Chensburg Allenhamian.

A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT .- HENRY CLAY.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1866.

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VOLUME 7.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES. Districts. Post Masters. Steven L. Evans, Carroll. Chest. M. D. Wagner, Chess Springe, A. G. Crooks, Taylor. Washint'n. R. H. Brown, Ebensburg. John Thompson, Ebensburg. Fallen Timber, C. Jeffries, White. Susq'han. Garman's Mills, Peter Garman, Gallitzin. Gallitzin, J. M. Christy, Wm Tiley, Jr., Washt'n. Hemlock, Johnst'wn E. Roberts, ohnstown, Loretto. M. Adlesberger, oretto, Munster. A. Durbin, Munster, Susq'han. M. J. Platt, Platteville, Clearfield

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Washt'n. S'merhill. CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c. Presbyterian-Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor .reaching every Sabbath morning at 104

clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meetng every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

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Welch Independent-REV LL. R. POWELL, stor .- Preaching every Sabbath morning at o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. abbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer neeting on the first Monday evening of each nonth; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in

Colvinistic Methodist-Rev. Morgan Ellis, Pastor .- Preaching every Sabbath evening at and 6 o'clock, Sabbath School at If o'clock, t 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening | private shelf? Which?

Disciples-REV. W. LLOYD, Pastor .- Preachg every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists-REV. DAVID EVANS. Pastor .- Preaching every Sabbath evening at clock. Sabbath School at at I o'clock, P. M. ervices every Sabbath morning at 102 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS. MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, through, daily, at estern, way. 9.25 A. M. Vestern, through, MAILS CLOSE. 9.25 A. M. Rastern, daily, Western, "

Platteville, Grant, &c., arrive on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Carrolltown leave daily, Sundays excepted. Mails for Platteville, Grant, &c., leave on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-

I	RAILROAD S	CHED	ULE.
	CRESSON S	TATION	
West-Balt. Express leaves at			8.25 A. M.
	Phila, Express	**	9.23 A. M.
4.4	New York Exp.	-11	9.52 A. M.
461	Fast Line	4.6	9.54 P. M.
144	Law Evaress	6.6	7.30 P. M.
44.	Altoona Accom.	44	4.15 P. M.
Fast-Phila, Express		14.4	8.40 P. M.
1.6	Fast Line	44	2.30 A. M.
44	Day Express	44	7.16 A. M.
+5	Cincinnati Ex.	4.4.	1.55 P. M.
46.	Altoona Accom.	94	1.21 P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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orge Orris, Joseph Dailey. Poor House Treasurer-George C. K. Zahm. Auditors-Fran. P. Fierney, Jno. A. Ken-

edy, Emanual Brallier. County Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan. Coroner, -William Flattery.

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muel Davis, Charles Owens, R. Jones, jr. Constable -- Thomas Todd. Judge of Election-Wm. D. Davis. Inspectors-David E. Evans, Danl. J. Davis. Assessor-Thomas J. Davis.

WEST WARD. Town Council-John Lloyd, Samuel Stiles, arrison Kinkead, John E. Scanlan, George

Constable-Barnabas M'Dermit. Judge of Election .- John D. Thomas. Inspectors .- William H. Sechler, George W.

Assessor-Joshua D. Parrish.

SOCIETIES, &c. A. Y. M .- Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 71 o'clock,

I. O. O. F .- Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, very Wednesday evening. S. of T .- Highland Division No. 84 Sons of

emperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

YERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

"THE ALLEGHANIAN :" \$3,00 IN ADVANCE. An Old Hand.

Blue-veined and wrinkled, knuckly and brown This good old hand is clasping mine; I bend above it, and looking down, I study its aspect line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands That long have known no answering thrill Some have nouldered in foreign lands-Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day When it was little, and soft, and white-Mother, who kissed it, and went away, To rest till the waking in God's good light

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone, Who sailed away and left her in tears; Under Sahara's torrid sun, Its bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a goodman true, Who held it softly, and fell asleep, And woke no more, and never knew How long that impress this may keep.

Clasped so many, so many !- so few That still respond to the living will, Or can answer this pressure so kind and true So many, that lie unmoved and still !

And mine will moulder, too, in turn. Will any clasp it when I am gone? In vain I study this hand to learn !

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown leather-covered book, the eaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, neglected MS. To the fire or to my

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I Catholic-REV. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor .- found in the crabbed characters a simple | tion during the whole of that weary time. | indeed there. transcribe into a modern style.

hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was fifteen; thick set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, por sew a pair of blinkers, pen. The mails from Carrolltown arrive ally, Sundays excepted. The mails from nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that l ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them .was awkward, and knew it, and all

I was good-tempered; could write fairwith my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish .-"I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There, now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger. "You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it .-He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the home with me. Carry these skins, and sound of a voice singing. A voice that you shall begin at once.' thrilled me through,-a voice I hear now as I write these lines, - so clear, so sweet, he was one of the players in the choir of ing, and they all left off playing, and only so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed his parish, his instrument being the vio. you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all

burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? would have blushed in his calmer moments,

She who had the angel voice-his niece

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work! Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! Sam." An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak ?-

Why did you drop it?" what?" And then it flashed upon me and perhaps rightly, that if they found me again, and I stammered out, "she sang!" food and clothing, I was well provided

you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling was a world where horse-collars and horseshoes, tenons and mortises, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices. said.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

tried hard to get the old gardener to let evening service. me help him carry the watering pots, and adise. O happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the as if it were yesterday. path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me and said,-

"You're the boy that broke the vase,

aren't you?" I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans ou the the rector set most especial store.

the rectory gate was closed against me. story, evidently written towards the close I saw her at church and heard her sing ference, so I could tell when her heart was eth."

light and when sad. ly, and read anything; but I was awkward | yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come. of no use; he spoils me more good leather | whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lam for hours in the shade of a like of which I have never known since.

tree and joined the concerts of the woods. One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when desk in a swoon. I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father

for leather occasionally. "Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what ?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've got a good ear, Sam." "I've nothing else good, but I can whis-

tle anything." Hymn?" I did so.

"Good; very good. Know anything of anything!" music, Sam?" "Nothing."

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of

play anything if I were taught." "So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come

I went home with him, and found that lincello. I took my first lesson, and from in tears. I saw even the rector crying; I trembled, and forgot the precious that time commenced a new life. Evening and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, after evening, and sometimes during the and so did you; it was dreadful for me to of thieves, who intested this county in day, I wandered over to his little shop, see you with your eyes fixed on her, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the watching her so eagerly. And then to I fear he said something for which he boots and shoes, I played over and over look at her, staring up at the stained

you. You ought to be a fine player, wheeler."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none,-I I played, she sang. O, those happy times! "Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop could earn none. My parents thought, "And if she did sing, was there any for, and so for some twelve months I used not know the kind of love I had for her. occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you the old cobbler's instrument, improving I was but a little older than she was, but

mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip impulse should, under the influence of made me pitiful towards her. I knew she sound, move with such precision, ease, and loved a man unworthy of her, and I think,

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one away, a changed and altered being. There day, "you shall have an instrument, and house at last, and we used to find in our your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him." could never have known. Ah me, - those "But he don't know a word of this," I days! Alas! they are gone.

> "Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to all the old memories flood back upon me, "What is he fit for ?" every one would | help each other, and it was arranged that and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the ask, and no one could answer, not even the choir of our parish should play and openly-shown respect and affection of the sing on the next Sunday morning at his daughter of her whom I loved so silently, I wandered about the rectory in the parish church, and that he and his choir so tenderly, and so long. summer evenings and heard her sing; I should come over to our parish for the

when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the my place in your own church; and please the old church as with a glory that day. rector's garden, that I was entering a par- God, you do as well there as you have I feel as the sounds swell out, and the done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practised, morning, noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events, -all is as vivid

The evening came; and there, in the dimly lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my

master beside me. "Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's agreat risk ; it's getting very full. There is the squire and my lady just come in. ground, where they upset and flooded Keep your eyes on your book and feel away in a moment some seeds on which what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of "How awkward, to be sure!" she ex- leather to help you," and he out a piece claimed. "And how angry uncle will be." of that black leather that has a peculiar I turned and fled, and from that time acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many old suit of clothes for entering. Taking favor of the telegraph bill. That you may I led a miserably unhappy life for the hours I had spent there came back to me the train at Blairsville, we alighted at next three years; I had only one consola- at once, and I felt as calm as if I were Hillside, and after a refreshing walk of

She came at last, and service began .of the writer's life. This story I now there. I could hear nothing else when O that night! Shall I ever forget its she sang, clear and distinct, above the pleasures?-the wondering looks of the "He'll be fit for nothing," said my confused, nasal sounds that came from the friends and neighbors who came and found father; "an awkward booby who holds voices of others, - hers alone pure, sweet, in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed his awl and cuts his food with his left and good. It was a blessed time. I saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which the most timorous were reluctant to enter. would not miss a Sunday's service in they had heard rumors. O it was glorichurch for all that might offer. Three ous! The first few strokes of my bow good miles every Sunday there and heav- gave me confidence, and I did well, and twine firmly at the mouth of the cave, we ily plod to hear her, and feel well reward- knew it, through the hymn, through the entered the subterranean passage carrying ed. I shared her joys and heaviness. I chants, and on to the anthem before the knew when she was happy, when oppres- sermon. That was to be the gem of the sed; as a mother knows the tones of her evening; it was Handel's then new child's voice, to the minutest shade of dit- anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liv-

It began-harsh, inharmonious, out of One Sunday she sang as I had never tune-I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instru--she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and ments ceased and were silent; one by one easily and lightly as any one of my neigh- at the evening service, he was there. I the voices died away and were lost, and saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bear- she and I alone, bound together and driving, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she en on by an irresistible impulse, went loved, I knew it. I detected a tremble and | through the anthem; one soul, one spirit gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to seemed to animate both. The whole consuffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. | gregation listened breathless as to an an-I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound | gel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one was all I could give utterance to. I could in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,-

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would." "Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "very "Can you whistle me the Morning clever!" and "delightful talent!" Such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for

My father bought a fine instrument and

I was the hero of the village for months. It was some days after that Sunday that ventured to ask about the rector's niece. "My dear boy," said my mother; "the music. I can't sing a note, but I could like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singagain all the music I could get from the glass window as if she could see through it, miles and away into the sky. O, I'm tance, perhaps a rod or more in certain "You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my sure, the like never was; and then, when places, it narrows down to a small circular -came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at little awkward to see you bowing away father ran up and carried you down and stood speechlessly gazing at little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-

to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while when she loved me, but only as a dear loved before or could love again. I do they are unaccustomed. doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any farther fingers so rigid and stiff for every other ter; a sweet tenderness and love that in the side.

at times, she felt this herself.

I was perfectly free of the rector's music a means of converse that our tongues

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as again I sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, order. with her daughter beside me singing,-

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old "And you, Sam," said he, "shall take anthem; but the voice is gone that filled strings vibrate under my withered fingers. I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

A Wonderful Cave.

About one mile southeast of the village

of Hillside, a station on the Pennsylvania railroad, in Westmoreland county, says the Blairsville New Era, there is a natural cave, called by the early settlers the Bear Cave, which name it retains to the present day. Why it has received this name is more than we can tell. We were fortunately one of the party who visited this cave some four years ago, and its features are indelibly impressed upon our memory. The party consisted of six persons, all of whom were provided with hook lamps, twine, fire-arms, and each an half an hour up the gradual slope of the across the Atlantic, is the sincere wish of Chestnut Ridge to the south and east, your friend, reached the mouth of the cave, which at first sight appeared to be nothing more than an opening amid a large mass of towering, moss-covered rocks, into which Donning our old clothes, lighting our lamps, and tieing the outer end of the the ball with us, unwinding it as we proceeded. After traversing a straight but narrow court or alley for about three hundred feet, you come to a room out of which lead a dozen or more passages, each one to a different point in the cave. We selected what appeared to be a most capacious one, and entered to the end of our twine-some 1,400 yards, or over threefourths of a mile.

The explorer is at once reminded of his insignificance, as he stands amid such wondrous works of nature, those massive rocks on either hand being capable of crushing him to death should a sudden the United States and England." earthly agitation cause them to quit their places. Or, as he leans tremblingly over the verge of a deep and narrow chasm, listening to the faint sound of the gurgling water below, he feels a chill of horror as he contemplates his tragic end should a misstep hurl him into its depths. This cavern is of curious structure, being so formed as to admit of exploration either way you wish to go, to the right or left, up or down. Streams of pure spring water course down through rocky ledges, and nestle in artificial reservoirs at their base, giving an air of comfort to the dirtbegrimmed explorer. The rocks forming the sides and ceilings of the different rooms and passages are set with stalactites, shedding off a strange lustre when brought in contact with the light. The sandy rocks are literally covered with names from all parts of the country, and dated early as 1820.

A number of years ago a lady from Pittsburg lost herself in this cave, and being unable to regain the course to the mouth, perished; her whitened bones were found a few years afterward by an exploring party, being the only vestige left to tell of her unhappy fate. She had probably entered the cave unguided, and thus unthinkingly subjected herself to an awful death by starvation.

Nothing can be more striking to the lover of romance in nature, than this truly historic cave. The discoverer is not known, and it may be this was one of the accustomed haunts of a savage band of Indians, and more latterly the rendezvous of a den 1852. It has never been explored to its fullest extent, but it seems to cover a large area, as our party crossed their twine two or three times. For some dis-Shaped in the rocks are to be seen the outlines of snakes, lizards, and other curi-After this, I had an invitation to go up ous shaped reptiles, and occasionally the marks of human feet and hands in the solid rocks, -- once supposed to be soft clay. Bats, both white and black, are found, which set up a terrible screeching upon friend; and I loved ber as I never had the approach of the light, a thing to which

-It is aptly remarked that the Prus-

The Atlantic Cable.

Subjoined are some of the congratulatory dispatches following the completion of the great Atlantic Cable:

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT.

"HEART'S CONTENT, July 27. "We arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning, all well, thank God. The cable has been laid, and is in perfect working CYRUS W. FIELD."

MR. FIELD TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON. "HEART'S CONTENT, July 27. "To His Excellency, Andrew Johnson,

" Washington, D. C .: "SIR: The Atlantic Cable has been uccessfully completed this morning. I hope that it will prove a blessing to England and the United States, and increase the intercourse between our own country and the Eastern Hemisphere.

> "CYRUS W. FIELD." PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S REPLY. "WASHINGTON, July 29.

"To Cyrus W. Field, Heart's Content: "I heartily congratulate you, and trust that your enterprise may prove as successful as your efforts have been persevering. May the cable under the sea tend to promote harmony between the Republic of the West and the Governments of the Eastern Hemisphere.

"ANDREW JOHNSON." MR. FIELD TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

"HEART'S CONTENT, July 27. "To Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Washington: "The telegraph cable has been successfully laid between Ireland and Newtoundland. I remember with gratitude your services in the Senate of the United States in the Winter of 1857, and recollect with pleasure the speech you then made in never have reason to regret what you have done to establish communication CYRUS W. FIELD."

SECRETARY SEWARD'S REPLY.

"WASHINGTON, JULY 29. Cyrus W. Field, Heart's Content : "Acknowledgments and congratulations. If the Atlantic Cable had not failed in 1858, European States would not have been led in 1861 into the great error of supposing that civil war in America could either perpetuate African Slavery or divide this Republic. Your great achievement constitutes, I trust, an effective treaty of international neutrality and non-intervention. WM. H. SEWARD." QUEEN VICTORIA TO PRESIDENT JOHN-

"OSBORNE, July 27, 1866. "To the President of the United States,

"Washington: "The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. "Washington, July 30, 1866.

To Her Majes'y, the Queen of the United "Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: "The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of Her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the Cable which now unites the Eastern and Western Hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States.

"ANDREW JOHNSON." MAYOR HOFFMAN TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, "July 30, 1866. To the Lord Mayor of London : "The energy and genius of man, directed by the Providence of God, have

united the Continents. "May this union be instrumental in securing the happiness of all nations and the rights of all people.

"JOHN T. HOFFMAN, "Mayor of New York." THE LORD MAYOR'S REPLY.

"HEART'S CONTENT, July 28, 1866. To the Mayor of New York: "May commerce flourish, and peace and prosperity unite us.

"MAYOR OF LONDON." IN MEMORIAM .- The Rochester Democrat proposes to erect a monument in henor of the defunct Democracy, and offers

the following as an inscription: Hic Jacet! THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, a kind husband of SLAVERY, an indulgent father of RIOTS,

and a firm friend The tender plant that north winds chilled, Has drooped and withered in its prime; But what the enowy ballot killed, May flourish in a warmer clime.

-Says the Bedford Inquirer of united States, arrived at the Bedford Springs one day last wer a. The individinst., one James Buchapan, who. ual in question is very old and his hallu,