State Library

The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. IX. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1866. NO. 13.

THE JOURNAL

LATELY "THE DEMOCRAT,"

Published every Thursday afternoon,

AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office—Corner of Washington Avenue and Chapel Street.

W. B. MITCHELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An extra copy will be sent gratis to the getter up of a club of ten subscribers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 w	2 w	3 w	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
1 square	1 00	1 50	2 00	3 75	6 00	10 00	15 00
2 "	1 75	2 75	3 50	5 00	8 00	14 00	22 50
3 "	2 50	3 25	4 50	6 25	1 00	18 00	30 00
4 "	8 25	4 75	6 25	7 50	12 50	22 50	35 00
¼ col.	4 75	7 00	9 25	12 00	16 50	30 00	40 00
½ "	6 00	9 00	11 00	14 00	22 50	37 50	52 50
¾ "	7 50	11 25	14 00	25 00	30 00	45 00	75 00
1 "	11 00	16 50	20 00	40 00	50 00	75 00	125 00

1. Legal and Government advertisement, 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

2 Attorneys ordering in legal advertisements are regarded as accountable for the cost of the same, unless there is a special agreement to charge the same to another party. Payment in all cases to be made in advance or upon delivery of the affidavit.

3 Local Notices, 15 cents per line to transient, and 10 cents per line to regular, advertisers.

4. Notice of death [simple announcement] 25 cents; obituary notices, 5 cents per line; marriage notice, 50 cents.

5. All political, religious or other notices, 5 cents per line.

6. Special place advertisements to be inserted at rates agreed upon.

7. Yearly advertisers to pay quarterly.

8. Strangers must pay in advance, or give satisfactory reference.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds, plain or colored, executed on short notice, in the best style, and at St. Paul prices. Printing done in German and Norwegian, as well as English, and warranted to give satisfaction.

T. C. McCLURE.

BANKER,

AND LICENSED DEALER IN

Exchange, Land Warrants, Agricultural College Scrip, County, Town, and State, Orders,

—ALSO—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Collections and Remittances promptly made.

Taxes paid for Non-residents.

Also, Agent for the sale of PASSAGE TICKETS to or from all the principal

GERMAN, ENGLISH AND IRISH PORTS.

Office on Washington avenue, one door south of the Central House. v7n44-tf

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S. B. PINNEY,

BANKER

AND LICENSED DEALER IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC EXCHANGE,

Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip.

Sight Drafts for sale on England, Ireland and Scotland, and all countries of Europe.

The highest premium paid for Gold, Silver and Foreign Drafts.

Agent for the sale of

Passage Tickets to and from all the principal German, English and Irish Ports.

Collections made, and proceeds remitted on day of paymen.

Office opposite U. S. Land Office,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

S. B. PINNEY. WM. MULLIKEN.

PINNEY & MULLIKEN,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Opposite U. S. Land Office,

ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN.

Will buy and sell REAL ESTATE on commission.

Locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip.

Pay Taxes, and transact all Business connected with such an Agency. v8n44-1y

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WM. S. MOORE. CHAS. D. KERR.

MOORE & KERR,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

Office on Washington Avenue—formerly McKelvy & Kerr's.

SEAGRAVE SMITH. L. W. COLLINS.

SMITH & COLLINS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office over Bell & Co.'s Store,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINNESOTA.

GEO W. SWEET,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WILL attend promptly to Collections, and payment of taxes in Stearns and Benton Counties. Special attention given to cases before the Local and General Land Offices.

Office on St. Germain st., over Broker's Store.

ST. CLOUD, : : : : MINN.

TAYLOR & WRIGHT,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW,

ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN.

J. D. WHEELOCK, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Edelbrock's Store.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M.

ST. CLOUD, - - - - MINN

M. C. TOLMAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—In Drug Store of Ticknor, Tolman & Co., Broker's Block,

ST. CLOUD - v8n52 - MINN.

A E. SENKLER, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office and sleeping apartment in Alden's Brick building, Washington avenue.

Boards at the Central House v8n11

WM. R. HUNTER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ST CLOUD MINN.

DR. ADOLPH HAGEMANN

PRACTICING GERMAN PHYSICIAN,

Residence on Washington av. St. Cloud.

A. T. UPHAM,

DENTIST.

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN

DR. GALPIN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Will visit Saint Cloud four times a year.

A. E. HUSSEY,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

IS prepared to furnish plans, specifications, and estimates for buildings; also to take contracts, and do all kinds of carpenter and joiner work in the latest and most approved styles. *Prices reasonable.*

Shop—Near the Democrat Office.

ST. CLOUD, - MINN

J. W. METZROTH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has just received a

Fine Lot of Cloths,

which he will sell by the yard or piece.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH BEAVERS

of the best qualities.

A large stock of

Ready-made Clothing,

obtained specially for this market, and warranted to be of excellent quality.

A complete assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

including

FUR HATS, CAPS, COLLARS & GLOVES,

Cloth, Felt and other Hats and Caps of the latest styles,

And the best KID GLOVES *in the market.*

Call and examine my stock.

J. W. METZROTH.

St. Cloud, Oct. 3d, 1866. v9n11-tf

State Savings Association

OF

Minneapolis, Minn.

Capital, - $25,000.

President, R. J. MENDENHALL,
Treasurer, R. J. BALDWIN,
Secretary, T. A. MERPHY,

THE BANK is now open for business. Deposits of one dollar and upwards received, and interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum paid each January and July.

Bank books in English, German and French.

All communications addressed to the Secretary will receive immediate attention, and information furnished respecting the Rulse and Regulations of the Bank.

☞ Office in State National Bank, corner Bridge and First streets, Minneapolis. v8n29-1y

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ST. CLOUD BOOK STORE.

J. M. ROSENBERGER,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & NEWSDEALER

Has always on hand a Fine Assortment of

Books and Stationery.

—ALSO—

THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES

THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS,

And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-tf

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UNION MILLS

Flour and Feed Store.

THE Proprietors of the above Mills have opened a Store in "Gorton's Building," on Washington avenue, where a constant supply of

FLOUR,

FEED,

&c., &c.,

May be found.

The highest price paid in cash for when

GORTON & BURBANK.

St. Cloud, May 26th, 1864. v6n44.

MALT VINEGAR.

We are manufacturing a superior quality of

MALT VINEGAR,

which we will sell at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

at reasonable prices.

F. HERBERGER

Manufactory opposite the bridge at Funk's Brewery, St. Cloud, Minn. v8n37

CLARK & JOHNSON,

MACHINE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP,

Saint Cloud, Minn.

Particular attention paid to repairing Farm Machinery.

Shop on Washington avenue.

L. CLARK. n12 A. C. JOHNSON.

HENRY W. WEARY.

CARRIAGEMAKER.

I HAVE removed to my new shop near the Bridge, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Carriagemaking line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repairing. v3-tf

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RUDOLPH SCHŒNEMANN,

WATCHMAKER,

St. Germaine Street,

ST. CLOUD, MINN

A GOOD assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry always on hand. Galvanizing done. Repairing neatly done and warranted for one year. n1y

A large lot of Spectacles for sale.

ZENZIUS & HANCKE,

Dealers in

PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Sheet Music and Stationery.

Sole Agents for Minnesota of the WEBER PIANOS. Orders for Music or Instruments promptly filled.

Empire Block, 3d street, Upper Town,

v9n10-3m ST. PAUL, MINN

G. P. PEABODY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

107 *Third Street,*

v9n10-6m ST. PAUL, MINN.

WOMAN'S LIFE PRESERVER.

WARREN'S CHEMICAL SOAP.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST.

Can be made in Ten Minutes

Family and Township rights for sale.

Inquire of JOS. GOYETTE,

v8n21-1y St. Cloud, Minn.

ÆTNA

INSURANCE COMPANY.

This Company insures property of all kinds against loss or damage by FIRE, on favorable terms.

Losses adjusted and promptly paid.

J. E. WEST, Agent,

v8n24-1y St. Cloud, Minn.

NEW YORK

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE CO.

Insures against accidents of *of all kinds.* $10 per year secures $10 weekly compensation if injured, and $2,000 in event of death. Other sums in proportion.

J. E. WEST, Agent,

n42-3m St. Cloud, Minn.

SPICER & CARLISLE

have for sale at their Furniture Rooms on St. Germain street,

CHASE'S PATENT

SPRING BED BOTTOM!

The best, cheapest, easiest, and most durable Spring Bed Bottom in the world!

The attention of the public, who wish a perfect, easy bed for health, or use in sickness, is invited to Chase's Patent Spring Bed Bottom, which has been tried by the severest tests, and by thousands pronounced

THE VERY BEST BED

EVER USED.

The springs are different from any other yet invented. They are simple, strong, durable, easy to sleep on and can be affixed to any bed in a few moments and at slight expense or trouble.

SPICER & CARLISLE,
St. Germain St., opposite Catholic Church.
St. Cloud, July 23, 1866. v9n1

Testimonials.

SAINT CLOUD, July 26th, 1866.

This is to certify that I have used, and shall continue to use, "Chase's Patent Bed Spring," manufactured by Messrs. Spicer & Carlisle, of this City, and unhesitatingly pronounce it superior to any Spiral Spring heretofore manufactured; and I cheerfully recommend it, not only on account of the simplicity of its construction, but mainly on account of its cheapness, durability, and perfect adaptation to any and every kind of bed or lounge.

The "Sick-bed," or "Lounge," manufactured by them, embracing the aforesaid Patent, is not, and *cannot* be surpassed.

ALBERT B. CURRY,
J. W. TENVOORDE.

We the undersigned, have used Chase's Spring Bed Bottom, manufactured by SPICER & CARLISLE, and do not hesitate in pronouncing it a "tip top thing." We feel perfectly satisfied that they are durable, comfortable and cheap.

JOSEPH GOYETTE,
THEODORE STEINBURG,
H. W. WEARY,
W. T. CLARK.

SPICER & CARLISLE.—The wire Spring Bed Bottom which you put in for us, is just what is claimed for it, superior to any Spring Bottom in use. Indeed since using this we know of no other that we would use at all.

JOSEPH EDELBROCK,
J. E. WEST,
JOSEPH PENDL.

RARE CHANCE!

CLOSING OUT!

At the St. Cloud Gun Store.

Until 25th of July next.

I WILL SELL MY LARGE AND FINE assortment of Sportsmen's and Hunters' Goods, including over

75,000 METALLIC CARTRIDGES,

ALL THE BEST BREECH-LOADING RIFLES,

REVOLVERS, &c., &c,

At 10 per cent. below my regular prices, which are well known to be as low or lower than those of any other house in the West.

This is the Best Chance ever offered for securing a good Rifle or a year's supply of Ammunition.

I have just received the Sole Agency for this vicinity for the celebrated Howard Rifle.

H. W. HANFORD.

St. Cloud, June 25, 1865. v8n36

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

Goyette's New Restaurant and Confectioney.

Washington Avenue, near J. E. West's Store,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

I HAVE just finished and furnished, on the second floor of my Restaurant, a first-class

Ice Cream Saloon,

Where the lovers of a *good* dish of Ice Cream can be served with the genuine article.

These rooms are fitted up with a view to the accommodation of both ladies and gentlemen; and all who call can rest assured of every attention.

ICE-COOL LEMONADE.

I have also a choice stock of

Canned Fruits, Jellies, Candies, Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Cove Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c.

HOT MEALS, COFFEE, TEA & PASTRY

Served on short notice, in good style, and at all hours.

JOSEPH GOYETTE.

St. Cloud, May 22, 1866. v8n21-1y

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

For sale—

75 Second-hand Wagons,
50 Ox Yokes,
50 Wagon Covers,
50 Camp Blankets,

Also, a lot of Ox Chains, Camping Utensils, &c., CHEAP for cash or produce, at

BURBANK BROS.,
Broker's Block,
feb1-tf St. Cloud, Minn

F. W. ELY & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

ROOT & CADY,

Have the Largest Stock of

Sheet Music

In the State, especially selected to represent the stock of the largest Musical Establishment in the West.

Also, a complete stock of

CHURCH SINGING BOOKS, INSTRUCTION BOOKS, VIOLINS, GUITARS, VIOLIN STRINGS, &c.

Sheet Music prepaid to any address on receipt of price.

Also, General Agents for

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS

WHEELER & WILSON'S AND FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

Union Block, No. 109 *Third St., St. Paul.*

GO TO WEST'S.

Go to WEST'S for BOOKS.

Go to WEST'S for STATIONERY.

Go to WEST'S for ALBUMS.

Go to WEST'S for WALL PAPER.

Go to WEST'S for WINDOW SHADES.

Go to WEST'S for FANCY GOODS.

Go to WEST'S for PICTURES.

Go to WEST'S for FRAMES.

Go to WEST'S for JEWELRY.

Go to WEST'S for SILVER WARE.

Go to WEST'S for PERFUMERY.

Go to WEST'S for BRUSHES.

Go to WEST'S for TOILET SOAP.

Go to WEST'S for TOYS.

If you need anything useful or ornamental

Go to J. E. West's,

One door south of Clarke & Co.'s. v9n12

FIRST DIVISION

St. Paul and Pacific

RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

On and after MONDAY, September 17, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST.

Leaves St. Paul	8 00 A. M.,	2 00 P. M.
" St. Anthony	3 45 "	2 45 "
" Manomin	9 10 "	3 15 "
" Anoka	9 45 "	4 00 "
" Itasca	10 05 "	4 25 "
" Elk River	10 30 "	4 45 "
" Big Lake	11 00 "	5 20 "
" Clear Lake	11 45 "	6 15 "
Arrive at St. Cloud	12 15 "	6 55 "

GOING EAST.

Leaves St. Cloud	6 50 A. M.	1 30 P. M.
" Clear Lake	7 30 "	2 00 "
" Big Lake	8 25 "	2 45 "
" Elk River	9 00 "	3 15 "
" Itasca	9 20 "	3 35 "
" Anoka	9 45 "	4 00 "
" Manomin	10 30 "	4 35 "
" St. Anthony	11 05 "	5 05 "
Arrive at St. Paul	11 45 "	5 45 "

Minneapolis & St. Anthony Trains

FOUR TRAINS DAILY EACH WAY.

LEAVES ST. ANTHONY DEPOT.

8 45 A. M. *11 05 A. M. 2 45 P. M. 5 00 P. M.

LEAVES ST. PAUL DEPOT.

8 00 A. M. 10 00 A. M. 2 00 P. M. 4 00 P. M.

Purchase tickets at the Sations before entering the cars at a discount from the regular train rates.

Passengers must get their Baggage checked before it will will be carried over the road, and on the arrival of the train at the place of destination must present the check and take possession of their baggage. The company will not be responsible for the safety of any baggage after its arrival at station for which it is checked—it being no part of the business of this company to receive and store baggage unless a special contract is made to that effect.

☞ The Minnesota Stage Company run a daily line of Stages up the Sauk Valley to Sauk Centre, and tri-weekly to Fort Abbercrombie; also tri-weekly to Little Falls, Fort Ripley and Crow Wing, leaving St. Cloud Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 A. M.

v9n11-tf F. R. DELANO, Sup't.

J. C. RAGUET & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

DEALERS IN

WINES, LIQUORS

And Cigars,

Cor. Third and Cedar streets,

nv48-1y ST. PAUL, MINN.

R. MARVIN & SON,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Crockery, Glassware,

LAMPS,

CUTLERY, LOOKING GLASSES, &c.

189 and 191 Third Street,

ST. PAUL, - MINN.

St. PAUL IRON STORE.

NICOLS, DEAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Iron, Nails, Steel, Hardware,

Stoves, Tinners' Stock,

RUBBER & LEATHER BELTING, SAWS,

Waggon and Carriage Material, &c.

No. 188 Third st., St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN NICOLS. W. B. DEAN. P. BERKEY.

v9n10-1y

R. O. STRONG'S

CARPET HALL,

225 Third street, St. Paul.

DEALER in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Curtain Materials and Trimmings, Upholstering and Furnishing Goods, Window Shades, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Feathers, &c. v7n40-1y

Press-Gangs and Poison.

A STORY OF

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

From Once a Week.

This isn't altogether a story of press-gangs as you'll find before I've done, and it made a good deal of talk here, at the time, as I remember, though I was only a lad. But, you see, the coroner's inquest set all things right, and after that it was no use asking further questions. It must now be nigh fifty years—fifty years! he repeated, half closing his eyes, and pausing, as his mind traveled over the space which had brought so many and great changes, even to that quiet little village—where an old seafaring man they called Captain Meredith, lived, at least, that is to say, lodged—in the house of a widow named Penryhn. You might see the spot from the brow of the hill, for the house itself has been pulled down long since then. Well, he might have been a Captain or not. I don't pretend to say. It is certain he had a bit of mon ey put by, and lived comfortably enough. Some say he had been in the smuggling trade, and had made money in that way. However, it don't much matter; he was well respected, and though he had a daughter as was called Ellen, and the prettiest lass in Cawsand, and for miles around. Well, now, this old widow had a son named Paul, and a strange article he was. I remember him—a little bandy legged chap, with red hair, and the people used to call him "Doctor."

"Was he, then, a surgeon?" I interrupted.

I'm going to tell you. He had been 'prenticed to a chemist in Davenport (we used to call him 'Dock,' in those days,) and after his time was out, he had been stopping with his mother to take care of her, or perhaps he couldn't find a situation readily for himself.—The old widow had put something by I suppose, and Paul had been at home about a year, when the captain came to lodge there with his daughter. This Paul's room was at the top of the house, where his light would be seen burning at a time when all honest folks were in bed and asleep. Sometimes he would be out all night, and be met in the morning returning with his arms full of weeds and plants which he used to take up stairs into the "doctor's shop," as they called it.

"Ah! a botanist," I remarked.

"I don't know about that," replied my friend, slightly puzzled; "but people said he made poison out of them. Any way, once when Paul was passing by the blacksmith's, the dog ran out and bit him, and the next day Paul was seen to give him a bit of bread, and the dog was dead within an hour. The neighbors biamed him for it, and I recollect, when a youngster, calling after him, 'There goes Dr. Nightshade?' and his stopping and saying, 'if I had to doctor you my lad, you wouldn't shout so loud.' Well, very shortly after Ellen and her father had been lodging at the widow's house, it was clear to see that Paul wished to court her; wherever she went, sure enough, Paul wasn't far behind, and things went on in this way for about six months, when one night, the wind blowing great guns and the sea sun running high, we saw signals of distress from some vessel on the point. There was no life boat in the place, and our small craft couldn't have lived a minute in such weather. In the morning we saw no signs of the vessel, and supposed she had gone down and all on board lost; however, we heard in the day, that one of the poor fellows had escaped, and though cut and bruised, had contrived to crawl up the point there, where he was found by Capt. Meredith, who brought him home to his own lodging and nursed him.

He was a fine young fellow, an orphan, as he said, by name William Randall, and had been working his way to Liverpool in hopes of obtaining employment. The clergyman of the place—you may see the church on the right as you go toward Edgercumbe Ferry—heard of this, and becoming a good deal interested in the young man, offered him a place as gardener, or general servant, or something or other. Bill was a handy chap, and soon made friends with the people, and they persuaded him to stop here, instead of going to Liverpool as he had intended to. He didn't want much pressing, for any one could see there was a girl in the case, and that girl was Ellen Meredith, and it didn't want more than two eyes to see that she liked him. The folks used to jeer Paul about his nose being out of joint, and Tom Trevellian, the blacksmith, as owed him a grudge for the dog, used to say, "Well, doctor, how's your nose by this time?" But they said the doctor only used to turn white and rub his hands; it was a way he had, and he did the same when he gave the dog the bread.

Well, things prospered so well with young Randall, that he at last made up his mind to ask the Captain for his consent that he and Ellen should be married, and as the old fellow was a jolly, easy-going customer, and liked Bill very much beside, it wasn't long before he gave it. Just about this time, the folks in the village were frightened at the report that the press-gang were out; that they had been as far as Plymouth, four or five miles from the town there, and pressed one or two men. The Captain and Ellen wanted to put the wedding off, but Bill wouldn't hear of it, and, strange to say, Paul sided with him. Well, on the very day afore the wedding, a strange man as hadn't been seen in the village afore, called at the house to speak to Paul, and a neighbor as happened to be present at the time, said afterward she had seen them talking on the road to Plymouth. Now, mind me, in the evening, and just as they were sitting down to supper and drinking healths, Paul, who was late, ran into the room, leaving the door open behind him, and entreated William to look to himself, as the press gang were already in the village; and afore poor Bill could get away the press-gang were inside and had seized him, and in spite of his struggles and Ellen's cries and Paul's entreaties, carried him to the beach, where a boat lay ready, and took him away in it."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Not exactly, mate," said my friend, finishing the rum, "the strange part has to come."

So, replenishing his glass and refilling his pipe, he continued—

"Well, every one, of course, was very much cast down at this, but poor Ellen particularly; however, for many months she kept a brave heart, always telling the captain that she knew William would return, and they would be happy yet; and d'ye see, no one liked to tell the poor thing different, although but very few thought they'd ever see him again. At any rate it was clear Dr. Paul didn't, for after a while he began to pay his addresses to her, and this time more in earnest than before; but it was no use. Ellen would have nothing to say to him at all.

Now, about two years after they had pressed poor Will, when it was getting on toward the winter time—there had been a good deal of dirty weather about, and several vessels had been lost on the coast—there was a report that several crews had been paid off, and then Ellen made up her mind more than ever that William would return; when one day a neighbor comes in and says he has heard that a vessel like the Spitfire—that was the one William went out in—had gone down of the Scillys, and it was feared all hands had perished; he had it, he said, from a party who was told so by Paul, who had learned it when he went over to Davenport the day before on some matter of business.

This was bad news for the poor lass, but I believe she still hoped and prayed for her sailor sweetheart, and all along kept telling the captain that he would live to see her and Will Randall bride and bridegroom yet; but about a fortnight after this Paul comes in, in a great hurry, and shows the captain a bottle which he said had been picked up on the Cornish coast, no doubt having drifted in; and in it was a paper saying that the Spitfire couldn't live the night through, and praying that whoever found the bottle would, for Heaven's sake, send it on to Capt. Meredith, of Cawsand, with the last prayers of poor William Randall.

This was dated back about the time when the Spitfire was said to have gone down; and so now there seemed to be no hope at all, and so poor Ellen seemed to think at last, for she got paler and weaker every day, and moved about like one who had nothing to live for. To make things worse, the captain had got into debt, and difficulties got bigger and bigger. Well, one day, all on a sudden, the doctor goes to him and offers to marry him out of hand, promising to discharge all the captain's obligations, and stating his long and strong attachment had induced him to make the proposal. The captain, as you may believe, didn't much fancy Paul for a son-in-law, but at last he relented, and pressed by his debts and troubles, urged Ellen to accept him. The poor lass refused, for a long time, but when she found her father's welfare and liberty depended on it, and besides, had lost all hope of seeing Will Randall again, at last she consented.

"But you don't mean to say that they were married?" I interrupted.

In two or three months they were, and a pretty couple they must have made; she with her tall figure and pale face, and he with his red head and bow legs shambling along by her side. They were married at Millbrook Church (on the hill, sir,) and Will Randall's old master read the service. They said Ellen didn't cry or faint, or have any nonsense of any kind, but went through her share calmly and quietly enough, while the doctor seemed all abroad.—Now, it seems this very evening, just about dark, when the captain had gone out to smoke his pipe, that Paul, who had gone up stairs, heard a terribly loud scream, and rushing back into the room where he had left Ellen, finds her fainted away dead on the floor, and William Randall himself kneeling by her side!

William used to say afterwards that he never could forget Paul's face when they saw one another for the first time; he used to dream of it, he said; he had many and many a time seen the faces of strong men who had been struck down in the heat and passion of battle, or who had violent deaths in other ways; but Paul's face, he said, reminded him only of a picture he had seen, when quite a lad, of the devil, which he remembered had frightened him then, but which he had forgotten till their eyes met that light. When Paul recovered his surprise he said not a word about the marriage; but when William said he had just left Plymouth and hadn't seen a soul in the village yet, he suddenly seemed delighted at meeting him again, and insisted on their drinking together.

He led Ellen into another room, where, he told Will, his mother would attend to her, and shortly after returned with two glasses of stiff grog, which he put on the table between them. "Now, Bill, old mate," says he, "we'll drink to your return home." "But what about Nelly, my poor girl?" says Will. "Never mind her," says Paul, "mother will soon bring her round, and meanwhile, let's drink the grog; but first of all let's shut the door and be snug, eh?" So Paul shuts the door, and coming back to the table, says: "Now, Bill, here's your jolly good health, and no heel-taps!" and they both emptied their glass. "William," says Paul after awhile, "how do you feel?" "Quite well, Paul, my hearty, thank ye," says Will. "Do you?" says Paul, grinning; "then you won't for long, Will Randall," says he, getting white and trembling; we've had a long account to settle, and now it's done." "What d'ye mean," asks Will in surprise, as you may be sure, "I've never injured you!" "Yes, you have!" says Paul. "Didn't you step in between me and the girl I had set my heart on? Didn't the neighbors jeer and mock me and drive me almost mad? And didn't I swear to be even with you, come what might? And I am! I am! When you were pressed," says he, getting worse, "I put the gang on you! I brought the account which made them think you were dead! and, now you have returned alive, to find the woman you loved the wife of the man you both despised!" "It's a shameful lie," cries Will, "and I can't believe it." "It's true," says Paul, "for we were married this morning; but true or false, it's all the same to you, Will Randall," and Paul turned very pale and rubs his hands, "you are poisoned. You drank the brandy, and in an hour's time you are a dead man."

"Paul Penrhyn," says Will, speaking calm and low, and looking the doctor fairly in the eyes, "you've played a deep game, but you've made one mistake; I heard of your trick with the press-gang, and I know you were a rival of mine, and you've just owned to the other treachery. But when a man that I knew hated me, and who looked as you did when we met just now, suddenly became my friend, and asked me to drink, I grew suspicious, and while you closed the door, I—changed the glasses."

When Ellen heard the fearful cry that Paul gave, she ran in, pale and weak as she was, and found him all twisted together, like rags of pain, and foaming at the mouth from the poison he had swallowed.

"Aconite?" I asked.

"I don't know rightly what it was called," said the coast guardsman, "but it is very strong, for they say Paul died within the hour, and before the two he had tried to keep asunder."

"A strange tale," I said, rising to go. "It's as good as a play."

"It's better than most of them," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "for this is true. Good night, sir."

The Treachery of Andrew Johnson.

HOW HE FELT—A TERIBLE INDICTMENT.

SPEECH BY HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Hon. Charles Suner delivered a speech at Boston on the 3d inst, from which he select the following, touching the treachery of A Johnson:

You will ask how the President fell. This is hard to say, certainly, without much plainess of speech. Mr. Seward openly confesses that he counselled the present fatal "policy." Unquestionably Mr. Blair, father and son, did the same. So also, I doubt not, did Mr. Preston King. It is easy to see that Mr. Seward was not a wise counsellor. This is not his first costly blunder. In formal despâthes he early announced that "the rights of the States and the condition of every human being will remain subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or whether it shall fail." And now he labors for the fulfillment of his own prophecy. Obviously from the beginning he has failed to comprehend the rebellion, while in his nature he is abnormal and eccentric, jumping like the knight on the chess board, rather than moving on straight lines. Undoubtedly the influence of such a man over the President has not been good. But the President himself has been his own worst counsellor as he has been his own worst defender. He does not open his mouth without furnishing evidence against himself. The part he is now playing will justify me in some details. The brave words with which he accepted his nomination as Vice-President resounded through the country.—He was elected. Then followed two scenes, each of which filled the people with despair. The first was the new Vice-President taking the oath of office—in the presence of the foreign ministers, the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Senate—while in such a condition that his attempted speech became trival and incoherent, and he did not know the name of the Secretary of the Navy, who is now the devoted supporter of his policy, as he has been his recent travelling companion. One month and one week afterwards President Lincoln was assassinated. The people, wrapped in affliction at the great tragedy, trembled as they beheld a drunken man ascend the heights of power. But they were generous and forgiving—almost forgetful. He was our President, and hands were outstretched to welcome and sustain him. His early utterances as President, although common-place, loose and wordy, gave assurance that the rebellion and its authors would find little favor from him. Treason was to be made odious.

It was at this time that my own relations with him commenced. I had known him slightly while he was in the Senate; but I lost no time in seeing him after he became President. He received me kindly. I hope that I shall not err, if I allude briefly to what passed between us. You are my constitutents and I wish you to know the mood of the President at the time, and also what your representative attempted.

I was in Washington during the first month of the new administration, destined to fill such an unhappy place in history. During this period I saw the President frequently, sometimes at his office in the Treasury. On these occasions the constant topic was "reconstruction," which was considered in every variety of aspect. More than once I ventured to press upon him the duty and the renown of carrying out the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of founding the new governments in the rebel States on the consent of the governed, without any distinction of color. To this earnest appeal he replied, on one occasion, as I sat with him alone, in words which I can never forget: "On this question, Mr. Sumner, there is no difference between us. You and I are alike." Need I say that I was touched to the heart by this annunciation, which seemed to promise a victory without a battle.—Accustomed to controversy, I saw clearly that if the President declared himself in favor of the equal rights of all, the good cause must prevail without controversy. After expressing to him my joy and gratitude, I remarked still further that it was important that there should be no division in the great Union party—that there should be no line run through it, on one side of which would be gentlemen calling themselves "the President's friends," but that we should be kept all together as one seamless garment. To this he promptly replied: "I mean to keep you all together." Nothing could be better. We were to be kept all together on the principle of equal rights. As I walked away from the President that evening, the battle of my life seemed to be ended, while the Republic rose before me, refulgent in the blaze of assured freedom, an example to the nations.

On another occasion, during the same period, the case of Tennessee was discussed. I expressed the hope most earnestly that the President would use his influence directly for the establishment of impartial suffrage in that State, saying that in this way Tennessee would be put at the head of the returning column and be made an example—in one word, that all the other States would be obliged to dress on Tennesee. The President replied that if he were at Nashville, he would see that this was accomplished. I could not help rejoining promptly, that he need not be at Nashville, for at Washington his hand was on the long end of the lever with which he could easily move all Tennessee; referring, of course to the powerful but legitimate influence which he might exercise in his own State by the expression of his desires. Let me confess that his hesitation on this occasion disturbed me; but I attributed it to an unnecessary caution rather than to any infidelity.—He had been so positive with me, how could I suspect him!

On other occasions the conversation was renewed. Such was my interest in this question, that I could not see the President without introducing it.—As I was about to return home, I said that I desired, even at the risk of repetition, to make some parting suggestions on the reconstruction of the rebel States, and that, with his permission, I would proceed point by point, as was the habit of the pulpit in former days. He smiled and said pleasantly, "Have I not always listened to you?" I replied, "you have, and I am grateful." After remarking that the rebel region was still in military occupation, and that it was the plain duty of the President to use his temporary power for the establishment of correct principles, I proceeded to say: First—See to it that no newspaper is allowed which is not thoroughly loyal and does not speak well of the National Government and of equal rights; and here I reminded him of the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that in a place under martial law, an unlicensed press was as impossible as on the deck of a ship of war. Secondly—Let the officers that you send, as Military Governors or otherwise be known for their devotion to equal rights, so that their names alone will be a proclamation, while their simple presence will help educate the people; and here I mentioned Major General Carl Schurz, who still held his commission in the army as such a person. Thirdly—Encourage the population to resume the profitable labors of agriculture, commerce and manufactures without delay, but for the present to avoid politics. Fourthly—Keep the whole rebel region under these good influences, and, at the proper time, hand over the subject of reconstruction with the great question of equal rights, to the judgment of Congress, where it belongs. All this the President received at the time with perfect kindness, and I mention this with the more readiness because I remember to have seen in the papers a very different statement.

Only a short time afterwards there was a change, which seemed to be like a summersault or an apostasy; and then ensued a strange sight. Instead of faithful Unionists, recent rebels thronged the Presidential ante-chambers, rejoicing in a new found favor. They made speeches at the President, and he made speeches at them. A mutual sympathy was manifest. On one occasion the President announced himself a "Southern man" with "Southern sympathies," thus quickening that sectional flame which good men hoped to see quenched forever. Alas! if after all our terrible sacrifices we are still to have a President who does not know how to spurn every sectional appeal and make himself the representative of all! Unhappily, whatever the President said or did was *sectional.* He showed himself constantly a *sectionalist.* Instead of telling the ex-rebels that thronged the Presidential ante-chamber, as he should have done, that he was their friend, that he wished them well from the bottom of his heart; that he longed to see their fields yield an increase and peace in all their borders, and that, to this end, he counselled them to devote themselves to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and for the present say nothing about politics; instead of this, he sent them away talking and thinking of nothing but politics, and frantic for the re-establishment of a sectional power. Instead of designating officers of the army as Military Governors, which I had supposed he would do, he appointed ex-rebels, who could not take the oath required by Congress of all officers of the United States, and they in turn appointed ex-rebels to office under them, so that participation in the rebellion found its reward, and treason, instead of being made odius, became a passport to power. Everywhere ex-rebels came out of their hiding-places. They walked the streets defiantly, and asserted their old domination. Under the auspices of the President, a new campaign was planned against the Republic, and they who failed in open war now sought to enter the very citadel of political power. Victory, purchased by so much loyal blood and treasure, was little better than a cipher. Slavery itself revived in the spirit of Caste. Unionists, who had been trampled down by the rebellion, were trampled down still more by these Presidential governments. There was no liberty of the press, or liberty of speech, and the lawlessness of slavery began to rage anew.

Every day brought tidings that the rebellion was reappearing in its essential essence. Amidst all professions of submission there was an immitigable hate to the National Government, and a prevailing injustice to the freedmen. This was last Autumn. I was then in Boston. Moved by a desire to arrest this fatal tendency, I appealed by letter to members of the Cabinet, entreating them to stand firm against a "policy" which promised nothing but disaster. As soon as the elections were over I appealed directly to the President himself, by a telegraphic despatch as follows:

BOSTON, 12th Nov., 1865.

"To the President of the United States, Washington:

"As a faithful friend and supporter of your administration, I must respectfully petition you to suspend for the present your policy towards the rebel States. I should not present this prayer if I were not painfully convinced that thus far it has failed to obtain any reasonable guarantees for the security in the future which is essential to peace and reconciliation. To my mind, it abandons the freedmen to the control of their ancient masters; and leaves the national debt exposed to repudiation by returning rebels. The Declaration of Independence asserts equality of all men, and that rightful government can be founded only on the consent of the governed, I see small chance for peace unless these great principles are practically established. Without this the house will continue divided against itself. "CHARLES SUMNER,

"Senator of the United States."

On reaching Washington Saturday evening, immediately before the opening of the last session of Congress, I lost no time in seeing the President. I was with him that evening three hours. I found him changed in temper and purpose. How unlike that President, who only a few days after his arrival at power, had made me feel so happy in the assurances of agreement on the great question before the country! He was no longer sympathetic, or even kindly, but harsh, petulant and unreasonable. Plainly, his heart was with the ex-rebels. For the Unionist, white or black, who had borne the burden of the day, he had little feeling. Perversely, he would not see the bad spirit of the rebel States, and he insisted that the outrages there were insufficient to justify their exclusion from Congress. It was in this connection that the following dialogue ensued: *The President*—"Are there no murders in Massachusetts?" *Mr. S.*—"Unhappily, yes; sometimes." *The President*—"Are there no assaults in Boston? Do not men there, sometimes, knock each other down, so that the police is obliged to interfere." *Mr. S.*—"Unhappily, yes." *The President*—"Would you consent that Massachusetts, on this account, should be excluded from Congress?" *Mr. S.*—"No, Mr. President, I would not." And here I stopped, without remarking on the entire irrelevancy of the inquiry. I left the President that night with the painful conviction that his whole soul was set as flint against the good cause, and that by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln the rebellion had vaulted into the Presidential chair. Jefferson Davis was then in the casemates at Fortress Monroe, but Andrew Johnson was doing his work.

"Ah! what avails it,
If the guiled conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain."

NEW ORLEANS.

Startling Efforts Being Made to Renew the Rebellion.

REBEL SECRET SOCIETIES IN THE SOUTH.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM GEN. SHERIDAN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., October 4, 1866.

Some important disclosures will soon be officially made public in reference to secret rebel societies which permeate the entire South. These organizations have branch circles in New York city and the West. That in New York is said to number 50,000, principally composed of men who served in the rebel army. Each circle has a different name. Some are known as "The True Sons of the South," others as "The Knights of Arabia," and all are well armed with the most improved weapons, ready at a moment's notice, should a favorable opportunity arise, to renew the struggle for the lost cause. One of the chief members of this organization, now in prison, is said to have made important disclosures. General Sheridan is concentrating troops in this city for important purposes, which will soon be made apparent.

Nine cases of whipping negroes have been recently officially reported in the parish of Bienville. One old woman, seventy years of age, received four hundred lashes.

The following explains itself:

NEW ORLEANS, September 20, 1866

To his Excellency, Governor Throckmorton:

I have just received from Colonel Mason his report on the affair which occurred at Brenham, Texas, on the 7th inst., and have directed him to notify Brevet Major Smith that he must not permit himself nor any of his men to be arrested. I respectfully request of your Excellency to do all in your power to allay the excitement there, and I will do all in my power to satisfy the ends of justice in every case; *but I doubt if much justice could be done in a community which compels our officers and soldiers to remain inside of the defence thrown around their camps.* I will have an additional and thorough investigation of this affair, if possible, to ascertain if any soldiers were guilty of the affair; but Colonel Mason is clearly of the impression that those designated for arrest are innocent.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major Gen. U. S. A.

THE EXTRA CONGRESSIONAL PAY.

The Copperjohnsons have sought to make a point against the Republican members of Congress with regard to the increase of salary voted at the last session. It is already well known that the Copperheads in the House and Senate were among the most active in securing the success of this measure; and it will be seen from the following letter that they have not been backward in drawing the extra pay:

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 1, 1866.

"*Hon. Calvin C. Hulburd, M. C.:*

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been informed by the Hon. Edward H. Rollins that a Democratic newspaper in your district has published the statement that you have drawn the extra $2,000 voted to members of Congress at the last session.

"As the above statement was doubtless made for political effect, I deem it a duty which I owe to your constituents, as well as yourself, to state

First. That all payments to members of the House of Representatives pass through this office.

Second. That you have not drawn nor received one dollar of extra compensation.

Third. That nearly every Democratic member has drawn and received every dollar of the extra amount which the law would give him, while a large number of the Republican members have declined to accept the amount voted to them.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

N. G. ORDWAY,

"Sergeant-at-Arms, U. S. H. Reps."

SHIPWRECKS.

During the gale from the 2d to the 5th, a number of vessels were lost.—Among these was the steamer Evening Star, from New York to New Orleans, which foundered at sea 180 miles east of Tybee, with 250 passengers and a crew of 50. Sixteen persons only are known to be saved. Among the lost were eighty-seven prostitutes who were being taken from New York to brothels in New Orleans.

On the 5th, the steamer Starlight, from Wilmington, N. C., bound for New York, with a miscellaneous cargo, consisting of turpentine, rosin, cotton, and peanuts, was driven ashore on the Baregat South Shoals, her cargo destroyed, and the vessel rendered a total wreck. No lives were lost.

The British steamer Queen Victoria foundered at sea on the 3d. No lives lost, save the engineer who died from exposure, and the mate washed overboard.

The ship Sebastopol, from Laguan for New York, was abandoned at sea on the 4th inst. Her captain and crew were rescued by the steamship Mississippi, from New Orleans, and brought to New York.