"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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# Anti-Nebraska Politics.

For the Susmichanna Register. MESSES Entrops: -I have noticed for some time that the Editor of the Montrose Democrat has labored very hard to make the people of this county believe the coming election in this State was in no way connected with the question of slavery. Perhaps it is not; and perhaps, as he says, he has got his fill of office and honor, and can have no motive for misloading the people. We will grant him all that, for the present, and proceed to pick another bone with him. He his considering how young he is and how small a share of, office he has had, learned very soon the manner and tone of the politicians of the day, which is that they tell the people they know nothing of the politics of the country, nothing of the questions at issuc and nothing of what they want. Even Daniel Webster (and we beg pardon of his manes for writing his name on the same page with that of the above gentlemen) could not answer his chief farmer a political question which he asked him, but told him that farming, not politics was his business. And so it is; we send men to the legislature and sometimes the first year, generally the second, they tell us we do not know what we do want. What course we shall take to convince office holders after election what we know about our own wants I do not know. As for his having had his fill of office and honor, it may be, as I said, he has But if I read him right, he is now, as ces of Presidential patronage. The independence of bas always been since are come to Montrose, playing the House of Representatives is unblushingly assailed, his best card for office and he now hopes and expects to be paid for his (what shall I say, rottenness or services by being boosted into some office by the party, or the governor, or president, or some other dispenser of political bread and butter.

But to the question. Has the coming election any bearing upon the question of slavery in the territories. If the able editor of the Democrat can convince us: That the President of the U.S. was not the father of the exertions of the Democratic party; that they are not now trying with suffernatural energy to drive it down our northern throats, whether we will or not: and lastly, that Governor Bigler is not at heart a dough face, or at least afraid to say his soul is his own for fear of getting his eyes blacked in the political fight hereafter, we may believe him. Now, sir, we want hereafter a Governor and Legislature worn to fight the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska law and every other slave measure attempted to be saddled on the North, to the death, whenever they shall have the opportunity. As a man, as an American, and as a Christian I cannot, neither can I see how any man can; support candidates who can have anything to do with put to the test. I am a Democrat, Tlove democratic on the Constitution and libertles of the country. governments but at the rate we are going, it won't be | 5 This Congressional District gave near 2500 majoriic as was that of Julius Casar in Rome. Brooklyn, Aug. 8, '54. M. BRUTUS.

# From the Montrose Democrat.

Towanna, June 29, 1854. DEAR SIR :- Your favor of the 27th has just come to hand. I would be much gratified to be with you on the 5th proximo, and to raise my feeble voice in an earnest appeal to your citizens, to united action in defence of our free institutions of Government. I am under an engagement to addres the citizens of Tioga County on the subject of the Nebraska outrage,

on the 4th, and shall go from there to Potter Co. I rejoice that you are to have with you so able and making the disputes of party subordinate to the in- says:terests of freedom and humanity, he has nobly fitted himself to render the most eminent service to his profess to be, confident that the present excitement Country in this crisis. The people must come up to at the North against the repeal of the Missouri Com- next day. the like high and patriotic elevation of purpose, or promise will subside before the Presidential election. there is no hope for our Country's Liberties. The They rely greatly on the 'sober second thought' of ments, we went early to the cabin. We policy of Slavery cannot be mistaken-indeed it is the Northern people as they very facetiously style it. heard as we approached, a discord of mingboldy proclaimed. The recent high-handed outrage; is but the precursor of a series of measures, designed from the South, states that no other man is talked of and there was Led in a drunken rage, with to give the Slave Oligarchy absolute domination-to for the Presidency than Stephen A. Douglas. He the poker in his hand. He had driven the erush out forever the policy and principles of Free- will be the Democratic candidate in 1856, if the South | children into one corner, and before the youngdom in this Government, and to establish on the A. can effect it. And he will probably receive the nom- er ones stood Millie, covering them as a hen now to-day. The free men of the Republic, thank joyment of its peculiar institution God, have still left in their hands a peaceful and Constitutional remedy, if they will use it wisely and firmly -the ballot box. The power and design of Slavery must be checked, and the original policy of the Govunite in the great work of preserving our free Institugions from impending destruction.

The first blow must be simed for the overthrow the present National Administration—the mere tool and puppet of the Slave Power. Through the corrupting influence of its patronage upon the people's Representatives, Freedom has been betrayed. It get. It is true his political sins have been like scarmust be overwhelmed at every point with ignominious defeat. We cannot shorten its Constitutional erm of office, but we must strike down its allies in every State, District and County. It must have no Pups in the States, upon which to lean for the supof to responsible office—Governor, member of Con- he has deceived and betraved. res, Representative, whose relations of friendship and alliance with the National Administration are open to suspicion. We must accept of nothing, in the candidates presented for our suffrages, short of undisguised hostility to the ultra pro-slavery power at Washington. Anything short of this is folly, idle trifling, shilly shally nonsense; and designed in the end, to lead the people step by step into acquiescence in the policy and plans of Slavery. Let no candidate pretend to condemn the recent legislation of Congress, and yet hold himself in party alliance with the present administration. He cannot be trusted; and so we power to-day, cannot be relied upon to do so on the occasion of a future provocation. He is hopelessly potten—unsound to the core, and will sacrifice

its barbarous and destructive policy, subverting every principle that gave life, viges, and success to our Revolutionary struggle, and defeating all the great ends for which the Government was established. It has broken down the highest precedents of Constitutional law, in opening to its ingress, the territories of the nation. To-day, Slavery is prostituting the holiest functions of Government endangering the public peace, and provoking on the country the horrors of war, for its extension and aggrandisement. Now, at this present writing, it is insid iously undermining one of the most valuable and sacred Constitutional rights of the people, in its efforts to put the National treasury, through the treaty making power, at the virtual disposal of the Executive and Senate. The Constitution designed that the immediate Representatives of treasury of the nation; now (as a mere matter of form) they are called upon to vote in the dark enormou sums of money, in fulfillment of treaties for the secuisition of foreign provinces and States, without even having laid before them, the instructions and correspondence under which the treaty was negotiated

When, I again enquire, are the encroachments and appressions of Slavery to be resisted, if not now?-The Constitution is invaded-subjected to constant change, in the violent interpretations put upon it from time to time, to meet the growing demands and audacity of Slavery, and enforced upon the country under threats of disunion, and the corrupting applianby promises of Executive, favor to such members as would betray their constituents on a question vital to the institutions of Freedom-Legislative enactments the most solemn and binding after being enforced upon the country by the power and votes of slavery, are repealed under pretences false in fact, and insulting to our intelligence. Party platforms are erected at the bidding of Slavery, and when upon the faith of their honest observance its candidates are elected, the Nebraska bill; that it did not become a law by they are treacherously violated, and new and more degrading tests of party fealty imposed.

I am a democrat—deeply imbaed with the

and doctrines of that political school. My principles are safe-I have no fears of losing them. I know what they are, and whither they point; and when assailed shall defend them with the earnestness of a thorough conviction in their soundness and truth. I repel with scorn the insolent mandates of the Administration, requiring adhesion to its measures as a test of democratic orthodoxy. Democracy had a life and a history some time before this Administration abused its name and principles, and will survive its brief day of mischievous power. Not the least of the cilmes of Slavery, is the attempt it has made to prostitute the these matters, without knowing what they will do if name and principles of Democracy, in its assaults up-

by my vote. I trust the future will show how grossly he has outraged the principles of its intelligent and independent voters. Slavery demands entire submission to its policy, as a condition of its support—let Pennsylvania, if nowhere else within the State, we require of them guaranties of fidelity to the principles and rights of Freedom. Very respectfully

Your ob't serv't. D. WILMOT. WILLARD RICHARDSON Esq., Pa. Harford, Susq'a Co., Pa.

PREDICTIONS AND FORESHADOWINGS -The Wash zealous a champion of Freedom as Mr. Greeley. In ington Correspondent of the New York Express

> 'The Nebraska Democrats from the North are or A prominent politician who has recently returned led curses, screams, and blows. We entered

merican continent the most powerful and mighty ination unless the Northern Democracy shows at the Slave Empire known in the history of the world. intervening elections protest in the most decisive her father with such a look of reproach and Submission—acquiescence in the policy of Slavery is manner against the Repeal of the Missouri Compro- sadness that demon as he was, he quaited befaul and he who preaches it, preaches treason to mise. If the North should present an unbroken front neath it. After we had gone away the night Liberty. Acquiescence in the legislation of 1850, em- on this question, Douglas may be drawn from the boldened Slavery to invade, in 1854, the guarantied field, but not otherwise. The South do not like him, one of those low dens, where they would sell rights of Freedom in Kansas and Nebraska; and to- but they will favor his aspirations, because they deem day. Slavery looks forward with exulting confidence, it expedient to encourage Northen men in betraving to the acquisition of Cuba—the absorption of more the interests of their constituents. Being in a minor-Merican States—the re-establishment of Slavery in ity, it is necessary for them to practice the most sa-San Domingo—the revival of the foreign Slave trade | gacious diplomacy, to maintain that ascendency in the and to an alliance offensive and defensive with National Councils which they have now possessed for Brazil for the protection and aggrandizement of Slave- lifty years. If Douglas should receive the nominary, and to enable it to defy the public opinion and tion, he will be the third candidate from the North, your of the world; in proof of all this, I have but to who has been nominated by Southern influence, it Pint to the proceedings in Congress, and to the lead- twelve years. At this rate the North has a fair chance ing public Journals of the South. In this vast pro- of furnishing nearly all the Democratic candidates for gramme of Slavery, where do the submissionists of many years to come. The South is willing to concede to day, prepare to make a stand? It must be made this advantage, if it can be secured in the manifest en-

SMOKED OUT.—Gov. Bigler has been something like the ostrich which hides its head in a sand bank and then imagines it is safe. He he has thus far been hiernment on this subject restored. To this end we ding his head behind the non-committal platform of must lay aside—postpone for a time, the strifes of the State Convention which nominated him, but the party over minor points of controverted policy, and well directed fire in the rear which has been plumped into him has brought him out of his hiding place, and he now promises to meet the public and let them know what he thinks of the issues before the country, and to beg of an indignant people that if they can't be asy to be asy as they can' on him, and to remember the Christian precept to 'forgive and forlet, but there is truth in the couplet.

While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

If he meets Pollock on the stump, however, he will be liguratively, skinned, for his political deformities port of its iniquitous policy. No man should be elect- will then be held un to the indignation of the people

CLERICAL INFLUENCE. - The ministers have done the democrats considerable damage in this State. Here the clerical order approach nearer to the primitive apostolical condition of the founders of the faith than in any other part of New England; but what they lack in silver and gold, is made up in influence, which is ten times greater than that wielded by the pampered preachers of cities and great towns. The manner in which their order has been assailed by leading democrats and the democratic press, has set them against ter I was in bed, he sat by the fire, and mutsure as he is trusted so sure will the people, and their democrats fail, it will be in no small degree owing to felt sorry because he struck me, and I don't rights, again be betrayed. The man who will not the hostile feelings created by their unwise treatment think he will do so again. face in open and manly resistance, the aggressions of the country clergy, a poor but an influential part of Poor, patient, loving, hopeful Millie Lee!

Iales and Sketches.

MILLIE LEE. BY CLEMENT E. BARR.

There, said a friend to me one day, there goes a heroine. I looked around but seeing only a little girl, trudging barefoot along the road; with a basket almost as large as herself, I turned my eyes with a glance of inquiry to the speaker. He answered it by pointing to the unromantic object just described. I mean her, Millie Lee. You think that she is only a poor, shoeless, stockingless child: but I tell you she is a heroine, with a Joan of Arc. or Margaret Anjou.

My friend was not accustomed to talk at random: hence my curiosity was excited and I drew from him as we sat in the shade to rest, this history of Millie Lee.

Five years ago there came to our village a aborer named Thomas Lee. He was idle and intemperate, his wife feeble, and heart broken, their children so pale, so hungry, and so sickly looking, that it made my heart ache to look at them. They had been born beneath the shadow of a father's neglect a mother's hot tears had fallen on their faces as they drew nourishment from her breast, and lay upon her breaking heart. How could they be like other children? On the desert shrub, every new leaf tells by its premature searness, of the arid sand in which its roots are withering. Hence those children never played or smiled. They crept about so still and sad-they ate their hard dry crusts, withsuch a melancholy look, that you would have thought that their boine must have been a house of death. And so it afterwards was. Their father would be for hours as one dead! -dead to all the beauties of nature, to all the activities of the world to all the claims and sufferings of his family, to all the nobility of nature, that he was burning to a cinder of everlasting remorse with the fires of rum. Often have I accosted those children, crouching together by the door of their home, and tried to draw from them a smile: I gave them food when I knew they were very hungry, and they would thank me sweetly; but not a gleam of sunshine would bass over their faces. They were grateful, but could not be

We tried to do something for his family. but the wretched father would not let any of them leave him, and would squander for rum or destroy for spite, whatever we gave them. He had a great deal of mandlin independence and our kindness lie schrifully refused as an official interference with his affars. Honce tongue was loose, and he accompanied the ly woven and too strong grouns of his wife, and sobs of his children, with snatches of ribald songs and curses that made my blood curdle in my veins!

I need not dwell upon the funeral. We managed to keep Lee sober until his wife was under the ground. But he seemed to have little feeling, he went to the church and to the grave, like a man stunned, or in a dream. We left the family at night, with everything necessary for their comfort, intender and took his seat in the cabin, and

In the morning, having made our arrangecovers her brood, and meeting the eyes of before, the wretched man had stolen out to rum to a gripning skeleton if it had only three cents in its hand. There, pawning the clothes that had been given him for the funeral, he prepared himself for the scene we witnessed. Having disarmed him, and released the trembling orphans, we insisted upon taking them all away. Millie said we might take Sally, and Georgy, and the baby; but she would stay, for, since mother was dead, there

was nobody else to look after father. But Millie, he will beat you, he will kill 'May be he will, sir,' she answered, but cet I must not leave him. He gets drunk, I bility shall rise to shine forever in the holy know, and then he is cross; but still he is my light of heaven.

father. I looked with wonder upon that feeble child. I thought of all she had suffered, from that brutal man, who never smiled even on her childish prattle. I thought of all she had yet to fear from sim alone in that cabin, and pleaded; but Millie was firm. We were obliged to leave her, but with numerous sad-

day. Then she run up to see the baby, which was at my house. Lasked her, howard you getting on at home now, Millie?' 'Pretty well, I thank you,' was the reply.

We heard nothing from her until the next

'Did your father get Hrunk last night?' She tried to keep back the tears as she ans-

'He came home very cross, sir,' 'Did he beat you, Mille?' 'O, not much. He only struck me twice.

and once it was nothing but his hand.'

'O. sir, it did not hurt me much, and when he saw the blood, it seemed to sober him a little, and he threw down the poker, and told me to wash my face, and go to bed. And af-

some supper for her father.

no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled physicians declared his heart diseased. He tive character, from my arms, and returned to the nowdark shut himself up with his favorite nephew, and his self denying child; and one day when he awoke from the heavy slumber of his debauch and found her preparing breakfust for him, and singing a sweet childish song, he turned to her and with a tone almost tender said:

Because you are my futher, and I love 'You love me!' repeated the wretched nobler heart than ever beat in the bosom of man; 'love me!' He looked at his bloated limbs, his solled and ragged clothes: 'Love

'Millie, what makes you stay with me?'

me,' he still murmured. 'Millie, what makes you love me? I am poor drunkard; everybody else despises

me. Why don't you? 'Dear father,' said the little girl, with swimming eyes, i mother taught me to love you; and every night she comes from heavm, and stands by my little bed; and says: Millie, don't leave your father; Millie, love your father. He will get away from that rum-fiend one of these days, and then how happy you will be.'

Lee buried his head in his hands, and tears. the first for a long time, trickled through his fingers. He said no more; but having eaten his breakfast went out. That night he came home sober, the first time for many years. He gave her a dollar that he had earned, and talked with her kindly until it was time to go to bed.

O! how light and glad was the heart of Millie Lee. For hours she lay awake and wept for joy. After she fell asleep, the angels came to her in her dreams: and O, how sweetly her mother smiled. Next morning she ex-erted her childish skill, to prepare a nice breakfast for her father. She sang and prattied with a light-heartedness she had never known before; and Lee gazed with some thing like a parent's pride and fondness on her. He went out to work and at night, late at night, after the poor child had waited for long-long hours-he reeled home drunk O, what a bitter disappointment, It almost crushed her. But the angels came again and whispered, 'Courage, love never faileth,' hope never faileth,' and that night she was repaid by the early return of her father in

his right mind. We learned afterwards that the rumseller. when Lee tried to reform, would waylay him coming from his work, and entice him back to the den of death. If the tempter found him we could only carry food to his starving wife return home a sober man-a kind father to and children while he was at the dram-shop. his motherless and loving child. Her pati-At last Mrs. Ley died. Never saw I such ence and cheerfulness were unsealing the founa scene before, and God in mercy save me tains of his heart, and had there been no hucandidates henceforth learn, that here, at least, in from ever seeing the like again! Lee was man spider to spread a snare for his feet he rolling on the floor too drunk to understand would then have been restored. But alas! what was going on, or even to rise. But his ever and anon, the inches were too skillful-'And is he still a drunkard !' I asked.

Wait a moment—my tale is nearly told Millie heard one day, of Mr. Darland, the elonce she concluded that he could save her father. So without a word to any one, she set off, as soon as her father had gone to work and walked the whole six miles to Westville She sought out the lecturer: she told him Mr. Darland knew how to accost him how to advise and encourage him, for he had gone through the same fiery ordeal and fully conquered the appetite for rum. While he, (Washingtonian and drunkard) talked. Millie listened and prayed. She thought she heard a rustling as of angels, wings in the cabin, and as the sunbeams played upon the wall, she imagined it was her mother's smile of love and hope! That night her father signed the pledge, and by the help of kind friends, he has kept it to this day.

It is now six months since that memorable night, and though they live in the same cabin still, and are poor, there is not a happier home in all that place, or a happier, nobler heart, than beats in the breast of Millie Lee. What do you think now of my heroine?

'She deserves a higher name than that' I answered. 'She is an angel!' And as 1 looked at the delicate child, carrying her bas ket along the dusty road, I thought how many an embryo cherub may be trudging along the paths of human poverty and scorn, and how we shall wonder at the revelations there are vet to be, when the tinsel shall fall from the talse greatness of the earth, and its true no-

# DUPUYTREN.

Dupuytren was the most celebrated French

surgeon of his day; he was destitute of faith and by his mind and brusque hardihood overcame the individuality of almost every one felt that no recorded in tance of female hero, who approached him. One day a poor cure ism exceeded hers. We reasoned and we from some village near Paris, called upon the great surgeon. Duply tren was struck with friendship.' his manly beauty and noble presence, but examined, with his usual nonchalance, the patient's neck disfigured by a horrible cancer. Avec cela, il faut mourier.' ('With that cancer you must die,') said the surgeon. 'So I thought, calmly replied the priest: I expected the disease was fatal, and only came to you to please my parishioners.' He then unfolded a bit of paper, and took from it only a day or two since, that she should nev- ly navigable for the smaller class of steam puytren, saying, Pardon sir, the little fce, for line doings. we are poor. The serene dignity and holy self possession of this man, about todie in the prime of his life, impressed the stoical surge-'And the other time? yes, I see, it was on in spite of himself though his manner bewith the poker, and he made a deep gash in trayed neither surprise nor interest. Before your head! You must not stay there, Mil- the cure had descended half the staircase, he was called back by a servant. 'If you choose to try an operation, said Dupuytren, go to the Hotel Dicu, I will see you on Monday. 'It is my duty to make use of all means of re covery, replied the cure: 'I will go.' The next day, the surgeon cut away remoraelessly the party now dominant in the nation. Should our tered to himself, and by what I heard, he at the priest's neck, laying bare tendons and arteries. It was before the days of chloroform, and unsustained by any opiate, the poor | turn at once to my futher's.' cure suffered with uncomplaining heroism. He did not even wince. Dupuvtren respec ted his courage, and every day lingered lon- ishment you possibly can, and when he be- rine animalcule? and that it took them up-That night I was out late. I returned by ger at his bed side, when making the rounds gins his vile work, leave your bed at once wards of one hundred thousand years to achis Country's highest interest and glory, for some palty partizan considerations.

The Rutland (Vermont) Herald states that 47 sheep | Lee's cabin about eleven o'clock. As 1 apof the nospital. In a rew weeks the care received and 14 lambs, worth some \$300 were killed near a prosched I saw a strange looking object cowered. A year after the operation, he made his ous intentions. I really cannot remain anoth-The Rutland (Vermont) Herald states that 47 sheep Lee's cabin about eleven o'clock. As ap of the hospital. In slew weeks the cure recov- and thus put an effectual stop to his villain- complish it. Savery is deaf to the voice of our remonstrance—
In sain we point to the kistory of the country—in vain
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the point is the fall plane. Here the lady in a terrible range, who,
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wood were brushed upward; and also that the bodies
of animals killed by lightning

her. I tried to take her home with me, but At length Dupuytren was taken ill, and the and accusations of the most bitter and vindicand silent cabin. Things went on so for refused to see his friends. One day he wrote ment, but she followed from room to room, weeks and months. But at length Lee be on a slit of paper: 'Le medicin a beioin due giving her rage full scope and denouncing him came less violent, even in his drunken fits, to qure,' ('The doctor has need of the priest,') and the widow Smith as the vilest and most and sent it to the village priest, who quickly obeyed the summons. He remained for hours in the surgeon's chamber; and when be came forth, tears were in his eyes, and Dupuytren was no more. How easy for the magination to fill up this outline, which was all that was vouchsafed to Parisian gossip -N. Y. Quarterly.

#### From the Star Spangled Banner. HYPOCHONDRIACISM: A Novel Cure for It.

BY R. M. CARLETON.

Good morning, friend Carter, how is you ife this morning 'Bad as ever. I am most discouraged.

issure you.' Do you still have a physician? Yes, but he can do nothing for her. But what does he say?

He says that it is the most awkward case of hypochondriacism he ever met with. am completely worn out. She insists she is going to die to day, and besought me in the most piteous accents to remain with her, but I have neglected my business too much lately, and can no longer indulge her with my

A hard case, indeed, particularly for yo but what do you intend to do? Do! I can't imagine what, friend Bush, nless I become insane and take refuge in a

mad house.' 'Do not despair; such cases are by no Mariner. means hopeless.'

'I have done with hope.' 'I am no physician, Carter, but I have a plan in my head which I think cannot fail to cure her. Out with it, at once. I am ready

Have you a good sharp axe?

'I believe so.' 'If you have not, purchase one by all means. When you return at noon, say as little as possible to her but proceed deliberately to cut down the bedstead upon which

one a subject of mirth

do not agree to it. I wash my hands of the

thing, however ridiculous.' 'It is a bargain, then ?

"It is." his store, while Bush hastened to the residence the ship. Their alighting and rising is goose of his friend. As he was an irtimate acoquent reformed drunkard of Westville. At quaintance, he was at once admitted. He sent word to the invalid that he had some thing of the utmost importance to communi cate to her, and must see her without delay. Such a message roused the curiosity of the dying woman, as she termed herself, and she dently got her cue, for she made an excuse sent Millid to bring her father from his work. for leaving him, and at once proceeded down

> . Good morning, Mrs. Carter, how do you 'I am dying,' she said faintly.
> Then I will not disturb you.'

ed towards the door as if about to leave the Do not leave me. Mr. Bush, to die alone: besides, you gave me to understand you had something important to say to me.' 'True! but it is an unpleasant task to be

the messenger of evil tidings,' 'Evil tidings! What do you mean, Mr. Bush?' 'To distress a feeble, fond wife with the irregularities of ber husband is most repug-

nant to my feelings. I wish I had not come.' 'Speak,' said Mrs. Carter, propping her head with an additional pillow, let me know ng, where did he tell you he was going?

'To his store, of course. Where should Injured woman-he deceived you; for he

alled at the house of the young widow Smith, where he is a constant visitor. You amaze me, Mr. Bush!' The invalid purses, while the poor ignorant things were had hastily thrust a shawl about her, and was alive. I felt the superstition of the poem,

fair y sitting up. 'Take care and not excite yourself, my such superstition, but the birds are regarded dear madan. I will not shock your feelings as fair game. any further. I was about to say-but I cannot, dare not do it.'

'Proceed-tell ine anything rather than allow me to remain in this cruel suspense.-Conceal nothing from me, as you value my 'I believe you an injured woman, and

will frankly tell all, although it will surely engaged to her. They will be married some six months after your death, which they have principal rivers. calculated will soon occur.' 'The monster !- but I will balk him. And

that smooth faced young widow—to tell me line nill sites. They are, too, partly or whole

'Monstrous! but this tale is incredible. I cannot believe it.'

'You shall have proof, for your husband foolish it may seem.' But I will not remain in the house to be

He, thinking her insane, fled from the apartcriminal of mankind.

After a long and ludicrous scene of domestic commotion, matters were satisfactorily explained by both parties. The lady was completely cured of her fancies, and became an excellent wife, but it was a long time before she forgave Bush.

#### THE ALBATROSS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Euquirer, who writes letters from on ship board during a voyage to Australia, gives the following interesting sketch: THE ALBATROSS YARN. - One fine afternoon

when our ship with her crowd of passengers was in the Southern Atlantic, or more properly, the Southern Indian Ocean, and farther to the Southward than the tracks of most vessels, being, as I remember, in latitude as high as 45 deg., the Albatross came about us in unusual numbers. The weather was light, the bird eager for slush or any thing that fell from the ship, and our passengers cager for sport, it being the first week after we had got into the bird latitudes. The Mate, who had the deck, was willing (probably with the Captain's knowledge) to indulge them. Fastening a large hook to a spare log-line, and ly, and can no longer indulge her with my baiting with a big piece of pork, he soon had presence, which only makes her appear a victim out of the flocks that were following close astern, and landed him, not without assistance, over the taffrail upon the poop. We were all astonished at his size, which was so much larger than appeared from the deck,

The Albatross is the most poetic object on the ocean. There is nothing in all nature so noble, free, ethereal, spiritual-nothing animate that so brings the sense of infinity and mystery and boundless space in the day-light.

His home is in the Southern oceans, below grasp a straw if it points out the slightest 20 degrees South of the line. Here he ranges alone, or in company, over wastes of water that it takes fast ships from 45 to 60 days to sail across. His flight is not high; it is long low swings

he lays.'
I did not think you would make my afflice now on one side, now on the other, now far jokes, and songs, and pleasantry, and happy astern, and again across the ship's bows: I never was more serious in my life. Do may be watched in any weather, going over er sort of pandemonium. The workmen and this, and leave the rest with me; but if you a hundred miles of distance to the ship's one. boys are said to be healthful, industrious, well ens the swiftness with which he shaves with support for a multitude of contented families. Since you are serious I will agree to any- level wing the deep.' Sometimes there come hundreds of his kind at once, at others I have watched a solitary one for days together. 1 never saw one alight except to pick up some-The friends parted. Carter proceeded to thing which had fallen or was thrown from

like and ungraceful, but once affoat, their motions have an almost supernaturally sublime beauty. It is possible they may sleep at night on the waves, but we never fell in with them as we did with Cape Pigeons in the dark. I have thought that I could perceive when the latter were tired, after several days consented to see him. The nurse had evil of uncommon rough weather, but never the On a ship's deck they are powerless, except to bite with their strong hooked bills. So far-

from being able to 'perch on mast or shroud,' they are web-footed, and cannot fly from the deck or even stand upon it, except momentarily. Their plumage is white, spotted, often most beautifully, with various shades of brown and black. Fifteen feet is a low average for their stretch of wing; some that we caught measured more than this, and I heard of one being taken that reached twenty-two. The expression of their eyes as they look around them, helpless on the deck, is that which might be ascribed to proud, noble women, made the mock of pirates. Nothing not human ever wore a look so high, so imploring, yet so dauntless. I confess that it filled me with grief and anger, and shame for my species, to see the captives abused by dogs, and men more cruel than dogs. I knew them to be stupid, foolish birds, intent only on fill-When your husband left you this morn- ing their stomachs with disgusting garbage, and cruel even to each other, tearing and devouring a disabled one that may be thrown to them, without mercy. Yet I could not bear to see our 'enterprising young gentlenien cut off their wings to make pipe stems of the little bones, and skinning the feet for though among sailors, there is not only no

## Natural Wonders of Florida.

A writer in the Floridian Journal, the upper stratum of Florida rests on one vast net work of irregular arches of stupendous magnitude, through which innumerable rives, creeks and mineral, waters in silent darkness perpetually flow. Walkulla, Ocilcost me Carter's friendship. He is actually la, Warcissa, Crystal, Homosassa, Chesiouitska, Wickawatcha, and Silver Spring, are the

The creeks of this denomination are too numerous to mention; most of them affording a five france piece, which he handed to Du- er marry again. I'll soon put a stop to these and sail vessels throughout the entire distances of their subterraneous courses. Those But this is not all, Mrs. Carter, they have that are not, can be made so with comparaactually consulted Dr. Hoback, or some oth- tively small trouble and little expense. The er humbugging astrologer, to learn how long same writer also says, that the number of you will live; and he informed them that if mineral and thermal springs in Florida, is your husband could succeed in cutting down more than two thousand. Their principal all four posts of your bedstead, while you re- solid ingredients are the sulphates of lime, mained in bed you would not live four days.' magnesia and soda, oxide of iron and some iodine. Their volatile ingredients consist of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen gases. These gases soon evaporate if will commence operations this noon, however the water be exposed in an open vessel to the atmosphere; its taste then becomes insipid, in some instances either magnesian or acthus used. If I were not so ill I would re rid. If Florida be so thickly imbedded with mineral cres, will it not clash with the theo-Take my advice, madam. Rest quietly ry of Prof. Agassiz who says that Florida written Sche sche quon. By one of the offiuntil he returns, but partake of all the nour- I was built by the coral worm, and other ma-

Why is cutting off an elephant's head ten-the tents of peace -near this locality.

### A LOOK AT THINGS-COAL BED.

The Pilgrim left you at the coal fields in Scranton. These he came to examine and admire, and he has just returned from visiting one of the beds of anthracite.

This bed is entered by a hor contai digging through earth and sand upheld by timbers for a few rods, till the coal is reached in a bed perhaps six feet thick, lying in the midst of a floor of rock on the bottom and the top. This bed lies at the base of a hill sloping upward to the west some hundred feet, and containing other beds above, and separated from this and each other by strata of rock, 25 feet between some, and 70 or 80 feet between other beds. This bed extends through the

hill, probably, and covers some hundred acres. Here the entrance is nearly horizontal but the coal often has an inclination to the horizon from 10 to 35 degrees, according to the variation in the upheaving power by which they and the whole rocks have been raised from under the ocean in times long gone by, doubtless long before the race of Adam was

placed on the earth.

The coal is broken out by blasting, and great many men and boys are employed in this process, and in removing the coal into the open air and daylight. A path is cut by blasting into the bed, wide enough for the cars drawn by mules to enter. At the proper distances cuts are made at right angles to the main path. These are cut across by paths parallel to the main path, and the coal borne away, thus leaving solid blocks of anthracite, perhaps twenty feet square, to uphold the strong roof of the bed between which the coal is removed about fifty feet wide. Thus the bed is cut into the figures of a chess-board. the blocks remaining for the support, and not for being moved like chess-men. More than and, as may be supposed, I had a peculiar curiosity respecting the bird of The Ancient in this bed. The air within is cool; and venhalf a mile of these cuttings are already made tilation is secured by sinking shafts from the surface above down to the cavity formed,-As yet no inconvenience is felt from the combustion of the gun-powder or confinement of the air, so completely is the ventilation sa

cured by the process adopted. The excavation must of course be dark as the blackest midnight. The workmen use oil lamps to give them light. The boys who drive in the coal carts and drive out the coal have each a little lamp fastened to his hat for his own illumination. Viewed from some a mile or two each way. Except in alighting al, and one thinks of pandemonium as the and getting under weigh again, he rarely blackened Vulcaus come along with their lighted lamps bobbing up and down. But the No gale sends him to leeward, no calm less paid and prosperous, and find a competent whose small, and comfortable dwellings are scattered at various distances from the bed. The Lackawanna rolls on at a little distance. with the power of whitening the coal-bearing faces and bodies of the laborers, especially it employed in adequate quantity.

The whole view is worth a ride to Scranton, even from Rochester. Come and look at mature and art. The coal is brought out but I cannot follow it further. Correspondence of the Rochester Democrat.

## INDIAN NAMES HEREAROUTS

Owego-pronounced by Mrs. Whitaker's captors, Ah-wah-gah-accent on the second syllable. In 'Morgan's League,' he spells it Ah-wa-ga; a, in the second sylable pronounced as in the word fate. Upon Guy Johnson's map, (1771,) it is written O-we-gy. It is also so written in the map accompanying the trea. ty of 1768, at Fort Stanwix. But in the deed cession, drawn at the same time, it is spelled Oswegy; showing conclusive inaccuracy, probably, in both.

By our early settlers it was pronounced O-wa-go; a pronounced as in fate. In a document of 1791, and letters written in 1799, 1801, and as late as 1805. the writer finds it so written. Mrs. Whitaker, who was acquainted with this point during her captivty, and became a resident in this immediate vicinity, previous, or about the time of the extinguishment of the Indian claim has given t, above; and probably, the most nearly correct. Its signification—, Where the valley widens. The narrows below and above the river, and also upon the creek, about two miles from its mouth, to which this name was also given, render that meaning peculiarly significant as applied to its extended valley or basin, the outlet to which, on all sides is thro narrow gorges or passes.

CA-NA-WA-NAH-in the Seneca dialect Ne-wana Canoensh, meaning, literally, little living water. So named from the spring at the base of the cliff, on the westerly side of the creek from this locality. Its present design nation is an arbitrary transposition of sylla-

Susquenanna.—In Smith's history of virginia, it is written Sas-que sa-han-nough. By Mr. Morgan, in the Onondaga dialect. Gawa-no-wa-na-neh. The first and third a pronounced as in the syllable, ah: the second one as in fute: the fourth as in at. CHENANGO. Upon the map of 1771, be-

fore cited, this is given Ol-si-nin-goo. Upon Dewitt's map, of about the year 1791, it is written Che-nen-go. In Mr. Morgan's work it is given O-che-nang.

Choconur—upon the early map it is writ-

ten Chugh-nult. At the treaty of 1768, it is written the same, with the exception of the letter 4 which is omitted. Oquaga. By the early missionaries On-

uhuh-quah-geh. Upon the early map O uogh-quagy. By some of the Iroquois now in Canada, it is pronounced as written by the missionaries.

The Western branch of the Delaware-Coo-kwa-go on the map of 1791. Upon the one of 1771. Mo-hock Branch. Eastern branch of the same river-Po-

Towanda. Upon the early map, Tawandock; as recollected by Mrs. Whitaker, Towan-dow; at the treaty of 1768, A-wan-dae. Wysox,-Wes-sau-ken and Wy-sock-ton, SHE SHE QUIN .- In the work entitled, Vie

de Zeisberger, published at Neuchtel, it is

cers, under General Sullivan. She she ounk. WYALUSING.—Upon the early map of 1771 Wi-a-loo-sin. In the life of the pious Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary at Friedenshut

Forest county lately, and had fine success: