The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER. MONTROSE, PA., APRIL 19, 1860. VOLUME XVII, NUMBER 16.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. H. SMITH, & SON,

SURGEON DENTISTS, have removed their Office to Lathrops' new building, over the Banking office of Cooper & Co. All Dental operations will be performed in their usual good style and warranted. (jan

Montrose, March 4th, 1860.

McCollum & Searle,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS at Law, Montrose, Pa.. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. feb 23

J. B. M'COLLUM, D. W. SEARLE.

P. LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop in the Brick Block, over Read & Co's Store. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.

ALFRED HAND,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW, Montrose, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with fidelity and despatch.

May be found at the office of W. & W. H. Jessup, Esqs.

S. H. Sayre & Brother,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, and Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Montrose, Pa., November, 16th, 1859.-ws

Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co.,

DEALERS in Ready-made Clothing, Ladies' Dress Goods, Furnishing Goods, etc., etc. Stores at No 24 Dey-st, New-York City, and in Towanda, Montrose, and Susq'a Depot, Pa.

L. B. ISBELL,

REPAIRS Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler & Jessup's store, Montrose, Pa. [oc25tf

Drs. Blakeslee & Brush,

HAVE associated themselves for the prosecution of the duties of their profession, and respectfully offer their professional services to the Invalid Public. Office at the residence of Dr. Blakeslee, midway between the villages of Dimock and Springville. ap20y

A. C. BLAKESLEE.....P. D. BRUSH.

HAYDEN BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Buttons, Combs, Suspenders, Threads, Fancy Goods, Watches, Jewelry; Silver and Plated Ware, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Cigars, &c, &c., New Milford, Pa. Merchants and Pedlars, supplied on liberal terms. wa tf

HENRY B. McKEAN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW. Office in the Union Block—Towanda, Bpd.

DR. H. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office opposite the Baptist Church (north side) Montrose. Particular attention will be given to inserting teeth on gold and silver plate, and to filing decaying teeth.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass-ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—And Agent for all the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, Pa

DR. E. F. WILMOT,

GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine, Gt. Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main and Elizabeth-sts., nearly opposite the Methodist church.

Wm. H. Cooper & Co.,

BANKERS, Successors to POST, COOPER & CO., Montrose, Pa. Office Lathrop's new building, Turnpike Street.

WM. HUNTTING COOPER.....HENRY DRINKER.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES. Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's Store. All kinds of work made to order and repairing done neatly. jes

WM. W. SMITH, & CO.,

CABINET and Chair Manufacturers, foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. ang 1f

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office over Wilsons' store; Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office on Public Avenue, opposite Searle's Hotel, Montrose.

DR. R. THAYER,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Montrose, Pa—Office in the Farmer's Store.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE Tailor. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. aug 1f

NEWS OFFICE.

THE New York City Illustrated Newspapers Magazines, etc. etc., for sale at the Montrose Book Store, by A. N. BULLARD.

P. REYNOLDS,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.

CHARLES MORRIS,

BARBER, and Hair Dresser. Shop No. 3 in basement of Searle's Hotel, Montrose.

MEAT MARKET.

On Public Avenue, near Searle's Hotel.

KEEP constantly on hand a good supply of MEATS of all kinds. **CASH** paid for **Beef Cattle, Calves, Sheep,** and **Lambs.** Also for **Hides of all kinds.**

HENSTOCK & HAWLEY.

S. T. HENSTOCK. N. HAWLEY.

Montrose, March 30th, '59.—1f.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, Montrose, Pa.

TESTIMONIALS.

WE, the undersigned, certify that we were insured in Fire Insurance Companies represented by Mr. Billings Stroud, of Montrose, and that, having suffered loss by fire while so insured, we were severally paid by said companies to the full extent of our claims; and we have confidence in him as a good and effective agent.

JAS. R. DEWITT, ZIPHON COBB,
LATHROP & DEWITT, H. J. WEBB,
F. B. CHANDLER, J. LYONS & SON,
BENJ. GLIDDEN, LEONARD SEARLE.

Montrose, Pa. November 9, '59.—*y

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration having been granted upon the estate of Edward Cornwall, late of New Milford, dec'd, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims against the same to present them to

feb23 6t* JOHNSON A. CORNWALL, admin'or.

SPRING SEED WHEAT!

GOLD DROP, FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.
CHINA TEA, and CATLIN WHEAT,
PEAS by the BUSHEL, and SEED CORN, for sale.

BALDWIN & ALLEN, Montrose.

For the Montrose Democrat.

On the Death of a Sister.

BY IDA MAY.

Sister, dear, thou art in Heaven,
Gone to that bright Spirit home;
Canst thou hear me when I tell thee,
That my heart is sad and lone?

Lonely since thy Heavenly Father
Called thee homeward to the sky,
There to sing angelic praises,
And to reign with Him on high.

At the mystic hour of twilight,
Thy freed spirit took its flight;
Paled thy cheek, and drooped thy eyelid,
Soared thy soul to Heaven's own light.

When the vesper stars are shining,
Softly through the darkning gloom,
When my soul of earth is weary,
I will seek thy lonely tomb.

Soft I hear thy spirit whispering,
From yon bright ethereal sky—
We will meet in sweet reunion,
Round our Father's Throne on high.

Springville, April, 1860.

From the New York Leader.

HOW COUNSELLOR M'CULVEY

DIDN'T PAY THE RINT!

[CONCLUDED.]

Four days after the sanguinary fray related in the last chapter, the Counsellor held full possession of his new office without let or hindrance, save a few collisions which were the necessary results of his peculiar position in the great highway of the house, and his relation to his fellow tenants. At the expiration of that time, however, Peter thought he discovered increasing signs of a conspiracy on the part of the residents in the upper regions. Every one of the many pails of water which passed through the hall accidentally paid a very large and damp tribute to his unearpeted floor. Mr. O'Gallagher, who owned a large, wiry, stump-tailed, dock-eared dog, of an unanimable disposition towards the world generally, and Quinn in particular, had a fancy for setting on the door-step, with the dog by his side—the latter sitting on one end—and smoking a high-colored dudeen of undoubted longevity. The latter feat, it will be understood, was performed by O'Gallaher, and not by the dog. The highly flavored fumes of the pipe, as they floated through the office, were far from agreeable to the Counsellor, whose remonstrances were received by O'Gallagher in silence and with stolid indifference, and by the dog with an increased exhibition of ivory, a rigidity of the little tail he possessed, and a sensible elevation of the grizzly hair on the top of his neck. In addition to these annoyances, the facetious O'Gallagher had recently dropped the name of "Shady," by which his canine coadjutor had previously been known, and out of respect to Peter and the legal profession, had conferred upon him the more classical name of "*Capias*;" and as if to show the *animus* which dictated the change, Mrs. O'Gallagher was frequently heard—far away up stairs—conversing with her lord at the street door, and calling out, in an irritating tone of voice, the dog's new name as often as possible; the language being altered and modulated to suit peculiar circumstances and distances.

"Phalim dair!" the dame would cry.

"I'm here, Biddy!"

"Are yez at the doore?"

"Indade am I!"

"Is Capias there wid ye?"

"Faith he is that; and prickin' up his chub-tailed ears at the sound of yer illigant voice, Biddy!"

"Has Capias the muzzil on?"

"Divil a muzzil, darlin', has Capias on him!"

"Och, but it's dangerous that, wid the weather gettin' warrum; an' Capias ready to shump an' nip at everybody that comes nair him!"

"I'll look out me dair, and see that Capias don't bite anybody *in the street!*" said Phalim.

"Ah! but Pha im, there's the Counsellor down there that Capias niver luk to. An' that Mr. Quinn, too, the darlin'! Capais never liked him at all, long ago; and he's liked him worse ever since he's had his illigant smashed face tied up!"

"Go to the divil, Mrs. O Gallaher!" cried the enraged Quinn.

"I'll die first, if ye plaze, Mr. Quinn!" was the indignant rejoinder.

Added to these little philosophical tests, which the Counsellor bore with stolid resignation, was the fact that on each morning since the battle, the hall-way at the foot of the stairs was found to be the depository of all the filth and sweepings of the floors above; and without a doubt, for that short period of time, a greater regard was paid by the tenants to sanitary measures, than had been shown for a whole year before. Besides this, each morning's inspection of the condition of the "office" clearly developed the fact that Capias had, on the previous night, also became a tenant at will, and enjoyed the premises under a lease which contained no restrictive clauses. In the afternoon of the fourth day, Peter and his student sat at their respective desks; Peter was reflecting on the peculiarity of his position. To attack O'Gallagher while Capias was about, would be an exceedingly dangerous measure; and besides, Quinn was far from that convalescent state which would warrant the opening of an active campaign, or render a general engament advisable. At last a happy skirmishing thought struck the Counsellor.

"Quinn!" cried he.

"Yes, sir."

"I've an idair, and a good strong one!"

"What is it like?" asked Quinn.

"Like lightning; as Mr. Capias, bad luck to him, will find when I'm done with him! Here, take this shilling and that ink bottle, and fill its emptiness with sixpence worth of spirits of turpentine and the like of pulverized capsicum; which, in the vulgar, is African red pepper pulverized. Go to Rushton's where ye'll get 'em pure and strong.

Quinn departed; and speedily came back with the required articles.

"To be well shaken, before bein' taken!" said the Counsellor gayly, as he eagerly took the spicy decoction from his assistant.

"What will ye do with it?" asked Quinn.

"Live and learn, wait and see!" said Peter. "Now watch near the foot of the stairs' and as soon as ye hear O'Gallagher with his pipe and Capias coming down, let me hear of it."

A full half hour elapsed before Quinn heard the heavy step of O'Gallagher descended the stairs.

"He's comin'," said Quinn.

"Is the dog with him?" said Peter, anxiously.

"Sure, I can't see through the flure!" replied Quinn.

But the question was speedily settled by Mrs. O'Gallagher, who waited until her lord had descended one flight of stair, and then cried out as usual on such occasions, "Phalim!"

"Yis, dair!"

"Where are yez going?"

"To the front doore, darlin', wid me pipe."

"Is Capias wid ye?"

"He is that!" replied he, emphatically.

"Mind ye, don't inconvanience the Counsellor, the dair man; and look out for Capias, an' don't let him get into high wurruds wid that blessed Quinn!" she cried sarcastically.

There is but little doubt that a spicy retort would have emanated from the last named gentleman, had he not been deliciously engrossed in observing the proceedings of Peter, who had on the first sound of the lady's voice, advanced to the front door with his bottle. He shook it very vigorously for a moment and then stooped and poured the greater part of its contents over the sill stone of the entrance. The step, from long use, and the friction of feet, had been worn, cracked and hollowed out in several places, and was thus capable of holding quite a quantity of the spirited combination. Before O'Gallagher had turned the last flight of steps, Peter was back at his desk, intently peering into an odd volume of Beck's Medical Jurisprudence. Down came O'Gallagher, and in his immediate wake the amiable Capias. The former in a quiet and defiant manner, pulled away vigorously at his pipe, and proceeded to the front doorway. The latter showed signs of wolfishness and distrust, as he passed the legs of the Counsellor's assistant, whose countenance, in view of Peter's recent movements, had assumed a fiercely amiable expression. In breathless silence Peter, with a sidelong look from the book which he still held before him, watched the progress of events. A single glance at the sill showed Mr. O'Gallagher that the taking of his usual seat might have an injurious effect upon his small clothes. Capias, however, had no such fears, and with a total disregard to the expense of costume, he seated himself in his usual classical position, his lower extremities fitting one of the irregularities as exactly as if his measure had been taken for it. But he dind't sit long. The sober gaze with which he had at first contemplated the proceedings in the Park, and its landscape, speedily faded from his countenance, and gave place to a look of extreme anxiety. His next effort was directed towards the performance of a feat common to his race, under exciting influences, which his extreme obesity rendered impossible. An expression of mingled alarm and pain now began to develop itself not alone in his countenance, but was, as it were diffused over the whole dog, who, to use the language of the great Merrian, of Brooklyn Hights, "became exceedingly perturbated." In view of those, to O'Gallagher unaccountable, but to Peter perfectly accountable, movements of Capias, the face of the Counsellor showed the most huge satisfaction. As for Capias the poignancy of his emotions were evidently on the increase; the whole economy of his earthly tabernacle appeared to be seriously disturbed. By a spasmodic effort of his fore legs he drew his other extremity over the sanded floor; but the friction appeared to add to the uneasy sensations which afflicted him. O'Gallagher looked on in alarm, and ejaculated with surprise, and in total forgetfulness of the dog's new name:

"What the d——ails ye, Shady?"

Capias replied with a yell of agony; and in a resumption of the futile effort aforesaid, turned a dozen *pirouttes* with all the agility of a Mouphisir. The desired end, however, was not effected, and Capais, now smarting in intense agony, once more assumed to try the virtue of friction, and unfortunately selected the still wet door step—upon which capsicum predominated over moisture—as the scene of the experiment. This only added fuel to the now raging flame. For a single instant he raised himself upon his hind legs, and gave a howl of anguish; the foam standing upon his grizzly jaws, and his eyes flashing fire; and then with a bound, he cleared the door step, and madly made his way through crowds of affrighted men, screaming women and flying children. On went Capias, actuated by two of the strongest motives known to *materi medica*, and impelled by a sincere desire of leaving his agony further behind. He turned into Chatham street—his agony increasing at every step—now swiftly coursing over the encumbered sidewalk, among the alarmed and scattering pede-trians, and then with an oft repeated yell, bounding along through the middle of the street.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" cried the affrighted persons through whom he had passed.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" echoed a crowd of boys, who seized impromptu weapons, and started in pursuit. Up Chatham street sped Capias, with a long and steady stride, the white foam flying from his protruding and pliant tongue. A cartman heard the cry of his accusers, and saw him coming; to unship a rung from his cart was the work of an instant. He stopped his horse, and stood with the poised bar in waiting for Capias; in a moment he was within reach. The rung, with a "hurtling sound" sped whirling through the air, and passed but a few inches over the head of the flying dog, who went on unscathed. The shins of a colored gentleman, however, who stood upon the edge of the sidewalk received the full benefit of the flying hickory. Whitewash buckets and brushes fell from nerveless hands, and he rolled on the sidewalk, and groaned and yelled in agony. The contemplation of these genuine emotions awaked no sympathy in the breast of Capias. He had as much to do on his own behalf as he could conveniently attend to, and madly held his way toward Chatham Square.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" cried the cartman.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" yelled the pursuing boys, and the cry was taken up by the crowd beyond. These at all times startling words flew from mouth to mouth, along the line of human telegraph, and Capias was known by reputation in the Square, even before his presence there had made him a single personal acquaintance. Onward went he, giving audible vent to his anguish, past the theatre, and up among the auction shops, and the thousands of household gods, and goods which littered the sidewalk and horse-walk of that classical thoroughfare, which bears the name of England's greatest *premier*. A *cordon* of courageous backmen, with reversed whips, awaited his coming with most sanguine intentions; while a widespread commotion among many in the door-ways, and among those who formed the groups of bidders around the auction shops, showed that Capias, as he came up the hill, momentarily increased the altitude of his influence in that part of the community. On arriving near those whose malignant purposes were so clearly evidenced by their position and attitude, Capias paused, or rather slackened up his wild career, and gazed around. Pain was following him! Danger confronted him! In this momentary indecision he lost most valuable time. The now greatly augmented and panting crowd of juveniles was fast gaining upon his rear, as their shouts and infuriated cries fully evidenced. The smarting and pain-impelled Capias made a slant, and with renewed yells, dashed in among the mass of goods and chattles on exhibition and sale. Onward he went, through a *cul de sac* of pots, kettles, fractured wash stands, suspiciously spotted bedsteads, and cracked and unsightly utensils. Howling and foaming at the mouth, he sprang wildly out, and looked defiantly, and with barred teeth and quivering lips at his assailants.

This luxury lasted but a moment. Matters neared home, and to him of a strictly personal character, imperatively required his attention. After a second series of *pirouttes*, in an abortive attempt to "make both ends meet"—a feat, by-the-by, which has frequently puzzled the most astute financiers—he again, with no definite object, except to keep running and to keep clear of the flying missils which were now cast at his devoted head, darted away. Away he flew, over beds and bedding, pots and tin ovens, cots and dripping pans. Over the mattrass which had received the full and rounded form of timid beauty, waiting expectantly in dim and amorous light, for the eager tread of its newly wedded lord. Over the cast-away couch where gout had twisted the toes and wrenched the limbs of the old bachelor boarder—who had wined through youth, and brandied through age—whose broken fortunes and damnified *periosteum* had awaited death, at twenty shillings a week, among the white wash in the attice bed-room, away up, beyond the fifth floor! Onward he went, once more in the direction from which he came, over broken crockery and soiled blankets, dilapidated chair and fractured tables, scattered things, hither and thither, which were portable to his weight, and so once more upon the open and unencumbered thoroughfare.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" in every phase of the gamut rang in his clipped ears; forward and headlong he went, scattering froth and consternation over his former tract, followed by the cries of his pitiless pursuers. No Capias was ever so *served* before, may no Capias ever again be so *served* behind! On he went, tearing past Roosevelt street, past Pearl street, and so on up the hill. If his course he was met by the perspiring O'Gallagher, who called to him at the top of his lungs; but Capias had no ears for him; in his agony his master was scarcely heeded. A howl of anguish and dismay was the only response which escaped his widely opened jaws. But fainter and fainter grew his steps—although still fleet—and it was evident that Capias was getting short of strength and wind. Up the hill he went, distancing his pursuers, until he reached the junction of Tryon Row; he there stopped for a moment, and in the aforesaid attempt turned a score or so of ineffectual pirouettes, and then, panting from exhaustion, and alternately snarling and whining from pain, darted into one of those bazaars kept for the sale of habiliments of questionable utility and looseness of colors, owned and supervised by those who eschewed never chewed ham, and who swore falsely, by a name sacred to Christians, without the least compunctions of conscience! This was no sanctuary for Capias. Without the least remorse one of the descendants of the subjects of King Herod inflicted upon him a new sensation of pain, through the agency of an iron cloth measure—chronically crooked, and one inch shorter than the law allowed—which was fiercely hurled at him. Hastily retreating from his unsafe quarters, lamed in one leg, and stimulated to renewed exertion by the distant shouts of his pursuers, he once more took his onward course. A widely opened door-way, through which in the dim distance, could have been detected the outline of hook-nosed man, and over which, in a state of suspense were three gilded balls, was descried by the limping and agonized canine. The temptation to enter was great, and without reflecting that such a course might be "out of the frying pan into the fire," in he darted, and down he sank moaning and exhausted in a corner, among the incongruous matters, which, like the descendant of Abraham, who held them in special trust, looked to the future for redemption. The moments of Capias was numbered! The hook nosed man and a pledged jack-plain (the ticket was numbered 26,007) gave him renewed cause of uneasiness. The iron bar which secured the shutter at night was brought into successful requisition; and as the body of his shouting pursuers crowded around the entrance, Capias gave his last howl of mortal agony, and received through the medium of a hammer—the time for the redemption of which had expired—a *coup de grace*. A most ignoble death! But

"*Cuten gerit lacerataim canis mordax.*

The demise of Capias was far from soothing the feelings of irritation entertained toward the Counsellor and Quinn, by the litigious Mrs. O'Gallagher, and from that time forth a fierce and relentless war-fare of the tongue was carried on by the irate dame, and twenty times a day the tenant at will and his clerk were informed from the extreme altitude of the third story, that "any blagguird that would hocus a dog would stail a sheep!"

Day by day matters grew worse and worse with the much abused and long suffering landlord. The solace to his feelings which he had derived from an observation of the determined stand taken by O'Gallagher, and the determined sit of Capias ceased, with what Peter called "the defunction" (which he declared to be a "good word, *per se*,") of the latter. To add to the landlord's troubles, his tenants in a body threatened to vacate his premises, and to leave him minus their rents, unless the tenant at will was made to surrender his forcibly retained rights. This was not all! Peter held in reservation the most astounding and most sublime movement against the peace of his landlord. As an attorney, he commenced an action for trespass against Limbergher, at the suit of one of the second-story tenants; the gist of the complaint being that the defendant (the landlord) had through one Quinn and others, "agents of the said defendant, forcibly taken possession of an easement appurtenant to the premises demised to the said plaintiff." Simultaneously with this last "most unkindest cut," another action for like causes was also commenced by another tenant, a particular friend of the Counsellor, being the attorney in the case.

Under these thickening and manifold difficulties, the disheartened landlord had recourse to professional advice, and was horror struck in finding that there were exceedingly grave doubts whether he could successfully defend. Moreover, both plaintiffs were irresponsible; at least his own costs through two protracted litigations would have to be borne by himself, whether he should gain or lose. This last straw broke the spine of the camel. His back fell! and he unconditionally "caved in." He was wearied and worn down with vexations and litigations, whose perennial flow was like the water-droppings of the Institution, and which had, day by day, increased the intensity of his pain. His German spunk was completely exhausted, and that litigious spirit which one year before had appeared so fully chronic, was now subdued and completely crushed out; one end of the iron bad entered his soul, and at the other, the relentless Peter was using all his might to push it deeper. With an entire resignation, the resignation of despair, which saw in the dim future but a single ray of hope and a single glimmering peace, he gave his counsel a *carte blanche* and left him to his negotiations.

The overtures of the defendant's attorney were met by the Counsellor in a spirit of compromise and amiability. On all points he had been victorious, and he declared that under the circumstances, not to be generous would be indicative of a desire on his part to do Mr. Limbergher an injury, which, in all its length and breadth, he utterly disclaimed. In this peace conference all matters of detail were fully discussed. Peter claimed indemnity for the disarrangement of his business during his tenancy at will, by reason of the interference of the two O'Gallaghers with his peaceable enjoyment of the hall. He said that he generously forgot and forgave Mr. Limbergher the infliction of a year's litigation, and earnestly hoped that his experience in that behalf had taught him the lesson that it was "dangerous to meddle with edged tools," and had made him a wiser, if not a better man. But out of regard to the general usages of the profession, he should require his costs in full of the suit for trespass recently commenced, together with a "raisonable" counsel fee. He also promised to use his influence for the purpose of settling the other suit upon equitable terms. All these points were settled to the mutual satisfaction of both the high contracting parties, though the representatives of the landed interest made the Counsellor's abandonment of his Sevastopol a *sine qua non* of the monied consideration passing between the parties. The amount of the indemnity is a State secret, deeply buried among the forgotten things of the past.

The recollection of that eventful year, and its excruciating finale were, until the day of his death, classed by Mr. Limbergher among the great calamities of life. All the matters I have related were condensed into one entirety, labeled with the name of "McCulvey," and by Mr. Limbergher placed in a single melancholy mental niche of its own, near those other niches, of the mind, in which his recollections had sorrowingly enbalmed the troubles and grievances of a long and well-spent life, in that place where were stored the public calamities of his age, such as the horrors of the yellow fever in 1821, the devastations of cholera in 1832, the loss of an uninsured invoice of wines, and the great fire of 1835. In fact, it might well have been, and indeed was, considered by him as the black-sheep-year of that large flock of years that, in passing by him, had left upon his head little stray waifs of their whitened fleeces, which the breath of time had gently loosened, and which he bore, and wore, as legacies of honor and liens upon respect.

The melancholy end of Capias has been faithfully chronicled; and if the Indian's creed, that the spirits of faithful dogs are found on the far-off hunting-grounds, is to be believed, perhaps the shade of the unfortunate Capias, aimed by one of the primary senses, is now seeking in remote lands, on the other side of the river Styx, for the lost delegation which Dogdom long since under sealed instructions sent to Jove with a petition, praying that certain grievances might be redressed. And then perhaps not!

Quinn is supposed to be in one of the Sandwich Islands, assisting King Kamahamaha in attaining a knowledge of the "manly art of self-defence". His career here, at the bar, was very brief, and comprised but the initial steps of a single case. He was retained by one of his countrymen on the 18th day of March (St. Patrick's Day being the 17th,) of a certain year to prosecute a gentleman of Erin for an assault and battery committed on the evening previous. Quinn obtained an order of an arrest, which he placed in the hands of the Sheriff, with instructions for its immediate execution. By some mischance, however, the names of the parties were transposed by Quinn in the document referred to, and as a consequence his own client, the plaintiff, was arrested at his own suit, and kept incarcerated during a long and tedious week, in default of bail urged up to the highest amount by the newly-fledged and luckless attorney. He left.

The O'Gallagers still live, and live in the Sixth Ward. They own another dog. They call him Capias!

Our friend the Counsellor is still extant; still moving in the ranks of professional life. If you desire to see him, take your stand on the City Hall steps, (in the rear) at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. You need not ask any questions as to his identity, but scan well the crowd which makes those steps its common focus, and when your eyes fall upon a man of fifty and upwards, of the medium height, strongly built, whose shoulders are slightly thrown forward, whose costume is unconstrained and *neglige*, whose cravat is tied with an eye to utility and ease, whose hat leaves visible an under-margin of hair of a greyish cast, not made so by time; whose step is slow and measured, and under whose arm are a volume of Howard's Practice Reports and a bundle of papers, tied up with the inevitable red tape; and you have the man. If you still doubt, speak to him; exchange with him the courtesies of the hour—you cannot beat him at that same game of courtesy—and if he has not a special motion at chambers, draw him into conversation.—He'll talk to you by the hour, and if your conversational powers are not of the best, you had better play the listener. Time has dealt with him for half a century, and has yet dealt kindly; for, when he smiles, you will find that the lines which care may have drawn upon his forehead, and at the corners of his mouth, are the very wrinkles which mirth would have made there, if all had remained round, and smooth, and useful. But if you would wish to see him in all his glory; to see his eyes light up, and to hear the rich remains of an almost forgotten brogue roll from his mirthful lips, and mingle itself with our pure and undefiled vernacular, just adjourn to Tammany Hall and ask him about his law-suits concerning his suite of apartments; about O'Gallagher, and Capias and the capsicum! He'll tell you the story!—He told it to me several times, and never twice alike. Just ask him, and listen, and you will surely come to the conclsion, in view of my version and of his, that some events are like prisms; and that no matter from what point of view they may be seen, they still throw off a brilliant light.

Our friend, the landlord, lived to see many years of honor and usefulness after the happening of the event which I have related. In the season of leaves and flowers, he might nightly have been seen on the very spot which was the first scene of his ambush on the first breaking out with his subsequent tenant at will, contemplating the same views which, for years before, his eyes had listlessly rested upon, smoking the same richly colored meerschaum which had been his solace through the dark Year of Litigation. But the pipe now hangs unused upon the wall; the lips which inhaled its fragrance are now cold and still! Raise the silver lid; and look into its gloomy depth. Do you not there observe a dark and charred substance? a something near akin to ashes? Yes! it is ashes! Its better part long since exhaled into the surrounding air in rolling and graceful curls and left this dross behind. So, too, our old friend has passed away; the dross which formed his grosser part is now turned to ashes, and rests, alike undisturbed by the wail of the winds of winter, or by the murmuring music of the summer's zephyrs. His immortal, and better part, has passed away like an exhalation from his own meerchaum, and over what remains, the snows come and festoon themselves in fantastic windings; and then the grass springs up amidst the flowers—planted by affection's hands—which nod away their little span of life, and then find their graves upon his grave; like him when the season comes, to burst from the sod into renewed and quickened existence; the one to live through a boundless eternity, the other to bud and bloom, to fall and germinate. Here on this quiet spot where the abiding love of surviving friends has left its symbols of affection, even lawyers cease from troubling, and even tenants are at rest.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling;
Hands and feet and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye,
Borrowed from yon glowing sky:
And there's meaning in his glances
That bespeak no dreamer's fancies—
For his mind has precious lore,
Gleaned from Nature's sacred store.

Toiling up yon weary hill,
He has worked since early morning,
Ease and rest and pleasure scorning—
And he's at his labor still—
Though the slanting western beam,
Quivering on the glassy stream,
And yon old elm's lengthened shadow
Flung athwart the verdant meadow,
Tell that shadowy twilight gray,
Cannot now be far away.

See! He stops and wipes his brow—
Marks the rapid sun's declining—
Marks his shadow far extending—
Deems it time to quit the plough,
Weary man and weary steed
Welcome food and respite need;
'Tis the hour when bird and bee
Seek repose—and why not he?
Nature loves the twilight hour—
Let the toil-worn ploughman rest!

Ye, who nursed upon the breast,
Of ease and pleasure enervating
Ever new delights creating,
Which not long retain their rest
Ere upon your taste they pall;
What avail your pleasures all?
In his hard but pleasant labor,
He, your useful, healthful neighbor,
Finds enjoyment, real, true—
Vainly sought by such as you.

Nature's open volume lies,
Richly tinted, brightly beaming,
With its various lessons teeming,
All outspread before your eyes;
Dewy glades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,
Sun and shade and bird and bee,
Fount and forest, hill and lea—
All things beautiful and fair
His benignant teachers are.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands and feet and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet 'tis health and wealth to him—
Strength of nerve, and strength of limb,
Light and fervor in his glances,
Life and beauty in his fancies,
Learned and happy, brave and free;
Who so proud and blest as he?

REPUBLICAN WITNESSES.

The kind of witnesses by whose testimony the Republicans expect to blacken the character of the President, can be inferred from a scene which occurred before the committee of the Senate appointed to investigate the alleged abuses in the Public Printing. A man named Pettibone, a bookbinder, appeared before the Senate committee, of which Hon. Preston King is chairman, and there testified on oath that he once wrote to the President in reference to the law regulating the Executive binding; that the President referred that letter to the Attorney General endorsed in a particular manner, which he (the witness) minutely specified; that he subsequently called on Judge Black and called his attention to the endorsement; that the Judge expressed astonishment at its nature, and said he would take it to the President and have the indorsement changed and that, when next he (Pettibone) saw the paper, "*the first endorsement was very nicely erased, and another substituted in its place by the President, and signed J. B.*"

The charge made by this man was nothing less than that the President committed the crime of forgery. The witness not only observed that the original endorsement was altered, but that it had been "*carefully erased*, and another submitted in its place by the President, and signd J. B." Like most false witnesses, he was very minute, and appeared anxious to take every precaution so that the "record" should be "correct."

Now, what are the facts?

We learn from the *Constitution* that it was proved on the sworn testimony of the Attorney General and one of his clerks that the document referred to by this Pettibone had been regularly filed in the office of the Attorney General as a Government record, and that the whole story of the endorsement, erasure, and substitution, was a base and malicious fabrication from beginning to end. The document was produced before the committee; was shown to Pettibone, who acknowledged that it was the one to which he referred. It was proved that there was never any other document of similar import in existence; that its endorsement was entirely different from the description given by the witness, and that there was not the slightest trace of any erasure, not even of the minutest trace of a pen. When driven to the wall, this Pettibone hinted that erasures could be made so that they could not be detected, and intimated that he, as a binder, knew how to erase writing so that it could not be discovered." He tried his skill, and showed that it was impossible to do so. When this last effort proved unsuccessful he abandoned the struggle, and left the committee room with the indelible stigma of perjury stamped upon him.

"Nothing but the basest perjury can sully my good name," wrote the President in the proud consciousness of his unsullied integrity, little knowing as he wrote that the basest of all the artifices of malice was being resorted to in order to damage his character. But "the gracious being" in whose beneficent watchfulness and Almighty power he expressed such devout reliance *did* "defend" and "protect" him by detecting and exposing the infamous cheat that had been perpetrated by a reckless profligate in malicious revenge for being defeated in an attempt to plunder the Government.

Pettibone is a fair specimen of the class of men on which the Republicans rely to sustain their false accusations against the President. Baffled knaves and disappointed plunderers are the instruments with which alone they can expect to achieve their base designs.—Providence has unmasked their iniquity, and furnished the American people with indubitable proof of the schemes by which the most unprincipled of political actions in seeking to blacken the reputation of the man whom they have elevated to the highest and most honorable office in the world.

TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem;
To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith, nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty;

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
Our hearts to measure;
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide.
And God's good pleasure;

To trust, although deceived;
Tell truth, though not believed;
Falsehood disdaining;
Patient of ill received,
To pardon when aggrieved,
Passion restraining;

With love no wrong can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling;—
This is to do God's will
On earth,—and to fulfil
Our heavenly calling.

☞ A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he "intended to retire to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs;" to which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be small, medium, or large sized. The man has not since been heard from.

☞ "Suicide is becoming very prevalent in my city," said a gentleman to an inhabitant of a neighboring town. "Well, really, sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail, with greater advantage to the world at large."

☞ A parson cornered a farmer whom he had seldom seen at his ministration, by asking him directly, after a little reproof of his sin of omission—"Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?" "Y-e-s," he replied slowly, "yes, I'll go or send you a hand."

"NOTHING ORIGINAL.—A young gentleman being asked to write some lines in a young lady's album, perpetrated the following:

"Something original you ask me to write:
I hardly know where to begin.
I fear there is nothing *original* in me,
Except *original sin!*

MAKING FOOLS OF THEMSELVES.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Arkansas lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear? Would you make fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen, I am sure you would not. Then how can you be guilty of the gross absurdity of finding my client guilty of manslaughter for taking the life of a woman?"