THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY DEC. 28, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 52.

Business Cards.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by B. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
S. S. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

E. McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT. W. H. McCAIN.
McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, '70.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

P. REYNOLDS,
AUCTIONEER—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandize—also attends at Vendues. All orders left at my house will receive prompt attention. [Oct. 1, 1869—tf

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

LAW OFFICE.
CHAMBERLIN & McCOLLUM, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the Bank. [Montrose Aug. 4, 1869.
A. CHAMBERLIN. J. B. McCOLLUM.

A. & D. R. LATHROP,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, crockery and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, Paints, oils, dye stuffs, Hats, boots and shoes, sole leather, Perfumery &c. Brick Block, adjoining the Bank, Montrose. [August 11, 1869—tf
A. LATHROP. D. R. LATHROP.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L. P. Fitch. [Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Rear of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.

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

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 5 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
ELLIJES STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

WM. D. LUSK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Tarbell House, near the Court House. Aug. 1, 1869.—tf

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hardware Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.—tf

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. B. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
A. H. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in the office of Dr. Lent—Boards at J. Hosford's. Aug. 1, 1869.

PROF. MORRIS,
The Hayti Barber, returns his thanks for the kind patronage that has enabled him to get the best rest—ha! ha! I haven't time to tell the whole story, but come and see for yourselves ☞ at the Old Stand. No loud laughing allowed in the shop. [April 13, 1870.

HUNT BROTHERS,
SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES, RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES, CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL-SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS GRINDSTONE, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1869. 1y

Poet's Corner.

Struck Down at Her Post.

[A French paper relates a touching incident of the campaign. While a Sister of Charity was ministering to a dying soldier on the field of battle, a cannon ball struck her and killed her on the spot.]

Dead on the corpse-strewn battle plain
Where war's dread work is done,
She lies amid the heaps of slain,
The pure and holy Nun.

She saw the stricken soldier fall,
And, e'er the strife was o'er,
She rushed, unheeding blade or ball,
To staunch his flowing gore;

To gently raise his drooping head,
To cool his lips of flame—
To whisper, ere his spirit fled,
The Saviour's holy name;

And on from one to one to pass,
Midst those who, living yet,
Lay groaning on the crimsoned grass
Their streaming blood had wet:

With saintly love and tenderness
Their suffering hearts to aid,
Whate'er the color of the dress
Through which the wounds were made.

And—in whatever form of speech
They prayed to God above—
Unto their dying lips to reach
The emblem of His love.

But ah! the battle's thundering swell
Had rolled not far away,
And still the murderous missiles fell
Where dead and dying lay.

Bullets, ill-sped, came whistling by,
Huge shot tore up the ground—
And shells, like meteors from on high,
Spread fresh destruction round.

She flinched not while they hurtled past,
Nor turned her head aside;
But when the death wounds came at last,
She bowed her head and died.

Nomansland.

I have been out to Nomansland,
Which lies beyond the sea,
From whence some day will come a ship
To bring rare things to me.

And whom did you meet in Nomansland?
I met King Arthur there,
The nut-brown maid and Sheherezade,
And Bess with golden hair.

How did they treat you in Nomansland?
They scarcely opened their eyes;
But Robinson Crusoe stared awhile
In very faint surprise.

And what do they do in Nomansland?
They do not even play,
But lie and dream the whole night long,
And sit and dream all day.

Do they ever die in Nomansland?
Alive they always stay,
And there they will remain until
The dawn of judgment day.

A lovely place is Nomansland;
The skies are always clear;
The hills are blue, the valleys green,
And spring-time all the year.

They do not eat in Nomansland;
They drink no water there;
They feed on fancy all the time—
No banquet half so rare.

O, carry me back to Nomansland,
Which lies beyond the sea;
There, with the bards and knights of old,
Forever let me be.

BREVITIES.

—Why is an omnibus strap like the conscience? Because its an inward signal to the outward man.

—What is that which is a defect in a ship, but an admirable quality in a lovely woman? Missing stays.

—Why is a philanthropic effort like a blow aimed at a man's face? Because it intends to human-ize.

—The White House, under Grant's administration, has become a sort of Dental shop. Schurz has been showing his teeth to them.

—When do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the risk of being burned to death? When he smokes.

—That story about a cat dying broken-hearted on her master's grave is all bosh. She is lively these frosty nights.

—Why should you always choose white cows? Because it is of no use milking those that are dun before you begin.

—The first question asked of each prominent visitor to Washington now, is, "Have you declined the mission to England?"

—Women dentists are announced as the latest novelty. It is unpleasant at all times to see women looking down in the mouth.

—A veteran shopkeeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

—A French barber's signboard reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always to-morrow.

—A devout Mormon's wives quarreled as to precedence in the funeral procession, and followed their deceased lord's remains twenty abreast.

—What is the difference between the tables being turned upon a trickster and the bite of a sour apple? One is the biter bit, the other is the bitter bite.

—Punch says: Diogones rolled his tub at a time of excitement. Englishmen feel that they ought to do something just now. Why not smash China.

—A Jasper county, Indiana, female was struck dumb the other night while singing in a choir. If it was some singing, we are glad of it.

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

"I'm so glad he's gone," said Mabel Delmont, with a long breath, as she came dancing into the room where her mother sat picking plumbs, with an eye to the preserve kettle, which Dorcas Nun, the hired help, was then hoisting on the fire, at the kitchen at the end of the long passage.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mabel," said Mrs. Delmont, reprovingly, and you engaged to be his wife."

"Ah, that's all at an end," said Mabel standing close to a glass to refasten the blue ribbon bow at her throat, and half smiling at the dimpled little apple blossom of a face that the old fashioned mirror reflected.

"What do you mean, Mabel?" asked Mrs. Delmont, stopping abruptly in her work.

"I mean I have broken, the egnagement?"

"Mabel!"

"I have, mamma, sure and certain!" asserted the little beauty, nodding her head until the blue violets she had twisted into her hair fell out in a little fragrant shower.

"And for what reason?" gravely demanded her mother.

"Oh, I don't know, I believe I was getting tired of him. He's so prosy, you know—so wearysomely sensible?"

"I understand," said her mother, dryly. "Since Mr. Fernandez came to town you girls have all been bewitched over his foreign airs and graces."

Mabel blushed to a vivid scarlet, but she tried to laugh unconcernedly.

"Well, mamma, he is delightful," she owned, "and of course, one likes a little style in one's gentleman attandant. He has written such exquisite gems for my album; and Sarah Pray and Helen Daleson both say they never read such poetry as he writes."

Mrs. Delmont shook her sage, motherly head.

"My dear," she said warmly, "you had better not let this picnicing, waltzing and album writting go too far; remember you don't even know who this Fernandez is'

'Indeed, mamma, but I do!" cried Mabel, triumphantly. "He is the only son of St. George Fenandez, of the West Indies; who owns nobody knows how many slaves, and plantations, and silver mines; and, mamma, you won't be vexed now, will you? but he has sent me the loveliest little diamond cross in the world.

And the little coquette drew the sparkling ornament from her bosom.

"You must send it back at once," said Mrs. Delmont, resolutely.

"Oh, mamma, please let me keep it," pleaded Mabel, almost crying. "It would be so rude to send it back, and it was only a philopena present after all, and I've nearly worked a pair of slippers to send to him by way of acknowlegment of his politeness. Oh, mamma, dear, darling mamma, don't compel me to return it."

Mrs. Delmont's maternal heart melted at the sight of the pretty little creature's distress.

"Well, then," she said, almost goudgingly, "it must be the last gift you accept from a stranger like this."

And Mabel promised anything and everything, except to summon back her dismissed lover, Wylde Emerson.

"Child," said Mrs. Delmont, "you do not know what a treasure you are sending away from you. Wylde Emerson is worth a score of sweet-toungued foreigners."

"But, mamma, he is so uncultivated, and he never wrote a line of poetry in his life," pouted Mabel.

"Poetry won't make the pot boil, Mabel."

"No, mamma, but silver mines and rosewood plantations will," Mabel answered gleefully, as she ran away up stairs to get the slippers. Nor did she deem it necessary to confess, this blue-eyed little flirt, that they were the identical slippers she had commenced three months ago for Wylde Emerson, before the Star of St. George Fernandez had dawned on the village horizon.

Mr. Fernandez was the lion in Eskdale society that winter. The marriageable girls raved about him; the widows plumed themselves for fresh conquests, and the gentlemen all pronounced him a "confounded humbug," a very sure sign of popularity in the feminine world. And Mabel, as the prettiest of all the pretty girls in Eckdale, dreamed of a wedding ring, hosts of black servitors, and rustic arbors, constructed under the spice trees of far-off isles in the west.

Meanwhile the slippers progressed with laudable rapidity.

"Of course, I must have them made up," Mabel said to Sarah Pray, as she displayed the gorgeous rose-buds of the embroidery, "and how on earth shall I get the right size?"

"Ask him what number he wears!" suggested Sarah.

"That would be an end of all secresy," exclaimed Mabel. "No, that would never do."

"I'll tell you how you can manage it," cried Sarah, who being herself on the very brink of matrimony with a thriving young lawyer of Eskdale, had no twinges of jealousy on the subject, "I know Mrs. Vernom, the landlady of the hotel—and we can wait till he goes out to-morrow morning, and then slip in at the back door, and she will let us go to his room and we can measure his slippers for ourselves."

"Would that be proper?" hesitated Mabel, a little dubiously,"

"Of course it would, where would be the impropriety, I'd like to know," said Sarah, authoritatively. "I'm as good as married, and I think I ought to be a judge in that case."

"To be sure," said Mabel. "But remember it is a great secret."

"Oh, of course," said Sarah, and the small conspiracy was settled.

Notwithstanding Miss Pray was so positive on the subject, Mabel could not help feeling somewhat timid and remorseful, as Mrs. Vernon, the landlady, admitted them to Mr. Fernandez' apartment, about 12 the next day.

"Come along," said Sarah, giving her friend's wrist a pull; "there is no harm in it?"

"No harm in the world, Miss, I'm sure," said Mrs. Vernon, courtesying and smoothing down her white apron.

And thus encouraged Mabel ventured to glance doubtfully around.

The room was very dirty, and smelt very strong of stale tobacco smoke, while a flat, black bottle on the table, labelled "Holland Gin," suggested anything rather than the refined accomplishments of a gentleman's study-table.

"Why!" cried Sarah, "there's your album, Mabel."

"Yes," said Mabel, slyly; "I asked him for another of his sweet poems, and he promised it to me to-night, so—it is half finished."

The open album lay on the desk, and close beside it was the pen, while the half-finished poem was still incomplete, and a volume of "Selections from English Poetry" lay beside it.

"How beautiful!" murmured Mabel, reading the musical verses.

"Yes," said Sarah Pray; "but how funny here's the same thing exactly—this book, with Lord Byron's name signed to it. Mabel, he has copied it out!"

"So he has," admitted Mabel, indignantly; "and here is the poetry he wrote for Alice Smyth—and the little thing about 'Twilight' that we admired so much in Helen Daleson's album. "Oh, Sarah, how he has deceived us."

"And I suspect that isn't the worst of it," said Sarah, shrewdly. "Look here, Mabel."

She pointed toward a letter which lay open beyond—a dunning epistle from some unfortunate tradesman, ending with these words:

"I am tired waiting for the money, and I don't believe a word about your marrying rich down in Eskdale; and if the funds are not immediately forthcoming, I shall come down there myself, and let the people know that you are no wealthy West Indianman, but mere Higginson Jones, with nothing to fall back upon but your own comsummate stock of impudence. Your other creditors, too, are getting out of patience, and if some arrangement isn't made at once, I will not answer for the consequences."

Mabel looked at Sarah, and Sarah looked at Mabel—both bewildered and indignant.

"Well, upon my word, if he hasn't hoodwinked us all beautifully?" cried Sarah Pray. "And we never would have found out his hypocrisy if it hadn't been for your slippers, Mabel."

"Let us leave this place," said Mabel, who had grown pale and resolute. "I feel as if every breath I draw polluted my lungs."

She stopped at a jeweler's on her way home.

"What are you going in here for, Mabel?" questioned Sarah Pray.

But Mabel, instead of answering her, walked straight up to the counter, and threw down the little sparkling cross.

"Are these diamonds?" she asked of the man behind the counter.

He took out his magnifying glass, and examined them closely.

"Mere paste!" he said with a contemptuous smile. "Not worth carrying home!"

But Mabel took up the trinket again, notwithstanding.

"I shall send it back to him," she said, quietly. "Oh, Sarah, what idiotic fools we have been—and I was all but engaged to him."

"A lucky escape for you," said Sarah, laughing. "What will Wylde Emerson say?"

"It would serve me right if he never spoke to me again," said Mabel, dejectedly.

The next day the village of Eskdale was ringing with the news that Mr. St. George Fernandez had been arrested for debt by a gentleman from New York; and thus ended that hero's brief career.

While Mable owned that she had been wrong so frankly, that Wylde Emerson took courage to ask her to renew the broken engagement once more—and she is to be married just as soon as Wylde has furnished the gothic cottage on the hill to suit their mutual tastes.

And so the wayward little bark of her heart avoided the perils of a final shipwreck.

A New York Lawyer's Divorce.

A few days ago Lucius Bulkley, sixteen years of age, appeared before Judge Stanley, of the County Court, on application to have his name changed to that of Francis Ward Redfield. The young man, as stated, gave as his reason for wishing to change his name that his father had not contributed to his support, and that, therefore, he desired to assume the family name of his mother. Why the applicant had so bitter an antipathy towards his father's name did not appear, and it seemed somewhat singular that he should make such an application for so (seemingly) trivial a cause. "Thereon hangs a tale."

May 17, 1852, witnessed the marriage of L. E. Bulkley to Miss Frances W. Redfield, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Bulkley was a young lawyer, of fine personal appearance, who prided himself, as he has ever since done, on the irresistable powers of fascination which he possessed over the fair sex. He opened an office for the practice of law in the city of New York, and lived happily with his wife for over four years; during which time a son was born, whom they named after his father. The fond wife loved her husband with devotion amounting almost to worship, and never dreamed that he was tiring of her whom he had sworn to love and protect. But such was the case, and the unfaithful spouse bethought himself of how he could become legally free from his irksome matrimonial chains. No stain could he discover on the character of his loving wife. No reason why a divorce should be granted could be conjured, which he could for a moment sustain in a court of law, if opposed by her whom he had sworn to love. At last he hatched a scheme unparalleled for its diabolical shrewdness.

According to the practice of the New York courts of law, the plaintiff's attorney in a proceeding makes service of summons, upon return of which, duly verified by oath, subsequent proceedings are had. Bulkley persuaded his wife that she needed a voyage for the benefit of her health. Her mother was residing in Sacramento, Cal., and she joyfully accepted permission to visit her. On the 6th day of October, 1859, he accompanied her on board the steamship Illinois about to sail for California, and remained with her conversing affectionately until the bell rang for all but passengers to leave. He then, with unparalleled hypocrisy, his eyes glistening with crocodile tears, embraced her and kissed her a farewell. The loving wife was quite overcome by the pain of parting, spasmodically he tore himself from her embrace, and handed her a tin box, which he said contained a present for her mother. He charged her to be careful of it and to deliver it safely. She received it with pleasure, as an additional proof of his affection. As he left the boat she sought the deck and remained there waving her handkerchief until the form of her loved but unworthy husband faded in the distance.

She then sought her state room, and soon her woman's curiousity urged her to see what welcome present the tin box contained for her dear mother. She tore off the sealed covering, but instead of her token of love wpich she had been led to look for, the box contained a summons notifying her to defend a suit for divorce within twenty days. Here she was on board a ship, a hundred miles from home, friendless, comfortless, with no possible way to return. For the first time in her life did she suspect that her husband did not love her. She could not realize the terrible situation.

She showed the paper to an acquaintance, whose reply only added to the poignancy of her grief. It was, alas! too true. Her husband, whom she loved, loved another, wished to be legally free from her, and had taken this underhanded and cowardly manner of obtaining his freedom. Before she could return to New York he would have attained his object. She sank under this overwhelming blow, and was obliged to take her bed. Her misfortune raised up for her quick friends and ready sympathies. When the vessel arrived at Aspinwall she strongly desired to return to New York, but so weak was she that her friends would not allow it. She could not return within the necessary time, her ticket was paid through to San Francisco; so there was no other alternative but for her to proceed. She arrived in Sacramento, and poured a tale of woe into her mother's ear, by whose advice she returned to New York in January, 1857.

She sought out her husband, who kindly furnished her with a copy of the decree of divorce. She pleaded with him for permission to see her little Lucius, their only child, but he refused it. She remained three months, endeavoring to see her child, but in vain. The unfeeling wretch was unmoved by her importunities, but he must quiet them, for they were likely to lead to unpleasant disclosures. So, quite in keeping with his true character, he made two infamous propositions, one of which was that if she would keep secret his rascality, and would raise him $5,000, he would give her the custody of the child. This she indignantly refused. He then said that if she would raise him $1,500 he would get from the clerk of the court the original record of the divorce, and thus obliterate all record of its existence. This likewise met with an indignant rejection.

She then came to California for aid, and again returning to New York, moved the Court to set aside the decree, on the ground of fradulent service of summons. In his defence he made no denial of the facts here set forth, except in two unimportant points, one of which was that he kissed her on her departing, and the other was the first of the propositions above mentioned. The Court readily granted the prayer of the afflicted lady.

Bulkley, finding the locality of his residence rather warm for comfort, migrated to this cost, and practiced law in Virginia City during its palmy days. He succeeded in winning one heavy mining suit, which he took for a large contingent fee, and which enables him to perambulate Mongomery street in faultless attire at the present day. His "shingle," as an attorney, is a prominent feature of one of our principal streets.

And this is the person who has been disowned by his own son. It is needless to state that his wife applied for and received a decree of divorce and custody of the child soon after the reversion of the first decree. She has since married again, and is living happily in Santa Clara county in this state.—*San Francisco Chronicle Nov. 1.*

An Allegory.

The old man was toilling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds in the faithful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden, tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant, I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industerous and to gather. What I then learned I have followed to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

Two gentleman, of opposite politics meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered—

"I am proud to say, that I am wholly ignorant of it."

"O! you are proud of your ignorance eh, sir?"

"Yes I am," replied the beligerent gentleman, "and what then, sir?"

"O! nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."

BOOTH AND LINCOLN.

What John H. Surratt Says About the Affair Between Them.

John H. Surratt, whose name is familiar as having been connected with the Lincoln plot in 1865, is now lecturing and telling all he knows about it.

INTRODUCTION TO BOOTH.

In the fall of 1864, says Surratt, I was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, who, I was given to understand, wished to know something about the main avenues leading from Washington to the Potomac. We met several times, but as he seemed to be very reticent with regard to his purposes, and very anxious to get all the information out of me he could, I refused to tell him anything at all. At last I said to him, "It is useless for you, Mr. Booth, to seek any information from me until I know w hoyou are and what are your intentions." He hesitated some time, but finally said he would make known his views to me provided I would promise secrecy, I replied, "I will do nothing of the kind. You know well I am not a Southern man. If you cannot trust me we will seperate." He then said, "I will confide my plans to you, but before doing so I will make known to you the motives that actuate me. In the Northern prisons are many thousands of our men whom the United States Government refuses to exchange. You know as well as I the efforts that have been made to bring about that much desired exchange. Aside from the great suffering they are compelled to undergo, we are sadly in need of them as soldiers. We cannot spare one man, whereas the United States Government is willing to let their own soldiers remain in our prisons because she has no need of them. I have a proposition to submit to you which, I think, if we can carry out, will bring about the desired change." There was a long ominous silence, which I at last was compelled to break by asking. "Well, sir, what is your proposition?" He sat quiet for an instant, and then, before answering me, arose and looked under the bed, into wardrobe, in the doorway and the passage, and then said, "We will have to be careful—walls have ears." He then drew his chair close to me, and in a whisper said, "'Tis to kid-nap President Lincoln, and carry him off to Richmond!"

"KIDNAP PRESIDENT LINCOLN!"

I said. I confess that I stood aghast, at the proposition, and looked upon it as a fool-hardy undertaking; to think of successfully seizing Mr. Lincoln in the Capital of the United States, surrounded by thousands of his soldiers, and carry him off to Richmond, looked to me like a foolish idea. I told him as much. He went on to tell with what facility he could be seized in various places in Washington. As, for example, in various rides to and from the Soldier's Home, his summer residence. He entered into the minute details of the proposed capture, and even the various parts to be performed by the actors in the performance. I was amazed, thunderstruck, and in fact I might also say frightened, at the unparalled audacity of this scheme. After two days' reflection I told him I was willing to try it. I believed it practicable at that time, though I now regard it as a foolhardy undertaking. I hope you will not blame me for going thus far. I honestly thought an exchange of prisoners could be brought about could we have once obtained possession of Mr. Lincoln's person.

IF WORST COMES TO WORST.

Such a thing as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln I never heard spoken of by any of the party. Never. (Sensation.) Upon one occasion, I remember we had called a meeting in Washington for the purpose of discussing matters in general, as we had understood that the Government had received information that there was a plot of some kind on hand. They had even commenced to build a stockade and gates on the navy-yard bridge—gates opening towards the South, as though they expected danger from within, and not from without. At this meeting I explained the construction of the gates, and stated that I was confident the Government had wind of our movement, and that the best thing we could do would be to throw up the whole job. Every one seemed to coincide in my opinion except Booth, who sat, silent and abstracted. Arising at last, and bringing down his fist upon the table he said, "Well, gentlemen, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall know what to do." Some hard words, and even threats, then passed between him and some of the party. Four of us then arose, one saying, "If I understand you to intimate anyhting more than the capture of Mr Lincoln, I for one will bid you good by." Every one expressed the same opinion. We all arose and commenced putting our hats on. Booth perceiving probably that he had gone too far asked pardon, saying that he had drank too much champaigne. After some difficulty everything was amicably arranged, and we seperated at 5 o'clock in the morning. Days, weeks and months passed by without an opportunity presenting itself for us to attempt the capture. We seldom saw one another, owing to the many rumors afloat that a conspiracy of some kind was being concocted in Washington. We had all arrangements perfected in Washington for the purpose. Boats were in readiness to carry us across the river.

HOW THEIR FIRST DESIGN FAILED.

One day we received information that the President would visit the Seventh street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report only reached us about three quarters of an hour before the time appointed, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles on the way to the hospital. This was between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was our intentions to seize the carriage which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have our men mount the box and drive directly for Southern Maryland, via Benning's Bridge. We felt confident that all the cavalry in the city could not overhaul us. We were all mounted on swift horses, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. Upon the suddenness of the blow, and the celerity of our movements we depended for success. By the time the alarm could have been given and horses saddled, we would have been on our way through Southern Maryland toward the Potomac river. To our great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but one of the Government officials, Mr. Chase. It was our last attempt. We soon after this became convinced that we could not remain long undiscovered, and that we must abandon our enterprise. Accordingly, a separation finally took place, and I never after saw any of the party, except one, and that was when I was on my way from Richmond to Canada on business of quite a different nature.

SURRATT JUST PREVIOUS TO THE KILLING.

I left Richmond on Saturday morning before the evacuation of that place, and reached Washington the following Monday at 4 o'clock, p. m., April 3, 1865. In passing up Seventh street I met one of our party, who inquired what had become of Booth. I told him where I had been; that I was then on my way to Canada, and that I had not seen or heard anything of Booth since our separation. In view of the fact that Richmond had fallen, and that all hopes of the abduction of the President had been given up. I advised him to go home and go to work That was the last time I saw any of the party. I went to a hotel and stopped over that night, as a dectative had been to my house inquiring of the servant my whereabouts. In the early train next morning (Tuesday, April 4, 1865), I left for New York, and that was the last time I ever was in Washington until brought there by the United States Government, a captive in irons, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The United States, as you remember, tried to prove my presence in Washington on the 15th of April, the day on which Mr. Lincoln met his death. Upon arriving in New York, I called at Booth's house, and was told by the servant that he had left that morning suddenly on the ground of going to Boston to fulfill an engagement at the theater. In the evening of the same day I took the cars for Montreal, arriving there the next day. I put up at the St. Lawrence Hotel, registering myself as John Harrison, such being my first two names.

Surratt was at Elmira, where, at a hotel, he first heard of the assassination of Lincoln and Seward, and was so astonished that he thought it a joke for some time He adds that the telegram of the news then mentioned no names, and says: I approached the telegraph office in the main hall of the hotel for the purpose of ascertaining if J. Wilkes Booth was in New York. I picked up a blank and wrote, "J. Wilkes Booth," giving the number of the house. I hesitated a moment and then tore the paper up, and then wrote one, "J. W. B." with directions, which I was led to do from the fact that during our whole connection we rarely wrote or telegraphed under our proper names, but always in such a manner that no one could understand but ourselves.

I telegraphed Booth thus:

"J. W. B., in New York: If you are in New York, telegraph me. John Harrison, Elmira, New York."

The operator, after looking over it, said, "It is J. W. B.," to which I replied "Yes." He evidently wanted the whole name, and had scarcely finished telegraphing when a door right near the office, and opening on the street, was pushed open, and I heard some one say, "Yes, there are three or four brothers of them, John, Junius, Brutus, Edwin, and J. Wilkes Booth." The whole truth flashed on me in an instant, and I said to myself, "My God, what have I done?" The dispatch was still lying before me, and I reached over and took it up, for the purpose of destroying it, but the operator stretched forth his hand, and said, "We must file all telegrams." My first impulse was to tear it up, but I pitched it back and walked off. The town was in the greatest uproar. Flags at half-mast, bells tolling, &c. Still I did not think I was in danger, and determined to go immediately to Baltimore to find out the particulars of the tragedy. Surratt then details the way the evidence of the hotel registers, with his name on to prove an alibi, were spirited away, and says that, instead of going to Baltimore, he went to Canandaigua. On Monday, when I was leaving Canandaigua, I bought some New York papers; in looking over them my eye lit on the following paragraph which I have never forgoten, and don't think I ever will It runs thus:

"The assassin of Secretary Seward is said to be John H. Surratt, notorious secessionist of Southern Maryland His name, with that of J. Wilkes Booth, will forever lead the imfamous roll of assassions."

I could scarcely believe my senses. I gazed upon my name, the letters of which seemed sometimes to grow as large as mountains, and then to dwindle down to nothing. So much for my former connection with him, I thought. After fully realizing the state of the case, I concluded to change my course, and go direct to Canada.

Surratt then particularizes about his hiding in Canada, and his difficulty in keeping himself posted about what was going on, particularly in relation to his mother.

Teacher, in loud tones. "What is your name?"

Boy, in a weak voice. "Johnny Wells, sir."

"How old are you, John Wells?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"Now, John, tell me who made this great and glorious universe?"

"Don't know sir."

"What, twelve years old, and don't know who made this great and noble sphere? James Smith, go and get me a whip."

The birch was brought, and held over the trumbling boy. In thundering tones the rigid disciplinian demanded:

"Now, tell me who made this great world we live in?"

In tearful voice Johnny answered:

"I did, sir, but I won't do it again."

PAPER was first made of rags in 1487