# Independent Republican.

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## Business Directory.

**DR. A. D. TEWKSBURY,**
HAVING spent one year as Surgeon in the United States Army, has again located at Auburn Centre, and will attend to all calls in his profession.
Auburn Centre, Pa., June 26, 1865.—1yp

**DR. C. J. DRINKER,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with Dr. Cobb, over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store, Public Avenue. Residence with Joseph D. Drinker.
Montrose, Sept. 28th, 1864.

**DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Susquehanna County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's.
Brooklyn, July 10, 1865.—y1.

**DR. E. L. GARDNER,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, June 8, 1864.—tf

**GROVES & REYNOLDS,**
FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Chandler's Store, Public Avenue.
Montrose, June 12, 1865.

**DR. CHARLES DECKER,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself at Birchardville, Susquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the calls with which he may be favored with promptness and attention. Office at his residence near Orange Mott's, Esq.
Birchardville, Susq. Co., Pa., May 29, 1865.—tf.

**JOHN BEAUMONT,**
WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought.
[illegible], March 20, 1865.

**DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,**
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on Turnpike street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.—1yp

**C. M. CRANDALL,**
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool-wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Factory Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.—tf

**B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,**
**MONTROSE. PA.,**
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court. Montrose, Jan. 2, 1865.—tf.

**DR. E. L. HANDRICK,**
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

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

**H. BURRITT,**
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

**S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,**
MANUFACTURERS of MillCastings, Castings of all kind, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

**BILLINGS STROUD,**
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

**J. D. VAIL, M. D.,**
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1861.

**A. O. WARREN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—febly1862.

**LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,**
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in dealing they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves, in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place is old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17.65.—tf

**DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

**D. A. BALDWIN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—ly

**BOYD & WEBSTER,**
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

**DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,**
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

**E. J. ROGERS,**
MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

**DR. JOHN W. COBB,**
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. He will give especial attention to the surgical and medical treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and may be consulted relative to surgical operations free of charge at his office over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store. Residence on Maple street, east of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1862.—tf

**BALDWIN & ALLEN,**
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

**F. B. WEEKS,**
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

**WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

**ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,**
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

**J. LYONS & SON,**
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches.
Montrose, January 1, 1864. J. LYONS. T. A. LYONS.

**ABEL TURRELL,**
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.,—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines.
Montrose, January 1, 1861.

**C. O. FORDHAM,**
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised.
Montrose April 2, 1861.—tf

**CHARLES N. STODDARD,**
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st. third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

**L. H. BURNS,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Pension and Bounty Claims carefully prepared. Collections promptly made.
Montrose, Nov. 21, 1864.—tf.

**B. R. LYONS & CO.**
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS. J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

**READ, WATROUS & FOSTER,**
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.
D. F. READ. A. WATROUS. H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

**WILLIAM W. SMITH,**
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, or furnished at short notice. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main St.
Montrose, Pa., March 3, 1863.—tf

**PHILANDER LINES,**
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July [illegible].


## GIVE THEM WORK.

They come from blood-washed fields of strife,
Where hung the battle's angry cloud,
And rolled from out the cannon's throat
The battle anthem long and loud;
From fields where rained the hissing lead,
And leaped the scorching flames of hell;
Where many a noble deed was wrought,
And many a hero fought and fell.

They come from many a toilsome march,
O'er rugged roads and untrod ways,
That echoed to the tramp of feet
From morn to night through weary days.
They come from crowded camps where shone
The white tents in the noontide glare,
Where with the golden morning pealed
The shrill reveille on the air.

They come from loathsome prison pens,
Where Famine held her ghastly reign,
And fated Pestilence stalked at noon
With tottering step and face of pain.
They come, now that the shock is o'er
Which shook the nation's pillard dome,
Some with deep wounds of battle scarred,
And ask for bread and work at home!

How boldly they went forth to meet
Armed Treason in the bloody fight!
How boldly went they forth to die
In battle for the cause of Right!
They triumphed, and once more returned
With empty, waiting hands they stand,
And ask for work that they may live
Who battled to redeem the land!

Is there no work for them to do,
Now that the blasts of War are stilled,
Now that the reign of Peace is come?
Are all the posts of duty filled?
Is there no work for these brave men
Who grappled Treason in its might,
And set their feet upon its neck,
And crushed it in defence of Right?

No work for them! Must they in vain
Ask work now that the strife is done,
Now that the glorious cause is saved,
Now that the victory is won?
Oh, people of the valiant North,
Make answer to their earnest call,
Bid them come in, the field is broad,
There's room, there's food, there's work for all.

*From the Phrenological Journal.*

## DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

This gentleman has an excellent constitution. He descends from a long-lived and hardy race, some of his ancestors doubtless attaining nearly a hundred years. His temperament combines the vital, motive, and mental in about equal degrees well blended, and the quality of the whole is excellent. There are no indications of disease, either mental or physical, and he is, to-day, a picture of almost perfect health. His temperate habits and abstemious life have enabled him to work almost incessantly without exhaustion. He has been wise enough to live on the interest of his constitution, instead of drawing on the principal. With a brain almost of the largest class, measuring 23¼ inches in circumference, and high in proportion, there is also a harmonious relation between the brain and the body. He stands five feet ten inches, measures around the chest thirty-eight inches, and his usual weight is one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His limbs are short, but the body is long, and there is more space allotted to the vital organs than one would infer from casual observation. The recuperative powers are great. Should he become ill to-day, a little rest and abstinence sets him all right, and he will be well to-morrow.

Physiologically, he is mother's son, inheriting her spirit and disposition, though he has something of the framework of his father. The shape of his brain is peculiar. It is exceedingly long and high but not broad. He is less developed in Destructiveness and Secretiveness than in any of the other faculties. Intellectually, there are no deficiencies. He is very large in nearly all the perceptive faculties, including Individuality, Eventuality, Form, Size, Weight, Order. In Causality, Human Nature, and Language he is decidedly prominent, while Locality, Comparison, Firmness, and Combativeness are very large.

He should excel as a reasoner, bringing to bear all the necessary facts, illustrating by apt example and metaphor each and every point. He also possesses in a very high degree that intuitive perception of character by which he may infer the disposition and motives of another at a glance. In reasoning he proceeds from facts to principles—first particularing, then generalizing. He is a natural critic.

His moral sentiments, as a class, are well developed, Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Hope being most conspicuous, while Veneration is rather large. His belief will be in accordance with his knowledge. He will not admit as true that which seems improbable; and he requires the evidence of his senses, together with the corroboration of his own experience, to satisfy. To do right, to do good, and to cheer one on his way by kind suggestion and advice would be in keeping with his spirit. We infer that he is broad and liberal in his religious views rather than narrow or sectarian, or superstitious and bigoted. He has taste and refinement without fastidiousness; love for the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime in nature and art as well as for the useful; for natural scenery, oratory, and poetry. Being both mirthful and hopeful, he has a youthful, buoyant, and even a rollicking nature; and yet this feeling is held in check by his strong moral sense, by his dignity and sense of propriety. He is a capital observer, quick and curious, and would have made an excellent descriptive writer, an intelligent traveler, navigator, or explorer, and would have excelled in acquiring and teaching the natural sciences. He has an accurate eye to judge of forms and proportions, and can instantly detect the slightest disproportion. He is methodical, keeping things in their place, and requiring others to do the same; and accurate as an accountant, if accustomed to figures. He has an excellent memory of persons and places, of all he sees, and of his experiences and thoughts.

Socially, he is one of the most loving of men; always gallant and attentive to the ladies; appreciates woman too highly to permit any wrong to be done her; and would defend her with his life. So of children and the young and helpless generally; he would even be kind and indulgent to the weak and wayward, and friendly to all.

His love for home, country, and its associations forms a leading trait in his character. He has no vindictiveness or malice, but would be a most spirited opponent in the defense of a principle or a friend. He would, however, let the offender up the moment he begged pardon or manifested penitence. Though saving, he is generous to a fault, allowing appeals to benevolence to make sad inroads upon his purse. More Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness would enable him better to keep what he gets. It will scarcely be believed when we affirm on phrenological principles that this gentleman is as remarkable for his sensitiveness and natural diffidence as he is for intellectual ability and courage. Indeed, he is almost as bashful as a girl, and it has been a great struggle from boyhood for him to overcome this natural weakness. How well he has succeeded, the world need not be told. Naturally dignified and manly, he is also affable and polite, disposed even to put himself to inconvenience to make others comfortable and happy. Where moral principle is involved, however, he is firm and steadfast, though otherwise yielding and submissive. He would resent any abridgment of his liberty or any infringement upon his conscience, for he feels that his accountability is first to his God rather than man. To sum up: He should be known for his warmth and cordiality, for his openness and frankness, for his love of liberty and spirit of self-defense; for his dignity and manliness; for his diffidence and sensitiveness; for his integrity, hope, devotion, and kindness; for his taste and love for the beautiful in art and the grand in nature; for his critical acumen, reasoning powers, and memory; for his intuitive perception of character, and for his language, giving him copiousness as a writer and fluency as a speaker.

BIOGRAPHY.

Daniel Stevens Dickinson was born at Goshen, Conn., Sept. 11th, 1800. His father, who was a farmer, removed to Chenango county, N. Y., in 1807, and settled in what is now the town of Guilford. The subject of this notice was reared upon a farm in a new settlement until about twenty years of age, with no better advantages for obtaining an education than such as the indifferent common schools of the country supplied. Inspired, however, by a determination to raise himself to an honorable position among his fellow-men, the hours which could be spared from manual toil were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge—in the eager pursuit of which every obstacle vanished as it was approached. So ardently did the young student follow the well-chosen path, that at the age of twenty-one he was fully qualified to undertake the responsibility of instructing others, and in the autumn of 1821 he entered upon the duties of teacher at Wheatland, Monroe county, N. Y. Mr. Dickinson followed this vocation for many years with marked success, having in the mean time thoroughly prepared himself, without the aid of an instructor, to teach the Latin language and the higher branches of mathematics in select and academic schools. During vacations, and at other irregular periods while he was engaged as teacher, he was also extensively engaged in practical land surveying.

In 1822 he was married to Lydia Knapp, a lady whose personal and intellectual charms have won the admiration and esteem of all who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance. Like her illustrious husband, she is equally fitted to gladden the cottage of the lowly and to adorn the mansion of the rich. After his marriage, Mr. Dickinson's time was chiefly occupied in the study of the law, to the practice of which he was admitted in 1828, Guilford, his former place of residence, being chosen as the spot for commencing the duties of his new profession.

In 1831 he removed to Binghamton, N. Y., his present place of residence, and at once entered upon an extensive practice, and in his own and neighboring circuits he met and successfully competed with the ablest lawyers of the State. In 1836 he had so won the popular favor that he was elected to the State Senate for four years; and though one of its youngest members and comparatively inexperienced respecting the customs of public life, he speedily became the acknowled leader of his party—the Democratic Jacksonian—winning its confidence by its genial eloquence, and retaining it by his uncompromising integrity.

In 1840 he was candidate for lieutenant-governor, but was defeated in the general overthrow of his party that year. In 1842 he received the nomination for the same office, and was elected to the position by a large majority. As senator, his speeches upon the usury laws attracted universal attention. The Senate, during the time that he was a member, and as lieutenant-governor—its presiding officer—was a court for the correction of usury, and Mr. Dickinson gave frequent opinions upon the grave questions which came before that court for final adjudication, many of which may be found in the law reports of the day.

In 1844 Mr. Dickinson was a State elector of the Democratic party, and as such cast his vote for James K. Polk and George M. Dallas for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States.

At the expiration of his term as lieutenant-governor, December, 1844, he was appointed by Governor Bouck to fill a vacancy for one session in the United States Senate, and on the meeting of the Legislature the appointment was not only ratified, but was extended so as to embrace a full term of six years from the 4th of March, 1845. During the period of his service in the United States Senate he took a conspicuous part in the most important debates of that august body, and held for a number of years the post of chairman of the Committee of Finance, one of the most dignified and responsible positions for which a senator, as such, can be selected. Upon the exciting questions of the day which were then seriously [illegible] the country, Mr. Dickinson took the conservative side, and strenuously appealed for entire non-intervention in all matters relating to slavery.

In the National Democratic Convention held at Baltimore, in 1852, he received the vote of Virginia and some other scattering ballots for President, but being himself a delegate favoring the nomination of General Cass, whose name was yet before the convention, Mr. Dickinson withdrew his own name; and in declining the honor which, entirely unexpected to himself, so large and influential a portion of the convention was desirous to confer upon him, he delivered an impromtu address, the language of which proved most conclusively to the assembly that the demands of political integrity have a firmer hold upon the heart and intellect of the good man than the enticements of even a worthy ambition. He had been sent by the constituency of his State as a delegate in the interest of Mr. Cass—a prominent candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American people, and could not therefore be prevailed upon to stand in the way of the friend whom he had come to support, and peremptorily refused to permit his name to be used by the convention. His speech on the occasion (the one above referred to) was a gem of its kind, and was universally commended for its classic beauty and elevated tone. During the delivery of this address the ladies in the gallery threw such a shower of boquets towards the speaker that when he resumed his seat he seemed to have been transferred to a blooming *parterre*; he was literally surrounded by flowers.

This noble, self-denying act of Mr. Dickinson—his declining to permit himself to become the candidate of his party because of the technical obligations arising from his relations with Gen. Cass, is proof of the justice of the high reputation which he has everywhere established for unsullied honor in both his public and private career.

In the same year (1852) Mr. Pierce nominated Mr. Dickinson for collector of the port of New York, and he was unaimously confirmed by the Senate without reference; but this honorable and lucrative position was declined.

At the close of his term in the Senate he returned to his profession, which he prosecuted with vigor until the breaking out of the relellion, when, having indicated his determination to sustain the Government regardless of all considerations, he was called by the popular demand to almost every section of the loyal States, and devoted all his energies and the greater portion of his time, for the first three years of the insurrection, to addressing vast assemblages of the people and advising them to the necessity of ignoring party lines, and urging them to vindicate and defend, by word and act, and with united efforts, the laws, the Constitution, and the country. Perhaps a better estimate may be formed of the Herculean task which he imposed upon himself when we state that, during the period referred to, he delivered in New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England States over one hundred addresses, all of them having a direct bearing upon the rebellion, and each one presenting prominent and distinctive features.

In the performance of this immense labor Mr. Dickinson not only displayed the unlimited resources of his intellect and his unwearied devotion to the highest interests of the nation, but he also beautified and enriched the fields of American eloquence and generously added to our stores of political wisdom. Some of the ripest scholars of our day have said concerning his philippics against the leaders of the rebellion (many of which were published and commented upon at the time they were delivered), that they compare favorably, both in substance and style, with the orations which Cicero pronounced in the Roman Senate against Catiline and his fraternity of conspirators. There can be no doubt but that the earnest inspirations of his one brain and heart had very much to do with breaking and quelling the spirit of certain insurrectionary parties at the North, and in placing before the people the true condition of the country. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Dickinson for his great and successful efforts for the preservation of the Union, and the nation owes him a debt of gratitude which can only be paid by holding up his noble record for the emulation of coming generations.

On the formation of the Union party in 1861, Mr. Dickinson was nominated for attorney-general of the State of New York. Believing that the post was one in which his ripe experience might be made serviceable to the country, he accepted the nomination and was elected by about 100,000 majority.

Mr. Lincoln nominated Mr. Dickinson to settle the Oregon boundary with Great Britain, and the nomination was unanimously confirmed without reference—such is the confidence of the nation in his probity and patriotism. This nomination was, however, declined.

In December of the same year Governor Fenton (elect,) learning that Hon. Henry R. Selden's resignation would leave a vacancy in the court of appeals, tendered the position in handsome and generous terms to Mr. Dickinson; but, regulating his conduct by that high sense of duty which has ever been his unerring guide, he also declined this position.

One of the last acts of Mr. Lincoln was to tender Mr. Dickinson the office of district attorney for the southern district of New York—unsolicited and unexpected—a post which was accepted, and the duties of which he is now discharging to the satisfaction of the entire community. When the appointment was announced—although it was felt that the requirements of the office were not such as to claim the constant exercise of his best abilities—it was universally recognized as a partial acknowledgment of the generous services which he had both the desire and the power to render to his country.

As a debater, Mr. Dickinson occupies a front rank among the greatest of those who have labored for the unsullied preservation of the Constitution in the halls of Congress; and even of his brilliant compeers in the forum, nearly all of whom have passed away into a sacred inheritance, few ever attained such unqualified power over popular assemblies. In argument he is clear, profound, and logical; his illustrations are frequent and always appropriate; his sentences are energetic, often replete with scathing satire, and not unfrequently embellished by graceful allusions to classic poetry and mythology. His memory is excellent; his fund of knowledge is large, varied, and always accessible. He draws from his abundance without hesitation or apparent effort, and so easily and naturally do his thoughts shape themselves into language, that his utterances appear to his auditors like the overflowing of a rich and exhaustless fountain.

And not only is Mr. Dickinson recognized as one of the most gifted of our public debaters, but he is one of our happiest prose writers, and has also, in his hours of recreation, added to our literature several charming lyrical effusions.—So successful have been his efforts in this direction, that had not his time been wholly consumed in the public service, and had he so chosen, he might have attained eminence as a poet. Even the few metrical compositions with which he has favored us would have given him distinction had not the inspiration of the occasional verse writer been overshadowed by the more important and determined, though scarcely more successful, labors of the orator and statesman.

In concluding this brief notice of the public career of Mr. Dickinson, we only recognize a sentiment that has frequently been expressed in this and other countries, by saying that he is one of the most remarkable men to whom the Western Continent has given birth. Cradled and reared in comparative poverty; compelled, in a new and almost unbroken country, to battle his way from youth to manhood amid want and manual toil without the advantages of early education, we find him at fifty years of age—after filling and ably discharging the duties of sundry public positions—standing prominently among the Clays, Websters, Casses, and Wrights in the Senate of the United States, originating and perfecting great and salutary public measures; and not only commanding the respect and gratitude of the nation, but casting around him a high-toned, healthy, moral influence as the reflex of his own unblemished and spotless character as [illegible] held.

While in the United States Senate, it will be remembered by many that Mr. Webster—though opposed to him upon most of the great issues of the country from 1830 to 1850 (these gentlemen being leaders of opposite parties)—tendered his Democratic colleague, upon his retiring from the Senate, the following complimentary letter:

"WASHINGTON, September, 27th, '50.

"MY DEAR SIR—Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session you are about to return to your home, and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again, two months hence, for the discharge of our duties in our respective stations in the Government. But life is uncertain, and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

"In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain, because the more I have known you, the greater have been my esteem for your character and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly, and patriotic conduct in support of the great measures of this session which has entirely won my heart and received my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country; but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much either for your distinction or for the public good. You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced with firm and manly step where others have wavered, faltered, and fallen back; and for one, I desire to thank you and to commend your conduct out of the fullness of an honest heart.

"This letter needs no reply; it is, I am aware, of very little value; but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and perhaps to leave it where it would be seen by those who shall come after you.

"I pray you, when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter; and I remain, my dear sir, with the truest esteem, your friend and obedient servant,
DANIEL WEBSTER.
"HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON."

To this kind, and friendly, and commendatory letter Mr. Dickinson addressed the following able and equally kind and friendly response:

"BINGHAMTON, Oct. 5, 1850.

"*My Dear Sir*—I perused and reperused the beautiful note you placed in my hands, as I was about leving Washington, with deeper emotion than I have ever experienced except under some domestic vicissitude. Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrence in our early acquaintance to which you refer, has caused me many moments of painful regret, and your confiding communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth that "to err is human, to forgive divine." Numerous and valued are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me, but among them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this. I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship. I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others in resisting the mad current of disunion which threatened to overwhelm us; and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous has received the approval of the most distinguished American statesmen has more than satisfied my ambition. Believe me, my dear sir, that of all the patriots that came forward in the evil day of their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others would buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could roll them back from the holy citadel.

"May that beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations, long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined confederacy. I pray you to accept and present to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrances of myself and family, and to believe me sincerely yours, D. S. DICKINSON.
"HON. DANIEL WEBSTER."

After the death of the great expounder of the Constitution, Mr. Everett, in looking over his papers for publication, noticed t... interesting correspondence, and wrote Mr. Dickinson requesting his permission to incorporate the letters with his labors. The consent was of course given without qualification, although neither of the celebrated authors contemplated such publicity for them, and they have become an important portion of the history of one of the most trying and eventful periods in the life of the republic.

Mr. Dickinson has always lived—as it were well that all men should live—for humanity and his country, rather than for himself. Though a man of untiring industry and strictly frugal in all his habits; and though he has earned from his extensive and successful legal practice what would have made others rich and independent, his munificence and charities have always kept him in comparatively limited monetary circumstances. He is now in the sixty-fifth year of his age, but as the result of sobriety and activity, he is as hale and efficient, both physically and intellectually, as at any period of his life, giving hope of many years of active usefulness; one to whom our country may safely turn for the protection of her flag, her Constitution, and her honor in any hour of peril which may await her.

Profound in counsel; sagacious in detecting and repelling wrong; discreet and judicious both in rewards and punishments, but firm and resolute in the execution of his well-matured plans, he may be appealed to with perfect reliance in all important emergencies, both of a public and private character.

## MR. NASBY WAILETH OVER NEW JERSEY.

ON THE WING,
Nov. the 8th, 1865.

Never wuz I in so pleasant a frame uv mind ez last night. All wuz peace with me, for after bein buffetted about the world for three skore years, at last it seemed to me ez tho forchune, tired uv persecutin an unfortunit bein, hed taken me into favor. I hed a solemn promis from the Demokratic State Central Committy in the grate State uv Noo Gersey, that ez soon ez our candidate for governor wuz dooly elected, I shood hev the position uv Dorekeeper to the House uv the Lord, (which in this state means the Caputal, & which is certainly better than dwelling in the tents uv wicked grosery keepers as I do) and a joodishus exhibition uv this promis hed prokoored for me unlimited fasillities for borrerin, which I improved muchly.

On Wednesday nite I was a sitten in my room, a enjoyin the pleasing reflection that in a few days I should be placed above want, & beyond the contingencies uv fortune. Wood! oh wood! that I had died then and there, before that dream uv bliss was broken. A wicked boy cum running past with a paper which he hed brot from the next town, where there lives a man who takes one. He flung it through the window to me and past on. I opened it eagerly and glanced at the hed lines!

"NOO GERSEY—5,000 REPUBLICAN!!"

One long and piercin shreek was heard thro that house, and wen the inmates rushed into the room they found me inanymate on the floor.—The fatal paper lay near me, explainin the cause uv the catasterme. The kind-hearted landlord, after feelin uv my pockets and diskiverin that the contents thereof wood not pay the arrearages uv my board, held a hurried consultation with his wife as to the propriety of bringin me 2, he insisted that it wus the only chance uv gittin what wuz back—she insisted that if I was brung two I'd go on runnin up the bill bigger and bigger, and never pay at last. While they was argooin the matter pro and con, I happend to git a good smell uv his breath, which restored me to consciousness to wunst, without further resistance.

When in trouble my poetic sole allus finds vent in song. Did ever poet, who delited in [illegible]tion, and blighted hopes, and decay and sich themes, ever have sich pick of subjecs ez I hev at this time? The follerin may be a consolation to the few Demokrats uv the North, who hev gone so fur into copperheadism, that they can't change their base:

A WALE!!!

In the mornin we go forth rejoicing in our strength—in the evenin we are bustid and wilt.

Man born uv woman (and most men r) is uv few days, & them is so full uv trouble, that it is skarsely worth while bein born at all.

In October I waded in who knee-deep, an now the waters uv affliction are about my chin.

I look the east and Massychusets rol's in Ablishun.

To the west I turn my eyes; and Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and Illinoy answers—Ablishun!

Southword I turn my implorin gaze, and Maryland sends greetin—Ablishun!

In New-York we had em, for lo! we run a sojer who had fought valiontly, and we put him on a platform, which stunk with nigger—yea, the savor thereof was louder than the Ablishun platform itself.

But behold! the people jeer and flout, and say "the platform stinketh loud enough, but the smell thereof is *not* the smell of the Afrikin—it is of the rotten material uv wich it is composed, and the corrupshun they have placed on it"—and Noo-York goes Ab'ishun!

Slocum held hisself up and sed "come and buy," and our folks bot him and his tribe, but he getteth not his price.

Noo-Gersey—Ablishun!!

Job's cattle wuz slain by murrain and hollerhorn and sich, and not livin near Noo-York, the flesh thereof he cood not sel.

But Job had suthin left still—he could sell the hides and tallow!

Lazarus had sores, but hed dorgs to lick them.

Noo-Gersey was the hide and tallow uv the Dimocracy, and, lo, that is gone.

What little is left of the Dimocrisy is all sore, but where is the dorg so low as to lick em?

Noo-Gerseo wuz our ewe lamb—lo! the strong hand uv Ablishn hez taken it.

Noo-Gersey wuz the Aryrat on wich our ark rested—behold! the dark waves uv Ablishnism sweep over it!

Darkness falls over me like a pall—the shader uv woe encompasseth me.

Down my furrowed cheeks rolleth the tear uv anguish, varyin in size from a large Pea to a small tater.

Noo-Gersey will vote for the Constooshnell Amendment, and lo! the Nigger will posses the land.

I see horred visions!

On the Camden and Amboy, nigger breaksmen—and at the polls, niggers!

Where shall we find refuge?

In the North? Lo! it is barred agin us by Ablishnism.

In the South? In their eyes the Northern copperhead findeth no favor.

In Mexico? There is war there, and we might be drafted.

Who will deliver us? Who will pluck us from the pit into wich we hev fallen?

Where I shel go the Lord only knows, but my impression is, South Karliny will be my future home. Wade Hampton is elected Governor, certain, and in that noble State, one may preserve enough uv the old Demokratic States Rites leaven, to leaven the hul lump.

"I'm afloat—I'm afloat—on the dark rolling sea."

And into what harbor fate will drive my weather-beaten bark, the undersigned cannot trooly say.

Noo-Gersey—farewell! The world may stand it a year or two, but I doubt.

Mournfully and sadly,
PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
*Late pastur uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensation.*

☞ A few days ago a young school-mistress in this county was taking down the names and ages of her scholars, at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white-headed boy, "Bub, how old are you?" "My name ain't Bub, it's John." "Well," said the school-mistress, "what is the rest of your name?" "Why, that's all the name I've got—jist John." "Well, what is your father's name?" "You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't cummen to school any;—he's too big to go to school." "Well, how old are you?" "I ain't old at all, I'm young!"

## HYMN.

No more we reap the bloody field
Where war his horrid furrows tears;
But harmless fruit our labors yield,
And earth unstained her burdens bears.

On Northern hills the ripened ear
Bursts early through its husky sheath;
Betimes the bounty of the year
Has graced the vales and plains beneath.

Thus, kindly nature hastes apace
To hide the mournful past from view;
Can sorrow keep her ancient place
Where every season blossoms new?

And never season smiled so fair
As this that sees our Country free;
For mercies asked in anxious prayer
Shall thanks arise, O God, to Thee!

Thanks for the harvest of our hands,
And every skillful labor wrought—
But solemn praise from peaceful lands
For noble gifts Thy love hath brought!

For now shall freemen guide the plough,
The hammer wield, the shuttle ply,
And toil shall be the sovereign now,
Where'er our conquering Eagles fly.

## NEIGHBOR BEN ADAMS.

Neighbor Ben Adams (may his shadow grow!)
Awoke, one night, not many weeks ago,
And saw within his little shanty's room,
Making a twinkle in the midnight gloom,
A fellow with a lantern in his hand.
Exceeding drink Ben Adams' slumber fanned;
But when he got awake, he thus spoke out:
"Hullo, old fellow! what'n thunder ye 'bout?"
The loafer turned the lantern toward the bed,
And, in a voice not very mellow, said:
"Shut up your tarter trap, you sleepy nincom!
"I'm writin' them as pays the biggest income."
"And ain't I one?" said Ben, by way of joke;
"Not by a jug full," then the stranger spoke.
"Well, then," said Adams, with a simple smile,
"Write me down one of them as deals in ile."
The loafer turned and mizzled, and, next night,
He came again with the same streak of light,
And showed the names of wealthy citizens;
And lo! the first upon the list was Ben's!

## BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And he said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife:
"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

## AFFECTION.

How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendships, our every secret thought of love, blossome into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them. It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they be relations. Love must be cultivated, and can may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower-seeds, planted in poor soil, dwindle and grow single. Two causes in our Anglo-Saxon nature, prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life; the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly longed to tell So-and-so how I admired her, the other day," said Miss X. "Then, why in the world didn't you tell her?" "Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know." Now, what is flattery? Flattery is *insincere* praise given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him. And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them, all the time, the impression of utter indifference. Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns, with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when an open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father cannot utter it—will show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love, is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, outspoken persons—the German and the French—has an habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against and struggle outward toward expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not to love, but to be loving—not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our heart and tremble back on our lips—do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.—*H. B. Stowe.*

CANINE SAGACITY.—A gentleman, one of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer Anglo-Saxon, gives the following narrative of the escape of one of the boats through the pilotage of two Newfoundland dogs:

The last time I saw Captain Burgess, (the commander of the Anglo-Saxon,) he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were embarked twenty-two men, one lady and myself.—We left without food, compass, or sufficient clothing. We were knocked about in a fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting.

Towards evening, however, we espied a cliff of Belle Isle, when we steered into Cape Race, which we made. Approaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun, accompanied by two large Newfoundland dogs. He evidently saw us, and made a signal for us to approach the shore cautiously. We followed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff, which it was impossible he could descend.

The two dogs, however, soon appeared, descending this dangerous headland, and upon reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swam out close to the boat, they then turned close to the shore, keeping a little distance from us, indicating that we were to follow them. Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position, as we did not deviate from the course they were leading us without a howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a natural creek, where a safe landing was effected.

No other similar creek was to be seen, which caused us all to wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was in a great measure attributable to these noble dogs. An alarm having been made, a rope was let down by a pully, and we were taken up the cliff, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height. We were shortly after enabled to reach the light house, where every attention was paid to us.

☞ A poet in the Nebraska City *News* concludes a long poem with the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

Well, such is life! Whom the gods love
Die young. Whom they hate live and prosper,
And are elected Delegates in Congress
From the several Territories.

## A STORY OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

The annexed, another evidence of the kind heart of our late President, Mr. Lincoln, we take from the *Independent:*

On the Monday before his death, when our late beloved President was on his return from Richmond, he stopped at City Point. Calling upon the head surgeon at that place, Mr. Lincoln told him that he wished to visit all the hospitals under his charge, and shake hands with every soldier. The surgeon asked the President if he knew what a task he was undertaking, and told him that there were then between five and six thousand soldiers at that place, and it would be quite a tax upon his strength to visit all the wards and shake hands with every soldier. Mr. Lincoln answered, with a smile, that he "guessed he was equal to the task; at any rate he would try, and go as far as he could; he should never probably see the boys again, and he wanted them to know that he appreciated what they had done for their country."

Finding it useless to try to dissuade him, the surgeon began to make his rounds with the President, who walked from bed to bed, extending his hand to all, saying a few words of sympathy to some, making kind inquiries of others, and welcomed by all with the heartiest cordiality. As they passed along they came to a ward in which lay a rebel, who had been wounded, and was a prisoner. As the tall figure of the kindly visitor appeared in sight, he was recognized by the rebel soldier, who, raising himself on his elbow in bed, watched Mr. Lincoln as he approached, and, extending his hand, exclaimed, while tears ran down his cheeks: "Mr. Lincoln, I have long wanted to see you, to ask your forgiveness for ever raising my hand against the old flag?" Mr. Lincoln was moved to tears. He heartily shook the hand of the repentant rebel, and assured him of his good will, and, with a few words of kind advice, passed on. After some hours the tour of the various hospitals was made, and Mr. Lincoln returned with the surgeon to his office. They had scarcely entered, however, when a messenger came, saying that one ward had been omitted, and "the boys" wanted to see Mr. Lincoln. The surgeon, who was thoroughly tired, and knew Mr. Lincoln must be, tried to dissuade him from going; but the good man said he must go back; he would not knowingly omit one; "the boys" would be so disappointed. So he went with the messenger, accompanied by the surgeon, and shook hands with the gratified soldiers, and then returned again to the office. The surgeon expressed the fear that Mr. Lincoln's arm would be lamed with so much hand-shaking, saying that it certainly must ache. Mr. Lincoln smiled, and, saying something about his "strong muscles," stepped out at the open door, took up a very large, heavy axe, which lay there by a log of wood and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and then, pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the axe out horizontally, without its even quivering as he held it. Strong men who looked on—men accustomed to manual labor—could not hold the same axe in that position for a moment. Returning to the office, he took a glass of lemonade, (for he would take no stronger beverage;) and while he was within, the chips he had chopped were gathered up and safely cared for by a hospital steward, because they were "the chips that 'Father Abraham' had chopped." In a few hours more, the beloved President was at home in Washington; in a few days more he had passed away! and a bereaved nation was in mourning.

## THINKS I TO MYSELF.

world, how selfish, how [illegible], "Every man for business" is the universal motto. What a pushing, jostling set we are! One striving for fame; this one for wealth, that one for distinction; all seem to live, act and move in a kingdom of their own. When I see those who are clothed in vestures of satin, brush past the poor destitute, as if they feared the very air they breathed in would taint them; when I behold the haughty curl of the lip at inferiors in rank or mercenary goods, then I wonder if they possess as warm and true a heart as said inferiors, or if there is not a narrowness of soul and mind in them, not found in those whom they scorn. When I see a girl continually prattling about fashions and the latest novels; nearly dying with "ennui" if she cannot attend a ball every week; harping about genteel society; spending most of her time wondering what is the latest style of wearing the hair; who would just like to get the step of that delightful waltz which was danced at the last grand "fete," who wonders what *does* become her best—pink, blue, buff, or lilac; who wonders if she would purchase that superb brocade if she would not make an impression on that distinguished foreigner who is decidedly the "lion" of the day; thinks I to myself—wonder if you know what you are existing for, or if you are not a handsome piece of goods only, for sale to any one who is dunce enough to make the purchase?

When I see a piece of masculine goods standing at the corner of the streets, lounging in billiard rooms or lager beer saloons, or sitting in shops with their feet elevated several degrees above *terra firma*, puffing a cigar as complacently as though they were "Lords of creation"—what! "Lord of creation," did I say? How erroneous. Why, they are not even masters of their own minds; haven't energy enough to find out what material their brains are composed of. What aimless, worthless drones they are!—When I see a dandy promenading the streets, stroking his exquisite moustache, with his broadcloth cut the style, his hair oiled to perfection, enveloped in a cloud of *eau de cologne*, his hat tipped gracefully to one side, to complete the effect; thinks I to myself, my excellent dandy, wonder if you are not minus brains; or if you possess any, guess they're rather shallow.

Thinks I to myself, wouldn't it be a glorious world if people would live more for others, less for themselves; more in conformity to every day rules; more reality, less romance; more solid sense, less humbuggery. In fact this would be a right good world if people would only know how to live.

## A STORY FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

Ma-ry Har-ris was a lit-tle girl who lived in Chi-ca-go. She was a ve-ry pret-ty lit-tle girl, and one day an old bach-e-lor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine let-ters to her, and call her "Rose Bud" and "Puss" and "Lit-tle Mol-lie." But he went to Wash-ing-ton, and got mar-ried, and soon for-got his "Lit-tle Mol-lie." When Ma-ry Har-ris heard the news she bought a pret-ty pis-tol, and went to Wash-ing-ton. There she found the old bach-e-lor in a big build-ing, which they call-ed the Trea-su-ry De-part-ment. So she went to him, and shot him with the pret-ty pis-tol. The bul-let went in-to the old bach-e-lor. This made him feel bad, and he died. Then Ma-ry Har-ris cried; for she was a good girl, and ve-ry af-fec-tion-ate. Then the Sec-re-ta-ry came to see Miss Har-ris, and pit-ied her ve-ry much. Then the ed-i-tors came to see her, and pit-ied her ve-ry much.—For Ma-ry Har-ris was ve-ry pret-ty, and so af-fec-tion-ate. And the jail-ors of the pris-on all pit-ied her; and the judges, the jury that tried her, and the law-yers, all pit-ied lit-tle Ma-ry Har-ris. So they let her go free; and the good jur-ors said it was all a mis-take—that she had-n't kill-ed any-body. And ev-e-ry bo-dy kissed Ma-ry Har-ris be-cause she was a pret-ty girl. And ev-e-ry bo-dy was ve-ry hap-py, and huz-za-ed, ex-cept the old bach-e-lor, who could-n't huz-za be-cause he was dead. Oh, what a nice thing it is to be a pret-ty girl and shoot an old bach-e-lor! Lit-tle girls, be af-fec-tion-ate, and shoot "old bach-e-lors"!

LEMON JUICE TO RELIEVE PAIN.—Dr. Brandini, of Milan, says that lemon-juice, or a solution of citric acid, relieves the pain of cancer when applied to the sore as a lotion. The discovery was made accidentally, and the value of the application was confirmed by repeated experiments.

☞ It is a remarkable fact that, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few can decline matrimony.