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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 30, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

(From The Philadelphia Press.)

The Rebel Raid into Pennsylvania.

GRAPHIC EXPLANATION OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

[The following letter was written by Hon. A. K. McClure, of Chambersburg, Franklin County, to a friend in that city:—]

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 1862.

My DEAR FRIEND:—I have had a taste of rebel rule, and although not so bad as it might have been, my rather moderate love of adventure would not invite a repetition of it. I reached here on Friday evening, to fill several political appointments in the county, and when I got off the cars the telegraph operator called me aside, and informed me that he had a report from Greencastle, of the rebels entering Mercersburg. We agreed that it was preposterous, and thought its best not to make the report public and alarm our people needlessly. I supposed that a few cavalry had crossed the Potomac to forage somewhere on the route leading to Mercersburg, but never, for a moment, credited their advent into that place. I came home, and after tea returned to the telegraph office to ascertain whether the rebels had been over the Potomac at any point, and I was there met by two reliable men, who had narrowly escaped from the rebel cavalry seven miles west of this place. The telegraph wire had also been cut west, and it was then manifested that we had but an hour to prepare for our new and novel visitors.

Our people were confounded with astonishment at the audacious audacity of the rebels penetrating twenty miles in General McClellan's rear; but however reckless or well devised on their part, the fact and the rebels were both staring our people in the face.—The rain was pouring down in torrents, and in a little time citizens were seen running to and fro, with their umbrellas; but there was no organization, and no time to effect one. Col. Kennedy attempted to improvise mounted pickets for the several roads on which they might enter, but he had scarcely got his forces mounted until the clattering of hoofs was heard on the western pike, and in a few minutes the rebels' advance was in the center of the town. They stated that they bore a flag of truce, and wished to be taken to the commandant of the post.

I had just got word of the movement to Gov. Curtin and Gen. Brooks at Hagerstown, when I was sent to meet the distinguished strangers. A hasty message to Hagerstown and Harrisburg stating that the town was about to be surrendered, closed telegraph communication, and Mr. Gilmore the operator, prepared at once for the advent of his successors, and struck out along the line toward Harrisburg with his instrument. I went up town to meet the flag of truce, and found a clever looking "butternt" dripping wet, without any mark of rank, bearing a dirty white cloth on a little stick. He politely stated that he sought the commander of authorities of the town and in the name of the general commanding the Confederate forces, he demanded the surrender of the village. He refused to give his name, or the name of the general commanding, and he could not state what terms they would accept a surrender.—As I had no command other than the scattered and bewildered home guards—all brave enough, but entirely without drill or organization—and about three hundred wounded men in the hospitals, I acted with the citizens as one of them; and it did not require a protracted council to determine that we could not successfully resist cavalry and artillery. So we concluded that the venerable village had to be assigned over to rebel keeping. We had been kindly allowed thirty minutes to decide, at the end of which time, we were informed, rebel artillery would demand submission in rather unpleasant tones. Colonel T. B. Kennedy (colored by political brot, like myself) Judge Kimmel, provost marshal, and your humble servant, mounted three gray horses, and fled in with the rebel escort, amidst a thunder of cheers for the Union and groans for the rebels, to meet we did not know whom, and to go we did not know where. Without umbrellas or overcoats, we had the benefit of drizzling rain, and I must admit that we were treated with the utmost courtesy by our new associates. They conversed freely and without manifesting any degree of bravado.

After traveling a mile westward we were brought to a halt by a squad of mounted men, and informed that General Hampton was one of the party, to whom we should address ourselves. It was so dark that I could not distinguish him from any of his men. Upon being informed that we were a committee of citizens, and that there was no organized force in the town, and no military commander at the post, he stated, in a respectful and soldier-like manner, that he commanded the advance of the Confederate troops; that he knew resistance would be vain, and he wished the citizens to be fully advised of his purpose, so as to avoid needless loss of life and wanton destruction of property. He said he had been fired upon at Mercersburg and Campbeltown, and had great difficulty in restraining his troops. He assured us that he would scrupulously protect citizens—would allow no soldier to enter public or private house unless under command of an officer upon legitimate business—that he would take such private property as he needed for his government or troops, but that he would do so by men under officers who would allow no wanton destruction, and who would give receipt for the same if desired, so that claim might be made therefor against the United States Government. All property belonging to, or used by the United States, he stated, he would use or destroy at his pleasure, and the wounded in the hospitals would be paroled. Being a Uni-

ted States officer myself, I naturally felt some anxiety to know what my fate would be if he should discover me, and I modestly suggested that there might be some United States officers in the town in charge of wounded, stores, or of recruiting offices, and asked what disposition would be made of them. He answered that he would parole them, unless he should have special reason for not doing so, and he instructed us that none should be notified by us to leave town. Here I was in an interesting situation. If I remained, there might, in Gen. Hampton's opinion, be "special reasons" for not paroling me, and the fact that he had several citizens of Mercersburg with him as prisoners did not diminish my apprehensions. If I should leave as I had ample opportunity afterwards to do, I might be held as violating my own agreement, and to what extent my family and property might suffer in consequence, conjecture had a very wide range. With sixty acres of corn in shock and three barns full of grain, excellent farm and saddle horses, and a number of best blooded cattle, the question of property was worthy of a thought. I resolved to stay, as I felt so bound by the terms of surrender, and take my chances of discovery and parole.

The committee went through the form of a grave and brief consultation, somewhat expedited, perhaps, by the rain, and we then solemnly and formally surrendered the town upon the terms proposed. True, the stipulations were but verbal, and but one side aided to enforce them; but the time, the weather, the place, and our surroundings generally were not favorably to a treaty in form, and history must therefore be without it. We asked permission to go a little in advance of our forces to prepare our people for the sudden transition from the stars and stripes to the stars and bars. Gen. Hampton permitted my associates to do so, but detailed me to pilot his advance guard at once to the telegraph office. I performed the duty assigned me with no great conjunction, as I had seen Mr. Gilmore, the operator, begin to "fix up" their fully an hour before, and the rebel that outwits him must take a very early start. Messrs. Kennedy and Kimmel proceeded to town to get the people to retire peacefully and prevent any provoking demonstrations; and so rebel rule began in Chambersburg.—They marched in very orderly, and most of their forces started out different roads to procure horses, forage, and provisions.

I started in advance of them for my house, but not in time to save the horses. I confidently expected to be overrun by them, and to find the place one scene of desolation in the morning. I resolved, however, that things should be done soberly, if possible, and I had just time to destroy all the liquors about the house. As their pickets were all around me I could not get it off. A barrel of best old rye, which Senator Finney had sent me to prove the superiority of the Crawford County article over that of Franklin, was quietly rolled out of a cellar side door, and a good sized hole bored into it. A keg of Oberholzer's best, sent me several years ago, but never tapped, followed Finney's testimonial to Crawford County distillation; and a couple cases of Presbury's best Girard House importation, had the necks of the bottles taken off summarily, and the contents given to the angry storm. I finished just in time, for they were soon upon me in force, and every horse in the barn—ten in all—was promptly equipped and mounted by a rebel cavalryman. They passed on towards Shippensburg, leaving a packet for me on the road.

In an hour they returned with all the horses they could find, and dismounted to spend the night on the turnpike in front of my door. It was now midnight, and I sat on my porch observing their movements. They had my best cornfield beside them, and their horses faced well. In a little while one entered the yard, came up to me, and after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals to start a fire. I supplied him, and informed him as blandly as possible where he would find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp fires made of my pelings. I was thanked in return, and the mild mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after, a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump, and again received a profusion of thanks.

Communication having thus been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered at this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but a prelude to a general movement upon everything eatable in the morning. It was not a grateful reflection that my beautiful mountain trout, from twelve to twenty inches long, would probably grace the rebel breakfast table; that the boned calves in the yard beside them would now likely go with the trout; and the dwarf pears had, I felt assured, abundant promise of early ripeness for their golden borders.

About one o'clock half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright open wood fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible.

Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed to be forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of Generals in both armies, &c. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburg. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen any-

thing more keenly relished. They said they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and then they paid from \$6 to \$10 per pound for it. When they were through, they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates who were prostrated by exposure to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as those present, and on they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They then asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more.

In the meantime, a subordinate officer had begged of me a little bread for himself and a few men, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others in turn, until nearly an hundred had been supplied with something to eat or drink. All, however, politely asked permission to enter the house, and behaved with entire propriety. They did not make a single rude or profane remark, even to the servants. In the meantime, the officers, who had first entered the house, had filled their pipes from the box of Killbuckin on the mantle—after being assured that smoking was not offensive—and we had another hour of a free talk on matters generally. When told that I was a decided Republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's emancipation proclamation, they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety.—They admitted it to be the most serious danger that has yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it would not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it. They all declared themselves heartily sick of the war, but determined never to be routed with the North.

At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was heard, and they rose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted mutually expressing the hope that should we ever meet again, it would be under more pleasant circumstances. In a few minutes they were mounted and moved into Chambersburg. About seven o'clock I went into town and found that the first brigade, under Gen. Hampton, had gone towards Gettysburg. Gen. Stuart sat on his horse in the middle of the town, surrounded by his staff, and his command was coming in from the country in large squads, leading their old horses and riding their new ones they had found in the stables hereabouts. Gen. Stuart is of medium size, has a keen eye, and wears immense sandy whiskers and mustache. His demeanor to our people was that of a humane soldier. In several instances his men commenced to take private property, but they were arrested by General Stuart's post guard. In a single instance only that I have heard of did they enter a store by intimidation the proprietor. All our shops and stores were closed, and with a very few exceptions were not disturbed.

There were considerable Government stores here; some two hundred pairs of shoes, a few boxes of clothing, a large quantity of ammunition captured recently from Gen. Longstreet. It was stored in the warehouses of Wunderlich & Neid. About eleven o'clock their rear guard was ready to leave, and they notified the citizens residing near the warehouses to remove their families, as they were going to burn all public property. The railroad station-house and machine shops, round house, and the warehouses filled with ammunition were then fired, and the last of the rebels fled the town. In a little time a terrible explosion told that the flames had reached the powder, and for hours shells were exploding with great rapidity.—The fire companies came out as soon as the rebels left, but could not save any of the buildings fired because of the shells. They saved all others, however.

So ended a day of rebel rule in Chambersburg. They took some 800 horses from our people, and destroyed, perhaps, \$100,000 worth of property for the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company, probably \$5,000 for Wunderlich & Neid, and \$150,000 for the Government. Our people generally feel that, bad as they are, they are not so bad as they might be. I presume that the cavalry we had with us are the flower of the rebel army. They are made up mainly of young men in Virginia, who owned fine horses, and have had considerable culture. I should not like to risk a similar experiment with their infantry. I was among them all the time here, and was expecting every minute to be called upon to report to General Stuart; but they did not seem to have time to look after prisoners, and I luckily escaped. But from the fact that I can't find a horse about the barn, and that my fence is stripped of paling to remind me of the reality of the matter, it would seem like a dream. It was so unexpected—so soon over—that our people had hardly time to appreciate it.

They crossed the South Mountain about eleven today, on the Gettysburg pike, but where they will go from there is hard to conjecture. They are evidently aiming to recross the Potomac at or near Edwards Ferry; and if so, Gettysburg may escape, as they may go by Millersburg to Harper's Ferry. If they should recross below Harper's Ferry, they will owe their escape to the stupidity or want of energy of our military leaders, for they were advised in due season of the rebel route.

Hoping that I shall never again be called upon to entertain a circle of rebels around my fireside, believe me,

Truly thine,

A. K. MCCLURE.

A little girl was standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother. "I'm looking for the number, mama," said the child; "the Bible says the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what the number is of this one."

A stout, muscular fellow made application to the drafting commissioner of Lake county, Ohio, the other day, for exemption, on the ground that it didn't agree with him to miss his regular meals.

The Strange Cavalier.

BY H. SYMMS.

"Let me tell your fortune, pretty ladies—very good fortune to you, ma'am," cried a dark-eyed gypsy, as two ladies turned the corner of a beautifully sequestered lane, while the last rays of a gorgeous sun were merging into the more voluptuous tinge of a summer twilight. "Oh, do let us have our fortune told—I should like to know my fortune!" exclaimed the younger of the ladies, who leaned upon the arm of her companion.

"Nonsense, Annette," rejoined her friend, and by this time they had reached the spot where the gypsy was standing. Her appearance fully demonstrated her tribe; her face was of the most swarthy hue, but interesting in the expression; her eyes were jet black; and her dark elf-locks, which hung disheveled over her neck and shoulders, were partly concealed by a small hat that was tied under the chin by a partly colored handkerchief, while her figure, of no ordinary mould, was encumbered by the tattered fragments of an old red cloak. The ladies paused for an instant to contemplate the object before them.

"I can tell you," said she, addressing the younger lady, "what, mayhap, you will not like to hear. You will love, but you will not be loved again; you will sigh, but no sigh will be returned to you; you will weep, tears will fall on your cheek like dew on the summer flower, that dries but receives fresh moisture."

Without uttering a word, the ladies now turned, and hastily pursued their way homeward. They had wandered, attracted by the beauty of the evening, farther than they had intended. The Baroness D—, for so we must introduce her to our readers, had taken under her protection Annette De M—, who was an orphan, and the sole remaining branch of a noble family. The Baroness D— had herself been left an orphan at an early age.—She had afterward married the Baron D—, who had been dead about two years at the time our story commences, leaving her without progeny, her only child having died in its infancy. She had inherited her husband's vast estates, and was at this time residing in her favorite castle, situated in the most beautiful of the midland counties of England.

The ladies silently pursued their way until they reached the extensive avenue that formed the barrier to the noble domain. Trees of regular but enormous height were thickly studded on either side, and the Baroness frequently started at the echo of their footsteps as she pressed forward with her young companion. The moon had risen and now shone in silvery brightness, while not a zephyr fanned the foliage, nor a whisper broke upon the stillness of the night. They had reached about the middle of the avenue, when they were alarmed by the sound of horses' hoofs. Both started and fearfully looked behind them; the figure of a man on horseback was distinctly visible; retreat or flight was alike impossible, for in another minute a cavalier, in complete armor, and mounted on a panting charger, stood beside them. In the next moment the knight sprang from the saddle bow, and falling gracefully upon one knee before the Baroness, exclaimed:

"Fair lady, deign to take pity on a stranger knight, who is pursued by his enemies; even now," cried he, with increased trepidation, "is a price set upon my head; my party have been defeated by some of Cromwell's army, and a number of my followers are slain. Deign then, kind lady, to grant me an asylum in your mansion for the night only; and I pledge you on the faith of a true knight to requite your hospitality."

"Sir Knight," replied the Baroness, "your request is granted; it is enough for me to know that you are a royalist, and in danger; follow us then, and I promise you a safe retreat."

The cavalier arose, and was profuse in his expressions of thankfulness. In silence they now pursued their way, until they reached the principal entrance of the castle. The Baroness rang at the massive portal, and in a few seconds it was opened by an aged domestic.

"Morden, see that you staid lacks not proper food; and for you, Sir Knight, I bid you welcome; you need not be apprehensive, I am mistress here, and there is none to thwart me."

They were now ushered by several domestics through a suite of rooms, until they came to one brilliantly illuminated, and furnished in a style of magnificence suited to the time; the walls were of oak, richly carved; and the ceiling which formed a cupola, was of the same material. Upon a marble pedestal stood an alabaster chandelier, in which were numerous lights, that gave a brilliancy to the whole apartment. The Baroness politely motioned her guest to a seat, and ordered the supper presently to be ready. When the domestics had quitted the apartment, she arose, and taking a small silver lamp from a table near her, she requested the cavalier to follow her.

"Sir Knight," continued she, "while the domestics are preparing our supper, I will show you where you may conceal yourself, and where even should your pursuers demand an entrance, they cannot discover you."

Then turning to her young friend, she said, in a tone of assumed gaiety:—"Annette, my love, take your lyre, it will while away the time till our return;" saying this, she quitted the room, followed by the strange cavalier.

They proceeded through a long suite of rooms which terminated in a winding gallery; here they paused to unlock a door, which discovered a narrow stair case; having ascended several steps, they found themselves in a spacious apartment. It was perfectly square. The Baroness advanced to one side of the room, and lifting the hanging, gently touched an unseen spring; instantly one of the panels disappeared, and displayed a room of more spacious dimensions than the former.

"Here, then, Sir Knight, exclaimed the Baroness, "you may find a safe retreat; I will myself teach you the virtue of the spring, that in case of a surprise, you may,

without difficulty, find your way to this apartment."

Having satisfied herself that her guest was acquainted with the method of opening the panel, the Baroness hastened to return to the saloon, fearful that Annette might be uneasy at her absence.

The dulcet notes of the lyre reached the apartment. Annette expressed her joy at their return; and at the request of the cavalier, sang a ballad with exquisite pathos and harmony.

Supper was now spread; the Baroness courteously invited her guest to partake of the rich viands that were set before him. The repast being ended, they entered into an interesting discussion upon the probable result of the fatal wars that had harassed every part of that kingdom. The discourse had lasted about an hour, when the hearts of all present seemed to stand still, as a loud knocking was heard at the portal.

"Fly, Sir Knight," cried the Baroness, hastily putting a lamp into his hand; "your pursuers are here—but fear nothing—remember the secret spring!" The cavalier pressed the hand from which he took the lamp, and hastily quitted the apartment.

The knocking was now renewed with redoubled violence; and the domestics were ordered to give parley. It was, indeed, some of Cromwell's party, who were in quest of their unfortunate victim. They loudly demanded admittance which the Baroness, anxious to prolong the time for a while, desired her servants to refuse. Soon, however, they accompanied their knocking with threats, and the porter was desired to suffer them to enter. A party of soldiers now rushed into the hall. They soon found their way to the saloon, where the Baroness and Annette were seated in trembling agitation. The foremost of the party, who seemed the chief in command, now spoke:—

"We believe you to be the Baroness D—, and as such take you to be an adherent of Charles Stuart; we, therefore, command you, in the name of the commonwealth, instantly to deliver up him you have concealed within these walls. This is our general's pleasure."

"You are correct in the conclusion you have formed of me," rejoined the Baroness; "but he whom you seek is not here; but go," she continued, "you have free access to every part of my mansion."

No sooner had the Baroness ceased speaking, than the soldiers quitted the room to commence their search.

About an hour elapsed, during which time the two ladies sat in a trembling state of anxiety and apprehension. At length a heavy tread announced the return of the besiegers. Their voices were raised as if in "deep altercation," as they approached the saloon, it sunk into audible murmurs, accompanied by muttered threats and imprecations. The leader of the band reentered the apartment and said, "We find that we have been mistaken, lady; but beware that you do not harbor any traitor, for you would surely repent your rashness."

The man then quitted the room, and commanding the soldiers to follow him, the portal once more closed upon the unwelcome visitors. The Baroness having assured herself that peace was restored, hastened to that part of the castle where she had secured the unfortunate stranger. As she trod along the spacious apartments, she often paused to listen, and in imagination she thought she could hear the dreadful imprecations that had escaped the soldiers; but all was still, and she reached the door of the captive knight.

Great was the cavalier's joy at beholding her, and he poured forth his expressions of thankfulness to his deliverer.—They continued to converse upon what had passed for some time after they had reached the saloon. The Baroness posted two of her domestics in the great hall for the night, in case of a second alarm; and her guest entreated permission to watch with them, but this his kind hostess would not consent to. They now separated for the night.

The next morning when they met at the breakfast table, they recapitulated the events of the preceding night, and a general thanksgiving was offered to that Power which had protected them. If the Baroness and her young friend had been charmed with the elegant deportment of the young cavalier on the previous evening, they were now not less delighted at the graceful polish of his manners, and the refined intelligence that pervaded his conversation. When breakfast was over he prepared to depart; but the Baroness so warmly urged the necessity of his remaining until his pursuers had quitted the precincts of the castle, and so strongly animadverted upon the probability that some secret emissary might be lying in wait for him, that he consented to remain for a few days.

The time passed uninterruptedly in agreeable and interesting discourse, which was occasionally varied by the sweet tones of the lyre, to which Annette sang in strains of touching melody, and at the request of the stranger would frequently repeat her lay. It was on the fifth day of the knight's sojourn at the castle. The Baroness, Annette, and the cavalier were all seated in the saloon, watching the shades of evening closing around them.

"To-morrow, my kind friends, I must depart," exclaimed the knight; "by dawn of day my steed must be in readiness," and continued he, addressing the Baroness, at the same time unclasping from his neck a gold chain of exquisite workmanship, "let me present you with this, and remember that you may claim everything at my hands, for my debt to you cannot easily be repaid." Saying this, he imprinted a kiss on the hand that was extended toward him.

On the following morning, at dawn of day, Morden was in the court-yard, holding the bridle rein of the noble charger. In an instant the knight had vaulted in his saddle; the old porter presented the stirrup cup, then gave the parting benediction. The knight gave one glance at the window, where stood the Baroness and Annette, who had both risen at an early hour in compliment to their guest;—

thrice he saluted the fair inmates—in another minute the horse and his rider had disappeared.

It was on the 20th of May, 1661, that the Baroness and her friend were seated at an open window in the spacious library; the castle clock had tolled the hour of noon—the then accustomed dinner hour for all persons of quality.

"We must begin our journey to-morrow, dear Annette," exclaimed the Baroness, "for I would behold our Monarch's triumphal entry to the throne of his ancestors; and who knows," continued she, as she gazed anxiously upon her young friend's pallid countenance—"who knows but what we may see him who once sought shelter within these walls; such an event would, I know, give my dear friend pleasure."

Annette spoke not; but a pale blush overspread her fine features; still she remained silent. The remainder of the day was spent in making preparations for their departure.

On the following morning, the two friends attended by a train of domestics, set out for the metropolis; and at the expiration of a week, during which nothing particular happened, arrived at the entrance of the vast city. It was on the very day that the populace were assembling to welcome their sovereign.

Triumphal arches, decorated with flowers and interspersed with oak boughs, were raised across the road, and at intervals through every street. The windows in all the houses were adorned with garlands, or hung with costly drapery; the bells of the neighboring churches were sending forth a joyous peal, while drums and trumpets resounded from every quarter. An immense multitude, both in carriage and on foot, thronged every avenue.

The Baroness commanded her coachman to drive up one side, as a deafening shout rent the air, intimating the monarch's approach.—Another shout—and another ascended from the people; all eyes were turned to one individual. Mounted on a milk-white charger, his head uncovered, and repeatedly bowing to the multitude, sat—Charles II.

The Baroness's attention was suddenly called to her young friend. She, too, looked that way, but the sight had been too much for her—Annette de Montmorency had fainted.—She had seen the face before; it was the stranger knight—it was CHARLES STUART.

The Price of a Wife.

It would be a curious speculation to trace the habits and customs which have, from the earliest ages, and in all communities, helped to fasten upon us these sordid feelings which make marriage something like a gambling transaction in all barbarous nations, the father of a girl conceived he had a right to some compensation from the husband for her services, and as a remuneration for the trouble and expense of bringing her up. In the early history of all nations in their uncivilized state, the custom prevails: the woman is sold for a price. Among the Hebrews and the Arabs the price paid to the father was sometimes very considerable. An ordinary price was five or six camels, and if the bride was very beautiful, or highly connected (rank and station had their influence even in the earliest ages), the fifty sheep or a mare and foal were added. At the siege of Troy an accomplished lady was valued at four oxen. And when Danans found he could not get his daughters married, he advertised that he was ready to receive suitors for them without expecting any presents—that is, that he was ready to get rid of them at any price, or at no price. Among the savage tribes of our own days the custom prevails. The red men of America still bargain for his wife, and the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. The Russians do not mind the matter as more civilized nations do, but when a marriage is proposed, the lover, accompanied by a friend goes to the home of the bride, and says to the mother—"show us your merchandise, we have got money." The ancient Assyrians deserve some credit for the custom they introduced; every year they put all their beauties up to auction, and the prices that were given for these were applied by way of a portion of those who were not beautiful. Thus all, of both sorts, got married; the one for their beauty the other for the money which beauty in their own hand had gained for them. They made sensuality give a dowry to avarice; but still marriage was a lottery.

DEBT TO NEWSPAPERS.—Newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of men's honesty. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer some way—say that he has paid when he has not—declare he has the receipt somewhere—or sent money and was lost by mail—or will take the paper and not pay for it on the plea that he did not subscribe for it; or will move off, leaving it to come to the office he left. Thousands of professed christians are dishonest, and the printer's book will tell fearfully in the judgment.

A horse doctor in a Western town was once elected constable. He was a thrifty, well-to-do farmer and blacksmith, and doctored and shod all the horses for twenty miles around. After being constable for a year or two, he took to hard drinking and became poor. Finally, he determined to reform, but found it hard work to quit his drinking habits. One day a man brought a horse to him to be doctored. "The horse seems to be sound," said the man, "but you see he won't drink." "If that's all that ails him," said the farrier, "you have only to elect him constable—he'll drink then fast enough, by thunder! I've tried it, you see, and know."

An editor describes a kissing scene which he witnessed as "a solemn and interesting occasion"—probably because he was not allowed to participate.

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover, the other day, to his pal, "these sheep won't move in this weather; lend us a bark of your dog, will you."