VOLUME 11.

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1865.

NUMBER 23.

THIELE !

Business Directory

JOHN BEAUMONT,

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK, PAYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office laxogo street, opposite the Expositions Office. Boards Hotel.

C. M. CRANDALL, NUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool wheels, Wheel-heath, Clock-reid, &c., &c., Wood-unning done to order, and westerd unswers. Turning shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' on the Song, passing, and Wheel Factory in Sayres' on the Song, January Sofia, 1865-11

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC. MONTROSE. PA., NAKES Acknowledgment of Dorda Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Penaton Vouchers and Pay Cer-arcs extensively and the not require the certificate of the Montgage, Jan. 2, 1865.—11.

D SALER IN CLOUSE, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms to the stride Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's Store, Bostone, Ph., Nov. 7, 1884.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

E. W. SMITH, TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent Office over Lea's Drug store. Quellanna Depot January 25, 1864.

H. BURRITT,

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

FACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinners, Th and Saget Iron Ware, Agricultural Implement retain Dry Goods, Grocerts, Crockery, &c. 8c, Pa., February 23, 1864. BILLINGS STROUD,

AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathentiding, cast end of Brick Block. In his absence, busine the transacted by C. L. Brown, see, February 1, 1864....tt

J. D. VAIL, M. D., MATCH A PATRIC PRYSICIAN, has permanently located with in Montroe, Fa., where he will promptly attend to the third principles with which he may be favored. Office a more West of the Court House, near Beatley & Fitch's, we see February 1, 1844, cot. 22, 1831. A. O. WARREN.

TORNEY AT LAW BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PEN-SON CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully pre-served by the formerly his pension Claims carefully pre-served by the Santies Hotel.

S. S. ROBERTSON, ANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON, Prosenative on hand a full supply of every variety of CELIES and CONFECTION KILES. By STICL LIKE THE SEASON OF THE

DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SUR OFFON for PENNIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyon A. J. Fried, Avenue - Donards at Mr. Ethenidge's. Butteroes, October, 1859.-tf

D. A. BALDWIN, TTORNEY AT LAW, and Pensian, Bounty, and Back Pag. Agent, Great Bend, Sinquenauna County, Pa. steat Bend, August 10, 1868-19

PEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Shee Diror Ware: alm, Window Sash, Panel Diora, Window of Lata, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Bulking Materials outh of Scarle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the itiren. . Pa., January 1, 1884.-tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB, DRINGIAN and SURGEDON, respectfully tenders his service.

Let the of Supportants County. Having had some services of the service of Supportants County. Having had some services of the service of the se

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

E. J. ROGERS.

IN J. NOUSLING,
INUTACTINER of all descriptions of WAGONE, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the
war off werkmanship and of the best materials,
which have mand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rode cast
which little in Montrose, where the will be happy to re
or calls of all who want anything in his line. BALDWIN & ALLEN,

ALERS : FLOUE, Sait, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Land of Creer and Timothy Soud. Also GROCERIES to start, Manassa, Syrams, Tea and Coffee, West aide of A record door below J. Ellieridge. Dr. G. W. BEACH. N AND SURGEON, having permanently located transfer, the tenders his professional se

Mrs. Richardson's. F. B. WEEKS,

JOSEPH RICE. FACTURER and DEALER in CHAIR*, Bedstenda Canther Ware. Shop four miles east of Red Milford oc. October 1, 1862_tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER ANY ONE PURGEONS, will attend faithfully an address that may be entrusted to their car mate with the times. Diseases and deformition to the carations and all Surgical Diseases particularly to the control of the over Webb's store. Office fourier mas E. PATRICK, Jr., E. L. GARDNEL.

WY & WM H JESSUP ETS AT MAW, Moutrose, Pa. Practice in Susque londford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,

J. LYONS & SON,

ABEL TURRELL DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, A. Dve stuffs, Variashez, Window Glaze

C. O. FORDHAM. FURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montroe, Pa. 16 Will & Store. All kinds of work made ring done neatly. Work done when prom-Montrose, April 2, 1861-tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD.

I. H. BURNS.

PORNEY AT LAW. Office with William to State 5 Hotel, People and Boutes, Collections promptly made. B. R. LYONS & CO.

EES IF DRY G. 10 DS. GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES es thaters, Carpear, Of. Croffs, Wall and Window Ps 5. Offs, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

CERS IN DRA GOODS, Brugs, Medicines, Paints, Olbertes, Hardware, Brickery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jew et Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES.

JOHN GROVES, ABLE TAILOR, Shop opposite the Repair-rum Printing Office. PA. Getober 25, 1859.-tf

D. A. LYONS,

FOULY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace, Broad for the self complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face. His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair, His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, His lack of all we prize as debonair, Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

Fou, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh, Judging each step, as though the way were plain; &cekless, so it could point its paragraph, Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain. deside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet. The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew, setween the mourners at his his head and feet, Say, scurril, juster, is there room for you? Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer, To lame my pencil, and confute my pen— To make me own this hind of princes peer, This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue, Noting how to occasion's height he rose, How his quaint wit made home truth seem mo How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows. How humble, yet how hopeful he could be; How in good fortune and in ill the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he, Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace con

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow. That God makes instruments to work his will, if but that will we can arrive to know, Nor tamper with the weight of good and ill. io he went forth to battle, on the side That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's, As in his peasant boyhood he had piled His wariare with rude Nature's thwarting mights— The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,

The iron bark that turns the lumbeer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,

The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear— Such were the needs that helped his youthful train; Rough culture—but such trees large iruit may bear, If but their stocks be of right girth and grain. So he grew up, a destined work to do, And lived to do it: four long-anficring years, Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through, And then he heard the bisses change to cheers, The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise, And took both with the same unwavering mood Till, as he came on light, from darkling days, And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood

A felon hand, between the goal and him, Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest— And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim, Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eellpse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to me

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea, Uttered one voice of symnathy and shame! Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high; Sad Life, cut short just as its triumphs came. deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt By the assassin's hand, wherever men accept from the force of sorrow or disgrace they hore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out London Punch.

HALLIE NOYES' DECISION.

The room was not richly furnished, but it was The room was not richly furnished, but it was very pretty, and bright and cheerful. There were soft crimson shades in the carpet, crimson knottings in the black cushions of the chairs, a crimson cover on the little table, and crimson blessoms in the single low, broad window. And in through the crystal panes, over the bright carpet and chairs and table, and upon the neat little figure in the great rocker by the glowing grate, the sunshine streamed golden and clear. and clear.

Hallie Noyes looked very pretty, sitting there a fire, with her violet eyes and pink cheeks

and anther hair bent over the snowy crotchet work in her slender rosy fingers. There was such a harmony of color in her dress, (for she wore a a narmony of color in the trees, (to she work soft, dark wrapper with a crimson cord at the waist, and crimson linings to the full, loose sleeves which reflected a rosy glow on her slender white arms as one caught a glimpse of them as she now and then lifted her hand to put back the color of the color o as she now and their inter the hair,) and such an unconscious grace of attitude in her position as she swayed back and forth in the great rocker before the fire, that it was a great pity that there was no one to admire her but the canary among the carnations and roses in the window.

Halle knew she was pretty; but she wasn't thinking of that, nor she wasn't thinking of her crotcheting. The alender, glittering needle flashed in and out the fairy network, and Hallie's thoughts flashed in and out the network of her perplexities. For at her left, on the little table, was a buff and scarlet chess-board, with the tivory men left in the very position by which Fred Dane had checkmated her the evening before, and right heide it by her photograph. he carnations and roses in the window

Fred Dane had checkmated her the evening before; and right beside it lay her photograph album, open at the beautifully tinged vignette photograph of Mr. Lewis Massie. And the chess-hoard and the photograph were so suggestive that Hallie could think of nothing else. She looked at the chess-board, and blushed; then she looked at the photograph, and got her work into a snarl. It took her a long time to get the snarls out. When it was done she worked onjetty for a long time never lifting her eyes ad quietly for a long time, never lifting her eyes from the needle, and looking very grave. The firelight glowed hotter, and burned one of her cheeks redder than the other; her spool fell to the carpet and rolled away; the yellow canary called and called for a carressing word, but Halius set mute and absorbed.

called and called for a carressing word, but hal-lie sat mute and absorbed.

Suddenly she arose, opened the drawer in her escritoire upon the table, and took out a minia-ture case. This she opened and laid beside the photograph. Oh, Hallie, there was no need of ograph. Oh, Hallie, there was no need of that. You knew before what face you ioing that. You knew before what face you iked best "Oh, dear, if he wasn't poor," said Hallie,

with tears in her eyes.

The yellow canary broke into a song of the checriest content. Hallie went over to him, and put her rosy fingers between the bars of his cage for him to pick at—the tears in her eyes all the time. Through their gilmmer she saw her pretty hend. A plain gold ring would look well on her third finger—the spendid diamond which Mr. Massie had shown her the day before, tryint. massie had shown her the day beste, dy-ing to look into her eyes, would look a great deal better. She plucked a sweet little maher-nia bloom and went back to her chair. She found the fire too hot; her work had fallen to the floor, and some of the loops had slipped out; her spool had run under the fender, and was solled, and she struck her foot against the cricket

"Oh, dear," said Hallie," how hateful every thing is."

More tears gathered in her eyes and dropped upon her hand. She tossed the injured work and soiled spool upon the table, indifferent to their fate, very much tired and troubled herself. and trying to swallow something that choked in her throat. She put her cheek against the cushand back of the chair, and turned her face to the window, closing her eyes. "Oh, I wish I knew what to do!"

She wished that very heartily. Mr. Massie was wealthy, fine looking and influential. Fred Dane was poor, and handsome, and unknown, bound down to toilsome daily labor by the necessity of supporting an invalid mether. But bound down to tolisome daily labor by the ne-cessity of supporting an invalid mother. But he had youth, and talents, and ambition, and hope. Some day he would prove himself more of a man than Lewis Massic could ever be. But there mist be years of struggling with the ne-cessities of life first—his wife would be obliged to give all the fresh years of her life to a poor man's lot. There would be troubles and trials and disappointments to test the love Haltie felt surging so warm in her heart. Could it bear the test? When, wearied by care and labor. the test? When, wearied by care and labor, as the wife of a poor man and the mother of his children always is, would her love for Fred rise strong and all-sufficient above all? When she, walking humbly in her new station, saw the carriage of her call schoolmates rolling by, would

she not despond, grow discontented, say there is but one life to live, why bear a cross through it? Her little children—how they would bind her to her domestic duties. The burden would be so heavy to her unaccustomed hands. She feared to take it up.

Then she thought, "Perhaps it is the contrast." For as Lewis Massic's wife she would see no difficulties in her path. Those beautiful rooms of his stately house—how she would love to wander through them as their mistress—the velvet carpet hers—the exquisite painting, the hot-house, the carriage, the servants, all at her disposal. She would have nothing to do but entertain the visitors who came in through those massive doors. It would not be a heartless life. The matter once decided, really marthose massive doors. It would not be a heart-less life. The matter once decided, really mar-ried to Mr. Massie, there was no reason she could see why she could not love him. He was refined and handsome and devoted to her. He was considerable older than she was, and she would be his pet. If she had children they would bring her no care. There would be servants to attend to their wants, to take care of them when they were frefful. She need never Ue distracted by their hymors. She and they could have eveby their humors. She and they could have everything they wanted. Her husband's affection would never be tired by the sight of her, sad and weary, her beauty fuded by care. All the way lay under a clear sky. Why should she not

She would. Her decision was made. She was She would. Her decision was made. She was married to Mr. Massie.

She hardly knew how the first years went, only she had a keen haunting thought that she and Fred could never be anything to each other. Besides her marriage, their difference of social position placed a great breadth between them. She did not see his face. She only thought of it with a kind of stealthy despair, now all right to love it was gone from her.

a kind of steatiny despair, now all right to love it was gone from her.

There came a summer day when she was at the sea-shore with her husband. She had no children. The glittering phaeton rolled over the golden sand of Natasket. She leaned back the golden sand of Natissel. One leaded back among the velvet cushions, seeing and knowing that the sea and sky was beautiful, yet not car lng. They had been to Europe, and she had seen so many beautiful sights that her weary heart was satisfied. Her husband sat besude her,

seen so many beautiful sights that her weary heart was satisfied. Her husband sat besude her, silent; his face turned away. She could not love him, and he long ago divined that se loved another. To the world they were a happy man and wife; to each other perfect strangers.

There were many who seemed to enjoy the scene. Groups of happy-faced people strolled by. Children bounded past the carriage. Some bathers, in gay scarlet dresses, were frolicking in the surf, and a row-boat passed near the shore, the party within singing. Some ladies galloped by on horseback—the brightest faces she ever saw under their riding hats. And with the sound of ringing voices all around her, came the rush and splash of the sca. Her languid eyes wandered on. Suddenly her heart gave a wild leap, and then stood still.

On a low, jutting rock a man knelt, bathing a little child in the water. It was Fred. She saw his face, with the fair hair blowing over his forehead. She heard him soothing and encouraging the half-frightened child. It was a pretty child, like a cherub, with its white, plump limbs. She knew why Fred handled it so tenderly. It was his.

was his.

He took it out, at last, wrapped it in a blanket, and carried it up the shore. A beautiful woman with a little girl by the hand, stood waiting for him. His wife and children! Golden hair, like him. His wife and children! Golden hair, like her father's, was blowing in soft, lose curls about the shoulders of the little girl. The mother looked calm and sweet, and had smooth chestnut braids drooping about her Madonna face. What lovely eyes she raised to meet her husband's smile! Together they passed away. That picture humted her through many more cold, listless years. She was sick, body and soul, of life, as she lived it, and more despairingly because she knew—

because she knew-"That her soul (and this is the worst To bear as she well knew,) Had been watching her from first, As sadly as God could do; And herself herself had cursed!"

One night she found herself in the crowded gallery of a hall. The place was all ablaze with lights, and deafening with cheers. The crowd flung up enthusiatic huzza for the orator before them. She could not see his face, but she could hear his voice. She heard him say that labor was the rightful heritage of life, and that well hed labor was the clory of life; that God made love to cheer the nathway of the laboring man, and that true love never failed to do so. That to the honors cast upon him, the woman who had cheered and upheld him—and

woman who had cheered and upheld him—and to whom his life was bound by the chain of their children's hearts—had an equal right. To her he owed his success—her he prayed the crowd might praise.

She grew faint and dizzy, and a blindness came upon her. Half unconscious, she heard enthusiastic shouts ringing to the dome. The speaker's work was done—they were carrying him out on their shoulders. She saw his calm face lifted above the crowd, but she had known before who it was. She realized that she had before who it was. She realized that she had seen Fred Dane on the night of his great suc-cess, and she had had no part in it; another woman had. She was nothing to him, and he was to her all she asked for in life, and was be-

ond her reach. youd her reach.

The crowd jostled her from the door with her wretched life in her hands. They hustled and thrust her into the street—out into the dark night. The rain was falling; the sky was black; night. The rain was faming; the say was obca; the air was full of desolation to her. She could not get clear of the throng of people. They pressed forward, and she was forced to go with them. She heard water rushing, at last; they were nearing a river. They passed along its edge, pressing nearer to the brink. She knew she would be thrust into the dark tide; the crowd was fierce in its haste, and unmindful of her. There was no one to save her. A rush and rally, and her foothold was gone—she was falling-the water's lcy touch took her breath. Then, with frantic despair, she shrick aloud.

Sinc was awake, breathless and panting. It had been all a dream. There she sat in the great rocker, with the fire glowing brightly, and the canary calling among the flowers in the riseless.

window.

That evening, when the curtains were drawn, and the lamp was lighted, and the coals in the grate gleamed redly, Mr. Massie was shown in-to the little parlor. But he found Hallie play-ing chess with Fred Dane—a plain gold ring on ing chess with Fi her third finger.

DECREASE OF THE INDIANS.—The Indians dwelling within the United States are fast dis-appearing from among men. In 1840, there was 400,000; in 1850, 350,000, and the census of 1860 shows only 295,400. This is a decrease of fifty thousand every ten years. The proportion of decrease is steadily augmented as the path of empire takes its way westward. How many years will elapse, at this rate, before the Indian savage will exist only in the history of Schoolcraft, the prose fiction of Cooper, and the poetry of Longfellow? The civilized Indian flourishes York (the last census says) we have 3,785 abori-gines, whereas in Colorado only 6,000 were left in 1863.

in 1863.

The principal Indian populations are distributed as follows: West Arkansas, 65,680; New Mexico Territory, 65,100; Dakotab Territory, 30,664; Washington Territory, 31,000; Utab Territory, 20,0 0; Minuesota, 17,000; California, 13,630; Kansas, 8,180; Nevada, 7,520; Oregon Territory, 7,000 Ferritory, 7,000.

An Irishman being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical natical. "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

It is no misfortune for a lady to lose her good name, if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

AMERICAN REBELLIONS.

The following sketch gives an account of the different insurrections or rebellions, which have occurred in the United States:

"Before the gigantic rebellion that is now in its death-throes, there have been six insurrections, or attempted insurrections, since the formation of the Federal Government. Some of these outbreaks, or attempted outbreaks, were rather riots, or bloodless demonstrations of popular discontent; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to so consider them.

ular discontent; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to so consider them.

What is popularly known as Shay's rebellion is the first instance of organized resistance to lawful government in the United States. In 1788, Daniel Shay, a citized of Massachusetts, became the leader of a party of malcontents in the Old Bay State, which had organized to right such grievances as heavy laxition, the salary of such grievances as heavy taxation, the salary of the Govern r, the aristocratic tendencies of the the Govern r, the aristocratic tendencies of the State Benate, and other similar local grievances. It was entirely a family quarrel, and the State troops settled the difficulty by killing three of the insurgents and wounding ethers. Bhay and some of his fellow-insurrectionists were captured and subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced to death; but were finally pardoned, and thus ended Shay's rebellion.

The Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, toward the close of the administration of President Washington, was a more formidable out.

dent Washington, was a more formidable out-break. It arose from discontent caused by the heavy excise tax imposed by Congress upon dis-tilled domestic spirits. This insurrection end-ed without ploodshed, and if we mistake not, a namesake and ancestor of the present Robert E. Lee held a prominent command in the troops sent to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States.

United States.

Burr's enterprise, in 1807, the precise meaning of which has never been clearly made out but which is believed to have been the intended invasion of Mexico, and the formation of a Southwestern empire, was the next revolutionary movement. In that case no overt act of treason was committed, and the trial of Russ in ary movement. In that case no overtact reason was committed, and the trial of Burr, in Richmond, resulted in an abandonment of the prosecution by the government, and the acquittal of the accused.

Nullification in South Carolina in the year

1832 was, in its effects, a more mischler-ous revolutionary effort than either of those that preceded it; but in this case there was no bloodshed, no overt act of war, and no punish-

that preceded it; but in this case there was no bloodshed, no overt act of war, and no punishment inflicted upon the leaders.

Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island, nearly or quite a quarter of a century ago, has been referred to by Southern rebels, along with Shay's rebellion, the Whiskey Insurrection, and Burr's flazo, by way of excuse for secession, the main actors in all these movements being northern men. But there is no parallel among any of the cases spoken of. Dorr found Rhode Island governed by an old charter granted the State by Charles' It, as far back as 1663. He agitated its repeal, and upon a popular vote its abrogation was ordained, and he was elected Governor upon the reform ticket. Governor King, and the charter party which he led, refused to recognize the act of the people, claiming that the charter was perpetual and unalterable, that it could not be amended or repealed, and armed resistance was made to the Dorrites. John Tyler, then accidental President, sent United States troops to aid the State forces of Rhode Island in their anti-republic stand, and after a bloodless struggle (except that an innocent cow was shot by mistake by a picket) Governor Dorr was aranti-republic stand, and after a bloodless strug-gle (except that an innocent cow was shot by mistake by a picket.) Governor Dorr was ar-rested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was afterward pardoned, the record of his sentence ordered to be expunged, and he lived to see the old monarchical charter legally abolished, and a republican constitution adopt-

John Brown's famous raid into Virginia, in 1859, comes next in the chronological order among recognized American outbreaks. John Brown, an impracticable enthusiast, with a were hanged, and Virginia made herself almost as ridiculous in her wholesale sanguinary settle-ing of accounts with the raiders, as she had be-fore made herself by her childish fears and trep-

idation.

The Great rebellion which began in 1861, is

The Great rebellion which began in 1861, is the next outbreak in order. Strangely enough, the nearest parallel to it among all former insurrections is the John Brown raid. There was bloodshed in the case of the latter, every soul of bloodshed in the case of the latter, every soul of the raiding party, except one who made his es-cape, either biting the dust in the field or end-ing his career upon the gallowa. But John Brown made war upon what he honestly and enthusiastically believed to be a wrong, and not in support of a crime. John Brown was not educated at the expense of Virginia; he had nevthe raiding party, except one who made his escape, either bitting the dust in the field or ending his career upon the gallows. But John Brown made war upon what he honestly and enthusiastically believed to be a wrong, and not in support of a crime. John Brown was not educated at the expense of Virginia; he had never a sworn specially to support its constitution and laws, and he never enjoyed high honors and emoluments at the hands of the commonwealth which he made war upon.

The loft was full of hay, and of course all efforts to save the building were fruitless, as also divers at the honds war of the save the building were fruitless, as also divers at the honestly and the inside was completely destroyed, the walls alone all the President "hlordy tyrant," "widow-malaws, and he never enjoyed high honors and emoluments at the hands of the commonwealth which he made war upon.

The following is an extract from a speech of

the historian Bancroft, on the occasion of the recent funeral obsequies of the late President in mourning is insincere if, while we express un-wavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give support to the man to whom the people have support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration. Andrew Johnson is now by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless he has received a thorough politinevertheless he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship in the school of
the people and by long experience of public life.
A village functionary; member successively of
each branch of the Tennessee Législature, hearing with a thrill of joy the words, "The Union,
it must be praeved;" a representative in Congress for successive years; Governor of the
great State of Tennessee, approved as its Goverror by respection, be was at the opening of the nor by re-election; he was at the opening of the nor by re-election; he was at the opening of the rebellion a senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the Government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that southern region told them what the Government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American Flag for his winding sheet. And now at the call of the United States. with Tennessee as a free State for a trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindica-

SEMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity An Irishman being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naireta. "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

A disappointed candidate for the office of constable remarked to us, speaking of men who would sell their votes, that they were "as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of potash."

ing overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in old statucs, and in the pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So, also, the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

A young lady shouldn't be unhappy be-cause she im't quite as tall as she would like to be. It is a very easy thing to get spliced.

THE REWARD OF LOYALTY.

correspondent in Dubuque furnishes us A Correspondent in Dubuque in mones with several items relating to affairs in that city.

On Easter Sunday the Right Rev. Bishop Smith addressed the Cathedral congregation as follows:

On Easter Sunday the Right Rev. Bishop Smith addressed the Cathedral congregation as ioliows:

"Beloved Friends:—The festivities of this day were intended as an act of public thanksgiving to Almighty God, for His many favors bestowed on us, and especially for the blessing of our recent victories, and approaching peace.

But, alas! there is no human joy without its alloy of sorrow; no earthly sweet with out some mixture of bitterness. Scarcely had the echo of a nation's joy died away, when the sad tidings of the death of our noble, unpretending, and humane President reached our ears, cut down by the hand of a cowardly assassin, even at a moment when joy began to light up every heart, and hope was the language of every lip.

Language is inadequate to furnish terms sufficient to express the horror of that foul deed; that deed of blood and nameless crime, which has shrouded a nation in mourting and sunk a fond wife and loving family into the veriest depths of affliction. So profound is the grief of that loved wife at her sad bereavement that her heart is closed to all those joys which earth cag impart. Streams, when deep, are noiseless in their course, and passions, when strongest, are silent in their struggles; and so deep is the sorrow of all, that a nation's silence alone can speak a nation's sorrow. The assassin has fied, it is said; has evaded the tribunal of justice! Has he? No! Beloved friends, there is an officer of the highest tribunal following him, even accompanying his every step, an officer of divine justice, his own guilty conscience, the in-seperable companion of his flight, constantly reminding him that his hands are stained with the blood of the innocent, and the voice of that blood is loud in its appeal to Heaven for vengeance.

He has been tried before the tribunal of his

vengeance.

He has been tried before the tribunal of his own guilty conscience, and already convicted of the basest and most cruel murder, and the just sentence of his condemnation stands registered on the eternal records of Heaven. He has fled! Yes! and as he goes he heave like the murders. Yes! and as he goes, he bears, like the murderer Cain, on his bloodstained soul, the first and earliest curse of Heaven. What a man, so lost to every principle of manhood, so dead to every fine feeling of humanity as not to be filled with horror at the very idea of such a deed? He who horror at the very idea of such a deed? He who is could smile assent at the perpetration of such a great crime is a monster, not a man; a tiger in human shape, whose soul thirsts for human blood. The foul deed is done. The nation is clothed in mourning. Let us then, my dear friends, unite our sorrows to those of the sorrowing nation, and entertain in our hearts the deepest sympathy for that loved one and her dear family, who are left to feel the saddest pang of a nation's wee.

est sympathy for that loved one and her dear family, who are left to feel the saddest pang of a nation's wee.

Our patriot President has fallen in our nation's cause; but the nation, thank God, has not fallen. No, my dear friends, there are still cool heads, wise minds and strong arms, both in the deld and in the Cablinet, to guide our noble ship of State safely, and to rescue her from those perils which now seem to threaten her safely. Let us leave all things in their hands, and by united effort aid them in the struggle. Let there be nothing said or done to disturb the harmony that has hitherto reigned in our city among all men of every class or creed. Let nothing be said or done to burst asunder that good link of Christian charity which has heretofore bound us together in the strong bonds of social harmony and friendly intercourse. Let us all this day beseech our Heavenly Father to look with an eye of mercy on our suffering country, to comfort the afflicted of our nation, to take under his protecting care the widow and the orphan, to strengthen in our souls the spirit of union and fraternal charity, and by united action we shall become what we have been in happier days, a prosperous, a happy, and a united people."

Brown, an impracticable enthusiast, with a score of followers, made war upon Virginia, and, in pursuit of a wild project of freeing the slaves in the Old Dominion, he took possession of United States property at Harper's Ferry, and broke the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia. The State dealt out harsh justice to the offenders, and but a single soul of them escaped. Those who were not killed in the unequal fight, or murdered after they were taken prisoners, were hanged and Virginia made herself almost ly set forth. The Rishop writes which destroyed his property last week is clearly set forth. The Bishop writes:

"On last Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, my stable, coach house, splendul horses, grain, &c., were all burned down by the hand

of some southern secesh, because I had, on last Sunday, strongly condemned the assassination of our late lamented and honored President. I forgive them, and may God forgive them. Loss about \$4000." Bishop of Dubuque.

The loft was full of hay, and of course all ef-

and to even seek to test a singrate upon its mon-er in asserting that he was a "bastard," Bishop Smith would not have lost his property. To be consistent the *Herald* ought to lavish praise up-on the incendiary. His act was but the prac-tice of southern rebels carried northward, and the Herald, you known, has, ever since the war commenced, spared no praise in speaking of the acts of "the noble Confederates." On the following Sunday the Bishop said he had heard that his remarks on the pravious Sunday had called forth much adverse criticism.

Men would sit in the groceries about town and criticise God's ministers; and some who possessed a few thousand dollars would presume to dictate to them what they would say! Such critics should be brought forth from obscurity and set on a pinancle so high that all the world might see what wonderful doctors we have in Dubuque! He did not preach to please all his hearers. 'Twoild be too much to hope for. hearers. I would be too much to hope for.— Christ himself did not please all who heard Him. The men whom He called whited sepulchers, beautifully outward, but within full of corrup-tion, were not pleased. The speaker said his first object in preaching was to please God; next, to please his own conscience, and lastly, ongregation.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.-A WOman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, was admitted in her turn, to the presence of the President. Her husband had presence of the President. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the eldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement was wounded, and was taken to a gagement, was wounded, and was taken to a hospital. She found the hospital but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The sur-geon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted the poor woman found her way into his presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and shall do it without your asking; I shall release to you your second son." Upon this he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper. "Now," said he, "you have one and I one of the other two left; that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her ost broken-hearted the poor woman found her the other two left; that is no more than right."
She took the paper, and reverently placing her
hands again upon his head, the vars still upon
her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may
you always be the head of this great mation."

Men who invest in petticeat stock generally prefer the five-twentice, to the seven-thirder.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE. At day-break, on the 10th of April, 1775, the minute men of Acton crowded, at the drum beat, to the house of Isaac Davis, their captain, "who made haste to be ready." Just thirty years old, the father of four little ones, stately in his person, a man of few words, earnest even to solemnity, he parted from his wife, "Take good care of the children," as though he had foreseen that his own death was near, and while she gazed after him with resignation, he led his company to the scene of danger.

Between nine and ten, the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord bridge.

Between nine and ten, the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord bridge, had increased to more than four hundred Of these, there were twenty-five minute men from Bedford, with Jonathan Wilson for their captain; others were from Westford, among them Thaxter, a preacher; others from Littleton, Carlisle, and from Chelmsford. The Acton company came last and formed on the right. The whole was a gathering not so much of officers and soldiers as of brothers and equals; of whom every one was a man well known in his village, observed in the meeting, house on Sundays, familiar at town-meetings, and respected as a free-holder or a freeholder's son.

Near the base of the hill, Concord river flows languidly in a winding channel, and was approached by a causeway over the wet ground of its left bank. The by-road from the hill on which the Americans had rallied, ran southernly till it met the causeway at right-angles. The Americans saw before them within gunshot, British troops holding possession of their bridge; and in the distance a still larger number occupying the town, which, from the rising smoke, seemed to be set on fire.

The Americans had as yet received only uncertain rumors of the morning's event at Lexington. At the sight of the fire in the village, the impulse seized them to march into the town for its defence. The officers, meeting in front of their men, spoke a few words with one another, and went back to their places. Barrett, the Colonel, on horseback in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis of Acton, became changed; the town-schoolmaster who was present, could never afterwards find words strong enough to express how his face reddened at the word of command. "I have not a man that is afraid to go," said Isaac Davis looking at the men of Acton; and drawing his sword, he cried.

enough to express how his face reddened at the word of command. "I have not a man that is afraid to go," said Isanc Davis, looking at the men of Acton; and drawing his sword, he cried, "March." His company, being on the right, led the way towards the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick, of Concord, with John Robinson of Westford, Lieutenant Colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command.

Thus these three men walked together in front, followed by minute men and militia, in double file, trailing arms. They went down the hillock, entered the by-road, came to its angle with the main road, and then turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks; the Americans, to prevent it, quickened their step. At this, the British fired one or two shots up the river; and then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, the latter a son of the Deacon of Acton Church, fell dead. Three hours before, Isaac Davis had bid his wife and children farewell. That afternoon, he was carried home and laid in her bed room. His countenance was little altered and pleasant in death. The bodies of two others of his company who were slain that day, were brought also to her house, and the three were followed to the village grave-yard by a concouring of days in the land which his generous devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country touch the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and when it was grown great in numbers, wealth, and power, the United States, in Congress, paid honors to was grown great in numbers, wealth, and power, the United States, in Congress, paid honors to her husband's martyrdom, and comforted her under the double burden of corrow, and more than ninety years.—Bancroft.

A SECOND ROBINSON CRUSOR General Scott, in his interesting autobiography, gives an account of a Robinson Crusoe, a

on the Island of Cape Breton. He says;
Mr. Pain sailed from Boston in a smack for the banks of Newfoundfand and other fishing grounds in 1774, before the outbreak of the Revolution. Having made up the cargo in the Gut of Canso, Pain begged his companions to let him gemain till the return of the party the following season. They assisted in building him a hut, and season. They assisted in building him a hut, and left him with a good supply of personal effects, bed clothes, some axes and other tools, a gun, with ammunition, fishing tackle, and such other stores as could be spared, together with a Bible, "Paradise Lost," and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Prayers were said at parting, and the smack sail-This was the last that our adventurer saw o "the human face divine" for nine or ten years. The Revolutionary war supervened. There was no more fishing and curing of fish by Americans on those shorea—the Gut of Canso not being navigated at that period except by vessels driven into it by stress of weather. There was no road and no trail across the mountains to any

settlement whatever.

For the first year, and, indeed, till his supplies began to fail him, Mr. Pain, then young, did not lament his condition. But when the second and third seasons came, and again and again there was no return of his friends, it seemed evident that they had abandoned him; his spirits drooped and he was in danger of being lost in despair. But man is the most flexible and pliable of all animals. According to his own account, Mr. Pain began soon to relish food without salt; the the deer and fleece goat were abundant turnish. settlement whatever. the deer and fleece goat were abundant, furnish-ing him with both food and raiment, and which ng nim with ooth tood and raimen, and which he contrived to entrap after his powder and shot was exhausted. So, too, in respect to worn-out hooks and lines; these were replaced by bones nooks and lines; these were replaced by cones and slips of skin, so that there was no want of the "finny prey." By the fifth year he began to like the new life as well as at first. His books were more than a solace to him, and the autobiographer can testify that he could accurately recite from memory entire chapters of the Bible, and many of the books of "Paradise Lott."

Finally when at the end of the way, his old

Finally, when at the end of the war, his old master in a smack came in search of him or his remains, he had become so attached to this mode of existence that he refused to return to his native soil. A good supply of necessaries was left with him. His little property at home was invested in cattle, with materials for a small house, some furniture, &c., all of which were sent out to him, with an old sister, a farm laborer and a lad—arelative. Before 1812, some new connect-ions and laborers had joined him, and he had become a thrifty farmer.

In a recent issue, the London Spectator, the ablest of the English weeklies, in an article on President Lincoln, referring to Macaulay's celebrated comparison of Washington and John Hampton, says: "If that high eulogium was fully earned, as it was, by the first great President of the United States, we doubt fit has not been as well earned by the Illinois peasant proprietive and villege lawyer, when by some di been as well earned by the illinois peasant pro-prietur and village lawyer, whom, by some di-vine inspiration or providence, the Republican cancus of 1860 substituted for their nomines for the President's chair." It adds, speaking of his message to Congress on the 4th of March, that it contains "a grasp of principle, a dignity of man-ner, and a solemnity of purpose, which would have been unworthy of neither Hampton nor of Cromwell, while his gentless and generosity Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling toward his foes was almost greate than we should expect from either of them."

WHO IS THE FATHER OF JEFF. DAVIES "Who was the father of Zebedee's children !" Once was a question thought yery bewildering But now since Jeff, Davis declares he's a woman And says his pursuit and capture's inhuman, A question arises more darkly bewildering: "Who is the father of Davis's children?"

Oh, contradictory Jeff, ! A Paradoz you remain; Had your shift been Bootlers, It had not been in vain.

CURIOUS POLITICAL LETTERS.

PERNANDO WOOD SUEING FOR CLEMENCY FOR

The Philadelphia Press of yesterday, publishes the following letters, written, it will be noticed, at the time of the John Brown excitement: LETTER FROM PRESIDENT BUCHANAN TO GOVER

Private.

WASHINGTON, November 19th, 1859.

My Dear Sin: On yesterday afternoon a gentleman called to see me, and presented his card, of which the following is a copy: "Col. James Patton, patentee of Patton's self-halancing sash raiser and locked combined, Post-Offlice Box No. 651, Troy, N. Y." He came with another gentleman. They remained a few minutes during the bour of reception and went away. After he had left he returned and said he felt it his duty to make an important: communication

After he had left he returned and said he felt it his duty to make an important communication to me, and I told him to speak on.

He said he knew a company of men had been formed in Troy to rescue John Brown, and he had no doubt they would make the attempt. I cross examined him closely, but Le could give no satisfactory explanation on the subject, but still expressed his conviction that such a company existed. I did not regard it of any cousequence at the moment, nor do I now look upon it in a different light. Still, upon reflection, I deem it best to state the circumstances to you. If it should do no good, it can certainly do no harm. I have no doubt your active vigilance will prevent the danger of any reacue.

I am, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. HENRY A. WISE.

Hon. HENRY A. WISE. ETTER FROM FERNANDO WOOD TO GOVERNOR

New-York, Nov. 2d, 1859.

My Dear Sir. Read this letter over carefully, and, whether concurring or not in its view, believe it emanates from your triend, and a man who has a thorough knowledge of the pulse of the people of the free States.

Your proceedings and conduct thus far, in the matter of the conspiracy at Harper's Ferry, meets with general approval, and elicits commendation from your enemies. The firmness and moderation which has characterized your course cannot be too highly applauded, and to-day you eration which has characterized your course cannot be too highly applauded, and to-day you stand higher than any other man in the Union.

Now, my friend, dare you do a bold thing and "temper justice with mercy?" Have you nervo enough to send Brown to State's Prison for life instead of hanging him? Or rather I should ask whether such a course would be consistent with your own sense of duty, for I know that that is the sole controller of your official conduct.—Brown is looked upon here as the mare crazy or fool-hardy emissary of other men. Circumstances create a sympathy for him even with the most ultra friends of the Bouth. I am of this latter class as by recent speeches you may have

most ultra friends of the South. I am of this latter class as by recent speeches you may have observed.

No Southern man could go further than myself in behalf of Southern rights, but yet were I the Governer of Virginia, Brown should not be hung, though Seward should be if I could catch him; and in such a course my conduct would be governed by sound policy. The South will gain by showing that it can be magnanimous to a fanatic in its power. We who fight its battles can cain largely by pointing to such an instance of "chivalry." You can judge of Southern sentiment better than myself. I can judge of Northern sentiment better than you. If the South will sustain such an act, the whole North will rise up en masse to applaud it. ern sentences such an act, the whole sustain such an act, the whole up en masse to applaud it.

I have thus briefly and frankly discharged my duty as your friend, to give advice under trying circumstances. Very truly yours,

FERNANDO WOOD.

NEWER OF GOVERNOR WISE TO FERNANDO WOOD RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 4th, 1859. MY DEAR SIR—I have duly received and weighed every word of your letter. I give it all credit for good motive and good morals, and as suggesting what, perhaps, is good policy. Now, listen to me, for my mind is inflexibly made up. Had I reached Harper's Ferry before these men were captured (and I would have reached there in time had I been forwarded as I ought to have been from Washington and the Relaw to have been from Washington and the Relay House), I would have proclaimed martial law, have stormed them in the quickest possible tim have stormed them in the quickest possible time, have given them no quarter, and if any had survived I would have tried and executed them under sentence of Court-martial. But I was too late. The prisoners were captives, and I then determined, to protect them to the uttermost of my power, and I did protect them with my own person.

person.
I escorted them to prison, and placed around I escorted them to prison, and placed around them such a force as to overawe Lynch law.—
Every comfort was given them by my orders. And they have been scrupulously afforded a fair and speedy trial with every opportunity of defense for crimes which were openly pepetrated before the eye of hundreds, and as openly confessed. They could escape convictions only by technical exceptions, and the chances for these they had to a greater degree, by the expedition of prosecution. And the crimes deliberately done by them are of the deepest and darkest kind which can be committed against our people. Brown, the chief leader, has been legally and fairly tried and convicted, and admits the humanity of his treatment as a prisoner, the truth of the indictment, and the truthfulness of the witnesses against him. He has been allowed excess of counsel, and the freedom of speech bewitnesses against him. He has been allowed excess of counsel, and the freedom of speech beyond any prisoner known to me in our trials. It was impossible not to convict him. He is sentenced to be hanged; that is the sentence of a mild code, humanely adjudged, and requires no duty from me except to see that it be executed. I have to sign no death-warrant. If the Excutive interposes at all, it is to pardon; and to pardon him I have received petitions, prayers, threats, from almost every free State in the Un-

on. From honest patriotic men like yourself, many From honest patriotic men like yourself, many of them, I am warned that hanging wil lmake him a martyr. Ah! Will it? Why? The obvious answer to that question shows me above anything the necessity for hanging him. You ask: "Have you nerve enough to send Brown to the State's Prison for life, instead of hanging him?" Yes, if I didn't think he ought to be hung, and that I would be inexcusable for mitigating his punishment, I could do it without timching, without a quiver of a muscle sgainst a universal clamor for his life. But was it ever known before that it would be impolitic for a State to execute her laws against the highest crimes, without bringing down upon herself the

crimes, without bringing down upon herself the venguance of a public sentiment outside of her limits, and hostile to her laws?

Is it so that it is wisely said to her that she had better spare a murderer, a robber, a traitor, because public sentiment elsewhere will glorify an insurrectionist with martyrdom? If so, it is that the description proposition and all the him. insurrectionist with martyrdom? If so, it is time to do execution upon nim and all like him. And I therefore say to you, firmly, that I have precisely the nerve enough to let him be executed with the certainty of his condemnation. shall be executed as the law sentences him, and his body shall be delivered over to surgeons, and await the resurrection without a grave in our soil. I have shown him all the mercy which

numanity can claim. Yours truly, Henry A. WHE.

The following interesting correspondences said to have actually taken place just prior to Lee's surrender: To Lieutenant-General Grant: I think Leo will surrender if things are presented of characteristics of characteristics and the present of characteristics of characteristics of characteristics of characteristics of characteristics of the characteristics of characte

days since offered a lady triend whol was acting as a missionary collector, twenty-five cents for every kiss she would give him. Lady, went right to work and carnot \$770. for the fund in a few minutes.

neighborhood a seaso to the delicate a whole