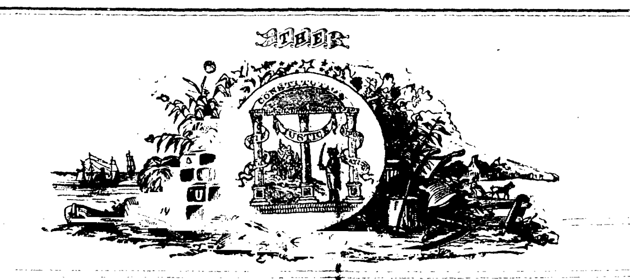
Plattsburgh  Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT $2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local Interests, and General News.

VOL. 12, NO. 4. PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1866. WHOLE NO. 576.

Plattsburgh Sentinel.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT PLATTSBURGH, CLINTON CO., N. Y., In Warren's Block, over Laforce's Store.

By W. LANSING & SON.

For $2,00 per annum, payable in Advance.

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One square 1 week,	1 00	One square 1 year,	8 00
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Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MOOERS, N. Y.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Office, Brown Building, North Side of the Park.

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Office on Margaret Street, over Hathaway's Store, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

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And Licensed Agent for Collection of Pensions, Back Pay, Prize Money, and all Government Claims.
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

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Land and Insurance Agent,
Corner Bridge and Margaret Streets, over H. W. Cady & Co.'s Drug Store, Plattsburgh.

Soldiers' Bounty, Pension,
And Pay Agency.
A. G. CARVER,
COUNSELOR AT LAW,

HAVING DEVOTED HIS ATTENTION EXclusively for the past three years to prosecuting Claims against the Government, and having become thoroughly conversant with the business, will procure promptly,
Pay and Pension for Invalid Soldiers and Sailors.
Pay, Bounty and Pensions for Widows, Minor Children, Widowed Mothers, and Minor Orphan Sisters of deceased soldiers.
Pay due to officers out of service, and for Officers from late of State to United States muster.
Only the fee allowed by law will be charged, and not until the claim is decided by the Government.
All letters requiring information and enclosing stamps will be answered by return mail.
Proper papers, with instructions for executing, will be sent by return of mail to applicants living out of town.
He has also peculiar facilities for procuring information concerning Missing Soldiers.
A. G. CARVER.
Plattsburgh, July 21, 1864. 474tf

Hair Dressing.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE
Shaving & Hair Dressing SALOON.
GEO. W. DUSTIN, Proprietor.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.

REMOVAL.
I. P. HOAG
HAS REMOVED HIS BARBER SHOP TO Andrew Bird's Block, River St.,
Where he will be happy to see his old customers and ALL OTHERS.
Collars, Perfumery, &c., for sale.
Plattsburgh, June 14, 1866. 573

DAILEY & GROGAN'S
Hair-Dressing Emporium.
THE UNDERSIGNED TAKE THIS OPPORtunity to announce that they have opened a
HAIR-DRESSING SALOON,
On Bridge Street, one door east of Kempter's Jewelry Store, and would be happy to give prompt attention to all who will favor them with their patronage.
Connected with the above is a Ladies' Department, where CURLING, FRIZZING and CRIMPING, will be done in the most skillful manner.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CHILDRENS HAIR CUTTING.
J. C. DAILEY.
J. H. GROGAN.
Plattsburgh, May 18, 1865. 517

Physicians.

E. M. LYON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Edwards & Son.
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y. 559

T. B. NICHOLS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Office on Margaret Street, over WEAVER'S Provision Store. Residence east side of Oak Street, south of Brinkerhoff, and one door south of District M. E. Parsonage.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY
Eye and Ear Infirmary,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Office at the United States Hotel. Open for Examination and Consultation, Saturdays. For particulars, address
S. HAYNES, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

Dentists.

Dr. F. F. HOWARD,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.
Keeseville, N. Y.
"Office in Spencer's Row, over A. Rice's."
All Work Warranted 515

Dr. S. V. HOWARD,
DENTIST.
ALL OPERATIONS PERFORMED IN A ... manner. NITROUS OXIDE GAS administered when desired.
Office over G. V. Edwards & Son's Store.
472 PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

M. & G. F. BIXBY,
DENTISTS,
Office over De Forris' Drug Store,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

Hotels.

LAKE HOUSE,
Opposite Rail Road Depot,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
558 E. O. BOYLE, Proprietor.

MONTREAL HOUSE,
BY S. LARABEE,
Ausable Forks, Clinton Co., N. Y.
Entertainment promptly furnished, and satisfaction given to all. 545

JOHNSON HOUSE,
Nearest the R. R. Depot and Steamboat Landing,
Corner of Ford and Patterson St.,
Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
R. JOHNSON, - - - PROPRIETOR
Good Omnibus and trusty Porters will be in readiness to convey Passengers and Baggage to and from this House, FREE OF CHARGE.
Ogdensburgh, June 14, 1866. 573

SARANAC HOUSE.
THE SUBSCRIBER, HAVING TAKEN this House, begs leave to say that it has been put in the best possible condition, and furnished throughout with all the necessary conveniences and facilities pertaining to a desirable Hotel. With ample rooms, good fare, and commodious barns, travelers will find themselves at home, and meet with prompt attendance.
L. P. KILE.
Saranac, June 21, 1866. 574

UNION HOUSE,
(Formerly Roberts' Hotel.)
S. W. HATCH, Proprietor,
Chateaugay, N. Y.
THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN NEWLY FITted up and re furnished throughout.
Carriages in waiting at the Depot, and Guests carried to and from the House free of charge.
Parties conveyed to Chateaugay Lake, and other places of resort, on reasonable terms.
Chateaugay, June 27, 1866. 575

CLINTON HOTEL,
(Opposite the Prison Gate,)
DANNEMORA, N. Y.
HAVING RECENTLY FITTED UP THIS house with substantial improvements and necessary additions, it is now open for the reception of company. Guests will find all the comforts and luxuries for enjoyment abroad, and no pains will be spared to make it a pleasant home for travellers whether on business or seeking recreation and amusement.
EDGAR AVERILL.
Dannemora, July 4, 1865. 524

AUSABLE HOUSE.
KEESEVILLE, N. Y.
THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS HOUSE takes pleasure in giving notice that the improvements upon it have been completed, and that it has been supplied throughout with new furniture.
With its spacious and airy rooms, its well laid tables, and pleasant surroundings, a more desirable resting place for travelers or home for permanent boarders cannot be found in Northern New York.
The regular stages come and go, and carriages for private parties can at all times be furnished on short notice.
D. S. CUTTING.
Keeseville, June 21, 1866. 574

CENTRE HOUSE.
Ellenburgh Centre, N. Y.
THE SUBSCRIBER TAKES PLEASURE in announcing to the public that he has just completed important improvements in the avove named Hotel, and he is determined the entertainment he will furnish shall be such as to give perfect satisfaction.
A Livery Stable has now been attached by Mr. H. A. Garlick, and teams can at all times be furnished to parties going to the fishing and hunting grounds at the Chateaugay Lakes, and to reach them this is the nearest and most direct route.
Stages are now provided to meet every train at Ellenburgh Depot, and no delay will occur in reaching the desired destination. W. E. POTTER.
Ellenburgh Centre, June 14, 1866. 573

FRENCH'S HOTEL.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Opposite City Hall and Park.
COR. FRANKFORT STREET,
NEW YORK.
Spacious Refectory, Bath Rooms and Barber's Shop.
Servants not allowed to receive perquisites.
DO NOT BELIVE RUNNERS OR HACKMEN WHO SAY WE ARE FULL. 547y1

Sewing Machines.

Sewing Machines.
CALL AT W. D. MORGAN'S and Purchase a good and useful Gift for the family, by way of a good
Sewing Machine,
that will do all kinds of Sewing, Embroidery &c.
Plattsburgh, Dec. 21, 1865. 548tf

$1.500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements*, and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. 569y1

Wheeler & Wilson's
SEWING MACHINE.
The Best Machine in the World.
FOR SALE BY
GEORGE W. WATSON,
At Wm. H. Morgan's Store.

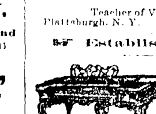
J. D. WILKINSON,
GUNSMITH & WHITESMITH,
Has removed to
Margaret Street, Opposite Post Office.
Where he will MAKE and REPAIR GUNS as usual.
Fishing Tackle, Pistols, Sewing Machines, &c., Repaired at Short Notice.
Plattsburgh, June 21, 1866. 553

Plattsburgh
Marble Manufactory.
F. T. EATON,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO the citizens of Clinton County that he still continues business at the OLD STAND, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, and is prepared to furnish
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Marble Monuments, Tomb Stones, Table and Counter Tops,
At Twenty Per Cent lower than ever before offered in Northern New York. Persons wishing to erect memorials to departed friends will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as he will not be undersold.
F. T. EATON.

Music.

Music and Musical Instruments.
For Sale,
SHEET MUSIC, PIANOFORTES,
Mas. & Hamlins Cabinet Organs,
Which are the best Instruments of their kind.
The best Italian Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings; By
EDWARD FLORY,
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Plattsburgh, N. Y. 446tf

Established in 1846.



ORGANS, Pianos, MELODEONS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, AGENT FOR THE WELL KNOWN FIRM of
J. ESTEY & CO.
begs leave to call attention to the following facts:
Every description of Reeded Instrument now in use is Manufactured by them.
They are the ONLY manufacturers in this country of the Perfect Organ and Melodeon with the following improvements:
The Patent Harmonic Attachment
which doubles the power of the instrument without increasing the size or number of reeds;
The Patent Manual Sub Bass,
which brings into use an independent set of large and powerful Sub Bass Reeds, which are played by the ordinary keys and controlled by a stop;
The Patent Vox Humana Tremolo
which entirely changes the Reed Tone, giving the sympathetic sweetness of the human voice. Besides their
Cottage Organ,
designed more especially for family use, and their
Harmonic Organ,
for Churches, Lecture Rooms, Music Halls, &c., with its fine Pedal Bass, they are prepared to announce for sale their entirely new invention, the
Boudoir Organ,
the finest instrument for Parlor or Drawing Room now in use.
PIANOS from all the best manufactories in the country constantly for sale.
All Instruments warranted in every respect.
Good Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons rented on the most reasonable terms.
For full particulars address
CHARLES E. DAY, Agent,
Valcour, Clinton County N. Y.
June 14, 1866. 573

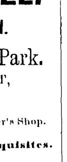
Boots and Shoes.

Polish Boots.
FOR MISSES, LADIES AND CHILDREN, a nice article, just received by H. H. SHERMAN.
Plattsburgh, Nov. 16 1865. 543

Boots and Shoes.
THE SUBSCRIBER IS IN RECEIPT OF of a large and varied assortment of the best qualities which will be sold at the lowest possible cash prices. H. H. SHERMAN.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 28, 1865. 536

BOOTS & SHOES.
H. H. SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
In all descriptions of
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers.
Also, SHOE FINDINGS.
1st door east of D. Laforce, Bridge Street.
Plattsburgh, March 1, 1864. 454tf

Panic! Panic! Panic!!
At Drown's
AMONG
BOOTS & SHOES.
To be Sold at Prices Ruinous to Manufacturers, under an
Assignment to Cash!
FOR SIXTY DAYS.
Plattsburgh, March 30, 1866. 563



FRESH ARRIVAL.
Spring Stock!
Goods in Great Variety!

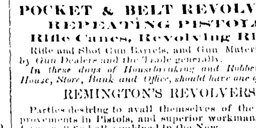
THE SUBSCRIBER, HAVING JUST RECEIved his spring stock of goods, is warranted in saying that for variety, style and quality, it has rarely been excelled. Attention is invited to the prices:

1. Lady's Sowed Morocco Shoes, from $2,25 to $2,50.
2. Cloth Gaiters, from $1,25 to $2,25 to $2,50.
3. Lady's Slippers, from $0,50 to $1,00.
4. Misses Morocco Shoes, at $1,00 per pair.
5. " Size, Calf Shoes, from $1.00 to $1.50.
6. " Cloth Gaiters, from $1,25 to $2,00.
7. Men's Calf Boots $3,50 to $6 00.
8. Sowed Boots, from $6,00 to $7,00
9. Gentlemen's Brogans, $1,75 per pair.
10. " Calf Laced Shoes, from $2,00 to $2,50.
11. Gent's Calf Gaiters, selling from $2,00 to $3,00.
12. Coarse Boots, from $2,50 to $4,00.
13. Boys' Boots, from $2,00 to $3,00.
14. Youths' Boots, from $1,00 to $2,00.
15. Children's Copper Toed Shoes, at $0.80 per pair.

Give us a call at the old Iron Bank Building.
S. LEVY.
Plattsburgh, April 26, 1866. 539

DYSPEPSIA.
Doctor Strickland's Tonic.
DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with anti-acids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It *is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia* or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by Druggists everywhere, at $1 per bottle. 652y1

E. Remington & Sons,



Manufacturers of
REVOLVERS, RIFLES,
Muskets and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET & BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles.
Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, and Gun Materials sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of Housebreaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank and Office, should have one of
REMINGTON'S REVOLVERS.
Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New
REMINGTON REVOLVERS.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.
Moore & Nichols, Agents.
573y1 No. 40 Courtland St., New York.

Groceries.
A GENERAL SUPPLY, SELECTed with the greatest care, received this week by T. DELANEY.
Plattsburgh June 28, 1866.

NOON AND MORNING.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And it never comes again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
In the earth and in the air—
But it never comes again!

LABOR.

There's a never dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us,
Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is Labor's endless ditty;
This is Toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is that anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Are the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the noblemen of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple,
Raise their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men and truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow,
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better, far, the spade and harrow,
Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak Oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

From the Cambridge (Mass.,) Chronicle.

Northern Correspondence.

ISLAND POND, VT., JUNE 18, 1866.

MR. EDITOR—This place is one hundred and fifty miles from Portland on the Grand Trunk Road, and the same from Montreal; is sixty miles above or beyond the White Mountains proper, Washington, &c., but is a place of no mean beauty, and one of great comfort and convenience in radiating to other places. There are within a radius of twenty miles, more than that number of Lakes and Ponds, all said to be abounding with fish, longing to be caught, and the scenery is of varied and picturesque beauty, and amongst these all, I know of but few things that, to a weary traveller, are more beautiful than the *Island Pond House*; neat, quiet, abundant and comfortable. *The Traveller's Home.*

I had occasion on Friday last, to go to Canaan's happy land, which is on the Connecticut River, and twenty-two miles north of Stratford, N. H. So dropping down sixteen miles *on the Railroad, I took a horse and buggy for* a ride in summer up the valley of the Connecticut. Fifty years ago, one of my first lessons in Geography was, "The Connecticut River rises in the White Mountains, runs between Vermont and New Hampshire, through Massachusetts and Connecticut, and enters the ocean thro' Long Island Sound." Now I am to see a portion of this fair valley and its mighty flank guards, the White and Green Mountains.

The day I left Boston, I paid thirty cents to refresh my memory with some of the best models of the pencil in the Boston Athenaeum—and as many of your readers are so minded, will please ride with me up this valley, and if I succeed in conveying to the eye of their minds, one of a thousand pictures which I saw, they will each feel that they owe me more than thirty cents apiece. All the galleries on the continent would not make one mile of the valley of grandeur and beauty, where the River is the centre and the Whites and Greens are the wing of a grand army marching on to the ocean.

Imagine then the River, two hundred feet wide at North Stratford, varying from that to one hundred feet or less at Canaan, 22 miles above; all the way with a smooth placid face, or broken by gentle ripples, meandering, now direct, now curving from side to side, through a meadow of from a mile to two miles in width, and you have the ground work or bottom lands of our picture. This meadow, covered of course at this season with a rich carpet of the freshest green grass. Nor is it all a smooth level. The freak of nature for making mountains was so strange, that drops were cast on the plains below, and ever and anon, a smooth mound, will project from the mountains on either side, down to the very brink of the River. As we ride up on the Eastern or New Hampshire side, the mountains slope upward on either side, the Whites on the right, and the Greens on the left, and thus they stand over one against the other, as Gerezim and Ebal, but both clothed to their very summits with full grown forests, all clad in richest green, yet with every possible variety. It is the evergreen and annual green, emblems of our mortality and immortality, the one dropping down to the earth, and softly saying as it falls, "we all do fade away as a leaf," and the other outliving the fierce blasts of winter and the scorching rays of summer.

Nor are these Ranges of mountains uniform and monotonous. Every mile gives you a new picture. One star differs from another star in glory. One mountain differs from another in height and shape and clothing. Up one the slope is smooth and uniform, and half way to its summit the farmer has built his home, with green fields all around him, and the valley of Jehoshaphat below him, fitly named for a king. *Here the mountain is gorged and the* wilderness of forest clothes it in long flowing robes down to its very feet; and out of this gorge comes a laughing brook, or a more pretentious stream, rushing on to pay its tribute to the mother river. For this river has a sceptre in her hand, she is of Royal birth, coming from the loins of Kingly Mountains, and *from the bosom of Queenly Lakes.*

Neither are these mountains a unit in their course north and south. I saw three brothers stand side by side, ranging east and west in the line of the Whites. There is every variety of summit; now a full orbed dome, now a truncated cone, and now a peak, on which a hunter might almost hang his hat, but every where the pine, the fir, the spruce and the hemlock, side by side interlocked and embracing the beech and the cherry, all with their new spring dresses. These sturdy winter fellows with their everlasting dark and monotonous raiment, seemed glad to see them too. The graceful maple sometimes flaunted its branches fairly in the face of the stately spruce, but the spruce only laughed, and says, "do it again."—"all winter I have looked upon the dreary waste of ice and snow, and now I have watched the blossoms of spring and rejoice once more to see your naked limbs putting on the fresh green the emblem of my own immortality."

One mountain is worthy of special description. He stands alone in his grandeur—the Monadnock. This is the last of the Green mountain range of any size till you get into Canada. It is west of the town of Colebrook, N. H., and shows one of its three faces to this town, one toward Canaan, Vt., to the north, and one south. It is almost a perfect Pyramid, and must be some 2000 feet high. You have him in sight, up and down for the greater part of the twenty miles. I saw him and rode around him last winter, when his piercing frown was in terrible contrast with his spring smile.—Then he was mailed in ice, clothed with snow, and the evergreen branches sparkling with icicles, seemed the white beard of the storm king of winter, who had chained every stream at his side and the river at his feet; a crown of snow was on his head, an icy sceptre in his hand. Now all was changed. The mountains were clapping their *hands* on every side, and the hills were rejoicing together.

With such mountain scenes around you, such a river before you, and the murmuring streams at your side, who would not say, "it is good to be here; let us build a tabernacle by the side of this stream and dwell here." Well so it is; but ducky comes down that inevitable shower and wets you all through, and you are glad to seek shelter and fire in that partial evidence of civilization, a country hotel. But the poetry dries out of you a little, as well as the rain. However, a night of good sleep and a sunny morning make things all right again. The return down the river was as fair as the ride up. At Colebrook, fourteen miles above North Stratford, I deflected ten miles from my line of business, to gaze upon one of the marvelleus, mysterious, and wonderful freaks of nature, and that is, the Dixville Notch.

It is a curved Gulch, a mile or more in length, varying in width from fifty to one hundred feet, and in some places two to the three hundred deep. *It is a chasm, an abyss looking down* from the top of the rocks, wild, grand, awful. "He cutteth the mountains in sunder, He overturneth the hills in His wrath." "His ways are everlasting." Evidently there was a time which "the sea saw and fled; the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs;" they tumbled up and tumbled down, and each fragment took the first vacant place like passengers in a car; not room for all, some left standing, and they jostled hard together, and were a rough looking hard headed and hard faced set; and then the great artists, Light and Heat and Vapors, went to work, and disintegrated a portion of the granite and covered the face and sides of the mountain, and took a vital seed that had a grain of life in it, and scattered it upon the mountain tops and sides, and all along the valleys, and then these same artists, working with ceaseless industry by night and by day, and furnishing constant supplies to the vidette they had put in the field, have together wrought out these pictures of wondrous beauty and sublimity.

Brother Dexter can cut a bust or statue, so that the ancients if they should rise from the dead, would freely admit that art is progressive, but he could not cut the Dixville Notch in a thousand years. Nor could Reynolds or Haley paint as the light and the dews. The pencil transmits the forms of men down to posterity, the chisel releases the angels of artist's imagination sleeping in the quarry, but nature or the God of nature challenges men, in the midst of everlasting mountains and by the side of perpetual streams, to admire and adore a wisdom they cannot comprehend; while angels hover above and around them, uniting the Hallelujahs of both world's, saying, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the whole earth is full of his glory. J. C. L.

TADOUSSAC IN 1865.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ARCHAEOLOGIA AMERICANA.

Revised for the Plattsburgh Republican.

Tadoussac in the Montagnaise language signifies breast, and is pronounced Totoushak. It was here that Jacques Cartier the discoverer of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, first landed on Canadian soil, on the 5th September, 1535.

This place was early settled by the French, who here erected the first dwelling built of stone and mortar in Canada. It is said at one time to have been the residence of Pere Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi. The remains of this building are still to be seen; I took from the foundation specimens of the stone and mortar. The old Chapel of the Holy Cross occupies the place where stood the first sacred edifice erected in Canada, which was destroyed about 1668.

Tadoussac is situated on the north-east shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and was, until recently, a post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the residence of one of its partners and an agent.—They alone for many years were allowed to trade with the Indians in the interior, who occasionally visited this place. When I was here, some years ago, there were a number of buildings belonging to the Company, together with a flagstaff flanked by two iron cannons, but with the exception of the residence and one or two outhouses, they have all been removed. The fortifications erected by the French were near these buildings.

A short distance up the Saguenay, between Pointe a la Croix and Tete du Boule, there is a cavern in the side of a mountain, some twenty feet above the water. This Cavern I named the Hunter's Cave, because it was there the Indians hid their peltries upon their return from their hunting grounds. The remains of a cask and of a strong chest are still there; the hasp of the chest I brought away. Opposite the road leading to the old Chapel, and parallel to the one leading from L'Ance a Lean to Moulin Baude there is a high terrace, with a tree deprived of its branches, standing on the top near the centre. This terrace, at a distance, has the appearance of a fortification, and the old tree resembles the flagstaff. Having reached this elevation, which commands a magnificent view of the bay and surrounding mountains, I named it Jacques Cartier Terrace, and plucked therefrom a sprig of the flower called "*Immortelle*," fit emblem of the fame of the noble navigator.

A sterile rocky point, called L'Islet, divides the Saguenay from the St. Lawrence, near which there are a few Indian wigwams, occupied by Mitiffs, who earn a scanty subsistance by making bark canoes, seal skin tobacco pouches, and other characteristic employments. The Jesuits' Garden, probably one of the oldest in this country, is situated about two miles below the bay; on the St. Lawrence, and is still partially cultivated.

On the 5th of April, 1608, Pontgrave sailed from Honfleur in a vessel loaded with goods for the Indian trade of Tadoussac, and eight days later Champlain sailed from the same port in a ship carrying arms and stores for the new colony. When Pontgrave arrived at Tadoussac he found the Basques carrying on a brisk trade with the Indians. He displayed the Royal Letters and prohibited the traffic, but they declared they would trade in spite of the King, they then fired, wounding Pontgrave, and two of his men, and killing a third, they also boarded his ship and carried away all his cannon, small arms and ammunition, and upon Champlain's arrival he found his friend in a disabled condition. The Basques, though still able to fight, were fearful of punishment upon their return to France, and a treaty of peace was signed in their own vessel, harmony was restored and the Basques betook themselves to catching whales. Near the brink of the harbor where the vessel lay, and a little below a rivulet, stood the remains of a wooden barrack built by Chauvin some years before. Above the rivulet were the lodges of an Indian Camp. They belonged to an Algonquin horde called Montagnaise.

After the declaration of war between England and France in 1628, Charles the First gave Sir David Kirk a commission to conquer Canada; he took Tadoussac and remained there with his main squadron, but sent his brothers Lous and Thomas to seize Quebec. They were victorious, and the Red Cross Banner floated proudly over the Ancient capital. At this period Canada was deemed of little value to England and was readily restored to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-laye in 1632.

During the Revolution in England, which drove James the Second from the throne, the French having espoused the Stuart cause, hostilities began between the colonists of the two nations, In 1690, Sir William Phipps, sailed from Boston with a fleet to attack Quebec, and reached Tadoussac before the French Governor was aware of their approach; the fleet appeared before Quebec, but was completely worsted in the action.

The Tadoussac Hotel is erected on a delightful plateau between the old chapel and Hudson Bay House, elevated above and overlooking the bay or harbour, in which there is a sufficient depth of water to float the largest vessels. The rooms of this hostelry are comfortable, the table well supplied, and the attendance excellent. This, together with pure air, good bathing, fishing and boating, romantic scenery, pleasant walks, ancient buildings and interesting ruins, will doubtless attract many in search of health, amusement, or the picturesque, to this the cradle of Canadian civilization.

The accommodations for a large number of guests for the season of 1866—which lasts only about twelve weeks—are now complete, and many distinguished parties have already engaged quarters there—among them Mr. PEABODY, the American-London Banker.

SEEING THROUGH WATER.—The last number of the Edinburgh Review says: "Currents in the very bed of a river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched, as Mr. Campbell informs, by an arrangement that smugglers used in old days. They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and searched for it again by the help of a so called marine telescope. It was nothing more than a cask with a plate of strong glass at the bottom.—The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the rippled surface of the sea were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal hunters still use it. With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure, and with great distinctness. So far as this contrivance enables men to see the land under the waves, movements under water closely resemble movements under air. Sea weeds, like plants, bend before the gale; fish, like birds, keep their head to the stream, and hang poised on their fins; mud clouds take the shape of water clouds in air—impede light, cast shadows, and take shapes which point out the directions in which currents flow. It is strange, at first, to hang over a boat's side, peering into a new world, and the interest grows. There is excitement in watching big fish swoop like hawks out of their sea-weed forests after a white fly sunk to the tree tops to tempt them, and the figh which follows is better when plainly seen. Mr. Campbell suggests plate-glass windows in the bottom of a boat; it would bring men and fish face to face, and the habits of the latter could be plainly watched."

MODERN DEGENERACY.—More than three thousand years ago Homer says that no two men, "as men are now"—could lift the huge stone which Diomed wielded with ease; and yet, as he tells us, in another place, Diomed was by no means equal in fight to his father Tydeus. And two thousand years later Horace tells his Roman cotemporaries that their sires, inferior to their grandsires, had produced themselves, worse than either, to be succeeded by yet mere degenerate sons. Milton held to the same doctrine of the gradual deterioration of the race, though he was in his own person a most eloquent contradiction of its truth, he having been as remarkable for youthful beauty and manly grace as for his transcendent genius. It would be hard to tell who of those that went before him was his superior. And one would like to know from whom Shakspeare had degenerated, who died when Milton was eight years old. Facts contradict this melancholy theory. The weapons and armor of the ancient Romans which are yet extant, show that the conquerors of the world were a smaller race than the average of the moderns. And scarcely one of a large party of English gentlemen of the present day, well proportioned, but nothing extraordinary in point of size, could get into the coats-of-mail in which their ancestors used to fight, as is told by Sir Samuel Meyrick, the antiquarian, whose collection of mediæval armor was employed in the experiment. The average of life is nearly double what it was two hundred years ago, in the reign of Charles II., and it was undoubtedly higher then than ever before.

STRONG CHARACTERS.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we mistake strong feelings for strong characters. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved of solid rock, mastering himself? Or bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace. That is strength.—He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Robertson.*

COURTESIES ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—The rebel major who is writing an account of the Virginia campaign, in "Blackwood's," says that while the rebel army was about to cross the Potomac after the Antietam campaign, he was ordered to a certain point to check the Federal advance. "One of the Yankee officers," he proceeds, "who, as I was later informed, was the colonel of the regiment that had effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention the previous day by his gallantry and the excellent dispositions he made of his troops. Here I saw him again, galloping very near on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing his men accordingly. After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and selecting a couple of my infantry men, who had been pointed out as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly towards him. Having arrived within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharp-shooters to fire at the daring colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without paying me the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and turned round, advanced a few steps, and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now on my part, and whirling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines. So courtesies are sometimes exchanged in the midst of hostile conflict."

Secretary Harlan's letter to the serenaders, reminds the Detroit Post of two boys who once dug for a woodchuck, without knowing the animal was at home. After digging away without achieving any result, one of the lads thrust his arm down the hole, when the woodchuck seized his finger and bit it to the bone, eliciting a yell, that would have done honor to an Indian warrior. "What's the matter, Joe?" said Jim. "Thunder and lightning!" returned Joe, flourishing his mutilated member vigorously, "*he's there!*"

Nonsense.

A young lady in Iowa, all for love, recently hung herself—to a limb of the law.

Josh Billings says "turning water into wine now-a-days is a miracle worth three per cent."

Our country's best resources are undoubtedly its women; but its resources should be husbanded.

Why does the fool who never laughs remind you of the wisest of men? Because he is a Solemn'un.

Why are women hard on clothes? Because when they buy a new suit they wear it out the first day.

There are a great many laughable things happen upon the old earth, but she always keeps her gravity.

After all, says a French doctor, there are only two sorts of disease—one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

Voltaire is slightly personal, when he says that ideas are like beards—men get them when they grow up, and women never have any.

When Haddix's wife kicked him out of bed, says he: "See here, now! better not do that again. If you do, it will cause a coolness."

Some enthusiast having been eulogizing the girls of '76, a witty editor replies that they are not to be compared with the girls from 16 to 20.

A sharp Yankee proposes that hereafter the governor proclaim Thanksgiving only on condition that poultry is not over fifteen cents a pound.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tel. you, facts are very stubborn things." Dearie me, you don't say so," quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be."

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a Judge, bore a Court, and other like things.

"What ails these shirt-buttons, I wonder. Just the minute I put the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to pieces." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, them's my peppermints, and now you've been spiling 'em"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant's school. "I have," said a six-year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "*On the elephant!*" was the reply.

Sensible Paragraphs.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin, never had very great thoughts of his God.

The sum of Christian morality is—give and forgive, bear and forbear.

Love mocks all sorrows but its own, and damps each joy he does not yield.

As long as you live, seek to learn; do not presume that old age will bring wisdom.

Prejudices are opinions entertained, without knowing the grounds or reasons of them.

Love reposes in the depths of a pure soul, as the drop of dew in the calyx of a flower.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

To be shamed out of heaven is to be shamed into hell.

It is not the gold or the diamonds about a watch that keeps time.

I don't care! is a voracious blood sucker on the happiness of thousands.

When we are ready to do a thing let us do it. Let us never wait for time or tide; they never wait for us.

The winning-post to the race of life is a slab of white or gray stone, standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying.

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains and traverses deserts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him rides upon a poisoned arrow.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

A child is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is satisfied with nothing.

Agriculture and manufactures are the building materials, the mortar and stone used by intelligence, to erect a fitting home in which to shelter a nation's wealth and prosperity.