The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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THE

POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

1 square, 1 insertion	$1 50
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions	2 00
Each subsequent insertion less than 13	40
1 square, 1 year	10 00
Business Cards, 1 year	5 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notices	3 00
Special and Editorial Notices per line	20

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

☞ Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 3d Story of the Olmsted Block.
D. C. LABRABEE, Sec. WM. SHEAR, W.M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-49

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and Cameron counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LABRABEE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Penn'a. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjoining counties. Office in the second storey of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, next to the Academy grounds.

F. W. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

F. D. RITTER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon would respectfully inform the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity that he has opened an Office in the Coudersport Hotel, and will be ready at all times to make professional calls. He is a regular graduate of Buffalo Medical College of 1860. Jan. 1, '67.

ELLISON & THOMPSON,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Lamps and Fancy articles, Books of all kinds—School and Miscellaneous, Stationery, Inks, &c. In Mannings old Jewelry Store. Jan. 1, '67.

MILLER & McALARNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Harrisburg, Penna.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments—such as Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address Box 95, Harrisburg.
W. H. MILLER, J. C. M'ALARNEY

M. W. McALARNEY,

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE AGENT.—Land Bought and Sold. Taxes paid and Titles investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the Country, and Persons wanting Accidents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,

MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Four, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

C. H. SIMMONS,

MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods, Clothing, Ladies Dress Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms.

CHARLES S. JONES,

MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c., Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country store. n61

H. J. OLMSTED,

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Penn'a. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE.

Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.

BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him.—Feb. 12, 66 tf

MARBLE WORK

Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by

C. Brennle.

Residence: Eulalia, 1½ miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Stoneman Gulling Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 6m

DAN BAKER,

PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY. Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. S. Penson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq.
DAN BAKER,
June 5 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT.
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866.—y no notice w6p1yr.

OLD FOLKS.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle faults as mine?
And each has had its dreams of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell her tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since,
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak;
Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest vision move
Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that now are bright,
And all the lips that told of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this!
Then what are all life's treasures worth,
If we at length would lose them thus—
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

Miss Preciosa's Principles.

In the most precise of country villages, in the primmest mansion ever built, dwelt the most precise maiden ever born—Miss Preciosa Lockwood. Even in that precise town, where laughter was reckoned one of the smaller sins, and the family in whose dwelling the lights were seen burning after ten o'clock, were considered dissipated, there was a current joke regarding Lockwood Cottage, which giddy girls dubbed "the nunnery," and some even went so far as to call Miss Preciosa the "Lady Superior."

Certainly never convent walls closed themselves more grimly against mankind, gentle and simple, old and young. What in many an excellent spinster has been an affectation, was genuine with Preciosa.

Long age, a pretty little cousin, who had been her confidante and companion, had become acquainted with a rascal with a handsome face and serpent's soul, and had eloped with him. They heard of her wearing velvets and diamonds, but no wedding ring, and driving about in New Orleans in a handsome carriage, wondered and admired for her beauty, and shunned for her sin. And at last, after a long silence about her doings, a faded thing in rags came creeping at night to Miss Preciosa's cottage, begging for God's sake that she would let her in to die. Miss Preciosa did the reverse of what most women would do.—She gave the sister's hand to the poor victim, nursed her until she died, buried her decently, and thenceforward shut her spinster home to man. She was barely twenty-seven and far from plain, and she argued thus: something in a stove-pipe hat and boots has wrought this ill—all who wear those habiliments must be tabooed.

She kept her resolution. From the poor house she selected a small servant maid, not yet old enough to think of "fellows." As cook she kept a hideous old femele, too far advanced in years to think of them.—The milk was brought by a German woman The butcher's wife, by request, brought the joints. Even the grass in the garden, when it was too long, was cut by a woman, and if a man approached the the gates ancient Deborah, the cook, was sent forth to parley with him, and to obstruct his approach.

Having thus made things safe, Miss Preciosa went to New York, and brought home a dead sister's daughter, who had hitherto been immured in a boarding school and the arrangements were complete.

Miss Lockwood took her niece to church; also to weekly meeting. They spent afternoons out with widow ladies with no grown-up sons, or with spinsters who reside in a solitary state.

The elder lady kept an argus eye upon her blooming niece, and bold indeed would have been the man who dared to address her.

For her part, Miss Bella Bloom was an arch hypocrite. She had learned that at a boarding-school, where ingenuity is exhausted in deceiving the authorities, and doing always exactly what is most forbidden. Bella Bloom came to Lockwood Cottage perfectly competent to hoodwink her aunt.

She did it. Preciosa blessed her stars that her niece was well principled. She hated men. She wondered how any young lady could walk, talk, be sociable, and marry with them. And when she thought she lived in a home where they could not intrude, how thankful she was Aunt Preciosa could never guess.

And all the while Bella was chafing inwardly at the restraint, envying girls who had pleasant little flirtations at will, and keeping up a secret correspondence with one "Dear George," who sent letters, under cover, to the butcher's wife, who brought them in with the beef and mutton, and said, "Bless ye, natur will be natur, for all old maids; I was a gal onst—before Cleaver courted me."

Dear George was desperate. He could not live without seeing his Bella. He wrote bitter things about spinster aunts. He alluded feelingly to those rendezvous in the garden of the seminary, with Miss Clover standing sentry at the gate, on the lookout for governess and enemy. The first opportunity he was coming to Ploinacers, and intended to see his Bella or die

Was he not twenty-three, and she seventeen? Were they to waste their lives at a spinster's bidding? No!

Miss Preciosa, with her argus-eyed watchfulness, sat calmly, hour by hour, two inches from the locked door of the cabinet which contained the gentleman's letters, and dined from the meats that had aided in bringing them across the threshold, inculcating her principles into the mind of her neice and her handmaiden, the latter of whom grinned behind the lady's chair, without reserve. Charity Pratt, having grown to be sixteen, also had her secret. It was the apothecary's boy, who, in his own peculiar fashion, had expressed admiration at church by staring.

A few days after, Dr. Green, the bachelor minister, called at the cottage. Deborah went to huff and snap, and was subdued by big eyes. She came in.

"Miss," said she, "the clergyman is out here."

"Where?" gasped Preciosa.

"In the garden, wantin' you."

"Me?"

"Yes, Miss."

"You said of course I was out?"

"No, Miss. Everybody receives their pastor."

So the pastor was ushered in. He conversed of church affairs. Miss Preciosa answered by polite monosyllables. Bella smiled and stitched. Deborah sat in a hall chair on guard. Finally, the best specimen of that bad creature, man, was got out of the house safely, and the ladies looked at each other as those might who have been closeted with a polar bear and escaped unhurt.

"He's gone, aunty," said the hypocrite.

"Thank goodness!" said sincere Preciosa.

"I thought I should have fainted Never let it happen again, Deborah. Remember, I am always engaged."

"But he seems a nice, well-spoken, good behaved kind of a gentleman," said ancient Deborah.

"An I a clergyman"

"So he does," said Preciosa, "but appearances are deceitful. I once knew a gentleman——"

"Yes, Miss."

"A Doctor of Divinity, Bel——"

"Yes, Aunt."

"Well?"

"Who kissed a young lady of his congregation in her father's garden."

"Oh! Aunt!"

"He afterwards married her. I could never visit her, or like him." "Bless you, no," said Deborah, "Now the best thing you can do is to have a cup of strong, green tea, and something nourishing to keep your spirits up. Cleaver's wife has just brought oysters in." (Private signal to Miss Bella.)

"Has she? Oh I so love oysters." cried Bella, and she ran to get dear George's last.

It was a brief one, and in it George vowed to appear at the cottage when they least expected him, and demand his betrothed.

That evening, at dusk, Miss Preciosa walked in the garden alone. She was thinking of a pair of romantic big eyes, of a soft voice and a softer hand, which she had been surprised into allowing to shake her's.

"It is a pity men are so wicked," said she, and sighed.

Although she was near thirty she looked very pretty, as she walked in the moonlight, forgetting to put on airs and graces and stiffen herself. Her figure was very much like her niece, Bella—so much so that some one on the other side of the convent-like wall, with eyes upon a level with its upper stone, fancied it was that young lady. Under this belief he clambered up and stood on top, and whispered:

"My dearest, look up and behold your George."

And Preciosa, lifting her eyes, beheld a man on her wall, flung up her hands in the air, and uttered a shriek like that of an enraged peacock.

The gentleman discovered his mistake, and endeavoring to retreat, stumbled and fell headlong among the flower-pots and boxes, and lay there quite motionless.

The shriek and the clatter aroused the house. Deborah, Bella and Charity Pratt rushed to the scene, and found a gentleman in a sad plight, bloody and senseless, and Miss Preciosa half dead with terror.

Bella recognized dear George, fainted in good earnest. Preciosa, encouraged by numbers, addressed the prostrate youth:

"Get up, you man, and go. Your wickedness has been, perhaps, sufficiently punished. Do go."

"He can't; he's dead," said Deborah.

"Oh! what a judgement. Are you sure he's dead?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then take him into the house and call the docter.

They laid him on the bed, and medical aid came. The poor fellow had a broken leg.

He'd get well. Oh, Yes, but he could not be moved."

Miss Preciosa could not murder a fellow creature, and she acquiesced.

"He can't run off with the spoons until his leg is better," said Deborah.

"He isn't able to elope with any one," said Miss Preciosa, "and we should be gentle with the erring. Who shall we find to nurse him?"

"Old Toods is competent, Miss," said Deborah.

"And old Toods came. He, of course, dwelt in the house. The docter came every day. The apothecary's boy invaded the hall with medicines; and finally, when the young man came to his senses, he desired to see his friend, Dr. Green.

"Our clergyman his friend?" said Preciosa. "He must have been misled, then surely, his conduct must have been proper. May be this is the first time he looked over a wall to make love to a lady. By all means send for Dr. Green."

Thus the nunnery was a nunnery no more. Two men under the roof. Three visiting it daily. What was the world coming to? Miss Preciosa dared not to think. Bella was locked in her own room in the most decorous manner, while her aunt was in the house; but when she was absent Deborah and Charity sympathized and abetted, and she talked deliciously to dear George, lying on his back, with his handsome face so pale, and his spirits so low—poor fellow!

Troubles always come together. That evening Miss Preciosa received information that legal affairs connected with her property, which was considerable, demanded her presence in New York, and left that establishment, which never before so much needed the Lady Superior. She returned after three days, toward evening, no one expecting her.

"I shall give them a pleasant surprise," she said, and slipped in the kitchen way.

There a candle burned, and on one chair sat two people—Charity Pratt and the druggist's boy. Hh had his arm about her waist.

Miss Preciosa grasped the door frame and shook from head to foot.

"I'll go to Deborah," she said. "She can speak to that misguided girl better than I."

She faltered forward. Deborah was in the back area, scouring tea-khives. Before her stood old Toods, the nurse. They were talking.

"Since my old woman died," said Toods, "I hain't seen nobody scour like you—and the pies you does make!"

"They ain't better than other folks," said Deborah, grimly coquettish.

"They are," said Toods; and to Miss Preciosa's horror, he followed up the compliment by asking for a kiss.

Miss Preciosa struggled with hysterics, and fled parlorward. Alas! a murmur of sweet voices. She peeped in. Through the window swept the fragrance of honey suckle. Moonlight mingled with that of the shaded lamp. Bella leaned over an easy chair, in which reclined George Loveboy This time Preciosa was petrified.

"Dearest Bella."

"My own George."

"How happy we are."

"Oh, so happy."

"And when shall we be togather again? You know I must go. Your Aunt don't want me here, Bella. I must tell her.—Why are you afraid of her?"

"She's so prim and good, dear soul," said Bella.

"Ah, you do not love me as i do you."

"George!

"You don't. Would I let an Aunt stand between us?'

"Oh, George, you know I have told you that nothing could change me. Why, tho' you had stayed lame; and had to walk on cruches all your life, it would make no difference, though I fell in love with you for your walk, I don't deny it."

"Oh, oh, oh," from the doorway, checked this speech Those last words had well nigh killed Miss Preciosa Lockwood.—Hysterics supervened, and in their midst a gentleman was announced—the Rev. Peter Green.

"Show him in," said Preciosa; "I need counsel. Perhaps he may give it." And for the first time in her life she hailed the entrance of man.

Mr Loveboy left the room as stealthily and as speedily as possible. Miss Bella followed him. Charity was in the pantry hiding her head, and Deborah returned to the cellar.

Alone the Lady Superior received the Rev. Peter Green. She falteree and blushed.

"You are, I presume, already aware of the fact that I am much disturbed in mind," said she.

"Yes, madam, that is perceptible."

"You are my spiritual adviser, sir. To you, though a man, I turn for advice;" and she shed a tear or two. "My own household has turned against me!" and she told him all that she had seen.

The Rev. Peter made big eyes at her, and broke the truth gently.

"My dear madam, do you know that old Jonathan Toods and your faithful Deborah intend to unite their fortunes in the bonds of holy wedlock next Sabbath?"

"Oh, what do I hear?"

"The truth, madam. Can you hear more?"

"I hope so."

"Then it is time that you should be informed that Miss Bella Bloom and Mr. George Loveboy have been engaged a year. They have corresponded regularly. It was to see her he chmed the garden wall and met with this accident. Don't give away, my dear madam—don't."

"You are very kind," said Miss Preciosa, "but it's awful. What would you advise me to do?"

"I should say, allow Toods and Deborah to marry next Sunday."

"Yer, sir."

"And Charity and Zaddock on the day they have fixed And I should sanction the betrothal of your niece and Mr. Loveboy, and allow me to unite them at some appointed day before the alter."

"My own niece," said Miss Preciosa. Oh, my own niece."

"Do you so seriously object to weddings?" asked the pastor.

"No—no," said Preciosa. "It's that awcourting I dislike."

"I agree with you," said the pastor. "I have resolved that when I marry I will come to the point at once. Miss Preciosa, the parsonage needs a mistress. I know of no lady I admire and esteem as I do you. Will you make me happy? Will you be my wife?"

Preciosa said nothing. Her cheeks burned; her lips dropped. He came a little closer. He made bigger eyes at her than ever. At last his lips approached and touched her cheek, and she said nothing.

In such a case, "speech is silver, but silence is gold."

Deborah was married Sunday, it being her fortieth birthday. Charity on Tuesday, Miss Bloom gave her hand to George Loveboy in a month, and on the same day a brother clergyman united Preciosa and Dr. Peter Green.

And the nunnery was broken up forever.

JOHNSON'S LOGIC.

If we would see the extreme rashness and folly of the President's partisan declarations, wherein he speaks of Congress as an incompetent body, because certain States are not represented in it, we have only to carry them out to their logical sequence.

If this reasoning is correct, then Congress fell into that condition the moment the eleven rebel States tore themselves away from the Union and recalled their representatives, and we have had no Congress since. Then the whole national debt is invalid, and the national securities worthless. Then every enactment of Congress since 1861 is as null and void as are the ordinances of secession. Then the second election of Mr LINCOLN was no election at all. ANDREW JOHNSON never was Vice President of the United States, and consequently is not now the President. The logic, when carried out, cannot stop short of this. If the secession of the rebels worked such disasters as these, it was more successful than any of us supposed it was.

A Beautiful Black Team.

The following in regard to a very fine team of horses, appears in the *Spirit of the Times*:

"Central Park and Harlem Lane have been pleasantly startled several times within the last fortnight, by the appearance of quite a novelty in the shape of a very beautiful team of six black horses, rigged in tandem fashion. They were driven by their owner, Mr. A. H. Bellows, of Walpole, Conn, who handled them with great skill; and as they dashed along at a fine rate of speed, the equipage certainly out-styled anything which we have yet seen in the Park. Mr. Bellows commenced manipulating this team by first driving two of them in this fashion, then four and then six. He has still two more hatdsome and stylish black horses which will match well with the others, and we believe it is his intention to hitch them in with the six, and show us a tandem of eight some time during the week. This will be a plucky performance, and those eight jet blacks, with their long manes and tails, guided by their delicate white lines, and dashing along at half speed, will be a fine sight to see. By the by, Mr. Bellows drove the six we speak of as a six-in-hand over the Fashion Course one day last week, making two half-miles in 1:31–1:33."

—The report of the conversation between the President and Mr. Eggleston, published originally in an Ohio paper, is pronounced to be glaringly sensational and incorrect.

—A Cargo of St. Louis flour, from New Orleans, arrived at Portland, on Sunday, and others are to follow—this mode of transportation being more speedy than by rail.

Elihu Burritt on Abraham Lincoln.

Elihu Burritt, now in England, has just published a characteristic treatise on "The Mission of Great Sufferings," which is represented in English papers as a work of singular interest. One says: "It discourses of suffering, its mission and its power, with wonderful profundity, intelligence and pathos." In the last chapter, Mr. Burritt comes naturally to the tragic events of the present day, among which an appropriate place is given to

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LINCOLN.

"We now come to another event which moved powerfully the whole of Christendom, and produced an effect upon the foremost nations which no occurrence of that or any other order had ever accomplished. It was an event that came in a moment with no premonition. It was the sudden extinction of one human life except its light. There was an honest-hearted man who came up out of the commonest walks of the people, and was raised to the Presidential chair of the American republic to represent and execute its will. The lifting up of that man to fill this high place split the nation in sunder. The chasm was dark and wide. The struggle to close it on one side and widen it on the other was long and terrible. Half a million of precious lives were thrown into the breach, and it ran red and deep with the best blood of the severed nation. The tall, gaunt man of furrowed face and plaintive eyes, who stood in his place with steady faith and purpose, being in the stature of his elevation what Saul was to the Israelites 'from his shoulders upwards,' was from beginning to end the butt of satire and denunciation, much at home and more abroad. In a certain sense the people of the North might have said, He bore the iniquities of us all. For all who hated the northern cause hit him and bruised his spirit with their hard and cruel stylings.

"In addition to all this burden of reproach piled upon his shoulders, because they were higher than the people's whose he was and whom he served, his personal antecedents and associations were thrown in his face in all the epithets that ridicule could invent. Foreign satirists lampooned him with their criticisms and caricatured him with their pencils. Friends fell away and foes fell on him, as the sanguinary conflict went on from year to year. The furrows of his face deepened; the sallow ridges of his brow showed the mole-walks of care were ploughing night and day his inner soul. But as those sad, deep and solemn eyes withdrew farther inward, they beamed with the old steady light of faith and hope. And according to his faith was it given to see that for which his spirit prayed with longing most intense. He saw the long and bloody struggle concluded; He saw the wide rent in the nation closing. With a foot on either side, he strethed out his long, gaunt arms and essayed to press the two sections, like estranged sisters, to his broad and tender breast.

"His was a great life, but his death was greater still—the greatest, perhaps, that had moved the world for a thousand years. When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South, holding them to his heart that both might soften theire at its spirit, his life's work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death. While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him, as to Moses on Pisgah's top, of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched for ever on earth. An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning; and he fell, and great was the fall of that single man. With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country at home and abroad. If the last act of his life was to close the rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between the two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so near to his country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided towards her first-born daughter weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence. Blood is thicker than water; and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment towards a sorrowing nation In that overflow of fellow-feeling, the sympathy with the South and its unrighteous cause was drowned, or burnt up by a spirit of indignation at the taking off, which seemed to consume at a breath the animus that had sided with secession. There was light as well as heat in that fire; and in that light thousands of southern sympathizers saw in a different aspect the cause they had upheld."

—Russia is again announced as making extensive war preparations—a proceeding that Austria and Turkey are very much distressed as it bodes them no good.

—The Scientific American estimates that twenty tons of pistage stamps were used last year—or by superficial measurement forty-eight and a half square miles of paper.