

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1864.

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 17.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PETER HAY,
Licensed Auctioneer,
Auburn Four Corners, Pa.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Doan's, Back Pay, Pension,
and Exemption Claims attended to.
Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq's co.
Pa., Feb. 7, 1863.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Friends-
ville and vicinity. Office of the office of Dr. Lect.
Boards at J. Hostetter's. July 20, 1863.

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy
Tools, Family and Grocer Goods, Groceries, Provision-
ing, Fish, Potatoes, etc., etc. Office opposite Railroad
Depot, New Bedford, Pa. Feb 24, 1863-17.

A. LATHROP, J. C. TYLER, J. E. W. HILLY,
LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready
Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
Foods, Willow Ware, Iron Nails, Sole & Upper Leath-
ers, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the
very lowest prices.
Lathrops Brick Building, Montrose, Pa.
April 6, 1863.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS - Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turnpike-st.

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, - Montrose, Pa.
Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

DR. WM. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST - Montrose, Pa.
Office in Lathrops' new building, over the
Bank. All Dental operations will be
performed in good style and warranted.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR - Montrose, Pa. Shop
in Brown's Block, over store of Wood, Watson
& Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.
Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 30

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR - Montrose, Pa. Shop
near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike
street. All orders filled promptly, in best style.
Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the
shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All
work warranted. - Shop in Chandler and Jessup's
store, Montrose, Pa. 0523 1/2

WM. W. SMITH,
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS - Foot
of Main street, Montrose, Pa. ag 1/2

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose,
Pa. Shop over Dentist's store. All kinds of work
made to order, and repaired neatly. 1st 1/2

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Wines,
and Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfum-
ery, &c. - Agent for all the most popular PATENT
MEDICINES - Montrose, Pa. ag 1/2

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER
GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a partnership
for the practice of Medicine and Surgery and are prepared
to attend to all business faithfully and punctually, that
may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate
with the times.
Assists in all operations of the EYE, surgical opera-
tions, and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to.
Office over Wubb's Store. Office hours from 8 a.
m. to 9 p. m. All sorts of country produce taken in pay-
ment, at the highest value, and cash not refused.
Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862.-17

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA
AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Has Established an Agency in Montrose.

The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.

CASH CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$200,000
ASSETS OVER.....\$7,400,000

THE rates are as low as those of any good company in
New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among
the first for honor and integrity.

CHAS. H. COVY, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Agt.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
of New York.

CASH CAPITAL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS 1st Jan. 1864. \$3,288,370.37.
LIABILITIES.....76,903.33.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McGee, Asst. A. P. Wilmarth, Vice.

Policies issued and renewed by the undersigned at
his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
no 29 1/2 BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

S. H. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 37 PARK ROW, New York, and 6 State Street,
Boston, are our agents for the Montrose Democrat in
these cities, and are authorized to take advertisements
and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

J. B. HAZLETON,
Ambrotype and Photographic
Artist, Montrose, Pa.

Photographs taken in all kinds of weather, in the best
style of the Art.

R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
MONTROSE, PENN.
Office in Main Street. Particular attention given
to Conveyancing.

NOTICE!
THE subscriber hereby respectfully gives notice that
he has taken license to auctioneer in the County
of Berks, and offers his services to the public
on reasonable terms, and all calls will be promptly
attended to.
J. B. HAZLETON,
Montrose, March 28, 1864.

OUR MARRIAGE.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

"Mrs. Crofton! Mrs. Crofton!" How odd it seems to me to be called Crofton, and Mrs. too! I can hardly believe that I am married, although I am writing in this splendid library, and my husband has just left his morning kiss on my lips. It was really wonderful the way it all came about. It would certainly never have happened but for my visit to Mrs. Renton. Last autumn I was invited with my parents and my two sisters to spend a couple of weeks at Figgrove with the Rentons. Mamma refused at first to let me go, because she thought that four persons were enough for one party, but Mrs. Renton would not listen to her. She said that, apart from the pleasure of seeing me, she found me invaluable when the house was full, because I did a thousand things for her convenience and the pleasure of her guests, which a servant couldn't do, and no other visitor would do; and that she would like to keep me not only two weeks but two years.

My sisters had each a regular outfit for the occasion, but mamma said that I needed nothing. I suppose she was right; for I had a sprigged muslin for the warm days, made out of a dress which Josephine had worn the year before, and for cold weather I had green silk, made of one of Georgiana's. They were pieced a trifle, to be sure, for they had originally been low in the waist, and I wore nothing which didn't button to the throat; but I had a good supply of crimped ruffles to wear with them, and I thought them, and think still, that they were very pretty.

Mrs. Renton appeared delighted to see me, and although my sisters smiled at my credulity in thinking her sincere, my heart went out to meet her. Perhaps she didn't mean it at all; but I imagined she did, and that put me at ease at once. I still believe that I was right, for she gave me a little room that had belonged to her daughter Agnes, a lovely child, who died when she was only ten years old. There was her portrait, exquisitely painted, and with a heart full of love looking out from the meek blue eyes and voicing itself in the curves of the delicately moulded lips.

There, too, her bookcase - carved rosewood with glass doors - some of the most worn volumes, which were mature enough for girls of eighteen. There, also, were her writing desk and her work basket, with the needles in an unfinished leaf, just as she had left it. The chambermaid told me that I was the first person who occupied the chamber since Agnes died; and although I was a little awed and perhaps a little frightened, when I first went into it, I think it tranquil atmosphere, and the memories of generosity and self-denial which thronged about the beautiful picture, helped me to bear patiently the annoyances which I experienced during my stay.

For there were annoyances which I could not avoid, and which were at times hard to endure; although I ought not to complain, since they occurred in consequence of the favor in which I was held by those persons whom I admired and loved the most. The first night after my arrival at Figgrove, Mrs. Renton came and sat down by my bed. For a few moments she was silent, and I knew by her looks that it made her sorrowful to see me in Agnes' place. So I put my arms around her neck, and asked her to let me be, as far as I could, a true daughter of the house, and do, as far as I knew how, all that Agnes would do if she were there instead of me.

Mrs. Renton did not answer immediately; she wept silently, but I don't think there was any bitterness in her tears. - By and by she kissed me without saying anything of Agnes. Instead of alluding to her, she told me that some of her guests were selfish and exacting, and demanded more than her share of attention - that others were feeble and had a claim upon her, while she desired to keep a little time for Mr. Renton, and look a little after the twins, Maggie and Anna. "One day," she continued, "one day, my dear, you will know what these perplexities are."

I laughed and answered that I never should have a house of my own, for I was so small, and dark, and awkward, that mamma despaired of seeing me married, and I was quite content to remain papa's darling, for that was the title which he always gave me.

Mrs. Renton replied pleasantly that she knew very well from papa how necessary I was to him, but that it was just possible that I might become as indispensable to another as to him.

After she left me I lay awake a long time, wishing I could know the very words papa used when speaking of me to her; for, although I knew he loved me very dearly, he never told me so except by the tone of his voice, and the warm glance of his eyes.

The principal topic of conversation among a part of the guests at Figgrove was the anticipated arrival of Mr. Gilbert Crofton, a brother of our hostess. Miss Amelia Monkton and her brother Conrad declared him to be by far the best match in the country. They spoke of him as remarkably handsome, of good family, with

a mansion and magnificent lawn and garden, a fine library, and endless quantities of silver and linen. I heard his name so often that I grew curious, and when a week passed without bringing him, I said that I hoped we should have a peep at him before we should leave. I was sorry a minute after, for Josephine laughed sneeringly, and Georgiana replied that I expected to make a conquest of him.

He did arrive the same evening; but I saw very little of him, for in the morning there was no room in the carriage for me to drive, or a horse for me to ride, and if walking was proposed, the twins were wont to want me to dress their dolls, or help on with a game. Then, in the evening, I was always needed to play the piano for the dancers, or make a fourth at whist, or be beaten at chess by old Mr. Blakeman, who was so peevish and quarrelsome over the board that every one but me declined his invitations.

When the fortnight was over my parents and sisters returned home, but Mrs. Renton wouldn't listen to the proposal to take me with them. She said that she had not been able to do anything for my pleasure, and that I must remain until there were fewer guests, so that I might have my share in the festivities of the House. After a deal of talking mamma consented to leave me, on condition that I would spend three hours in the library every day over my Italian and German.

Mr. Crofton left the same morning that my friends did, and I didn't expect to see him again; nor did I feel any regret; for whenever he noticed me at all it was in such a teasing way that I had hard work to appear indifferent. When I was fresh and in good spirits I liked to say something sharp and unmaidenly, and when I was tired out the tears would scarcely be kept back. I think I really enjoyed his absence, when, behold, late in the evening he reappeared, accompanied by a young sister, whom he called Angelica, and who was both pretty and good natured; and bringing a man-servant, three saddle horses and two dogs. Oddly enough, everything was changed for me from that moment. Angelica (she insisted upon me calling her by her first name) took turns with me in playing the piano, and while she was at the instrument I danced with her brother. She also occasionally took my seat at the whist table, allowed her self to be beaten at chess by Blakeman, and aided me in the nursery games.

One of the new saddle-horses was kept for my sole use, and the two splendid dogs were never so happy as when trotting by my side about the grounds or curled up at my feet while I studied my dictionaries and grammar. Mr. Crofton was as teasing as ever when there were listeners about, but he defended me adroitly against Amelia Monkton and the Allans, who seemed to grudge me even a look at his face, and he seldom failed to share the library with me for at least a part of three hours' confinement.

Sometimes he wrote letters, but more frequently he read with me Italian and German poets, instructing me respecting the force and point of the diction, quoting kindred passages from other writers, and explaining such imagery and allusions as I didn't understand. At such moments there was in his manner a mingled deference and tenderness which wholly won my confidence, and I never, half doubting, indeed he were the same person who shot so many sparkling arrows at me in the presence of the other guests.

My wardrobe began to look scanty, and although Amelia Monkton and the three Allans sneered at my evening dress, I should never have thought of asking mamma for anything. Mrs. Renton must have hinted to her the propriety of sending me some more garments, for soon after she had added a postscript to one of my letters, I received a handsome silk, cherry and black, beautifully trimmed with lace, a maroon-colored merino, with nice velvet trimmings, and a stout walking dress, with extravagantly heavy boots. - Amelia and her companions sneered again at my preparations for a winter campaign, but Mr. Crofton, who dropped into Mrs. Renton's private sitting-room while she was looking at the articles, exclaimed, upon seeing the boots, that they were just the things I needed, and that he would ask me to try them in an excursion to the Crags, a high bluff which commanded a lovely landscape.

Accordingly, the next morning he made up a party for walking, but he led us through such tiresome paths, and over such wearisome hills, that everybody was full of complaints except Angelica and I, and after that he politely set the rest aside. I enjoyed these walks perfectly, because Mr. Crofton was at once so gentle and so entertaining. It was delightful to listen to fine poetry and spicy anecdotes amid the charming scenery which we passed, and although I could add but little from my own stores to the conversation, yet I am sure my face must have expressed the pleasure which I received.

My sky was not always cheerful. The idea that Mr. Crofton could regard me as anything but a mere school-girl had not occurred to me. Mrs. Renton had told me and others that her brother was pleased to find in his house a child intelligent enough for a companion, yet too young for

a flirtation and scandal, and that, were I older, he would not permit himself to do for such marked attentions. Yet Miss Monkton and her set made me so uncomfortable by a series of petty annoyances, that I dreaded to enter the drawing-room, and once or twice I even dined in the nursery with the twins to escape their little malices.

I could not accomplish this, so as I would; I was sitting with Maggie one twilight, holding her hand while she went to sleep, when Amelia and Conrad stopped to talk in the hall. The door was partly open, but they did not perceive it, and my name was almost the first word spoken; I could not refrain from quietly listening to what came next.

"How ridiculous Gilbert Crofton's manner is toward that absurd child," said Amelia.

"She isn't absurd, and he isn't ridiculous," responded Conrad. "She is a bright little thing, homely to be sure, but perfectly unassuming, and good-natured almost to a fault; and he, I imagine, is glad to come across one of the sex who doesn't flatter him, and who doesn't say 'yes' eternally to his remarks and propositions, however extravagant they may be."

"At any rate it isn't right for him to be so exclusive in his attentions. By and by she will think he wants to marry her."

"Perhaps he will want to marry her, but I lose my guess if she isn't as much astonished as anybody when he tells her, so if ever he does. One thing, however, is certain, Amelia, you only lower yourself by joining those ill-bred Allans in snubbing Miss Marion. I have seen Crofton's face turn absolutely white with rage when Clara Allan had stung her with her mean, suspicious shafts."

The speakers passed on, leaving me grieved and angry, and crushed beneath the vague sense of injustice which I could not entirely understand. I half resolved not to go down to dinner, and then I remembered that Angelica was gone, and no one would be willing to play for the dancing, or to bear poor Mr. Blakeman's pettishness; so instead of indulging myself in an unhappy evening alone, I made my prettiest toilet, did my duty thoroughly and cheerfully, and was rewarded by a precious half-hour with Mrs. Renton in her room before retiring to mine.

The Monktons and Allans departed, and two other sets came and went, but my hostess still found some excellent reason why I should remain, especially after Angelica had left. For two weeks we had an old gentleman who wanted somebody to read to him every day, so I gave my three hours of translation, a good exercise for me and pleasant for him, since I always selected something lively, if not positively comic. Next an aunt of Mrs. Renton's arrived, who was nearly blind. Usually, during her visit, Mrs. Renton was her constant companion. She walked and drove, and sat beside her, describing everything about them, and suggestions which in conversation are telegraphed by the eyes. But I took her place, a great relief to her and no hardship to me, especially as Mr. Crofton sometimes assisted me for an hour, thus giving me time to run about the garden and fulfill my promises to mamma.

I had been at Figgrove three months longer, and wrote me that he could no longer bring the letter to me in the library, and stood waiting for me to read it, after which he wished me to join Mrs. Renton and himself in a walk to the Crags.

"What does papa write?" he asked, as I began to re-fold the sheet.

"He writes that I must go home directly, for he cannot spare his darling any longer."

Then Mr. Crofton said gravely and tenderly, "Neither can I spare my darling." Notwithstanding he was so serious, I thought he was making sport of me. My cheeks crimsoned and my eyes flashed, and I said, "when you have teased me heretofore, Mr. Crofton, it has been on different subjects. To make sport of me now amounts to an insult."

"I am not making sport of you, Marion," he answered very gently. "I have loved you, God alone knows how much, ever since the first week of our acquaintance, when you moved so quietly about, sending peace and sunshine through the discordant elements of my sister's house; I ought to have spent this autumn at Aspinholt, but I could not leave you. I can not part with you now, Marion. Let me try to make you love me."

He took my hand as I spoke and looked full into my eyes. I think he saw there an answering fervor, for that moment I became conscious of my affection for him - an affection that had been strengthening hour by hour for many days. He must have seen it, I am sure, for he snatched me up in his arms, and carrying me straight to Mrs. Renton's sitting-room, he exclaimed, "Mary, I have won her!"

I expected that Mrs. Renton would be overwhelmed with astonishment, and perhaps angry, but she embraced me quietly and warmly, and said, "Three months ago, dear Marion, I knew that you would one day be Gilbert's and mine."

Mrs. Renton accompanied Gilbert, and me to my home. Papa was silently happy to see me again, and I think that he had

ceased to be first in my heart; but I can not describe the reception mamma and the girls gave us. There was a reserved deference of manner toward my companion, which I never saw them exhibit before, and I imagine they were, for the first time, heartily affectionate. The period of petty neglect and small snubbing was over, as usual, was that of dresses made to disregard garments. Scarcely, indeed, was Mrs. Renton out of the house, when mamma started for the city to commence preparations for a splendid bridal outfit.

I can with difficulty persuade myself that that was six months ago, or that I am really writing in this noble library, with my husband's kiss warm upon my lips, and the servant's "Mrs. Crofton" echoing in my ears.

Governor Seymour Protests Against State Repudiation.

To the Legislature:

My attention has been called to a concurrent resolution, which has passed both branches of the Legislature in the following words:

Whereas, All the stocks issued by this state were made payable and negotiable in this state; therefore,

Resolved, That no distinction should be made between the foreign and domestic holders of such bonds as to the currency in which the principal and interest thereon should be paid.

To the principle laid down in this resolution, in terms, there can be no objection offered. All the creditors of the State, whether they be of our own people or foreign, should be alike paid; paid promptly and in full all that was promised them.

The Legislature, last year, adopted a concurrent resolution on this subject, in the following words:

Resolved, That the interest accruing on so much of the State debt on the first day of April as was on the first day of March, 1863, held by persons residing out of the United States, and is still held by them, be paid in gold or its equivalent.

And an appropriation was made for the purchase of coin to an extent sufficient to enable the comptroller to pay in gold the interest on the stocks of New York, held by persons residing abroad; and only to that extent. Although the resolution of last year did not in terms forbid the payment of the interest due to our creditors residing in this country, in coin, yet the absence of any appropriation for the purpose, obliged the comptroller to forego such payment. In practice, a distinction was thus made between the non-resident creditor and the resident creditor. We kept faith with the stranger who had trusted us; we broke faith only with those of our own household.

The effect of the resolution of this year, in the absence of any appropriation will be, that no part of the interest will be paid, as it was promised to be paid, to wit: in coin or its equivalent. When we sought the markets of the world with our securities, we pledged ourselves to redeem them in the currency of the world. The partial neglect of plighted faith last year is now to be followed by an open refusal to pay any of our promises according to their plain sense. The disgrace of last year was limited; it was kept within ourselves; now our shame is world.

I look upon this matter as of so much moment to the welfare and to the character of New York and of its people that I feel constrained to ask you to give the subject a re-consideration; and to urge you to pass a concurrent resolution that shall enable the comptroller to pay all the interest which may fall due before the next session of the Legislature in coin. In this way your resolution of this year can be carried into effect consistently with the good credit of the State, and "no distinction" will be made between foreign and domestic holders" of the bonds. If you do not do this, let me urge you to provide, at least for the interest that is due residents of other countries being paid in coin.

The refusal to pay in coin to our own citizens may justify itself to some minds, although not to mine, as a measure of quasi taxation - special, discriminating and unfair, but excused by our present extraordinary condition. In dealing with our creditors in other countries, no such considerations can come in. We have over them no legitimate power of taxation; these creditors of ours have no voice nor part in our political action; we have no claim upon them that they should take a share in the misfortunes that befall us in our career. They are not of our household, nor bound to take part of our domestic calamities upon themselves. The burdens and misfortunes of this war belong to us; it is ungenerous to shift any portion of them upon others who are not a part of us. These foreign creditors of ours are strangers who lent us their money when we wanted it upon no security, but our word of honor. If we do not pay them back their money to the strict letter of our bargain we incur a blame that can never be removed from us. We deprive New York of an element of strength that heretofore has been widely used and which heretofore has found profitable to wit: its unquestioned credit.

Remember and urge upon the

action I recommend to you. It is the only way in which the State can, in truth, fulfill its contracts. It is the only way in which the State can keep itself in a position to go into the market hereafter decently as a borrower.

The state is even now in the market for money to pay its bounties to volunteers. The whole amount of the appropriation I urge upon you will be more than repaid in the first negotiation the state may make, by the enhanced price of its securities. We shall lose more in our immediate transactions than the cost of providing coin for this interest. Not only our future profit but our immediate gain will be served by adhering now to the strictest letter of our contracts. The saving, proposed by not paying in coin is small and temporary, while THE DISHONOR IS LASTING, and the pecuniary LOSS consequent upon this DISHONOR, will be in the end ENORMOUS.

Bad faith on the part of New York, the leading member of our confederacy, must inevitably weaken very greatly, if it do not destroy, the credit of our Government securities in foreign markets. Compared with the importance of this state action in its effect upon the credit of the government, the cost of paying our interest in coin is insignificant. Aside from the consideration of interest or policy, our duty, in my judgment, was plain. It is to pay the debts of the state; to pay them in precisely the mode in which they were promised to be paid; to keep the honor of the state unsullied; and to this plain duty we should be true, cost what it may!

HORATIO SEYMOUR.
Albany, April 22d, 1864.

The Right Basis of Peace.

We beg the Tribune to look into its file for September, 1862. In the paper for the 26th of that month it will find, in a conspicuous place on the editorial page, the following article:

ENGLINGS OF PEACE.

"We have a very strong conviction that the confederate leaders will not allow the 1st of January to approach without every earnest effort, though they may be understood, to stop the desolating civil war which they so recklessly inaugurated under the gravest misconceptions of the military resources and tenacity of purpose of the loyal states. Hancock R. Koute's recent proposition in the rebel Congress of an 'embassy' to Washington will probably be overruled, but the effort which it contemplates will nevertheless be made. The resources of the rebels, consisting mainly of boundless issues of paper promises backed by no system of taxation, are not easily exhausted, but they have no clothing for a winter campaign, have exhausted that which they bought on credit of our northern merchants in 1860, and swindled them out of the pay for, and their British friends have learned by sad experience that smuggling valuable cargoes into blockaded ports at a heavy risk, only to sell them to people who can't pay for them, is extra-hazardous. In short, the rebellion don't pay, and it will have to be given up.

There must, then, be an accommodation, and that, fact established, it seems to us very easy to settle the terms. The obvious basis of an adjustment is the Constitution of the United States without further comment. That is at the very pact, alliance, or what you will, it is a valid and binding contract. Our fathers made freely and heartily, and it cannot degrade their sons to reaffirm and abide by it. If we repudiate that, what assurances can be given or trusted that any new bargain would be lived up to?

Whenever the rebels really desire peace as we think they very soon will if they do not already they have but to notify the government that they are ready to return to loyalty, and to that end have abrogated all ordinances, acts, and oaths of allegiance inconsistent therewith.

But the true and sufficient basis of immediate peace is "the Constitution as it is." MAX CAVES NO BETTER."

SHARP PRACTICE. - A few weeks since a San Francisco operator, disgraced at his losses, concluded to shuffle off this mortal coil, and take shares in "kingdom come." To this end he swallowed a lot of laudanum, which being discovered by his friends, they called in a physician, who, by the exercise of force, got a stomach pump at work, pumped out the poison and gave the young man's life. Physician accordingly sent in a bill for \$50 for his services; laudanum-taker refused to pay, saying he had not employed him; - physician threatens to prosecute physician's son and battery. Rather a pretty case as it stands.

A Paris physician, for divulging the nature of a patient's disease, and thus injuring his character, has been sentenced to imprisonment for one year, to pay a fine of 500fr., to be placed for five years under the surveillance of the police, to pay the prosecutor a sum of 1,000fr. damages, and also to pay the costs of the trial.

Remember that Jackson said we can not save the Union by violating the Constitution. Don't forget this!