lans Seminary is given in the following characteristic ancedors from his own mouth.

"One thing that indirectly occasioned my being thought of I have no doubt, was little circumstance that had happened not long before on one of the North river boats. I was coming down the river, when I saw a crowd where a perifellist, and safety was talking. I drew near the ring to hear and sees what he was doing. I soon saw that his antagonist was not his match, and needed help. He was showing up the contradictions of the Bitle; smong others, Judas hanged himself, and in another place fell headlong, etc. "And how do you reconcile that," said he.

ers, Judas hanged himself, and in another place feltheadlong, etc. 'And how do you reconcile that,' said he.
'Why, sir,' said I, 'the rope broke, I suppose.'
'How d'ye know' said he.
'How d'ye know' said he.
'How d'ye know' said he.
'How d'ye know' iddin'th' said I, and that dashed him. People began to langh. Then I stepped up close to his side and kindly said:
'I ventum to say you are a child of plous parents, and are fighting against your conscience. That is a damperous thing, and you had better give it up.' I told him if ever he came to Boston to cail on me.
'Why,' said in e,' I don't know who you be,' and half a dozen volces cried,—'Dr. Beecher.—Dr. Beecher. Barcher, I told this to Taylor; Taylor told Arthur Taypan enlogistically; and so, when Vall camb on to New York, he found Tappan so well affected to me that he offered to give \$20,000, on condition I would go. That, with what he had known of me before, I always thought settled it. So great things often grow out of little."

A FOX STORY.

Two business gentlemen from New Haven, who occasionally indulge in a little sporting experience, visited Southington on a hunt the other day. Birds were not very pitent, and doubtful of success the gentlemen started for the depot towards night, to take the train home. Coming across an Irishman, they seedlentally saked him if there were any rabbits, partridges, qualls, foxes, or any other game about there.

partridges, qualls, foxes, or any other game about there.

"Bediad there is that! I can put my finger on a nist of foxes where there is five young 'uns and the old un! They are so tame yez can stroke 'em wild yer hand."

This was a chance to capture fur that must not be lost, and after some dickering, Pat agreed to pilot them to the nest for three dollars. After tradging through the woods about a mile, the party came to a clearing where stood a log house. With a horrid Milesian grin, he pointed to an old woman and five young imps lying losse about the main floor, exclaiming: young impa tying tosse about the main noor, exclaiming:

"Ree the tame crathure! Mrs Pathwith Far, these hunthers are after yes! Good day, gentlemen!"

The hunters got back to the depot too late for the train that day, but they arrived home all safe the next morning. It is unnecessary to mention, however, that it is not to them we are indebted, for the above facts.—New Hower Journal.

APOLOGUE.—A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and having escaped this aristone, presented himself at the gate of Heaven, where he found be had been preceded by a rich man, of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had just been admitted by the apostle Peter.

The leborer who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hall them trance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn was also admitted. But what was the poor man's astonishment at finding silence where scraphle sounds had so lately been uttered!

"How is this ?" he demanded of Peter, "when the rich man entered I beard music and singing: is there the same distinction between rich and poor is the Heaven as on earth?"

"Not at all," replied the Apostle, "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas, is in scarcely gonce in one hundred years that a rich man gains admission.

LOGICAL PARADOX - Epigeonides said "All Cro tans are liers. The Romanides was himself a Gretan, therefore, Bomenides was a lier, then the Cretans were not llars. Now, if the Cretans were not liars, Epimenides was not a tiar. But, if he was not a liar, the Cretana were liars.

historia may open a wife's letters, on the ground at offer and so tenely stated by Mr. Theophing Persons of Comprision in the management of the property of th