

# Montrose Democrat.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NORTHERN PENN.  
E. B. CHASE, EDITOR.

Montrose, Thursday, April 17, 1856

Last week we published the speeches of Messrs. Wilmot and Jessup in the "Union State Convention," or rather a short synopsis of their speeches as reported for the New York Herald. Mr. Wilmot's was short, eloquent and politic, dealing in generalities and committing himself to nothing save in the general of "my principles." But Jessup's speech was of another sort, and we propose to call the attention of those who have watched his desecration of the graves of our fathers to his remarkable points.

First we take the anti-slavery side of this speech and see how it corresponds with his past life. He stated before the Convention that he considered the question of Slavery, in its present attitude, as entirely above every other, and he was willing to drop every thing else and make battle upon this alone. He deemed it the duty of all patriots to join in the fray, and give no rest to the political elements of the slavery question should be settled! He said he was an earnest free trader in principle, but was willing to forego his feelings on the Tariff question till slavery should be attended to, and he most earnestly exhorted his fellows in the Convention to show the same self-sacrificing spirit! He said the Democratic party row did not hold to one single principle that once distinguished that noble old party.

In 1850 the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and we remember that a great indignation meeting was held in Montrose soon after, in which a large amount of surplus indignation was ejected from several gentlemen. And we remember too, that it was announced in that meeting that Judge Jessup had been invited to be present, but declined on the ground that it would be improper for him to take part in such a meeting because of his position on the Bench! It will thus be seen that he was not very much indignant, nor very greatly alarmed, that the "enactments of the Slave Power," not so much so as to forget his nice sense of propriety as a Judge. A short time after this—some eighteen months—Judge Jessup went into the Baltimore Convention as a Delegate to nominate General Scott for the Presidency, and here he showed his hand on the Slavery question. He made a speech there, pledging himself, and the northern wing party to the South. He endorsed the Fugitive Slave Law in his speech, declared that it should be executed, and voted for Resolutions endorsing it in the strongest manner. He spent the greater part of the summer and fall wandering over the country making speeches for Scott on that platform. But Scott was defeated, and with his defeat, crashed the shrouds of Cabinet appointments and foreign missions which had been fitting before his exorbitant vision for years, and in pursuit of which he had wasted months of precious time, and a large amount of money. This result seemed to sober him, and we believe he was somewhat disgusted with politics, and determined to spend the remainder of his days in retirement.

Two years more rolled round and Judge Jessup again turned up in the political field, but this time on a very different platform. He very suddenly became profoundly penetrated with hatred of Slavery, and we now find him so alarmed and shocked at the wickedness of "the Slave Power," that he deems all other questions of no account whatever. Now here he is on both sides of the question with in two years, and the question arises, on which side he is honest. We answer on both! He was honestly for Slavery when that side seemed likely to secure him political power, and high official station, and now he is honestly against it when that side seems most likely to pay.

But, says ye, I am, or the Tariff question a free trader! We must confess that here we are puzzled. What does he mean? Does he suppose that the people of this country cannot remember back as far as the last agitation of the Tariff question? How can he summon courage thus publicly to contradict his whole life-time? We state what everybody in this county knows, when we say that through the whole Tariff agitation, which was perhaps more fierce in this District than in any other part of the State, Judge Jessup was the most unyielding and noisy high-Tariff advocate in all this section, and we don't think that anybody ever dreamed here that he had changed positions on that question till the recent convention. What then can be his object in justifying himself on this question so shamelessly? He has again become intoxicated with the ideas of political success, and imagines that something must be done to identify himself with free soil Democrats, who are generally ultra on the Tariff question. He has become ambitious to succeed Mr. Wilmot on the Bench, hence this complete change of his political position. He was honestly for high Tariff, for at one time that made fair to the strong side in Pennsylvania, and he is now honestly against it for that side is up!

But Judge Jessup says that the Democratic party was once a noble old party. This is a bad admission for him, for we believe he has always opposed it just as strongly as now. The truth is, it is no wonder that Judge Jessup can keep track of the Democratic party, and therefore thinks it has changed from its former position, for he has changed his own politics so many times the past five years, to say nothing of before that time, that we don't believe he can keep track of any party—even of his own! Within that time he has been on both sides of the slavery question, on both sides of the Tariff question, and an active member of three different political parties—the Whig, the Know-Nothing and the Republican. Where next he will end in his erratic pursuit of office it is impossible to tell or even predict, but like the sideshow of a circus, the next performer

ance will undoubtedly be something else.— We submit that by his own showing he is a very poor guide; and in our judgment he would be entitled to much more respect as a politician, if he was a little more modest in announcing the changes that are so frequently wrought in his political opinions.

Judge Wilmot feeling that his official conduct and integrity has been assailed by publications in our paper, we desire to say, in justice to him, to the public and to ourselves, that we did not intend to impugn the integrity of Judge Wilmot as a man, nor to charge upon him corruption, partiality or political bias in the discharge of his responsible public duties. We have seen nothing, nor do we know of anything, in the conduct of Judge Wilmot, to warrant such a charge. The publications complained of, were hastily and inconsiderately written, and we regret anything therein contained reflecting upon the official integrity and conduct of Judge Wilmot.

## New York Correspondence.

New York, April 12, 1856.  
For years I believed that my ocular teenth had been cut while I was yet a youngster; but now I am satisfied that this necessary era of my physical development was not reached until I found myself in the law courts. Some months since an acquaintance who was hard up offered to sell me the deed of some western land. He said it cost him \$200, but he could let me have it for \$75. Anvited by a spirit of christian benevolence, I offered him \$20 which he accepted. The next day I was enabled to sell it to a man after two hours expatriation, and several yards of brilliant furs, and I received in return his note for \$250, endorsed by another party represented to me as good. The note was protested at maturity. I learned, too, that the endorser never was worth anything, and furthermore, had gone to Nicaragua. I called on the principal who said he was sorry. Told him that wouldn't answer. He said he would do the best he could; that if I would give up the notes he would give me an order for the deed by paying to a party ten dollars and the interest at three per cent. a month, from whom he had borrowed it on the deed as collateral. I declined his offer and consulted a lawyer. He convinced me in five minutes that not only a personal regard for my own rights, but my duty to society demanded that I sue the direct individual, and that the safety and stability of the institutions of our country depended on my prompt and decided action.— I was possessed of too much patriotism to allow the Union to "slide" when I thus had it in my power to save it, and I consented. In three minutes more I paid my lawyer a fee of twenty dollars. The suit was commenced, and two months after I was notified that it had reached the calendar. I went to court and waited a few days before it was called. Defendant asked to have the trial put off on account of an absent witness. Put off accordingly. Lawyer convinced me that ten dollars was needed to grease the wheels of justice, which amount I paid. Case was again reached and after waiting five days in court was again called. Defendant asked to have the case postponed as his lawyer was absent in Washington doing lobby duty.— Lawyer told me that ten dollars more was needed to get a linch pin for one of the wheels of the car of justice. Saw him the next morning and until that moment I had never suspected that "linch pin" meant a pair of patent leathers and a Genin that in case of last came to trial. Witness swore in every detail. Defendants counsel endeavored to impress the jury with the idea that I was the biggest scoundrel living. So cogent was his reasoning I became fully satisfied that a thousand years of repentance in sack cloth and ashes would not be sufficient to make amends for my iniquities. But my lawyer put a different coloring in the matter. Before he was half through I believed myself the worst infamously man living and that there was a foul conspiracy existing in which everybody else as soon as they accomplish their all important object at the coming election, just so sure as you who have been duped, live to see that day, just so sure you will discover you have been sold and at a very small price.

I do not approve the course of President Pierce, or Senator Douglas. It was an unfortunate matter in placing Pierce in the Presidential chair,—he has proved his inability for that important station. But we are to give up because Pierce falls short of what we expected of him? We have men as firm as the hills. "Availability" has been the cry. We have our Buchanan, we have our Cass,—we can nominate and we can elect men, "firm tried and true," who will, if the Democratic National Convention do their duty, bear the ship of State triumphantly, and tow the "old democratic scow" safe in to Constitution harbor.

Feeling somewhat sympathetic and sympathizing with friend Barnum, I would suggest to him that if he can see any chance for political "humburger" left undone by Horace Greeley, there might yet be a chance to retrieve his fortunes by attending to it. It is true, it looks like a hopeless case but possibly he might discover a chance.

## Communications.

Editor of the Democrat.—As political matters are rather dull at present with the exception of the one issue, or the bigger question, I thought a few lines from a humble citizen—"from way down on the Tunkhannock Creek," or from one of the "oreek nation," might not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the Democrat; and as political communications are common, I will communicate a little on that topic.

A few words to the democrats that are democrats in principle. It is to you that this short article is intended. Our old foe is in the field. It is true they have assumed another name. They are straining every nerve, leaving nothing undone which they have in their power, to accomplish the overthrow of Democracy. Yet! now, for the fourth time in the remembrance of the writer of this, they have changed their name, and this is not the first time they have drawn to their embrace as good and as pure Democrats as Wilmot and Grow. And for what have they changed their name? For the express purpose of drawing the honest and unsuspecting into their snare. To those that have always been opposed to democratic man and measure, and to those that make politics a game and think that honesty has nothing to do with politics, I have nothing to say; but to the candid and honest demobs, who have on every emergency stood shoulder to shoulder without flinching for the cause of Democracy,—it is to you that I wish particularly to call attention. Will you because we have been unfortunate in electing self-styled democrats to office, men who would disgrace the name of an honest party?— Will you, I say, on that account, leave us and go to the enemy? What do you expect to gain by such a course? They have succeeded or are trying to succeed in enlisting your sympathies and exciting your minds and feelings on the one issue, the slavery question. That is their great political hobby.— That is enough. Everything else was settled long ago. But, fellow democrats, how long will those important measures stay settled? Those questions that were dear to us; just think how long we have had to battle with the enemies of those measures. Think you, fellow democrats, that "that some old coin" is gold? He is only "playing possum," just as soon as they accomplish their all important object at the coming election, just so sure as you who have been duped, live to see that day, just so sure you will discover you have been sold and at a very small price.

Cox, D. D., sued for a divorce on the ground of the alleged adultery of his wife, and he came out of the little end of the horn. The case throughout was a precious piece of scandal. It was made up of descriptions of scenes in our house of ill fame and the details of the business. Several of the proprietors of these establishments were among the witnesses, and it was attempted to be proven that Mrs. Cox herself in 1822, when fifteen years of age was an inmate of a house of prostitution. Aside from this there was a great deal of sewing circle and tea party scandal introduced and the whole formed an interesting hodge podge of matrimony, cupidity, quarrel, jealousy, separation, crimination, espionage, and hard swearing. But it is all very good for the lawyers. If people would sue, some four hundred lawyers in N. Y. City would have nothing to do.

At Burton's theatre lately Harry Perry went on the stage as drunk as people allow themselves to be and stand up. He is a brilliant actor but he has one weakness. Burton, "Blessed baby" screams nightly to the great amusement of the audience. The Brodway has furnished a combination of the illegitimate drama and horse opera for some time past. The Bowery is closed. Laura Keane is meeting with every success. Wallace himself has appeared in a round of characters lately. Charles T. Ware a successful dramatist and one of the most promising amateur tragedians is getting out some new plays, "the first opera written in America," "The Spy," has been produced at the Academy of Music. It is a success and justly so. The incidents are founded on Cooper's novel of the same name.— Ardit is the composer.

## Teacher's Certificates.

There is, probably, no duty devolved upon the Superintendent which requires a more mature judgment, a more careful discrimination, a more candid, upright, and conscientious decision, than that of granting Certificates of ability, and merit to those who propose to take charge of our common Schools. It would be but slight satisfaction, or relief, if it were the earnest, anxious parent, or myself, for me to say that I realize the full responsibility of such a duty. Something more is required. "I must take the responsibility," and nerve every energy to the discharge of that duty, honestly and faithfully. I am to see that the child's time is not wasted, that the parent's money is not squandered, upon teachers unworthy of their confidence, or, at least, if in this case, I must see that it does not have the sanction of a Department specially interested to guard the interests of both child and parent.

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To the furtherance of this object I have thought it might be proper to publish the form of the certificate to be granted, together with a little explanation.

The blank form is as follows: NO. \_\_\_\_\_ Good for one year only. TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE.—PROVISIONAL.—This is to certify that \_\_\_\_\_ has passed an examination in the following Branches, with the annexed result: Orthography \_\_\_\_\_ Grammar \_\_\_\_\_ Reading \_\_\_\_\_ Arithmetic \_\_\_\_\_ Writing \_\_\_\_\_ Teaching \_\_\_\_\_ Geography \_\_\_\_\_ County Superintendent \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ 185\_\_\_\_ EXPLANATION: No. 1, signifies Very Good; 2, Good; 3, Middling; 4, Poor; 5, Very Poor. If it will be seen, by looking at the above form, that a teacher may be marked at any intermediate number from one to five (those included) or from very good to very poor, which would most certainly include any who might present themselves as a candidate for a certificate. And I desire to have it distinctly understood by all, that when I mark a teacher 4 or 5 on any branch (or poor and very poor) that it is equivalent to an absolute refusal of any certificate on the branches thus marked. It is not the fact that they have a certificate, but rather, what is the grade of that certificate, which determines as to my judgment in regard to their qualifications. I make this explanation in regard to certificates that all may have a good understanding in regard to them. And I desire, also, in future, to cultivate a good understanding with the people, directors, and teachers in relation to all the duties I am called upon to perform, feeling, as I do, that all should work harmoniously together for one common object, that of elevating the character of our Common Schools. I sincerely hope no one will expect anything less of me than a fair, honest, and faithful discharge of those duties which I consider attach to the position in which I am placed. I hope no one will expect me to brand one of my certificates with what my better judgment must deem false for the sake of personal favor or gratification; for if it is expected by none, then none will be disappointed.

## Argument for James Buchanan.

As political matters are rather dull at present with the exception of the one issue, or the bigger question, I thought a few lines from a humble citizen—"from way down on the Tunkhannock Creek," or from one of the "oreek nation," might not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the Democrat; and as political communications are common, I will communicate a little on that topic. A few words to the democrats that are democrats in principle. It is to you that this short article is intended. Our old foe is in the field. It is true they have assumed another name. They are straining every nerve, leaving nothing undone which they have in their power, to accomplish the overthrow of Democracy. Yet! now, for the fourth time in the remembrance of the writer of this, they have changed their name, and this is not the first time they have drawn to their embrace as good and as pure Democrats as Wilmot and Grow. And for what have they changed their name? For the express purpose of drawing the honest and unsuspecting into their snare. To those that have always been opposed to democratic man and measure, and to those that make politics a game and think that honesty has nothing to do with politics, I have nothing to say; but to the candid and honest demobs, who have on every emergency stood shoulder to shoulder without flinching for the cause of Democracy,—it is to you that I wish particularly to call attention. Will you because we have been unfortunate in electing self-styled democrats to office, men who would disgrace the name of an honest party?— Will you, I say, on that account, leave us and go to the enemy? What do you expect to gain by such a course? They have succeeded or are trying to succeed in enlisting your sympathies and exciting your minds and feelings on the one issue, the slavery question. That is their great political hobby.— That is enough. Everything else was settled long ago. But, fellow democrats, how long will those important measures stay settled? Those questions that were dear to us; just think how long we have had to battle with the enemies of those measures. Think you, fellow democrats, that "that some old coin" is gold? He is only "playing possum," just as soon as they accomplish their all important object at the coming election, just so sure as you who have been duped, live to see that day, just so sure you will discover you have been sold and at a very small price.

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representatives in Congress and the Legislature come off in October before the Presidential election, and the same is true of some other States. It is our first duty to redress our power in the federal Congress. It is a fact also, which deserves to be placed prominently before the public eye, that at least seven Democratic Northern Senators in Congress will depend for their own reelection on the division of Democratic voters, upon the selection of the very strongest candidate for President. Look at the vast array of interest this presented at a glance to the Democratic party, all imperilled by a nomination not strong enough to sweep down opposing combinations, and yet all certain to be saved should we place before the people in November next the man who is unquestionably their choice.

How many young Democrats in all the States of the Union, North and South, are looking forward to this contest of 1856 as the beginning of their career in politics? How many men who have been stricken down in past conflicts, now look forward to be vindicated by a general triumph in 1856,—not vindicated, let it be remembered, by appointment to office at Washington or elsewhere, but by being enabled to go before the people and to rise with the rise of their party! Can it be possible, if we advance to the conflict without feeling from the moment we start that victory is sure, that we shall be able to overcome our adversaries? Does not all past experience show that whenever the Democracy are defeated for the Presidency they are generally thrown into a minority in the States respectively, and often in Congress? This reflection has no doubt, occurred to many men individually, but when we take up and present it in its just application to all the States, and particularly in its relation to the just ambitions and the upright and manly aspirations of our political friends in all parts of the country, it rises up to a magnitude which speaks trumpet tongue in favor of the nomination of Mr. Buchanan as the Democratic candidate. In the vast network of political organization, extending from State to State, rafting into townships and school districts, entering at the common headquarters at the city of Washington, there is no doubt that plots and counterplots will be resorted to without end, and that men will be rallied and partisans cheered on, and delegates elected, with reference to the elevation of some favorite chief;— But if ever the historian has written impartially, if ever he has spoken the voice of warning, it is when he refers to the effort to disregard the popular will and to counteract the wishes of those who make and unmake our Governors, Senators and Congressmen, ay, and Presidents too. Our organization itself would become powerless and contemptible if it sought to disregard the will of the people. The whole system of National Conventions has been maintained because it has gone hand in hand with this obligation. May Mr. Forney never come when the wishes of the people will be so lightly regarded that men will place in nomination candidates for any office, when in their hearts they know they are not reducing impartially and wisely the opinions of those who delegate power to them, to the abuse! But to be honored and represented.— **Harriaburg Union.**

## New Book.

We are indebted to the kind attention of the world-renowned publishers, DEWEY & DAYTON, of New York, for a copy of a new, and destined to be an exceedingly popular work, entitled "Christine, or Wawan's Trials and Triumphs," by LACHA J. CURTIS.—Miss Curtis bids fair to eclipse all the bright and particular stars that have appeared in the literary firmament for the last ten years.— One writer says, "Never have we perused a book of such profound interest as this production of the fair authoress." Christine is a girl of naturally fine talents which are misunderstood and unappreciated by her parents who ignorant themselves, cannot understand her sensitive and retiring disposition, or the ardent longings after knowledge that fill her youthful mind. She finally triumphs over difficulties, carries out her favorite scheme, does an immense deal of good, but finds, after all, in her heart an aching void which nothing but love can fill—old love turns up in all right—a happy! The work contains 384 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth— price \$1.00.

## Wheat and Flour on Lake Michigan.

A Chicago correspondent of the Buffalo Express states that there are about 125,000 bushels of wheat and 30,000 barrels of flour stored at that point. On the Illinois canal, and a railroad station in the interior there is not much remaining. (A much greater amount than usual was marketed here (Buffalo) last fall, owing to the injury of Germano wheat.) The farmers there are paying \$1, 20 a \$1.25 for seed wheat, which is higher than Chicago prices. At Waukegan, Kankakee, and Racine there is not less than 30,000 bushels of wheat. There is at Milwaukee about 225,000 bushels. The whole aggregate on Lake Michigan will exceed 400,000 bushels of wheat and 600,000 barrels of flour.— This is half what was stored there last year, and the increased number of customers is expected to use it up at home. The quantity of corn is large. Probably 20,000,000 bushels might be brought out if prices were attractive enough; but farmers hold for better rates. There is plenty of shipping in Chicago harbor ready to start, out as navigation opens, and the corn will at once "move eastward."

## Rhode Island Election.

The returns from the State have all been received, showing a majority of nearly 3000 for the Know Nothing and Republican candidates for Governor, Secretary of State and Attorney General. There is no choice for Lieut. Governor and Treasurer. The Coalition have a clear majority in both branches of the Assembly. The Senate stands 16 Coalition, 9 Democrats, 1 Whig, and 5 vacancies. The House 30 Coalition, 21 Democrats, and 13 vacancies. Last year the Know Nothings carried the State by more than 8,000 majority, this year it has been reduced to less than 3,000.— The Democrats have also gained largely in the Legislature. **It Court.**— Jury discharged yesterday.

## Death of an Eccentric Character.

The Leeds (Eng.) Intelligencer gives an interesting account of an eccentric individual who took to his bed in good health, forty-five years ago, and remained there until death, which occurred on the 8th ult. He resided in the parish of Keighley, and went by the name of "Old Marclaps," but his real name was William Sharp. He was the son of a small farmer, and for a while followed the trade of a weaver, but frequently neglected his loom, so that the neighboring mill-owners with his gun, often spending whole nights out in the open air. He never left his bed and room which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The principal cause of this conduct is believed to have been a matrimonial disappointment. The day for his marriage was fixed and he proceeded with a friend to the parish church, but the bride never came.— The father of the daimsel sternly and steadily refused his consent. This, combined with other grievances, perhaps, preyed heavily upon a mind bearing unmistakable evidences of hereditary singularity, and the result was that the young man considered himself to be a small room, about nine feet square, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence there in the blankets of a bed, which resolution he kept unflinchingly. The room was almost bare of furniture, uncomfortable, and with only one window, which was not opened for thirty-eight years. The singular being, as it were, declined to speak to any one, and if spoken to never answered. His father, by his will, made provision for the wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. In the process of time his legs became contracted and drawn up towards his body, so that he had to roll over and assume a kneeling posture when taking his meals. He was generally clean in his habits, and during the whole period of his confinement never had any serious illness, although he ate on an average as much as any farm laborer; and at the advanced age of 70 years his flesh was firm, fair and unwrinkled, save with fat, and the estimate of his weight was 240 pounds, about a week before his death his appetite began to fail and his limbs became benumbed, so that he could not take his food in his accustomed manner. Shortly before he expired he was heard to exclaim: "Poor Bill, poor Bill, poor Bill Sharp," the most connected sentence he had heard to utter for many a year.

## The Philadelphia Sun.

The Philadelphia Sun, an opposition paper, has the following compliment to Col. Forney:— Col. JOHN W. FORNEY.—In nothing that this gentleman promptly secured at his accounts as Clerk of the House, a few hours after the First Comptroller had adjusted them, our newspaper of Baltimore "solarizes the theme," and says:— "When we moralize a man who has filled a highly responsible financial office, rendering up his accounts with accuracy and an exhibition of strict fidelity, and retiring gracefully from his position, with the respect which such a career of duty earns from all parties, we cheerfully recognize in such an event an example worthy of note, and entitled to the consideration, especially of youth, whether in public or private life." How many there are at this day, who, having fallen under the force of temptation, may point to the contrast with their own conduct, and that of a man retiring from official position, so honorably as Mr. Forney does. How freely would they take upon themselves, to unfold the measure of partisan abuse to which Mr. Forney has been exposed, were they exchanged with him the social and dignified reputation he bears with him from the office of Chief Clerk for the shattered ruin which the love of lucre has unhappily entailed upon them.— There is a usual lesson in this incidental notice of Mr. Forney. It presents to the mind the impotency of party abuse, when it is encountered by stern and inflexible integrity.

## A Hare Reply.

A letter from Paris to the New York Express contains the annexed:— Last week I told you of the blunder made by the Patrie in announcing that the newly elected Speaker of the House of Representatives was a negro. I have something better still to tell you. In conversation with a distinguished gentleman lately returned from Italy, he related to me the following anecdote:— An English gentleman of education and refinement approached an American friend, saying playfully, "So, Mr. —, I see your House of Representatives are determined to keep the country in a state of agitation on the subject of Southern slavery; have you succeeded to the influence of a powerful Northern majority, and elected one Banks, a negro Speaker?" "Indeed," replied the American, very complacently, "pray where did you get your information from the newspapers to be sure," answered the other. "In what terms were the facts stated?" quietly asked the American. "Simply, that Mr. Nathaniel Banks, Black Republican, had been elected speaker after a long and anxious struggle, from which I gather that Mr. Banks, being a Black Republican, is of course a black man." "Then, sir," replied the American, "if the paper had stated a red republican, you would have concluded Mr. Banks to be an Indian!" The name, Black Republican, was then fully explained to John Bull, who expressed himself a wiser, if not a better man, for the information.

## Newfoundland Dog Putting out a Fire.

"From the newspapers to be sure," answered the other. "In what terms were the facts stated?" quietly asked the American.

## Presentation of a Gavel.

We have been shown a beautiful gavel presented to Speaker PATTY, by Col. THOS. A. MAURER, Clerk of the Senate. The hammer is of ivory, and the handle, we believe, is lignum vitae. The workmanship is perfect. On one side is inscribed, "Hon. WILLIAM M. PATTY, Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1856," and on the other the presentant's coat of arms. Of the value of the present is not very high value; but coming as it does from so accomplished an officer as the Clerk, the Speaker estimates it highly as a memento of his friendship.— **Dial.**

## The Thousand Stickers.

About one thousand workmen will be employed in building the "great leviathan" belonging to the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, now in course of construction near London. She will be 23,000 tons register, and will carry about 12,000 tons of coal.— She is, indeed, of most gigantic proportions, and will sail with six accommodations 10,000 passengers. If this account of her is to be true, we advise the sea serpents and small whales to keep out of the track.

## The Fate of Turkey.

Whatever may be the decision of the Peace Conference at Paris, the fate of Turkey is sealed. That startling anomaly is fast disappearing, and a people, whose "lost" been justly described as an orphan in Europe, is about being sent to its proper home, the Bosphorus—the Asiatic.

No thinking man, no Christian, can regret that the "sick man" is about being ejected from an estate he has held with a brutal and demented hand for two centuries; nor, despite the mock halo shown around the present Sultan, by his generous conduct to the Hungarian patriots, still represents a system diametrically opposed to progress and civilization.

The accumulated wrongs of centuries are about being visited forth, that distribution which oppression, whether exercised by an individual or a nation, never fails to provoke. It also frequently happens that punishment falls on the most innocent of the race, thus visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. This law we see carried out constantly.

Sixty years ago the vengeance of ages of misrule fell upon Louis XVI and Maria Antoinette, the most amiable of their race. We fully expect to see a similar instance in the present Sultan of Turkey, for however the joint efforts of England and France may have effected the march of Russia, Turkey must fall before the Car of Progress, driven as it is now by those mercurial drivers, the Western Powers.

No man any rational man regrets it. The cruel and brutal rule of the mohems has long been a standing reproach to the world, and every freeman must rejoice at the demolition of a system which entails upon womankind the frightful evils of Polygamy.

RATS WANTED.—By late advices from abroad, we learn that rat-skins have become very scarce in Paris, and as a consequence, kid gloves have advanced in price!

On Monday, a large importer and retailer on Broadway, advanced the price of ladies' kid gloves from seven to eight shillings per pair.— We remember not many years ago, that the same ladies were sold to the same ladies, by the same lord, at four shillings a pair. And when the price was advanced to five shillings, the "society" stood aghast! How the daughters scolded, and the fra manna sighed over the extravagance of the generati!

How the kind papa frowned, as he tossed that "so's umbria change into Seraphina's gloves!" But the age was progressive. Year after year the entries into "society" became more numerous and dazzling, the price of kid gloves increased by the shilling, and the number of pairs decreased by the score. Finally, the human liped has outstripped the long-tailed quagmire in the race of progressive life; and now the kids are one dollar, but the rats—where are they?

The fact is, we must patronize home products and home industries. We must catch our own rats and make our own kids. We must petition Congress to enact a tariff law, fixing a high duty on French kid gloves, but admitting the raw rat-skins free. Then mixing the foreign material with the domestic, we shall be able to compete with the Parisian fabricant in our own market. And then, that a jolly time Batty Jonathan and Batty Crayner will have, as they daily meet in the glove embrace of our Broadway belles! Ho! then, householders, stockholders, grocers, stablers, wharfingers, corkers, chambermaids, man servants, maid servants and money-loving Yankees, all bait your rat traps, sharpen your jack-knives, and hurrah for American kid gloves!— **N. Y. Times.**

## A Terrible Affair.

An extract from a private letter published in the Sunday Herald, gives the following account of a shocking affair at Reamstown, Pa. The letter is dated on the 7th inst.

Last Thursday night a man went to a farm house, and told the farmer he did not give him \$50 dollars he would burn the barn down, but the farmer prevented him, so doing, in a few minutes, however, the barn was in a blaze, but the farmer and his son were too frightened to go out for fear the man would murder them, and there were three valuable horses, 200 sheep and thirty head of cattle, which were destroyed. On investigation, the body of a man was discovered in the ruins, with a dirk knife in his belt. It is supposed that there were three or four men, and while one went for the money the others set the barn on fire, and while in the act of setting the barn on fire one of them received a violent kick from a cross old horse, and was burnt to death. The wicked are punished some time or other. This farmer received assistance by blowing of horns.

## Newfoundland Dog Putting out a Fire.

"From the newspapers to be sure," answered the other. "In what terms were the facts stated?" quietly asked the American.

## Presentation of a Gavel.

We have been shown a beautiful gavel presented to Speaker PATTY, by Col. THOS. A. MAURER, Clerk of the Senate. The hammer is of ivory, and the handle, we believe, is lignum vitae. The workmanship is perfect. On one side is inscribed, "Hon. WILLIAM M. PATTY, Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1856," and on the other the presentant's coat of arms. Of the value of the present is not very high value; but coming as it does from so accomplished an officer as the Clerk, the Speaker estimates it highly as a memento of his friendship.— **Dial.**

## The Thousand Stickers.

About one thousand workmen will be employed in building the "great leviathan" belonging to the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, now in course of construction near London. She will be 23,000 tons register, and will carry about 12,000 tons of coal.— She is, indeed, of most gigantic proportions, and will sail with six accommodations 10,000 passengers. If this account of her is to be true, we advise the sea serpents and small whales to keep out of the track.