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## AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The season of flowers is fled,
The pride of the garden decayed,
The sweets of the meadow are dead,
And the blushing parterre disarrayed.

The blossom-decked garb of sweet May,
Enamell'd with hues of delight,
Is exchanged for a mantle less gay,
And spangled with colours less bright.

For sober Pomona has won
The frolicsome Flora's domains,
And the work the gay goddess begun,
The height of maturity gains.

But though less delightful to view,
The charms of ripe autumn appear,
Than spring's richly varied hue,
That infantile age of the year.:

Yet now, and now only, we prove,
The uses by nature designed;
The seasons were sanctioned to move,
To please less than profit mankind.

Regret the lost beauties of May,
But the fruits of those beauties enjoy;
The blushes that dawn with the day,
Noon's splendour will ever destroy.

How pleasing, how lovely appears
Sweet infancy, sportive and gay;
Its prattle, its smiles, and its tears,
Like spring, or the dawning of day!

But manhood's the season designed
For wisdom, for works, and for use;
To ripen the fruits of the mind,
Which the seeds sown in childhood produce.

Then infancy's pleasures regret,
But the fruits of those pleasures enjoy;
Does spring autumn's bounty beget?
So the Man is begun in the Boy.

## LINCOLN'S MARTYRDOM.

### Cause of the President's Murder—An Unwritten Chapter of History.

In a recent conversation with a New York correspondent Colonel John W. Forney related the following incidents of the murder of President Lincoln:

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man of the name of John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley not far from Winchester. When the war broke out Beal, who was a fanatical Secessionist, went to Canada, and from there joined a party of Southerners engaged in carrying on an irregular kind of warfare on the Northern lakes against the Union. Their chief object was to release Confederate prisoners of war quartered on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, O., but they also set fire to ships and public buildings, and even took measures to send infected clothing into the North for the purpose of spreading a pestilence. Finally, a number of them were captured, and so the rest dispersed. Among the unfortunates who fell into the hands of the enraged Northerners was young Beal. He was brought before a court-martial and convicted of an attempt to wreck a passenger train near Buffalo. The sentence was death by the rope.

One afternoon, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from a carriage two men, who walked into the room occupied by Washington McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who was at that time in Washington in the interests of his business. The visitors were Senator Eugene Hale, of New Hampshire, and John Wilkes Booth. Booth was anxious to save the life of his friend Beal, and had interested the Senator in his behalf. They importuned McLean to go with them to the President—as a Democrat, as a friend of Booth, as a man who exercised influence over Mr. Lincoln—and to vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this great favor to him. After a protracted interview, Mr. McLean decided that the best plan would be for him to first write to the President, begging for Beal's pardon Should a letter not have the desired effect, Mr. McLean promised to intercede personally with Mr. Lincoln. Before his visitors left, however, he advised them to enlist the sympathies of Colonel John W. Forney on Beal's behalf.

Booth was not slow in following the advice. Not being personally acquainted with the gallant Colonel, he visited one of the latter's friends, Colonel Lee, an old Washington resident. Through Colonel Lee and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, then the Republican leader of Pennsylvania, Colonel Forney was induced to address an earnest letter to his friend, the President, imploring him to exercise his clemency for the convicted man.

Several days passed, but neither Colonel Forney's nor Washington McLean's letters were answered. The date fixed for the execution was rapidly approaching, and Booth grew alarmed. Once more in company with Senator Hale he knocked at Washington McLean's door. The latter declared himself ready to fulfill his promise. It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, McLean and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at McLean's request, admitted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep, and there in the dead of night he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and the indorsements of those who came with him to ask the favor of Executive clemency.

This interview lasted until four in the morning. It was one of tears, prayer and petition. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of Lincoln, clasped his knees with his hands and begged him to spare the life of a man—a personal friend, who, in serving the ones he loved, had come to the door of death.

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed he joined in a conspiracy to kidnap the President and to hold him as a hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who it was thought were to be shot. He told of the meetings they had held at the house of Mrs. Surratt, and that all of that plan had fallen to the ground long before. He offered his services at any time, and in any place or capacity, free of cost and fearless of consequences. The eminent gentlemen who were there joined with him in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that Beal should be pardoned.

At last President Lincoln, with tears streaming down his face, took Booth by the hands, bade him rise and stand like a man, and gave him his promise that Beal should be pardoned. He then asked the party to depart that he might gain rest for the work of the morrow, and said that the official document that they asked should be forwarded at once to the United States Marshal, Robert Murray, in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of Beal.

After breakfast next morning, Lincoln informed Seward, Secretary of State, what he had done or promised to do. Seward said that it must not be; that public sentiment in the North demanded that Beal should be hung. He declared that to pardon Beal would discourage enlistment, lengthen the war and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of his Cabinet, or advising with himself (Seward) on State policy.

As the argument grew warm, Seward declared that if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals for humanity he should go out of the Cabinet and use his influence against the President, and should charge him with being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction to Lincoln's nervous system was such that for days he was far from well.

The effect on Booth was terrible. He raved like a madman, and in his frenzy swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the grief and agony he had been put to. From the death of Beal Booth brooded over schemes of vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he engaged Harold, Atzerodt and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he (Booth) wreaked human vengeance on the President. At last came the hour. Booth killed Lincoln. His friends and relatives of or avengers of Beal tried their best to kill Seward, but failed.

## THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

### Some Facts Regarding Them—Who Makes Them and what is thought of them by the Drug Trade—Interview of a Times Reporter with Peter Van Schaack, Esq.

[From the Chicago Times.]

To enable the *Times* to furnish its readers with some reliable information regarding the Cuticura remedies, which are now attracting so much public attention, a reporter called yesterday upon Mr. Peter Van Schaak, of Van Schaak, Stevenson & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, corner Lake and Dearborn streets, when the following facts were elicited:

R.—Will you oblige the readers of the *Times* by answering a few questions regarding the Cuticura remedies?

Mr. Van S.—Certainly; fire away.

R.—Do they sell well?

Mr. Van S.—The sale of the Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap have been unprecedented.

R.—What reasons do you give for so large a sale?

Mr Van S.—I give four reasons. First, they are original and revolutionary in their composition and mode of treatment. Second, they undoubtedly possess great curative properties. Third, there are thousands upon thousands of sick and suffering who have tried and found wanting the usual remedies and modes of treatment, and who are ready to welcome a really great and successful medicine. Fourth, the price of them is within the reach of every invalid.

R.—Are your large sales of these medicines through your agents?

Mr. Van S.—No; they are *legitimate mail orders.* We employ no travelers on the road—are fundamentally opposed to that way of selling goods—the retailer has to stand such expenses, and such staple goods as these require no one to force them off.

R.—Do you class them as patent medicines?

Mr. Van S.—I do not. They are proprietary only so far as their names are concerned, these being held as trade-marks.

R.—Can you tell us something about this firm?

Mr. Van S.—Weeks & Potter are importers, wholesale druggists and chemists, and for twenty five years have been the foremost house in the trade in New England.

R.—It is popularly supposed that advertising will sell most anything, regardless of merit. Is it true?

Mr Van S.—No. A remedy falsely claiming to possess virtues of which it is in fact destitute, will surely fail. No reputable firm—and druggists are the most competent judges—would think of risking fame and fortune on any medicine unless it had, under the most trying circumstances, proved itself to posses extraordinary medical value. The expense attending the introduction of such remedies is enormous. A fortune must be spent before any return can be expected. If, after a wide distribution, they are found to possess the virtues claimed for them, those who have been cured will recommend them one to another, and thus make them remunerative. When a man backs his statements with his own money, you may generally rely upon them. This Weeks & Potter are doing.

R.—Have you ever before prepared medicines for popular use?

Mr. Van S.—I believe not. They are, like ourselves, agents for a great many, but we think these are the first that they prepare themselves. It is but once in a lifetime that a discovery is made of a remedy that such a firm as Weeks & Potter are willing to stake reputation and fortune on.

R.—Are their prospects flattering, or otherwise?

Mr. Van S.—Very flattering. As I said before, the remedies undoubtedly possess great merit. And besides they treat blood and skin diseases according to a new and thoroughly rational plan, that must take a firm hold on the confidence of those who suffer from chronic diseases of the blood, skin and scalp.

## HINDOO WOMEN.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk; indeed, they are often contracted in marriage at six years of age, and go to live with their husbands at twelve or thirteen. Before this, at the age of five, they are taught to propitiate the gods in order to secure a good husband, and their little minds are distracted by the idea of what a model husband ought to be. The orthodox conception is a husband like the god Siva, who was holy, austere, advanced in years, and faithful and devoted to one wife, the goddess Doorga. Good little girls revolt at the idea of a husband marrying a second wife while the first is alive, and will consequently confess their anxiety to marry a faithful spouse like Siva, and they learn from their elders to utter the most vindictive curses against a rival wife. But, for all that, Krishna is the idol of Hindoo women, and he was anything but faithful to one wife. He not only kicked over milk pails, and ran away with the clothes of milkmaids when they went to bathe, but he danced and flirted with other men's wives, eloped with royal damsels and married a number of beautiful women.


### A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Cairo Bulletin.*


## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—Without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

—A miserable specimen of humanity is he who mopes in fancied misery.

—"What is the shape of a kiss?" "Elliptical" (a lip tickle) of course.

—"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

—The *Boston Globe* says, that "When a man's money is gone, his friends drop off like buttons from a pair of ready-made pants.

—Teacher to a small boy—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy—"Pull down the blinds."

—An advertiser in Texas calls for "an industrious man, as a boss hand over five thousand head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently."

—It is better to praise a man for his virtues, although they may be few and his faults many, than to condemn him for his faults and forget his virtues.

—A little child was addressed by a gentleman the other day. "How old are you, my dear?" he asked. "Old!" said the child, indignantly; "I'm not old at all. I'm quite new."

—The main purpose of human life being the construction of man's character, we have in that fact the rule by which to measure things, and determine whether they are right or wrong.

—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

—The components of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are daily prescribed by the ablest physicians, whose success is due to the specific influence of these components. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, skillfully prepared for immediate use, is for sale by all druggists.

—The salutorian, says an exchange, at Yale this year was a German, the valedictorian a Hebrew, and the prize declaimer a Chinaman. But when it comes to real classical culture our native land is there. The pitcher of the Base-ball Club is an American.

—A man who had been drinking very freely at the bar, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A wag seeing him, ran into the public-house and said to the saloon-keeper, "Sir, your sign has fallen down." He went out, and to his astonishment beheld only the poor drunkard.

—A person who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing, cannot reasonably expect to hit anything. In military law there is always what is called the objective point. The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done.

—While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and, approaching from behind, began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so just leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.—*Eli Perkins in Boston Post.*

—Ethan Allen, whose misfortune it was to have a termagant for a wife, had, and deserved, a reputation, for courage of the leonine kind. Some wags thought to frighten him once, but they mistook their man. One of them, arrayed in a sheet, stepped in front of him in the road late one dark night, when he was on his way homeward. Ethan stopped, looked at the specter, and without a moment's hesitation, exclaimed: "If you are from heaven, I don't fear you. If you are the devil, come home and spend the evening with me—I married your sister." His neighbors never sought to test his courage after that.

—Thurlow Weed, speaking of the death of George Law said, "I have often thought, that if three of the most successful business men this country has ever produced—Commodore Vanderbilt, Dean Richmond, and George Law—were to undergo a competitive examination in these days of civil service reform as candidates for positions in the Custom-house or Post Office they could not get places as night watchmen in the Collector's office or letter-carriers in the postal service." Mr. Weed said he had in his possession letters from all three of those gentlemen, in which not a word containing three syllables was spelled correctly.


### Catarrh.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in Catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, for $1.

—The man who was itching for an office was defeated by a scratch.

### "Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c. boxes