Business cards, not exceeding five lines, inscried

at \$2,00 per annum.

Job Work. This office is supplied with a good assertment of Johbing materials, and all kinds of Job Work, such as Cards, Posters, Pamphlets, &c., will be done near

## BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. Smith, ANUFACTURER OF HARNESS SAIDLES, and TRUNKS, New Millioti, Suspidiants County, Pa. W 1996th, January 19, 1859, 19

William N. Grover.

Francis B. Davison, M. D.: practice MEDICINE and SURGERY. In Mentracent parts of Susqueazana County. OFFICE | W. Mott, Esq. RESIDENCE, corner opposite A Mourose, Pa., November 17, 1858,

C. Winkler. Pratt's office. ew Milford, Nov. 24, 1553.-Cm

E. H. Rogers, E. H. ROGETS,

CARRLIGEN, WAGONN, SLEIGHS, &c.,

The needalyte of Workmanship and of the beam materials, at the well
known mand, a few mois read of search Rivel, in Montrose, where
he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his
line.

Montrose September 12, 1828-19

H. D. Bennett.

William B. Simpson, ATCH REPAIRER, having worked for the past nine year with the most skillful workmen, he feels consider that he can cross difficult jobs on short potice. All work warranted to satisfaction. Jeweiry regaired nearly and on reasonable terms is, it. Siverson has worked forme for some time; and I can recomme dhim sea careful and abiliful workman, competent to do as any work as can be done in the country, and worthy of conditione.

Towanda, June 10, 1850.

Revers to Wm. Fiwe'l, E. W. Burd, E. P. Houtayne, E. O. coolrich, R. Kirgebery, Towarda; B. S. Bentig, L. Searie, C. D. Wm. W. Smith & Co.,

CARINET AND CHAIR MANUFACE
THERE, Keep or standy on hand all kinds of Coolant Pynnerum, or furnished at
short notice. Shop and Ware Booms foct of Main Street,
Montroer, Pa., May 20, 15%-M Hayden Brothers.

WHOLESALE BEALERS IS TANKEE NOTIONS, Watches, Jonath, Ac., New Millord, Seed, Fo., Da. 17. Merchantam Pediatorphied at New York Johning Prices, New Millord, May, IKS.-17 Boyd & Webster, DEALERS in Street, Story Pior, The Copper, and Sheet I be wret also, Window Sadh, Panel Heur, Window Blinds, I be Lumier, and air Kinde of Building Materials. This Shop So-Marie a Book and Carpenter Stop near Methodiai Church. Suprass, Ta., April 14, 188-4.

Dr. G. Z. Dimock. DHYSICIAN AND SURIGEON, his permanently located himself at Montress, Susquehanna country-Pa. OFFICE over Wilse hours Store. Londings at Scarle's Hotel.

Montress, March 10, 1889.

Dr. Wm. L. Richardson WOULD respectfully tender his professional pervices to the in-habitants of Montroes and its vicinity. DEFICE over Mu-mi's Store. LODGINITS at the Keyethue Lottel, Montroes, Ostall, 1855-179

Br. P. F. Wilmot; UATE of the Aliopathic and Homeopathic Colleges cine, is now permanently located in Great Bend. Pa-of Maine and Elizabeth St., nearly opposite the M. May 184, 1857—19

Dr. H. Smith C. D. Virgil,

The style of the Art. All jobs warrante: Dr. A. Gifford.

DHYPICIAN AND SURGEON, MOFIRMER, Pa. Office in th A. Bushnell.

A TIORNET & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over S. Week's Drug Store, SURGERIANNA DEPOT, Fa.-11y1 Reeler & Stoddard.

DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, of Malor at, first door below Scarle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa. vinit. 548 FEB. 20. S. STODALI. William H. Jessup,
ATTORNET AT LAW S NOTARY PUBLIC. Office on Pa

Bentley & Fitch, A TIDENEYS AT LAW, AND BOUNTY LAND AGENTS, PA Unite west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa. Albert Chamberlin,

A TORNEY AT LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
A OSSECUTE I. L. POR & CO.'s Store, MONTRONE, PA. Wm. H. Jessup,

Abel Turrell.

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Pa Condition of Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Stones Solver, Colon, Matches, Joverly, Shire Spoons, Speciations, and Instruments, Transel, Surgical Instruments, Liquors, Peri Admires, Stationery, Harables, Shoots, Vanker Notices, Acc. F. B. Chandler.

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Ready Made Clothing, Grace Books and Stationery, etc., Public Avenue, Montaous, Pa. Post Brothers, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardwa Leather, Plour, etc., corner of Tumpile street and Public & M. M. Cremes, Pa.

J. Lvons & Son.,

Read & Co., 

William & William H. Jessup, OBNEYS AT LAW, MONTHOUR, Pa: Practice and Supering and Laborne co Bockwell & Winton.

Baldwin & Allen,

Ol.E.A.LE and Retail Denlers in Flour, Salt, Pork left, firstin, Feed, Candles, Clorer and Timothy send, lettle, weit as Sugara, Molassea, Syung, Tes, Coffer Addition, weith as Sugara, Molassea, Syung, Tes, Coffer Secas, Uct. 30, 1505, 47 Cobb & Rogers,

## DEALERS IN GROCERIES, As at the store recently occupied in the face of Rogers, Montreas, Pa. Ask that a process of BUTCHER SHOP in the franchest of Boyd & Worster's Per a SUNT CHIEF SHOP in the franchest of Boyd Worster's Per a SUNT COUNTY of Main and Turnplike Streets. Most was Nov. 22, 1857-41 AN ACROSTIC.

MY OFFICE is grand and SUPERB HEADSTRONG Hairs, OH, come, and see me, come hat HA ALL Synniah RECEIVED, (less the discount,) at PAR Pocker, where poin will not DistraB. LOCATION ISPLEASANT, and low is the FARE STEVANT MOTTIS, Dromer of HAIR Ship No. 2, Basement of Squrie's Hotel, on Turnpike Street Hartman, August 11, 1657-40

Banking House of Post, Cooper, & Co. HENRY DRINKER,
WM.HUNTTING COOPER.
November 12, 1855. BAFTS on New York City and Philadelphia.

Collections promptly made and remitted.

Office hours from 10 A. H. to 8. REFERENCE, Samuel C. Mortor, Esq., Phil'a. Hon. William Jessup; Montrose,

News Office! VEW YORK CITY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPA. Her eyes are shooting busily to all a child, and without a farthing in the world. In the world. Here was sides, seeking something to be at, and her Help me if you can, Your nices, two arms are akimbo. When she gets tired

## Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

VOL. 5. }

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1859.

1 NO. 4.

- For the Independent Republican. JENNIE LEE.

BY IDA AFTON.

Know ye where the lilies gleam Brightly through the grasses tall: Where the tender ivies clasp Lovingly the lichen wall;

Where the soft, low-sighing winds. Kiss the pansies into bloom; And the red-lipped-clover fills All the air with sweet perfume;

Where the rose her crimsen robes Gathers round her golden heart; And the blushing, pouting buds From their em'rald thraidom start;

There I woold my Jennie Lee, In the balmy summer hours: Proudly watched her happy smile, As I culled her choicest flow'rs. Angel's smiles sent down to earth

Wreathed around her rosy mouth As she tossed each shining tress On the breezes of the South.  $(w_{ij}) = (w_{ij}) = (w_{ij})$ 

When the liabbling fountains sung All the joyous birds to res!— Tenderly were downy wing Folded, in each leafy nest— Meckly sunk my Jennie Lec.

Like a weary dove, to rest And her cheek grew pale and cold, Pressed against my heaving breast. Softly weep the willand now; O'er my gentle Jennie's bed;

And a claneing marble white Mocks the bitter tears I shed.

## THE GRINGE FAMILY. · CHAPTER I.

booty, or brigands ssleep; or any other de nomination in the world. Brigands of smuss your arm, child, while I go up to my cabiglers, there was present there a barkarous net; and so leaning on her, who was as his crew enough, made up of these human items, stick always, he passed out of the form, and Tom, primogenitus, and unlicked beyond was presently unlocking that notable buhl Tom, primogenitus, and unlicked beyond all credulity; Gill, cadet; and rather more unlicked, if such were possible—which exhibit exhibit or hausted for male line. There was then Suc; mant to fetch down the big writing book?" primogenita in her sex, rough-skluned and raw armed, rude in dress, uncombed in hair, above all nights in the year. O, if I could have such been such beauty than and to night above all nights in the year. with high cheek bones. She might have gone but write my soul clean and clear !" stretch forth her arm, without hitting or knocking something down! Then, there was the imp or Puck of the family, baptismally known as Hannah Meria, but familiarly (and without any disrespect in the world) hailed

were kennelled together in the huge sitting-toom. But a word—just one word—for lom. Tom was the great uncouth member of the Gringe family. In the Irish tongue he was goum; which syllable stands for mouth rojected foolishly; for cerebral conformaion on the lines of the late Messieurs Burke and Hare: for inarticulate animal noises in ieu of ordinary sounds of assent or disent; for horse-laughter, mild and on draught, dways ready; for he was of the stables, stably, having been suckled, wenned, and reared on those premises. Grooms had been his dons, and he was senior wrangler of the great equine university. Ostlery was his classic world: his Olympian Jove sat aloft on the coach box. In short, the Gringe family had atechism. They were all in a sort of mournng for their mother, who was Gringe's sec. Restitution it must be!" ond wife. Excepting little Jen, they were, With that he took forth a great foolscap in fact, none of his; being brought into the sheet, and began to write something headed, tachment to this mother. Nay, Gill, the again.

of old Gringe and Jen. There was the Afri-

can hound, pet of Tom, Gill, and the Imp.

therefore fared well among them. CHAPTER II. Tom sits on the floor in sweet fellowship with the hound, busy cutting up a stick, or rather club. He is all in the dust and dirt of the corner. Gill, who is the savage, is busy walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, whistling; making kicks at fanciful ootsalls, and rasping his great bobasils on per; was dated from the mean house-of-call be floors. It has extraordingry cherma for in the city, and was very short—so short that he floors. It has extenordinary charms for him, that fanciful football play. Jen is on a stool at old Gringe's feet; the old French poodle being in that region too. Sal sits at | DEAR MR. GRINGE:-You have never the fire, her long legs well out before her, seen me-very likely never heard of me. resting on the hob. Sister Sue asleep, with am the daughter of your brother, Will her head on her red elbows, as though she Gringe, who, as you may remember, went had done murder in her eyes, was traudulentwere just come of char, and had had a hard out quite destitute to the Gold Fields, with day of it. The Imp is in the middle, wide his family, and died there of starvation. My awake indeed; hopping on one leg, and chatch husband, who went after them, is dead some tering eternally with that boy's tongue of two months since, of a fever. I am left with

of standing with arms akimbo, she sets off on a progress of mischief. For she is highly ingenious in the discovery of subtle and an- him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and One of those lonely October nights when

figurative charing, and that long Sally is sur- eall, for Mistress Coram. veying her unnatural feet with a dreamy stuholds it knowingly under the nose of unconour chat-gifl, when somewhat brought round, fetches up a huge coal, and launches it furionsly-to be dodged, however, by shricking Puck. It lights on Gill the savage, who starts with a growl, and swears. Another shrick from our Puck. But Sue-just now

all but asphyxiated-is not to be bankedly

and, jumping from the chair with her, big

much the tragi-comedy of every night of the

long year, as well as of this special Friday

bunting up all the queer families in the king. their antics wearily, with his hands some-dom, and then pick out from each the queerest member, and so make up n new family, at times fixed to the ceiling with a stony queriest of the queer, he would at the end have gotten together pretty much such a borses, neck and neck. Now a sigh now a bunch of odd creatures as sat together on a groam, now a clasping of the thin fingers tocertain October night. A lamp of oldest ma. gether. There must have been some deep chinery (ante moderator, sinte argand even.)
and of dullest oil, burnt lazily on a spindly.
legged table beside a tall old man. He half
the fee, so to speak, of that illumination all
the five of which lay in the fact that this night to bimself for whatever business he was was a Friday night, and that the month was about; so that it very much presented the untion of a light in a cave, and the other fig. notion of a light in a cave, and the other fig. enough there had been a wrong done of an ures, who were all held fast in the shadows, old Cletober month. However that might be, might have been smugglers dividing their after a long spell of such weary throes, he

father's head; always in her own way, in click, and a shooting bolt; and that little safe was inside again of a little cupboard; so there was positively no getting at the big book. Little Jen wondered what he wrote in it; but never asked. So he came down; and, with the racket raging high about him, began to write. No one therefore heard as Froggy. She was a dwarf, virtually, but without deformity. She leant over to the those short grouns and weary heart-sore sighs that came from him as he warmed to his he-side, having a hourse, gruff voice, that made you start. She did nothing from writing work. It was indeed likely enough that Mr. Gringe had somewhere among his morning till night, not a hand's turn for any chattels that ugly thing known as a closet one, save wagging of her tongue in the coarsskeleton. It was rather a great swollen bust way; being a good one at abuse, and hitman body, all purple and blue with decoming on stinging names. There was also Jen, position, such as the curious may see every the gentle, keeping to her old father like wax. There was the old French poodle, joint pet day through the glass windows of the Morgue. This horrid visitor used to come forth every night and walk up close behind him, and nev or go until nearly morning. An importu-The whole crew, men, women, and dogs, mate, insolent, horrid visitor-never to be denied, seemingly—more importunate on this

October night than any other in the year. · Restitution restitution!" he whispered o himself, his pen writing the words he whispered, "which has been sounding ding dong my ears for so long back; it is the only cure, the only salvation. Better workhouse than such a hell of thought and-" Here the universal rucket struck in and

general outburst. The Imp having privity fixed a needle upright in a chair where she knew Tom would sit down. She lost a good bunch of her hair by the transaction.

" Here is another year come about now, thought and conflict, and not one step nearer no manners, no breeding, no schooling, no to a resolve. Riches never brought with them so complete a Nemesis! It must end.

With that he took forth a great foolscar amily with her. However, he accepted them "I, John Gringe, being of sound mind and without complaint; and in his house they body," &c.,&c.,and worked down stendily to grew and fattened. She good soul, had been the foot, when it would have been a very of easy-going nature, and of Jumper persua- perfect instrument indeed, but for the absence tion; having supernatural Jumper lights- of the signature and the two attesting witthe waiting for which consumed most of her nesses. But the poor brain-tossed man had time. So, having brought them up, as the written a whole century of such instruments fencied in strict Jumper principles, she had yet not one of them was ever executed. For turned over on her side one morning, and there were other influences tugging at him, ied with great decency under the hands of making the second party to the conflict .he Reverend Joshua MacScarbriar, Jumping "Then these poor witless wretches must go high priest, not, however, before she had out and beg, or starve and die. Restitution or bound up her harum-scarum offspring to revision! Starvation or restitution—which, erence, respect, and care for the father she which? And all my doing!" Here he covleft to them. For, in all their roughness ered up his face; and, swinging his long upthey had a soft corner and a sort of rude at | per person to and fro, grouned and groaned

savage, was observed shedding big tears Perhaps it was this that prevented his tak, about the size of hailstones. Tall old Gringe ing heed of a letter that little Jen had been xainly pushing into bls hands for the last few seconds. The postman had just brought one. He opened it, and began to read mechanically; but was presently trembling all over with excitement. Yet be merely said, in a low voice, "It wanted but this-it wanted but this!" and read it through some half-adozen times. The letter was on soiled pa-

it may be given here: OLD THREE TUNE INN.

CHAPTER III. 1 Such a night as that budget brought to of her aim for an instant.

megenious in the discovery of subtle and annoying tricks. This was her evening's diversion (his or hers to doubtful stranger) all the saying that it was all his work, and seemed sitting beside him, close under the dull influyer round; no lack of piquancy in it for likely to go mad. No one heard those rave being so oft repeated. Thus, to take this very October night as a sample: Remember that Sue is sleeping stertorously after that figurative charing, and that long Sally is sur
him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and all, save the two, were gone to bed, she was sitting beside him, close under the dull influyer ence of the lamp, harping on the one theme, till long past midnight. Abundant tears from her as she told, so naturally and so mitted that Sue is sleeping stertorously after that figurative charing, and that long Sally is sur-

pidity. The Impi-furnished with a wisp of fore him, demurely, with her little girl of welt on his wrestlings, his spasmodic strugger stout brown paper, which she ignites ginger some six years old. A tall, sharp, black gle and poor shifts; his graspings for life and ty-hops over on tiptoe to where Sue is nodely cycl, reflective girl (for she was no more substance, up to that final collapse and miserding over the fire. As comes natural to than a girl) of very few words, but prodi. stout brown paper, no flame results; but gious observation. She took them all in—prodigious clouds of smoke. Then, turning in her careful first glance—and was digesting ed over by her, bending over to the dull with a whisk, into the likeness of Puck, she the fruits of that observation all the time af. scious Sue, who snorts uneasily, and goes up his face, thinking he sees his defunct broth- bent forward to the lamp also, and, his thin through all manner of diverting convulsions; | er, trembling bids her be of good cheer, for but in the end is waked up, only on the bare she shall not want for anything while he breathed hard. Thus she would send him tyring of sufficients. Such gasnings and the same than the same than the breathed hard. verge of sufficiation. Such gaspings and lives (no, nor after, he adds to himselt.)—up to bed, reeling and tottering, at something clutchings for breath were never seen: Puck. She shall come, he tells her, and live with past one o'clock. She shall come, he tells her, and live with past one o'clock. them—sho and her child; to which she answers, shortly, that Unce Gringe is very gue's man had a brave night of it. While all the while, shricking with laughter. But them-she and her child; to which she angood to her, and that she will try and be as i she, the torturess, would smile to herself, as useful as she can.

The family gather round and survey her cutain Cook and his men. Nay, Tom the Gaum approaches, and, with a stupid reverence, lays his hand upon her sleeve, making as tho' arms squared, offers to fight the lmp, or any he would worship like the poor savages.of them. Which, as before said, was very But she at once, and without more ado, had taken off her bonnet, and was busy setting things to rights which she pronounced to, be in confusion. Before the end of the day she-All this while Old Gringe had been sitting was about as much at home as though she Ir an antiquary were to amuse himself thoughtfully back in his high chair, regarding had been there a whole twelve-month-nay. had taken up a quiet tone of influence and

under at once unresistingly. . . "You are as bad as Bosjesmen, dears," she said, positively calling them dears; " you are really too old for these child's tricks! consider, Tom, a great strong man like you, aught to be working and helping your fami-

Dig i the fields, ch? plow, ch?" Tom asked, with a wise look. "Ecod, I'll think

Gill the savage stopped his kicking all at keeping close under the shadow of old Father Gringe. Mrs. Coram knew it well, too. Jen, and what not

Before the week was ont old Gringe protested that Mary Coram was the greatest comfort in life to him, and she had wrought the completest reform in the house economy. No riots at night now. She was teaching out a charing or a cooking by the day, or as aid to the scullion, and been accepted as such without demtir of, smallest astonishment.

That was Suc. Here was Sale, let swang from the cooking the congress, the said to the sculling to the little matter that exceedingly mystified her.

The morning of this anniversary—the 31st down. It was drawn forth from a little safe inside the cabinet, which had a spring and a gawk, long in body, reaching head? Always in hor own way, in some clean and clear:

Jen thought he must have done that long the girls work, and the men useful things. A great woman way come, and there was one little matter that exceedingly mystified her. The morning of this anniversary—the 31st worked all this while it was getting on to of October—was now come, and Serivendish inside the cabinet, which had a spring and a little last day of October. Here was another the last day of October. ber "Tom, dear, papa seems to take a deal of trouble about his accounts every night !"

"They're not accounts," says Tom,— "they're his life and adventures. My eye! they must be full of dogs and horse-racing; don't un think so ?" "And Tom, dear," she went on, "has he

always those fits going to bed of nights?" "Ave." said Tom, "whist, Cousin Coram, don't tell now on me; but, d'ye know, think Governor is feared of being hung! So does Gill and Sue. Like enough he's got a body on his mind, aye?" And he walked away mysteriously on tiptoe.

"Tom, has really, for a fool," she said to herself, "wonderful powers of observation." "He must keep it under his pillow" she said (it was about this time, a good hour past midnight, and Snorer's Oratorio was being performed noisily; she standing with a dark antern at Old Gringe's bed-side.) "he must keep it under his pillow," she said reflecting. Nor was she out; for, putting her hand softly, it rubbed against the key and brought it out. A long, ancient, quaintly shaped key -the key of the buhl cabinet. She went over softly, and fitted it in carefully.' Tho a gave a short shrick in turning, and Old Gringe moved uneasily in his bed, it did not tay her; for she knew old mon slept heavi Then, there were the in-ide safes, and the shooting bolts, and there, at last, was the writing-book, with its key beside it. Moving the dark lantern full in its pages, she began to read hastily, up and down. rious revelations they were; giving her, as it seemed, extraordinary satisfaction. It was the same story written over and over again (-ay five or six hundred times) with unmeaning tautology, begun and written out afresh early every night; for this sort of confessional practice gave the writer relief and com-

"May Heaven in its infinite mercy forgive him what? A single, but heinous transgree brother had been the eldest brother, and their father's pet, and, by ingenious sophistry, prodigious lying, with terrible calumny, he had gotten that father to cut off the eldest with a paternal curse, and to brand him publicly. The poor outenst had gone forth to struggle, and had, day by day, sunk lower and lower, until it was ended by starvation and death.

and something like grief; not for a lew seconds did she perceive that there was another per- tearing over his book, shedding miserable son standing beside her, looking also at the tears, and vowing there is no salvation for book. No other than little Jon. She was him here and hereafter; that evil genius ex-

caught in the fact. You spy !" said Coram in a rage, "go to "I shall tell father in the morning," little

Jen answered, Coram laughed under her breath. "You had better," she said. "I know sceret of his. Take care, my girl, don't play tricks with an old man. You might put him out of the world." And little Jen then went

off to bed, cowed for the time. Coram's plot, from that night forth, was wonderfully ingenious. Old Gringe, who ly in possession of her money and her The feeble old wretch should be child's.

subtle and complex ways; never losing sight !

all, for Mistress Coram.

She came in a trice, and was standing be into the poor man's slough. Painfully she ter. Old Gringe, who at first has covered voice, while Old Gringe, with sharp face,

she stood alone when he was gone, and say, that it would do. Indeed, it promised fairly riously; much as the Otaheitan folk did Cap- enough, for those being of sound mind and ody. Papers came thick and fast, one being drawn out nearly every day. But always incomplete; without signature, without attestation. She knew well of all these maimed and halting instruments, and stamped impatiently in her chamber. But she held on fast to her torture, working it remorse lessly, but ingeniously.

" Dearest uncle," she said, "there is some toystery over the business. Poor father often said that wicked people had got between authority over the wild crew, which they fell him and his father, and poisoned his ears against his son. I think so, too. But who?' Who, indeed?' said Gringe, trembling. Coram-(in a low, subdued voice)-" They were murderers, uncle—real murderers.— There is blood on their hands at this moment. Don't you think so, uncle?" (No answer.) "Their wretched souls are haunt-

ed with remorse, and, in another world, they

will have murderers' pay! Don't you think , uncle ?" This treatment certainly ought to do : but once, and the Imp's occupation seemed to be she noticed, with uneariness, that little Jen, at them, invoking speechless punishment, on their heads, and then tottering away as he from her, looking at her distrustfully and church mouse, had begun to talk with him at came. They heard him call feebly for Colength, and in private; and that he seemed to be scothed by her talk. Little Jen, too, Having said to herself, as she resurveyed them | was looking at Coram defiantly, almost ever all round, "This is to be the only rebel!"— since that night of discovery. Perhaps, if For all that, she was dear Jen, good little she held the poison, little Jen had the antidote. Likely enough; for she once overheard little Jen say something to this effect:
"Father, you have something on your mid. Tell your own little Jen? Or don't

me a word of it." And she would ungood as any preacher-what comfort.

"Gill," she says, "I thought you loved horses and riding?"

"So I do," says Gill, rapping out an oath "Then why don't you ride?" Why? because the old man won't keep

Well," she answers, "all young men our age have horses and ride. "Have they now?" says Gill. "So they "Your father should let you have a horse

ou don't cost him much in other things,"
"Dang him, he shaii," says-Gill, "I'll speak to un to-morrow. "Tom," she says, at another time, " ho nuch pockef-money does your father give

"Not a copper," Tom says, opening hi eves wide. And thus she worked on Sue and Sal; un til, before not many days, they had all, as it were, struck for wages, and had given the old man a bit of their mind. He met them surlily, and told them to get about their bus iness. Nearly open riot was the consequence Gill was a regular savage now.

Little Jen that same evening came up er privily, and with courage. "Cousin Coram," she said, "you are wicked woman. It is you who are setting them all against father. But I promise you I-will tell him all about the book, and that night, and what a hypocrite you are. I know

"Bah!" was the only reply she got. The truth was, Coram knew she durstn' speak; for they were now approaching very hist to the thirty-first of October-a date written down very often in the book: and i was noted how Gringe was getting hourly more excited and more miserable. She, too, had read of that date, and was looking out me," headed nearly every page. Forgive for its approach. The conflict within him seemed to rage terribly: and outside, the insion. Here it is in a sentence: His starved surrectionists gave no peace. With angry growls and menaces they assailed, gathering

round him at all hours. "Give 'un horse !" " Money !" they should ed at him, until he grew furious at last, and one shilling; to drive him from the door with shook his poor, impotent fist at them, and all but cursed them.

Executioner Corum-vigilant torturess never slackened an instant, in her insidious work and, as little Jen stood in her way As she read the same story told over and full as much as the others, she very gingerly over again, her face was contorted with fury put a spoke in her wheel also: Something in this way it was : Old Gringe, raging and horts him to spiritual comfort at the minis tration ray of the Reverend Josh Mac Scarbriar, or even at her hands. Why not tell her the secret of the book, as well as to little Jen? Note how cleverly this is put. The old man wakens from his dreams.

"Jen," he says, angrily, "knows nothing of this book! Or does she?" For he had noted, with angry suspicion, how his key had plain marks of being disturbed from under his pillow, and his book was not in the same spot in his cabinet. With trembling eageriess, he puts Coram to the question, and extracts from her reluctant soul, that she had indeed surprised little Jen one night fiddling at his cabinet. But strict secresy as to this brought to make what atonement was left to revelation was enjoined. Henceforth dishim; which indeed he was struggling every inght to do.

Here was her tactique, or at least a hint of morning of the thirtieth of October, eve of it; for she wrought it out in a thousand that mysterious thirty-first

CHAPTER IV.

A gray, cold, shivering day, with keen, razor-edged blasts all abroad-dark, sunless, and dispiriting. The crew, who were, as it were, on strike, proviled sullenly in corners, as if they too felt its influence. Old Gringe was not seen at all; but kept' himself close in strict retreat in his own chamber. He must have written prodigiously; for every time that Coram's ear was laid to the keyhole it heard the feeble scrapings of a pen

It grew darker, colder, and more misera-ble, until it came to 5 o'clock, when the Revrend Josh Mac Scarbriar-sent for at Gringe's own request—arrived, and was shown to Gringe's own chamber. That swaddling diine ranted and raved, and shricked eternal orments at him, for a good two hours; until, indeed, froth gathered on the man's mouth his eyeballs protruded. He then went his way.

The sum of the sum

Finally, about 7 o'clock, the old man himself came tottering down, candle in hand, feat had something to do with Herr Lowen-looking like a true ghost; quite ghastly, and thal's challenging his youthful victor in the all shrunken away since morning. The skin was tightened, drumlike, over his face, and he was bent down like a tall tree in a gale. The day, and the Reverend Josh Mac Scarberra, conjointly, had done their work. What brilliant style of play, probably no one livers to be the end of it all? was to be the end of it all?

But, when that spectral figure came totterng in feebly, the candle dancing up and down year, in New York, offered a field for the in his fingers, looking just as though he had come from his family vault, instead of his visit to the Empire City was hailed with satisfaction by nearly all the leading sthletes in oom, he found complete Pandemonium rife. Then came Babel noise and confusion; and a ring formed in the centre of the room, with cries of "Well done! At him boy!" and other encouragement. In short, there was a log-fight going on between the poor old French poodle and the hound, being set against one another by the crew; not being got to fight, it must be owned, without difficulty. Just as the old man entered, the sport might be said to be over; for the old in Germany; and Charles H. Stanley is no poodle had toppled over on his head and was new pame to Englishmen. In other cities of kicking out his lean hind paws in extremity of death, the hound having made his fange meet in his throat. A very easy victory i was. Somewhat sobered, the crew looked round, and were quite scared at seeing this ghostly old man shaking his shrivelled. asm

ram, who came to him: "Tell Scrivendish and his clerk," he said. to be here the first thing in the morning." Joyfully and sweetly she laid her self down to rest that night, for she knew now that ev erything would be signed, sealed, and delivered with perfect regularity in the noorning. True, little Jen had come to her, and told her that she now saw what her wicked pliot was; that she, Corain, was killing her poor father by inches, with what end she knew perfectly;

Gringe was rooting up stairs among the lum- the last day of October. Here was another and clerk were waiting below in the gloomy chamber. They were shivering; blue with eight o'clock punctually, and there they were latter was engaged in a game, he could not eight o'clock with writing materials all be lured from watching him. But it is not

ready. Coram came down with secret glee. You are to go up stairs, gentlemen: I hear Mr. Gringe stirring in his room. Please to walk up." Old Gringe, with face sharpened from overnight into hatchet shape, peered out at

them from the balf-opened door. "Who are there?" he said, in a prying in quisitive way. "O! I know now. Walk in. Be seated. Everything is very com-

fortable, as you see." They walked in, and got out their papers. "Glad to see you looking so well," Scrivendish said, not regarding much the truth of

his speéch. "We had a death in the liquise last night; Sir," Gringe went on; "an old poodle dog, Sir. A very sad thing. He is to be intered to morrow with every respect." Scrivendish looked at his clerk.

" You wished your will, sir, to be drawn?" "So I did." gaid Gringe; " are you ready?" "Quite," said the other, "Just wait a second," said Gringe, going

ver to the bed; " we must do these things in the regular way-according to law. And he put on is paper cocked-hat, and ook a walking stick soleninly into his hand; and sat down before them with checks puffed out and ridiculous dignity.

CHAPTER V.

The game was up for Coram, just as she vas winning, too; which was the more provoking. In a comfortable and select establishment for lunatics Old Gringe sojourned to be measured for a straight waistcoat, he gave so much trouble. In this uneasy garment he one day raved out of the world, with little Jen got all. And, if any care to know what she did with it, we can tell them that she did not forget those two wild step-sisters. Sue and Sal; nor would she have forgotten fom and Gill, only they had gone to the logs long before. She even offered a share of her wealth to wicked Coram, who actually went out as a governess in respectable fami lies where there were widower fathers.

RECREATION (says Bishop Hall) RECREATION (says Bishop Hall) is Our wing might be tired, our imagination intended to the mind as whetting is to the die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's reythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otheyrine, to snarpen the dall and blunt. He, srwise would grow dull and blunt. He, herefore, that spends his whole time in recherefore, that spends his whole time in recherefore. therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing-his his people, when unnavigated ether was ungrass may grow and his steed may starve; fanned by the wing of a single angel, when as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whettinglaboring much to little purpose.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—Hear how editas talk to borrowing individuals:

"Got a paper to spare ?" "Yes, air, here's one of our last. Would ou like to subscribe, sir, and take it regularly ?"

"I would, but I'm too poor." That man just came from the circus-cos 50 cents; lost time on his farm 50 cents. liquor, judging from the smell 50 cents; making \$1,50 actually thrown away, and then begging for a paper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it.

That is what we call saving at the spiggol and losing at the bung-hole.

BIOGRAPHY OF PASS-MORPHS.

For the following sketch of the career of the American chess-player, we are indabted to the kindness of one of his oldest and most intimate friends.

Paul Morphy is a native of the city of New Orleans, and was educated at Spring Hill cottage, near Mobile, Alabama. His father was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Spanish parents, and became one of the most eminent Judges of the Supreme the most eminent Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisians. United to a French Creole lady of the latter State, the subject of our sketch was born on the 22d of June, 1837, and, at the early age of ten years, learned the moves of chess from his father, at his own earnest solicitation. The family of Morphy has long been known in the South and West of the Republic for the eminence of its members in the mysteries of Caissa: and foremost among them stood the uncle of our hero, Mr. Ernest Morphy. This gentleman is of equal strength with Mr. Rousseau, of New Orleans, who has, for many years, been a frequent visitor at the leading clubs of London and the continent and whose presence we are again happy to welcome in Europe. At a very early age, young Paul had played some hundred games with his uncle, and about half as many with Mr. Rousseau; almost all the games toward the last being won by their youthful oppon-ent. While still a mere boy, he played thirty games with Mr. James McConnell, wining all but one; and on the 22d and 25th of May, 1850, (not yet thirteen years of age,) he encountered the celebrated Hungarian, Herr Lowenthal, the result being in some. measure, no doubt, owing to Mr. L's under-

match now pending.

For several years past, Mr. Morphy had only played with amateurs, to whom he gave first congress of American chess players, last the States. Comparatively little is known in England of the strength of American players. At the time of the congress, the New York club contained such men as - Mead and Thompson, gentlemen well known at the Cafe de Regence, and who received only small odds from Kierzeritzky, and players of equal grade. Lichtenbeim, a trifle stronger, had been president of the Konigsburg club,

feat had something to do with Herr- Lowen-

the Union were amateurs of equal force; such, for instance, as Montgomery, of Philadelphia, and Paulsen, then unknown to fame, Could our readers examine some of the games played by the above gentlemen, they would have a high opinion of the knowledge of the "king of games" in the great Repub-Hon. A. B. Meek, Judge of Probate in he State of Alabama, and one of the leading urists and orators in America, was the first o give the New York club an idea of Paul

Morphy's powers. When he informed the members that the youthful Louisianian wo'd certainly carry off the prize in the tournament, he incurred a good deal of bentering; one gentleman answering, "Because he beats you, Judge, you think he must necessarily beat everybody else;" a reply which, how-ever brilliant, proved unsound. Mr. Paulsen also gave it as his decided epinion, previous

cold. They were bidden to be in waiting at Louisianian was so great that, whenever th merely over the board that Paul Morphy exerts his powers. As a blindfold player, n one ever before succeeded in conducting seven games with the exception of Paulsen, and he has frequently stated in New York that he felt satisfied Morphy could play as many games as himself. The latter is considerably tronger blindfolded than Paulsen, and some of his battles are surprising examples of

brilliant strategy.

Mr. Morphy is about five feet three inches, and his slenderness of figure is such as to give him a remarkably youthful appearance. -London Field.

The Beginning of the World. The following is an extract from a sermon if Spurgeon, the English preacher, and is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two, has made his name familiar in hoth hemischeres:

Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands years before that God was forming chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man, and putting races of creatures upon it, that they might die and leave traces of his handiwork and marvelous skill, before he tried his hand on man. But this was not the beginning, for revelations point us to a period long ere this world was fashioned, to the days when the morning stars were begotten-when, like drops of water from the fingers of morning, stars and constellations fell thickly from th hand of God; when, by his own lips, he for the remainder of his days, having at last launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with his own hand, he sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day-their proper sphere. We go back to all his sins upon his head, leaving not so those days when worlds were made and sysmuch as a ghost of a will behind him. So tems were fishioned, and we have not even approached the beginning yet.
Until we go back to the time when all the

universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, dwells alone, everything sleeping within him, all creation sleeping in his mighty gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back nack, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use such words, whole eter nities, and yet never arrive at the beginning flashes, majesty, power, and rapidity, it wo'd space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, no motion, naughi but God himself alone in his eternity; when without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the charlot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, " in the beginning was the Word," and in the beginning God's peo-ple were in the Word, and in the beginning He chose them all unto eternal life.

A lady, expressing a wish—in pres-nce of her son, a boy of five years—that she had something to read that she had never read before, the boy exclaimed, " Take your

Bible, mother in A small leak will sink a great ship.