

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

McCollum & Gerrison, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, August 7, 1856.

Volume 13, Number 33.

Choice Poetry.

THE LITTLE WIFE.
Frown not, my love, ah! let me chase
Away the shade of care that lies
Tonight so darkly on your face,
And mist-like o'er your manly eyes.
Ah! let me try the winning ways
You said were mine—the angel art
To pour at once ten thousand rays
Of dancing sunlight on your heart!
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Must bid these gloomy thoughts depart.
When love was young and hopes were bright,
I thought in all that dream of bliss
That thoughts might come like those of night,
And hours of sorrow such as this.
And then, I said, my task shall be
To soothe his heart so fond and true,
How much his little wife can do,
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Must bid you dream that dream away.
Then let me lift those locks that fall
So wholly o'er your lofty brow,
And smooth with fingers soft and small
The veins that cord your temples now;
How often, when I see your weary head,
From manly care of thought divine,
You've held me to your heart and said
You wanted love so deep as mine!
My love, my life!
Your little wife
That love is all her life's design.
And here it is—a love as wild
As e'er defied the world's control;
The fondness of a fearful child,
The passion of a woman's soul,
All mingled in my breast for thee—
In one hot tide—I cannot speak;
But feel my throbbing heart, and see
Its brightness in my burning cheek—
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Should cheer you or her heart would break.
Ah! now the breast I fondly hold,
Grows warm within my fond embrace;
And smiles as sweet as those of old
Are stealing softly o'er your face;
And far within your brightening eyes
My image, true and clear, I see;
Each shade of care and sorrow flies,
And leaves your heart again to me—
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Is only queen must ever be.

Miscellaneous.

Missing a Strange Girl in the Desert.
When I speak of kissing, I don't include
Kissing mother or sister, aunt, or grandma,
Or the little people; that's all in the family,
and a matter of course. I mean one's wife,
sweetheart, and other females; that are not
kin or blood connection. "That's the sort
to call kissing," and that's the sort I am
going to describe.
There is a beautiful village about twenty-four
miles north of New Haven, called in the
Indian tongue Pomperny. What it means in
Indian I don't know. It was not taught us
in the district school up there; where we
learned our A-B-C's and afterwards progressed
as far as B-a-b, k-e-r, Baker, when I was
allowed to graduate, and enter the "Youth's
Seminary" under the charge of the Rev. Mr.
Fuller. One of the schoolmates in the latter
place was a bright intelligent boy of the
name of Walter Marshall. I loved him, so
did every body in the old village love him.
He grew up to manhood, but not here. No;
New England boys don't grow up at home;
before they reach manhood they are trans-
planted, and are flourishing in all parts of
the known world, where a Yankee craft has
been or the stars and stripes.
Walter Marshall, when he reached the age
of fourteen, arrived in New York from his
native village in the desolate situation that is
frequent among New England boys; that is
to say he had only the usual accompaniments
of those unfortunates, who afterwards
made the merchants and great men of this
country, and not unfrequently of other lands.
He had a little wooden trunk pretty well
stocked with "ham mades," a sixty-eight
cent bible that the mother yacked in for him,
fearing that he might forget it; a three dollar
New Haven city bank bill, and any quantity
of energy, patience, perseverance and
ambition. He entered the counting room of
a large mercantile house in South street—
His honesty, activity and industry won him
many friends. Among them was an English
merchant, who had a large commercial house
in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He
was in this country on business connected
with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and
did his business for the firm Walter clerked
for; and here the latter attracted his notice.
He was sixteen years of age only, yet the
Bombay gentleman fancied him and made
him a liberal offer to go to England with
him; which, after a very little palaver among
his friends, Walter accepted. New England
boys don't often start off on their usually
long wandering excursions without first get-
ting leave absence for a few days preparatory
exercises, which they spend in going where
they came from; and then, having taken a
few good looks at the weather-beaten church,
the high old steeple, which was wonderfully
reduced in size and elevation since they first
saw it, to notice it, in schoolboy days; then
they must hear the old bell ring once more,
even if they had to take a spell at the rope;
then take a turn among the white grave-
stones, and if there are any more mounds, fresh
made, and if so to ask what one of all their
friends have gone to their last resting place;

then to kiss mother and sister, shake hands
with father—and the stage is at the door of
the tavern, and they are ready for a start to
go "anywhere."
Walter went up to do, and did all this;—
but he did not get into the stage at the tav-
ern. He walked down the road, ahead of
the coach, and told the driver to stop and let
him get in at the minister's house—at Par-
son Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there, too,
for she happened to be the parson's only
daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest
little witch that ever wore long, loose tresses
of auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She was
only twelve years old and Walter was nearly
seventeen. She did love him though; he
was almost all in all to her; he had fought
her battles for her through her childish cam-
paign, and she had no brother. She was
Walter's cousin too—a sort of half first-cousin
for her mother had been the half sister
of Walter's mother. They were not too near
related for purposes hereinafter named.
Poor Molly! she would have cried her
eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that
Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ri-
diculous in motion; and she made a merry
ten minutes as a wind up to their parting
scene.
Three days after Walter was in New York,
and just four months and twenty days farther
on in Time's almanac was making out in-
voices and acting as corresponding clerk to
the firm in Bombay.
I shall not stop long enough to tell how
many times he went to see the exhibition of
venomous-looking cobra de capellos, biting
Sopys, just for fun, and to show how in-
nocent the beauties were, and how easy their
bite was cured; how often he visited the far-
famed Elephant cave; how many times he
dined with Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of
Bombay, and how he was with him, and
what he said on the very morning of the day
the old scourge—the cholera—made the ex-
cellent Sir Robert his victim; all these I shall
leave to another time and a more appropriate
heading. I skip over all these, and six years
of the time beside, and land Master Walter at
Staten Island, bring him up to the city in a
steambot, and leave him at a respectable hotel,
and let him sleep all night, and take a
good "shore rest," after a tedious voyage of
four months and more.
The next morning he awakes him; get up,
and pay his bill, take a hack, and ride down
to the New Haven steambot and go on
board. It is seven o'clock A. M. At seven
P. M. the boat has reached the landing; his
trunks and traps are on board the Litchfield
stage; he has taken a seat on the inside; his
destination is an intermediate village. He is
alone in the stage; no not alone—there is
an old woman on the front seat, and a Pres-
byterian clergyman on the middle seat. The
stage is up in the city slowly meandering
about New Haven town picking up passen-
gers, who have sent their names to the office
of the city of mineralogy, theology and other
ologies in general. The stage jugs pulls up
at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel
street to take up a passenger—a young lady
of sixteen or thereabout. Before she had
got fairly inside, Walter had noticed her
and she had noticed him, too. He gazes in
astonishment at the perfect vision of loveli-
ness before him; he has n't seen anything of
the kind for several years. There is not a
particle of copper about her. She, on her
part, half laughing, regarded him very atten-
tively; pushes back the golden ringlets that
almost shut in her face and takes another
look, as if to be certain she had made no mis-
take.
"Here is a seat, Miss, beside me," said
the gospel preacher.
"Thank you sir, but I prefer sitting on the
back seat with that gentleman, if he will let
me," said the most electrical voice that Wal-
ter listened to in some time.
"Certainly, Miss," said the delighted Bom-
bayite; and when she had seated herself by
him, she gazed into his face with a kind of
mixed up delight and astonishment, that
Walter actually took a look down upon him-
self, to ascertain what there was about his
person that appeared to be so pleasing to the
fair maiden; but he discovered nothing un-
usual. The stage rolled on towards Derby,
at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour,
and Walter and the merry maid seemed as
chatty and cozy together as though they had
known each other for years instead of
minutes. The minister tried to engage the
ringlets in conversation, but he soon found
himself "nowhere." She had neither eyes
nor ears for anybody else but Walter; and he
had told her more about his travels and Bom-
bay scenery, than he ever told anybody else
before or since.
At last they came to Derby. Their horses
had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons
were harnessed and tackled on the old stage.
Walter handed the gentle girl back to her
old seat as gracefully as he could have done
had he never lived in Bombay, but always
stopped in New York. They were alone now;
the minister and the old woman had got out
at Derby.
"Well we are off once more, how far are
you going?" said Walter.
"Not quite so far as Litchfield. You say
that your friends reside at Pomperny. How
glad they will be to see you."
"Very probable, unless they have forgot-
ten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have
altered some in seven years."
"Not a particle, I—"

The pretty maid forgot what she was going
to say, but at last remembered, and contin-
ued:—
"I should suppose that you had not alter-
ed, for you say you were seventeen when you
left home, and now you are only twenty-
three. You must have been grown nearly as
large as you are now."
"Perhaps so; but still, I am somewhat
tanned by exposure in the East India cli-
mate."
"Yet I think you will be recognized by
everybody in the little village. Do you know
a young lady in Pomperny of the name of
Mary Fuller?"
"What! little Mary! My little wife, as
I used to call her! Bless her heart! My
trunk is filled with knick-knacks for her es-
pecial use. Do I know her! Why, I have
thought of her ever since I went away—
Young lady! Why, she is a little bit of a
girl; she is only ten years old. No; she
must be older now. I suppose I shall
find her grown considerably. By the way,
are you not cold? It's getting chilly."
The delighted young lady was trying to
conceal her face, which had called forth
Walter's exclamation.
"Yes, it is getting colder; it is nearly
dark, and so it was. Walter had a boat-
cock, and after a very little trouble, he was
permitted to wrap it around her lovely form,
and somehow or other his arm went with it;
and in the confusion he was very close to her,
and his arm was around her waist, outside
the cloak, though then he had to put his face
down to hear what she said, and somehow
those long ringlets of soft, silky hair were
playing across his cheek. Human nature
could not and would not stand it any longer,
said Walter, the modest Walter, drew his arm
closer than ever and pressed upon the warm
rosy lips of his beautiful fellow-traveler a
glowing, burning, regular East India, Bom-
bay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mis-
chief he had done, and waited for the stage
to upset or something else to happen; but no,
she had not made any resistance; on the con-
trary, he felt very distinctly that she had re-
turned the kiss; the very first kiss, too, he
had ever pressed upon a woman's lips since
he gave a parting kiss to little Mary Fuller,
and he would have sworn he heard her say-
ing something (about the very moment he
had given her that first long kiss of youth
and love) that sounded like "Walter, dear
Walter." He tried the experiment again,
and before the stage next fairly reached the
village, he had kissed and re-kissed her, and
she had paid them back kiss for kiss at least
a hundred times.
The stage was now entering the village—
in a few moments he would be at Mary Fel-
ler's house. He thought of her, and he felt
ashamed and downright guilty. What would
Mary, his "little wife," that was to be, say, if
she knew he had been acting so! As these
things passed rapidly through his mind, he
began to study how to get out of the affair
quietly and decently.
"You go on in the stage, I suppose, to the
next town, or perhaps you go still farther?"
"Oh, no! not me!"
"What could she mean! But he had no
time to indulge in conjecture; the stage
dipped up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door,
and there was the venerable Parson and his
good lady in the door-way; he with a lamp
in his hand, all ready to receive—Walter, as
he supposed.
"Where will you stop in the village? I
will come and see you."
"I shall stop where you stop. I won't
leave you. Here you have been kissing me
this last half hour, and now you want to run
away and leave me. I am determined to ex-
pose you to that old clergyman and his wife
in the doorway window. More than that,
your "darling little wife" that is to be, as you
called her, shall know all about it!"
What a situation for a modest, moral
man!
It was awful. To be laughed at; and who
was she? Could it be possible! He had
heard of such characters! It must be; but
she was very pretty; and he to be the means
of bringing such a creature into the very
house of the good and pious clergyman and
his sweet old pet and playmate—his Mary
Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgment
sent upon him: What business had he to
kiss a strange girl if she was pretty! His
uncle and aunt had come clear down the
stone walk to the door-yard gate, almost in
the stage door, which the driver had opened.
Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had
to get out.
"Don't for God's sake, expose me, young
woman!"
"I will—get out!"
"Oh! thought Walter, "it's all over with
me!" and now he shakes hands with the cler-
gyman, and flings his arms around the aunt.
"Mary!" exclaims the mother, "our Mary
in the stage, as I live! So, so, you would
come up with your cousin, eh?"
"Yes, mother, and what do you think the
impudent East Indian has been doing! He
kissed me at least a hundred times, and that
isn't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on
in the stage and not get out at all!"
"Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he hasn't
seen you for some years. How glad you
must have been when you met. But what is
the matter of you, Walter! Let the driver
stop and leave your trunk at your father's as
he goes by, and do you come into the house.
Why, what is the matter! Are you dumb!"
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Walter,

not to speak to my mother when she is talk-
ing to you?" chimed in Miss Molly.
Walter now found his voice, and before he
fairly got inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for
a round dozen of kisses which she took very
kindly. But as for Walter his mind was
made up. He had turned over the subject
during the last three minutes. He would
marry that strange girl. He was grateful;
she had saved him from degradation, loss of
character, and everything else; but would
she forgive him for being so free with a stran-
ger girl in a stage coach? Doubtful; but
she should have the chance, at any rate.
The wanderer received a glad welcome
from his family and friends in his own native
village; and Mary Fuller was his traveling
companion about the place; and together
they crossed the door-sill of every old farm-
house within a circle of five miles around—
Walter had seen enough of the outside of the
great world. He had made some money too,
enough for his modest wants; he was old en-
ough to marry—and so was Mary Fuller;
and before three months had rolled over their
heads, the venerable old father made them
one in the front parlor of the old globe—
When the vows had been spoken, the last
prayer made, and the blessing pronounced,
Walter clasped Mary to his breast and im-
printed on her lips another first kiss; but now
was the first thrilling kiss of married love,
and as he held her in a moment in his ardent
embrace, she whispered silently into his ear:
"Walter, dear, it is understood in this vow,
no more kissing strange girls in a stage
coach!"
Years have flown by since then, and now
Walter Marshall and his gentle wife and the
little people they call their "stock in trade,"
are living pleasantly and happy somewhere
on this side of the Alleghenies, near a place
called Pittsburg, where he owns large tracts
of mines—not humberg, wisky-washly, spinning
gold, but real, hard, substantial coal mines,
productive to himself and to the country he
lives in.

The Criminal Witness.

A LAWYER'S STORY.
In the spring of 1848 I was called to Jack-
son, Alabama, to attend court, having been
engaged to defend a young man who had
been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived
early in the morning, and immediately had
a long conference with my client—the stolen
mail had been recovered, as well as the
letters from which the money had been rifled.
The letters were given to me for examination,
and I then returned them to the prosecuting
attorney. Having got through my private
preliminaries about noon, and as the cause
would not come off before the next day, I
went into the court in the afternoon to see
what was going on. The first case that came
up was one of theft, and the prisoner was
a young girl, not more than seventeen years
of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was
very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look,
which we seldom find in a culprit. She was
pale and frightened, and the moment my eye
rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been
weeping profusely, but as she found so many
eyes upon her, she became too much fright-
ened to weep more.
The complaint against her set forth that
she had stolen one hundred dollars from Mrs.
Naseby; and as the case went on, I found
that Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in
the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor
girl declared her innocence in the most mild
terms, but circumstances were hard against
her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had
been stolen from her mistress' room, and she
was the only one who had access there.
At this juncture, when the mistress was
upon the witness stand, a young man came
and caught me by the arm. He was a fine
looking man, and big tears stood in his eyes.
"They tell me you are a good lawyer,"
he whispered.
"I am a lawyer," I answered.
"Then do save her! You can certainly do
it, for she is innocent."
"Is she your sister?"
"No, sir," he said. "But, bu—"
Here he hesitated again.
"Has she no counsel?" I asked.
"None that's good for anything—nobody
that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and
I'll pay you all I've got. I can't raise much
but I can raise something."
I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes
towards the prisoner, and she was at that mo-
ment looking at me. She caught my eye,
and the volume of humble entreaty I read in
her glance, resolved me in a moment. I ar-
rose and went to the girl, and asked if she
wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then
I informed the court that I was ready to en-
ter into the case, and then I was admitted at
once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which
ran quickly through the room told me where
the sympathy of the people was. I asked for
a moment's cessation, that I might speak
with my client. I went and sat down by her
side, and asked her to state candidly the
whole case. She told me she had lived with
Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and had never
before, and never before. About two weeks
ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dol-
lars.
"She missed it from the drawer," the girl
said to me, "and asked me about it, but I
knew nothing about it. The next thing I
knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that
she saw me take the money from the drawer
—that she watched me through the key-hole.
Then they went to my trunk and found
twenty five dollars of the missing money

there. But, sir, I never took it—and some-
body else must have put it there.
I then asked her if she suspected any one.
"I don't know," she said, "who could have
done it but Nancy. She has never liked me,
because she thought that I was treated bet-
ter than she was. She is the cook. I was
the chambermaid."
She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She
was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about
five and twenty years old, with a low fore-
head, small gray eyes, a pug nose and thick
lips. I caught her glance once, as it rested
on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I
detected the look of hatred which I read there
I was convinced that she was the rogue.
"Nancy Luther did you say that girl's
name was?" I asked for a new light had
broken in upon me.
"Yes, sir."
"Is there any other girl of that name about
here?"
"No, sir."
"Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save you."
I left the court room and went to the pro-
secuting attorney, and asked him for the let-
ters I had handed him—the ones that had
been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them
to me, and having selected one, I returned
the rest, and told him I would see that he
had the one kept before night. I then re-
turned to the court room and the case went
on.
Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She
said she entered the room to the prisoner's
care, and that no one had access there save
herself. Then she described about missing
the money, and closed by saying that she
found twenty five dollars of it in the prison-
er's trunk. She could swear it was the iden-
tical money she had lost, in two tens and one
five dollar note.
"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first mis-
sed the money, had you any reason to believe
that the prisoner had taken it?"
"No, sir," she answered.
"Had you ever before detected her in any
dishonesty?"
"No, sir."
"Should you have thought of searching
her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you
and informed you?"
"No, sir."
Mrs. Naseby left the stand and Nancy
Luther took her place. She came up with a
bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant
glance, as much as to say, "trap me if you
can." She gave her evidence as follows:
"She said that on the night when the money
was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up
stairs, and from the fly manner in which she
went up, she suspected that all was not right.
So she followed her up. "Elizabeth went in-
to Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door af-
ter her. I stooped down and looked through
the key-hole, and saw her take out the money
and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped
down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw
that she was coming out, I cried away—"
Then she went on and told how she had in-
formed the mistress of this, and how she pro-
posed to search the girl's trunk.
I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.
"You say that no one, save yourself and
the prisoner, had access to your room." I
said. "Now could Nancy Luther have en-
tered the room if she wished?"
"Certainly, sir. I mean that no one else
had any right there."
I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally
a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor
Elizabeth's misery.
"Could your cook have known by any
means in your knowledge, where your money
was?"
"Yes, sir; for she has often come up to my
room when I was there, and I have given her
money with which to buy provisions, of mar-
ket men, who happened along with their wag-
ons."
"One more question; have you known the
prisoner's having used any money since
this was stolen?"
"No, sir."
I now called Nancy Luther back, and she
began to tremble a little, though her look
was as bold and defiant as ever.
"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not in-
form your mistress at once, of what had been
seen, without waiting for her to ask about
the lost money?"
"Because, I could not make up my mind
at once to expose the poor young girl," she
answered promptly.
"You say you looked through the key-hole,
and saw her take the money?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where did she place the lamp when she
did so?"
"On the bureau."
"In your testimony you said she stooped
down when she picked it up. What did you
mean by that?"
"The girl hesitated, and finally said she
didn't mean anything, only that she picked
up the lamp."
"Very well," said I. "How long have you
been with Mrs. Naseby?"
"Not quite a year, sir."
"How much does she pay you a week?"
"A dollar and three quarters."
"Have you taken up any of your pay since
you have been there?"
"Yes, sir."
"How much?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Why don't you know?"
"How should I! I have taken in at differ-
ent times, just as I wanted it, and have kept
no account."

"Now if you had any wish to harm the
prisoner, could you have raised twenty-five
dollars to put in her trunk?"
"No, sir," she replied, with virtuous indig-
nation.
"Then you have not laid up any money
since you have been there?"
"No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby may now
owe me."
"Then you didn't have any twenty-five dol-
lars when you came here?"
"No, and what's more, the money found in
the girl's trunk was the very money that Mrs.
Naseby lost. You might know that if you'd
remember what you hear." This was said
very sarcastically, and was intended as a
crusher upon the idea that she could have
put the money in the prisoner's trunk. How-
ever, I was not overcome entirely.
"Will you tell me if you belong to this
State?" I asked next.
"I do, sir."
"In what town?"
She hesitated, and for a moment the bold
look forsook her. But she firmly answered:
"I belong in Somers, Montgomery county."
I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.
"Do you ever take a receipt from your
girls when you pay them?"
"Always."
"Can you send and get one of them for
me?"
"She has told you the truth, sir, about my
payments," said Mrs. Naseby.
"O, I don't doubt it," I replied, "but occu-
sion is the thing for the court room. So if
you can, I wish you would procure me the
receipt."
"She said she would willingly go if the court
said so. The court did say so, and she went.
Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon
returned and handed me four receipts, which
I took and examined. They were all signed
in a strange, straggling hand, by the witness.
"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to
the witness, and speaking in a quiet, start-
ling tone, at the same time looking her sternly
in the eye, "please tell the court, and the jury,
and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-
five dollars you sent in your letter to your
sister in Somers?"
The witness started, as though a volcano
had burst at her feet. She turned as pale as
death, and every limb shook violently.
"I went to the people could have an oppor-
tunity to see her emotions, and then I repeat-
ed the question.
"I never—sent any," she gasped.
"You did!" I thundered for I was now ex-
cited—she faintly uttered, grasping
the railing by her side for support.
"May it please your honor and gentlemen
of the jury," I said, as soon as I looked the
witness out of countenance, "I came here to
defend a man who has been arrested for rob-
bing the mail, and in the course of my pre-
liminary examination, I had access to the let-
ters which had been torn open and robbed
of money. When I entered upon this case,
and heard the name of the witness pronoun-
ced, I went out and got this letter which I
now hold, for I remembered to have seen one
bearing this signature of Nancy Luther. This
letter was taken from the mail bag, and it
contained seventy-five dollars, and by look-
ing at the post-mark, you will observe that it
was mailed on the very day after the hundred
dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's draw-
er. I will read it to you if you please."
The court nodded assent, and I read the
following, which was without the date, save
that made by the post-master upon the out-
side. I give it verbatim:
"SISTER DORAS—I send you her seventy-
five dollars, which I want you to keep for me
until I can come home. I can't keep it here, for
I'm afraid it will get stole. don't speak your
word to a living soul about this coz I don't want
nobody to know I've got any money, you won't
now will you. I am fast rait here, only that
gude fur nuthin' saipe uviz madwirth is hear-
y—but I hope to git rid ov her now. You
No! write to you bout her. giv my love to
awl inquirin friends. this is from your sister
Elizabeth Madworth.
"Nancy Luther."
"Now, your honor," I said, as I handed
him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will
see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Lu-
ther, Somers, Montgomery county. And you
will also observe that one hand wrote that
letter and signed these receipts. The jury
will also observe—and now I will only add:
It is plain to see how the hundred dollars
went off for safe keeping, while the remaining
twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's
trunk for the purpose of covering the real
criminal. Of the tone of the other parts of
the letter, I leave you to judge. And now,
gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your
hands."
The case was given to the jury immedi-
ately following their examination of the letter.
They had heard from the witness' own mouth
that she had no money of her own, and with-
out leaving their seats they returned a ver-
dict of "Not Guilty."
I will not attempt to describe the scene
that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not
been immediately arrested for theft, she would
have been obliged to seek the protection
of the officers, or the excited people would
have mistimed her, at least, if they had done
no more. On the next morning, I received a
note very handsomely written, in which I was
told that "the within" was but a slight token
of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf
of a poor, defenceless maiden. It was signed
"General Citizens," and contained one hun-
dred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth
who first begged me to take up the case, called
upon me with all the money he could raise,
but I showed him that I was already paid,
and refused his hard earnings. Before
I left town I was a guest at his wedding—
my fair client being the happy bride.

Fremont in California.

We invite attention to the following com-
munication:
To the Editors of the Dayton Journal—
It is with great reluctance that I appear be-
fore the public; but a sense that duty is
owed to the protection of which I have been a
member for nearly thirty two years com-
pels me to claim for the navy and marine corps,
and for the navy and marine corps alone, the

entire credit, if any is due, for the con-
quest of California, saving and excepting the
personal services of the late General Kearney
and his handful of officers and men, number-
ing in all not more than a dozen persons, all
that was left of that gallant band that met
with a fate so disastrous at San Pasqual—
The particulars of the affair are fresh in the
memory of many of our citizens from the
first; that in this boldness of action of the war
there fell one of the most gallant and accom-
plished officers of the army, Capt. A. R.
Johnston, of dragons, a native of Piqua, O.,
and son of our venerable and distinguished
fellow citizen, Colonel John Johnston. I again
repeat, that with this exception, all credit
for the conquest of California is due to the
navy and marine corps. It is well known
that the late war with Mexico afforded but
little opportunity of distinction to the navy,
and it is hard if the little distinction that did
gain it to be wrested from to make capital
for an aspirant to the Presidency. I allude
to the fact that the friends of Fremont are
claiming for him the lion's share of the
glory achieved by that conquest.
I am prepared to prove that, so far from
his being entitled to any credit for his par-
ticipation in the conquest of California; that
his having called to co-operate with me, and
with Commodore Stockton, so far from
assisting him (Stockton) in his operations
and rendering the victory less complete
than it would have been had we received
from Fremont that assistance we had a right
to expect from, mounted, armed, and equip-
ed as he was. I am further prepared to prove
that in every engagement and every route of
the enemy which took place in California,
Fremont was invariably too late to take part,
and, to sum all I assert that during the whole
of his service in California he never was in
hearing distance of the enemy's guns. The
cause of inefficiency I will not here discuss.
His other claims to the distinguished hon-
or which it is intended to confer upon him,
I know nothing of and care nothing about.
I am not a politician, and neither for Will-
iam Buchanan, for Stockton or Gerrit
Smith, and certainly not for Fremont, know-
ing him as I do. Since I have stepped so
far out of my proper sphere as to appear be-
fore the public in the character of a news-
paper paragraph-writer, I hope to be excused
for telling who I am, and how I came in
possession of this information, and a great
deal more upon the same subject. I was
sent to California with Commodore
Stockton, in 1840, and was at that time a
lieutenant of more than eleven years' stand-
ing, and during his operations there I was
his aid-de-camp, and quartermaster of the
forces. I was present and assisted with my
own hands in holding our flag over the
city of San Francisco, and in the capture of
San Francisco, and I was at this latter place the next
officer in rank to Commodore Stockton, when
first lieutenant and brevet Capt. Fremont ar-
rived at San Francisco, and I was with him
hours too late to take part in the rout of
General Castron, whom we—the sailors and
marines on foot—had driven before us for
two days, and until his forces scattered, and
he, together with the civil Governor, General
Pico, and his principal officers fled to Men-
do, and were never heard of after during the
war.
I am compelled in this manner to utterly
annihilate the beautiful story which appears
in the Journal of yesterday entitled "Fremont,
or the ride of the one hundred," copied
from the New York Post, which story I
pronounce to be utterly and entirely false,
as described, took place, and that I never heard
before; but all the adventures and gallantries
attributed to Fremont in that story I know
to be untrue.
I hope it will not be considered judicious
in me to make an appeal to the people of
Ohio, and especially to the people of South-
ern Ohio, where I am best known, claiming
their protection from a party of men who
are endeavoring to make political capital for
their candidate for the presidency, and who
deserve to be punished by my companions and
self, in which he took a very unimportant
part.
I ground my claim to your protection up-
on my having the accidental distinction of
being the first native of Ohio that ever en-
tered the naval service of the United States,
and the first that ever reached the rank of
Commander; and I trust that that State
will extend itself to your sons who have left
your peaceful borders and embarked in the
military and naval service of their country.
JAMES FREDLEY SCHENCK,
Commander, U. S. Navy.

Bridal Thoughts.

I have speculated a great deal upon mat-
rimony. I have seen young and beautiful
men, the pride of gay circles, marry, and
the world says—well! Some have moved into
cozy houses, and their friends have all come
and looked at their furniture and their splen-
did arrangements for happiness, and they
have gone away and committed them to their
sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear.
It is natural to be sanguine for the young; as
such times I am carried away by similar feel-
ings. I love to get unobserved into a corner
and watch the bride in her white attire, and
with her smiling face and her soft eyes
beaming in their pride of life, wear a waking
dream of future happiness, and persuade my-
self that will be true. I think how they
will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight
falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur
in low tones the now not-forbidden tender-
ness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and
the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will
make even their parting joyous, and how
gladly they will come forth from the crowd
and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's
quiet company. I picture to myself that
young creature who blushes even now at his
heating career, listening eagerly for his
footsteps as the night steals on, and wish-
ing that he would come; and when he enters at
last, and with an affection as undying as his
pulse, folds her in his bosom, I can feel the
tide that flows flowing through the heart, and
gaze with him on the graceful form as she
moves about the kind offices of affection,
seeking all his unquiet cares, and making
him forget even himself in her young and un-
shaded beauty.
I go forward for years, and see her leav-
ing her part soberly away from her brow, and
her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and
her loveliness chastened with the gentle meek-
ness of maternal affection. Her husband