

# Buffalo

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1860.

VOL. 6--NO. 42.

## UNDER THE MOON.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze,  
Ripples the water in places of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore tree,  
Stretching away through the distance dark,  
And list to the voices that come thro' the night.

Under the elm row, misty and dank,  
Love's sweet laughter rings from the bank—  
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp,  
Stretching away through the distance dark,  
And list to the voices that come thro' the night.

Under the moon in the village street,  
Gleaming groups in the shadows meet,  
Seated at dusky doorways there,  
Red-lipped maidens taste of the air:  
Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,  
Bliss as the beautiful summer days.

Under the moon by the cool sea shore  
The wind walks over its spacious floor,  
Courting the snowy-bosomed sails  
Gently dipping through azure vales;  
Over the crisp foam bending along  
The musing mariner's midnight song;

As, by the rising helm with hands  
Lit in the compass lamp he stands,  
Thinking of those he left at noon,  
Soft on the green shore under the moon.

Under the moon by the dusty road  
Pace we on to the old abode;  
The blissful splendor floating falls  
Over its sycamore roof and walls,  
Peering into the casement nook  
Piled with many a brown old book;

Spreads are there, whose pages seem  
With thoughtful mood a dream,  
Spirits amid whose silence sound  
Our own shall slumber under the moon.

## THE ROBBER'S GRAVE.

In the year 1819, there was in the neighborhood of Montgomery, in North Wales, an ancient manor house, called Oakfield, which like many of these old structures, losing its original importance and convenience had been converted into a farm house. The late occupant, one James Morris, had been an indolent and dissipated man; the farm consequently fell into neglect, and became unprofitable, and he died in debt, leaving his wife and an only daughter in possession of the place. Shortly after his death the widow took into her employment a young man from North Wales, the name of John Newton, the hero of this little story, who had been strongly recommended to her brother; and well and faithfully did he discharge the duties as bailiff, justifying the praise and recommendations she received with him. He was an utter stranger in that part of the country, seemed studiously to shun all acquaintance with his neighbors, and to devote himself exclusively to the interests of his employer. He never left home but to visit the neighboring fairs and markets, and to attend the parish church, where his presence was regular and his conduct devout. In short, though highly circumspect in his behaviour on all occasions, he was a melancholy, reserved man; and even the clergyman of the parish, to whom he was always most respectable in his demeanor, entirely failed in his endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with him. The farm under his management had improved and became profitable, and the circumstances of Mrs. Morris, were by his assiduity and skill, both prosperous and flourishing. In this manner more than two years had passed, and the widow began to regard him more as a friend and a benefactor than a servant; and was not sorry to observe her daughter's growing affection for him, which appeared to be reciprocal. One evening in November, 1821, being detained longer than usual with his business, at Welshpool, Newton set out about six o'clock to walk home to Oakfield. It was an exceedingly dark night, and he never reached home again. The family being very anxious, and upon inquiring early the following morning at Welshpool, they ascertained that he had been brought back to that town, not long after his departure from it, by two men named Parker and Pearce, who charged him with highway robbery, accompanied by violence, an offence then punished with death. At the trial of the next assizes he was pronounced guilty, on the testimony of those two persons, and the evidence being very consistent throughout, was sentenced to be hanged, and left for execution. He employed no counsel, and called no witness in his defence; but upon being asked by the judge in his usual form, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him? he made, in substance, the following extraordinary speech:

"My lord, it is evident all I could say in opposition to such testimony would be vain and hopeless. The witnesses are men of respectability, and their evidence has appeared late and conclusive, and most solemn protestations of innocence would avail me nothing. I have called no witnesses to character, and upon such evidence the jury could pronounce no other verdict. I blame them not. From my soul too, I forgive those men, upon whose false testimony I have been convicted. But, my lord, I protest most solemnly before this court, before my God, and above all, that God in whose presence I must solemnly appear, I am entirely guiltless of the crime for which I am about to suffer. I have produced no one to speak in my behalf. Two years have scarcely passed since I came into this country an utter stranger. I have made no acquaintance here, beyond the household in which I have been employed, and where I have endeavored to discharge my duties faithfully, honestly and well. Although I dare not hope and I do not wish that my life shall be spared, yet it is my devout and earnest desire that the stain of this crime may not rest on my name. I devoutly hope that my good mistress and her kind, excellent daughter, may yet be convinced that they have not nourished and befriended a highway robber. I have, therefore, in humble devotion, offered a prayer to Heaven, and I believe it has been heard and accepted. I venture to assert that if I am innocent of the crime, before my God, the grass, for one generation at least, will not cover my grave. My lord, I await your sentence without a murmur, without a sorrow, and I devoutly pray that all who hear me now may remember of their sins and meet me again in Heaven."

The unfortunate man was condemned and executed, and buried in Montgomery churchyard. Thirty years had passed away when I saw it, and the grass had not then covered his grave. It is situated in a remote corner of the church-yard, far removed from all other graves. It is not a raised mound of earth, but it is even with the surrounding ground, which is for some distance especially luxuriant, the

herbage being rich and abundant. Numerous attempts have, from time to time been made by some who are still alive, and others who have passed away, to bring grass upon that bare spot. Fresh soil has been frequently spread upon it, and seeds of various kinds have been sown, but not a blade had there ever been known to spring from them, and the soil soon became a barren, cold and stubborn clay. With respect to the unhappy witnesses it appears that Parker's ancestor had once owned Oakfield, and that he had hoped by getting rid of Newton, to remove the main obstacle there was in his repossessing it, and that Pearce had, at the time of Mr. Morris' death, aspired to the hand of his daughter, in whose affections he felt he had been supplanted by poor Newton. The former soon left the neighborhood, became a drunken and dissolute man, and was ultimately killed in some lime works, while in the act of blasting some rocks. Pearce grew sullen and despondent, his very existence became a burden to him, and as the old sexton of Montgomery expressed, "he wasted away from the face of the earth."

I have not seen the grave since 1850, but I have heard that some person has covered it with a thick turf which has united itself with the surrounding grass, except at the head, which is still withered and bare, as if scorched by lightning. The prayer, however, of poor Newton, that his grave might remain uncovered for at least one generation, has been heard and his memory vindicated in a most remarkable manner. The name given to the grave was singularly inappropriate; it should have been called "the grave of the innocent." The widow, with her daughter, left Oakfield, and went to reside with her brother. For some weeks after poor Newton's burial, it is said his grave was, from time to time, found strewn with wild flowers, by whom done was unknown—but it was observed that after Jane Morris had left the neighborhood, not a flower was found on the grave.

A young girl about seventeen years of age, was found wandering about the streets of Philadelphia, on Friday, June 1, weeping bitterly. Upon being questioned by an officer, she stated that she was homeless and without friends. Her story was as follows: She was seventeen years of age and a native of Salem, N. J. Two years ago her father purchased a plantation near New Orleans, and with his family, removed there. She went to school a few miles from home, and a hired man was in the habit of carrying her backward and forward in a wagon. During these rides he succeeded in winning her affections, and in persuading her to elope with him. She stole \$100 belonging to her father, and the couple came to Philadelphia, where the villain effected her ruin, and after obtaining all her money, and pledging nearly all her clothing, he deserted her. Having no means left, the poor creature was turned out the streets by the proprietor of the house where she had been staying. The girl refused to make affidavit against the scoundrel who betrayed her. She was sent to the house of Refuge until her family could be communicated with.

There is at present an agitation in progress in North Carolina, on the negro question, which may eventually become an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery. It is an exceedingly dark night, and he never reached home again. The family being very anxious, and upon inquiring early the following morning at Welshpool, they ascertained that he had been brought back to that town, not long after his departure from it, by two men named Parker and Pearce, who charged him with highway robbery, accompanied by violence, an offence then punished with death. At the trial of the next assizes he was pronounced guilty, on the testimony of those two persons, and the evidence being very consistent throughout, was sentenced to be hanged, and left for execution. He employed no counsel, and called no witness in his defence; but upon being asked by the judge in his usual form, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him? he made, in substance, the following extraordinary speech:

"My lord, it is evident all I could say in opposition to such testimony would be vain and hopeless. The witnesses are men of respectability, and their evidence has appeared late and conclusive, and most solemn protestations of innocence would avail me nothing. I have called no witnesses to character, and upon such evidence the jury could pronounce no other verdict. I blame them not. From my soul too, I forgive those men, upon whose false testimony I have been convicted. But, my lord, I protest most solemnly before this court, before my God, and above all, that God in whose presence I must solemnly appear, I am entirely guiltless of the crime for which I am about to suffer. I have produced no one to speak in my behalf. Two years have scarcely passed since I came into this country an utter stranger. I have made no acquaintance here, beyond the household in which I have been employed, and where I have endeavored to discharge my duties faithfully, honestly and well. Although I dare not hope and I do not wish that my life shall be spared, yet it is my devout and earnest desire that the stain of this crime may not rest on my name. I devoutly hope that my good mistress and her kind, excellent daughter, may yet be convinced that they have not nourished and befriended a highway robber. I have, therefore, in humble devotion, offered a prayer to Heaven, and I believe it has been heard and accepted. I venture to assert that if I am innocent of the crime, before my God, the grass, for one generation at least, will not cover my grave. My lord, I await your sentence without a murmur, without a sorrow, and I devoutly pray that all who hear me now may remember of their sins and meet me again in Heaven."

The tooth that is sweet upon Maple Sugar, will experience a thrill of satisfaction at the news that the crop of that successful far exceeds that of any other year. Such large quantities have been raised and prices have ruled so low that in many sections the consumption of foreign sugars has been materially interfered with. In some towns in New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, what would be equal to ten or fifteen hogsheads of Cuba sugars have been made.

Our Cincinnati Astronomers, by the use of their big glass, have settled conclusively that what has been supposed to be lunar volcanoes are nothing but big fires in the moon for frying out hog's fat, and that what have been taken for seas and lakes are neither more nor less than capacious reservoirs of lard oil.

It is expected that the peach crop of Louisiana, this year, will be so large that the New Orleans market will be overrun, and it is proposed to ship, by express, peaches to the North, where they will arrive several weeks in advance of the season here.

An iron shutter was blown from a building in Albany, a few days since, and cut off the nose of a passer-by named McCarty. The variation of an inch in the direction of the shutter would have killed him instantly.

George Madox, a Baltimore police officer, was found to be deranged, on Friday night, and it was necessary to send him to the hospital. The curious cause assigned is "loss of rest and religious excitement."

Some six months since, Leonard Edwards, of Troy, lost a valuable gold watch, which he had laid upon a stand on returning. A few days ago, he found it snugly stowed away in a rat-hole.

## HOW A LIFE WAS CHOSEN.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted his chair back, and put his feet upon the mantelpiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Miss Jenny, which is it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all our set are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know that either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favored sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her black flashing eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be too sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the morning, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman for instance."

"Good! I will!"

"Go exactly as a washerwoman," cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years mourning, and, although a kind, indulgent father, and, indeed, he had told them so, Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband, and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed, by her, to brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb; wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant opening the dining-room door, "will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."

In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow he placed the large basket he carried on the table, and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held them before Jenny.

"It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's impetuous command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?"

"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes, I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh! Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It stands so much like cheating a father."

"Nonsense. It will stand till I am married and then I can easily save it out of my house-keeping money."

"I should not like to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The old pedler looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, mixing with the glossy golden hair, and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion."

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura.

"I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night, that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time probably is valuable, then passing a chair, she added, "be seated sir, you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take this scarlet bunch, and these red camellias and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can. Godfrey Horton is rich."

The old man bit his lip.

"Think," said Jenny, in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him if he should discover it."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money not of the house-keeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is house-

keeper. Miss Laura gave me to understand that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father?"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye in the meantime running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet," said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No, come here."

"I can't. Father has sent home a calf head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlor must be dusted, and there is my white mulle to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are?" cried Laura.

"Drudge! I have plenty of time for employment, and father cannot have a comfortable house, if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first," said Laura.

"There, I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call for the change?" said the pedler.

"I shall be happy to put the Miss Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

## A VISIT TO LINCOLN.

After Mr. Lincoln was nominated, a committee composed of one delegate from each State represented in the Convention was appointed to visit and officially inform him of its action. Mr. Ashmun, the President of the Convention, accompanied the committee. After arriving at Springfield, the committee visited "Honest Old Abe" at his residence, where he was addressed by Mr. Ashmun, who tendered him the nomination that had just been made at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln accepted the nomination in a brief speech. A letter to the *Chicago Journal* describes what subsequently occurred, as follows:

Mr. Ashmun then introduced the delegates personally to Mr. Lincoln, who shook them heartily by the hand. Gov. Morgan, Mr. Blair, Senator Simmons, Mr. Welles, and Mr. Fogg, of Connecticut, were first introduced; then came Henry old Mr. Blake, of Kentucky, Lincoln's native State, and of course they had to compare notes, inquire up old neighborhoods, and if time had allowed they would soon have started to tracing out the old pioneer families. Major Ben. Eggleston, of Cincinnati, was next, and his greeting and reception were equally hearty. Tall Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, was then presented by Mr. Ashmun to Mr. Lincoln. As they shook hands, each eyed the other's ample proportions with genuine admiration—Lincoln, for once, standing straight as an Indian during this evening, and showing his tall form in its full dignity.

"What's your height?" inquired Lincoln.

"Six feet three; what is yours, Mr. Lincoln?" said Judge Kelley, in his round, deliberate tone.

"Six feet four," replied Lincoln.

"Then," said Judge Kelley, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to, and I've found him at last in the little place where we thought there were none but fiddlers."

Mr. Evans, of New York, expressed very gracefully his gratification at meeting Mr. Lincoln, whom he had heard of the Cooper Institute, but where, on account of the pressure and crowd, he had to go away without an introduction.

Mr. Andrew, of Massachusetts, said, "We claim you, Mr. Lincoln, as coming from Massachusetts, because all the old Lincoln name are from Plymouth Colony."

"Well, I consider it so this evening," said Lincoln.

Various others were presented, when Mr. Ashmun asked them to come up and introduce themselves. "Come up, gentlemen," said Mr. Judd, "it's nobody but Old Abe Lincoln."

The greatest good feeling prevailed. As the delegates fell back, each congratulated the other that they had got just the sort of a man. A neatly dressed New Englander remarked to us, "I was afraid I should meet a gigantic rail-splitter with the manners of a flat-boat man, and the ugliest face in creation; and he's a complete gentleman."

Mr. Lincoln received the delegates in the south parlor, where they were severally conducted after their official duty was performed. It will no doubt be a gratification to those who have not seen this amiable and accomplished lady, to know that she adorns a drawing room, presides over a table, or does the honors on an occasion, and the present. She is a daughter of Dr. Todd, formerly of Kentucky, and long one of the prominent citizens of Springfield. She is one of three sisters noted for their beauty and accomplishments. One of them is now the wife of Ninian W. Edwards, Esq., son of old Gov. Edwards. Mrs. Lincoln is now apparently about thirty-five years old; is a very handsome woman, with a vivacious and graceful manner; is an interesting and often sparkling talker. Standing by her almost gigantic husband, she appears petite, but is really about the average height of ladies. They have three sons, two of them already mentioned, and an older one—a young man of sixteen or eighteen years, now at Harvard College, Mass.

Mr. Lincoln bore himself during the evening with dignity and ease. His kindly and sincere manner, frank and honest expressions, unaffected, pleasant conversation, soon made every one feel at ease, and rendered the hour and a half which they spent with him one of great pleasure to the delegates. He was dressed with perfect neatness, almost elegance—though, as all Illinoisians know, he usually is as plain in his attire as he is modest and unassuming in his deportment. He stood erect, displaying to excellent advantage his tall and manly figure.

Perhaps some reader will be curious to know how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination. He had been up in the telegraph office during the first and second ballots on Friday morning. As the vote of each State was announced on the platform at Chicago, it was gathered there, figured up the vote, and hung over the result with the same breathless anxiety as the crowd at the Wigwam. As soon as the second ballot was taken, and before it had been counted and announced by the Secretaries, Mr. Lincoln walked over to the State Journal Office. He was sitting there conversing with the third ballot was being taken. When Carter, of Ohio, announced the change of four votes giving Lincoln a majority, and before the great tumult of applause in the Wigwam had fairly begun, it was telegraphed to Springfield. Mr. Wilson, the telegraphic Superintendent, who was in the office, instantly wrote on a scrap of paper, "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot," and gave it to a boy who ran with it to Mr. Lincoln. He took the paper in his hand, and looked at it long and silently, not heeding the noisy exultation of all around, and then rising and putting the note in his vest pocket, he quietly remarked, "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this, I'll go down and tell her."

From the New York Evening Post.

A gentleman who was among a number of others that went to Springfield, after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, to call upon the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has described the visit in a private communication to us, from which we make the following extract:

It had been reported by some of Mr. Lincoln's political enemies that he was a man who lived in the lowest hoosier style, and I thought I would see for myself. Accordingly, as soon as the business of the Convention was closed, I took the cars for Springfield. I found Mr. Lincoln living in a handsome, but not pretentious, double two-story frame house, having a wide hall running through the centre, with

parlors on both sides, neatly, but not ostentatiously, furnished. It was just such a dwelling as the majority of the well-to-do residents of these fine Western towns occupy. Everything about it had a look of comfort and independence. The library I remarked in passing, particularly, and I was pleased to see long rows of books which told of the scholarly tastes and culture of the family.

"Lincoln received us with great, and to me, surprising urbanity. I had seen him before in New York, and brought with me an impression of his awkward and ungainly manner; but in his own house, where he doubtless feels himself freer than in the strange New York circles, he had thrown this off, and appeared easy, if not graceful. He is, as you know, a tall, lank man, with a long neck, and his ordinary movements are unusually angular, even out of west. As soon, however, as he gets interested in conversation, his face lights up and his attitudes and gestures assume a certain dignity and impressiveness. His conversation is fluent, agreeable and polite. You see at once from it that he is a man of decided and original character. His views are all his own; such as he has worked out from a patient and varied scrutiny of life, and not such as he has learned from others. Yet he cannot be called opinionated. He listens to others like one eager to learn, and his replies evince at the same time both modesty and self-reliance. I should say that sound common sense was the principal quality of his mind, although at times a striking phrase of words reveals a peculiar vein of thought. He tells a story well, with a strong idiomatic smack, and seems to relish humor both in himself and others. Our conversation was mainly political, but of a general nature. One thing Mr. Lincoln remarked which I will venture to repeat. He said that in the coming presidential canvass he was wholly uncommitted to any cabals or cliques, and that he meant to keep himself free from them and from all pledges and promises."

"I had the pleasure, also, of a brief interview with Mrs. Lincoln, and, in the circumstances, I trust I am not trespassing on the sanctities of private life in saying a word in regard to that lady. Whatever of awkwardness may be ascribed to her husband, there is none of it in her. On the contrary, she is quite a pattern of lady-like courtesy and polish. She converses with freedom and grace, and is thoroughly au fait in all the little amenities of society. Mrs. Lincoln belongs, by the mother's side, to the Preston family of Kentucky, has received a liberal and refined education, and should she ever reach it, will adorn the White House. She is, I am told, a strict and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church."

"Not a man of us who saw Mr. Lincoln but was impressed by his ability and character. In illustration of the last let me mention one or two things, which your readers I think will be pleased to hear. Mr. Lincoln's early life, as you know, was passed in the roughest kind of experience on the frontier, and among the roughest sort of people. Yet, I have been told that, in the face of all these influences, he is a strictly temperate man, never using wine or strong drink; and stranger still, he does not 'twist the filthy weed,' nor smoke, nor use profane language of any kind. When we consider how common these vices are all over the country, particularly in the West, it must be admitted that it exhibits no little strength of character to have refrained from them."

"Mr. Lincoln is popular with his friends and neighbors; the habitual equity of his mind points him out as a peace-maker and composer of difficulties; his integrity is proverbial; his legal abilities are regarded as of the highest order. The sobriquet of 'Honest Old Abe,' has been won by years of upright conduct, and is the popular homage to his probity. He carries the marks of honesty in his face and entire deportment."

"I am the more convinced by this personal intercourse with Mr. Lincoln that the action of our Convention was altogether judicious and proper."

The Quebec Chronicle says that the new Parliament House is to be converted into a temporary palace for the Prince of Wales; the new furniture to be of iron, the tables, cooking utensils, beds, bedding, dining-tables, side boards, piano, and the full accessories of a well furnished house, are to take the place of desks and office stools, and there is to be an upheaving of things in general."

The Pennsylvania Railroad grade is 810 feet above tide-water at Harrisburg; 488 feet at Lewistown; 619 feet at Hanftingdon; 886 feet at Tyrone; 1168 at Altoona; at the west end of the Allegheny Mountain Tunnel, 2161 feet; at Greensburg, 1991; at the Canal Bridge, Liberty street, 741. The bottom of the Ohio river at Pittsburgh is 700 feet above tide-water.

A letter from Havana states that Fowler, the defaulting Postmaster, is now in Havana, where he arrived by steamer from this city. This sets at rest the various rumors of his having gone to Europe, Brazil and other places. He has not been generally recognized in Havana, but the above information is deemed correct.

The Petersburg, Va., Express says:—Intelligence from every direction coincides as to the scarcity of the tobacco in this section of Virginia. Not one fourth of a crop, it is thought, will be made in many portions of Dinwiddie, while from the upper counties the complaints are even worse.

An Arabian, who brought a bluish to a maiden's cheeks by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her:—"My looks have planted roses into your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

The mere cost of land on which British railways are constructed has averaged \$43,000 per mile—as much as the averaged cost of making a railway in the United States.

Whoever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Don't hesitate, but square up to the mark, and do the right thing.

The St. Paul Pioneer says Minnesota has already had this year an immigration of 10,000 new settlers, and farming interests were never more promising.

The Elwood, Kansas, Free Press says that no less than 20,000 emigrants for Pike's Peak have passed through that town this season.