## The Independent Republican. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT MOSTROSE, SUBQUE-

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- Job Work.—The office of the Independent

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## Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

**VOL. 5.** }

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1859.

| NO. 27.

When Banners are Waving.

- WHEN banners are waying, When hanners are waving,
  And lances a-pushing,
  When captains are shouting,
  And war-horses rushing;
  When cannon are roaring,
  And hot bullets flying,
  He that would honor win,
  Must not fear dying.
- Though shafts fiv so thick
  That it seems to be snowing;
  Though streamlets with blood More than water are flowing; nough with sabre and buller Our bravest are dying, We speak of revenge, but We ne'er speak of flying.
- Come, stand to it, heroes!
  The heathen are coming,
  Horsemen are round the walls,
  Riding and running;
  Maidens and matrons all Arm! arm! are crying, rom petards the wildfire's Flashing and flying.
- The trumpets from turrets high Loudly are braying; The steeds for the
- Are storting and neighing;
  As waves in the ocean,
  The dark plumes are dancing;
  As stars in the blue sky,
  The helmets are alsociated The helmets are glancing. Their ladders are planting,
- Their sabres are sweeping; Now swords from our sheaths By the thousands are leaping; Like the flash of the Jevin Ere men hearken thunder, Swords gleam, and the steel caps Are cloven asunder.
- The shouting has ceased,
  And the flashing of cannon!
  I looked from the turret For crescent and pennon: As flax touched by fire,

  As bail in the river,

## My Kunanay Match.

They were smote, they were fallen, And had melted forever.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of a fdoubt. I deported myself-like a person in love; I talked like a person in love; I looked and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken not words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, length, and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surprising beauty in the broad heavens of home affection. My love was returned—the strong yearning of my nineteen-year-old heart went out in the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire who, in return, sent the yearning of her heart to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the week came round, I went up to the old.

I say I must have looked ugly at that moment, I shought I was she was but a child. She liked me, even then, I believe. Well, at any rate she declares every time the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge.

Adams and Jefferson on War.—The letters that passed between the second and third Presidents of the United States, a few my charming Janet. The good doctor made kindness. us of our youth. Janet was tortured by s eferences to her play-house in the shed, her ong sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered an old coat of the doctor's for my mother to make

nto a dressing gown for me. . We were, nevertheless, determined to be would become in a moment's time, Mrs. Jaion Brown.

At once we set about making preparations or this important journey. Everything, of the bundle above our heads. "Be ecrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's grey nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness ner, and then proceed to Janet's. Janet was o be waiting for me-at her chamber window. was to place a ladder at the same window: she was to descend that ladder; we were to fly down to the read through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened; and

the wind should not outrun us. There was but one difficulty in the way .lanet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, er than Dr. Staddard. a little, mischievous, wicked creature of elev en years, who, to use danet's words, "wawake at all hours of the night." There was but one way: if Fanny was aroused she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hand a round shining dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidant the

case prevent all possibility of raising the house by a sudden outery. Well, the long looked for, hoped for, and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How slowly its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange load of heartfelt emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window looking out, as I thought for the last time, upon the home of my father. The moon was cut in all her splendor; she was kind to me, lighting up with her wilver turches all the spots my eyes might with to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the fields in which I had

worked by my father's side since I was a little boy-ah! a dear, kind father he had swell.) I turned away from the window. "If I could see my mother once more! exclaimed rubbing my eyes with my coat sleeve. "No one ever had a better moth-

er than I have." I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with her touch. There was a spinning wheel in the room where I sleft; and at the end of the spindle hung a woolen roll. With my knife I half cut and tore it off, pressed it fer vently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket; I had not time to do jore; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived; and with a slow, yet noiseless step I left he house. Out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, respected, and influential man, an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends, and the

nusband of Janet. I have often wondered since, how I succoeded in getting away from home with my triumphant exit from the old place, and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little-sprite Fanny; if, after all, she should betray us, what a dreadful, direful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in!— I groaned aloud at the thought; yet. I put a brave face upon the matter; I said that if it was right that we should go, we should go; if it wasn't right, in all probability we should stay at home; yet right or not right, if that miserable little Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong, that was almost to his knees. "He-haw, he-haw hi-

How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towhands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my overloaded heart would birst from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then! What an Apollo I must have looked, with my fine proportions wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself:

the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly to my arm pits. The sleeves reached to the tips of the fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed mt. self for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of blue broadcloth was perched a hat. O! ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat! a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not a boot leg! That hat !-- looking back at it through

possession of my youthful heart was no every think brim appears little wider than my day one. I was sure of that. There were thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as perfect as it used to be, and so I may not quite see rightly. Make all due allowantes, dear reader. I say I must have looked ugly at that mo-

the week came round, I went up to the old service. As I stood there, I could see her brown house of Dr. Stoddard to tell his little figure flit noiselessly to and fro by the daughter my love, and as regularly listened window, and how I blessed her—blessed her to a recital of its return from the red lips of from the very bottom of my heart, for her merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding ladder, and as she did so the moon crowded The heavens favored us; our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma with

my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly by the sleeves of married. We would steal slyly away from my blue broadcloth before we looked up to the house while our cruel friends reposed in the window, both with upraised hands, to the arms of Morpheus; hie us, on "the catch a small bundle of clothing which Fanny wings of love," to the nearest city; Janet was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means to carry with us.

"Be quiet, Fan," whi pered Janet, as her sister reappeared at the window and poised course, must be conducted with the greatest Fan, for heaven's sake, and drop it quickly!" But Fanny still stood there; swinging backward and forward the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty.

" Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should be awak-

"La, give it to her, Fan; don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry !" called a yoice at that moment from the closed blinds at the parlor windows, which belonged to none oth-

"Give her the things; and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some wheat and butter to the cart. Janet must have a setting out. Only he still about it,

For a moment we were petrified upon th spot; I thought I should fail to the ground. What should we do-run, faint, die, evapo very afternoon before we started, and in that rate, or go mad? While we stood undecide ed, two huge matrasses fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pil low cases, table cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the seiting up of a respect able house keeping establishment.

" Mother, mother, don't one of these feather beds belong to Janet ?" called Charlie Stoddard from one part of the house, Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows, too. Carry em right out of the front door," was the answer-

"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked the doctor, pushing up the blind, "your father's ?" "Y-e-e-s, sir," I stammered.

"Humph! didn't you know better than that; that old gray isn't worth a button to (at this juncture my throat began to go, Why didn't you come to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away, straight to the barn, and barness black Molly for Jason. If you'll believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam-work lively-they're in a

hurry; it's time they were off. "Have you anything with you, Janet, to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window. "No, ma'am," faltered Janet, moving step or two from me.

"Well, that's good forethought. And live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house either! Can you take some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and

cheese, do, Jason I It's all we have."
"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly, stepping as easily as I could a little further from Janet. "Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat 'and hat!" called Fan, from the window, her mer ry voice trembling with suppressed laughter Isn't that a splendid one, father ?-just look at the length of its tails!"

" Just give me my glasses, wife," said the ductor. Is it a new one Jason?" horse and cart without arousing any one. "Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving But as good luck would have it, I made a seger look in the direction of the lane. "Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving an

all my days in avenging the wrong, that was almost to his knees. "He-haw, he-haw he-haw !—Mother—he-haw—don't they look

nice?" roared the doctor.
I couldn't stand it any longor. The doc-How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after tastening my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously up the long lane that led to the doctor's house. O! joy inexpressible! the mount of a white headstarchief in the mount of t waving of a white handkerchief in the moon-light told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet fond-ly to my breast, mine, mine forever! Ah, den. Every Stoddard called after me. I how happy I was! so happy, indeed, that I am wrong; every Stoddard but Janet; she stood there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for the bread and cheere; another that I had

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallow-tail coat that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the pride out to the barn and hid in the barn and hid of perations, as a usual thing, lay withe alone, I began to suspect Monsieur L

ed to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him not to breast of it. I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sore of this; I did not look at a girl for seven years—no, not for seven years.

When the civita was rame round I remem.

When the civita vear came round I remem.

The block was used in the little barrel was Cazan-as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect.—

I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The block was used, and on the long of this was ulseed the missile which the mist of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the height of full two feet, while its brim appears little wider than my married Fanny. Janet became a parson's

And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a very deep motive in her head when she betrayed Janet and me, though

ters that passed between the second and third Presidents of the United States, a few years before their death, are charming speci-mens of epistolary correspondence. These

to eat one another again. A war between kite and snake; whichever destroys the oth er leaves a destroyer the less for the world. The pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature; one of the obstacles to too great multiplication, provided in the mechanism of the universe.

I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter. And it is some consolation that the lesolation of those maniacs of one part of the earth is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow while Russia holds her-by the horns and the Turk by the tail. God bless you, and give you health, strength good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having. Thomas JEFFERSON."
In Mr. Adams's reply to this letter, the

ollowing passage occurs: "All men say this globe is a theatre war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little cels in vinegar, and the animalcules in pepper water, I believe, are quarrelsome.bees are warlike as the Romans, Rusmans, or Frenchmen; ants, caterpillars, and miner-worms are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and Heaven tselt, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians, and Mahomedans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves the morning I procured a horse and set out. cause of evil-doers; but surely trust the Rul-

jost efficient arms of the French service, are thus described : "The dress of the Zouave is that of the

Arab pattern; the cap is a loose fig. or skull cap, of scarlet felt, with a tassel; a turban is worn over this in full dress; a cloth vest and loose jacket, which leave the neck unencum bered by collar, stock, or cravat, cover the upper part of his body, and allow free movement of the arms; the scarlet pants are of the loose Oriental pattern, and are tucked under garters like those of the foot rifles of the guard; the overcoat is a loose clock with a hood; the Chasseurs wear a similar one. The men say that this dress is the most convenient possible, and prefer it to any other. The Zouaves are all French; they are elected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are, what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-reliant, and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his grace ful dress, soldierly bearing, and vigilant attitude, the Zouave at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comforts; f there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fishing rods, &c; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite certain to btain it. Their movements are the most

nade without effort or latigue." Tom.-" Don't you think some vers would touch her, Charley-a beautiful

Charley .- Oh, hang your verses, Tom .-If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and ries, but in reality hunting after some clue to

For the Independent Republican. My Child's Grave.

BY J. D. THERE is one spot, the dearest Of all the world to me; Tis beside a noble river, And beneath a forest tree.

For there beneath the green sward, In a narrow bed, and low,
Where the winds are sighing gently. And the summer flowers grow There lie the mouldering ashes Of my darling little boy, The sanlight of the household— My pride, my hope, my joy. His Rule life is ended, His childish sorrows o'er; His spirit has ascended To Heaven's happy shore.

When my short life is over, When our Father calls me home, May I lie there beside him, In the dark and silent tomb— Beside that noble river, Where the waters gently lave— Where the songsters of the forest Sing a requiem o'er his grave.

The Mysterious Denths.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE.

I HAD some renown as a successful rogue patch. The missive came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I fook an early dinand at once took me to his private closet. "Now," said I, "have you got work for

"Yes," he replied. "Sit down and listen.

wine, he proceeded:
"Within a few months past, there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in the Department of War that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly, on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was ound by the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be extracts are from letters written in June, found upon him. His pockets had been ri. wards Aups.

1825. Mr. Jefferson, in writing to Mr. Adfled, however. The next one was found near wards Aups.

Annot and under the same circumstances.—

Annot and under the same circumstances.—

At the end of half an hour, I came to the took a gendarme all to the factory. Mon ams, makes the following allusions to Euro- Annot, and under the same circumstances.it | Since then five or six more have died upon seems that the cannibals of Europe are going the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of ill-usage have been found any of them; but they have all been robbed.'

Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked. The Prefect told me that they had: " And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect. I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them. "But," said I, " is there not some poison

in this matter? Some inn-keeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim." "No," returned the Prefect with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without ef-

fect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at ouce, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you," After conferring a while longer with Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing; and thus habited, went to a hotel and put up for the night. In

about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil-doers; but surely trust the Rulday I pretended to be doing business. went to the woolen factory and examined lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learne that most of the people who came there or business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix; so I left my horse there, and ergaged ludgings. After durk I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain

no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarines had been sent out upon , all the roads, and secret police had also been put up on the watch. The last victim had fallen on ly four days before, and the deed was done fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any sus picions. He answered that all the auspicion he had held, was fastened upon Juan Fontaix the inn keeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he muttered, "they'll be sus pecting me next, if they have not done so al-ready!" ight and graceful I have ever seen ; the stride long, but the foot seems scarcely to touch I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontain the ground, and the march is apparently bled at the thought of being apprehended for

the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently. I spent all of the next day in the town, oschaibly engaged in business with the factothe gale altogether, and june a fire company," the object of my mission. Night came but I had seen enough of it to know that avil - Franklin.

the next morning I cailed for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home.—
Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I coheruned my bargain.

After this I went to the woolen factory, and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazsubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders, he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than

ter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket.—
At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory, and walked to be removed. And now comes the inferial feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little harral was Cazanthe direct work of death. The plot was the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them covered ere this. So I resolved to wait a with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. while and see if he returned. I would have He took them out and showed them to me. followed him, if I could have done so with This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger

already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road.

terwards entered the wood. I now began to prised to see me back so soon; but he was be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the or the mysterious manner im which the murders had been done, verged so glosely upon the marvelous, that a sort of superstitious floor. We had him secured before he had dread attached to it. Had the victims been sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed dread attached to it. Had the victims been sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed shot, or run through with a sword, or had to the office of the Sub-Prefect without troutheir throats cut, I should have felt no sort of ble. At first he denied everything; but dread. But this was new ground. Death when he found that this would not avail him, had come here, nobody knew how. It might he swore he would kill the boy. have come from an invisible hand and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must feet of Digne took possession of the infernal

Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a boy by the road-ide, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping pin spent two years in confinement, and was a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not then set free, and commenced an honest life. farments were covered with meal. I knew Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he night be the miller's boy. As I came nearr, I saw a large sack upon the ground, close

where the mule stood. What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, I drew up near him.
This ugly mule has thrown both me and week:

my bag of corn from his back," the boy an "Are you hurt ?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift the sack again. If Monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful." Until this moment the idea of suspect the boy had not entered my head; but the uspicion flashed upon me now. He was alogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. 'He gave me a giance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him

I leaped from my saddle, and moved to wards the buy, being careful to watch his every movement. "Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it

holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw bim carry his hand to his bosom, and draw somethin out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant, seized his wrist, and bent it upward, and as I did so, I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion cap, and saw a tiny wreath of Mohammed. "Bring me s Colt's revolver, moke curl up from the hand I held. He and I will off." struggled to free himself from my grasp, but

I beld him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him. "I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols, and cocking it. "I will imply inform you, that I am an officer of knew nothing of the guilty party. He was for you, Just offer a particle more of resistively fearful, and at times blanched and tremands and a hullet goes through your brain! ance, and a bullet goes through your brain ! Now give me that weapon. The boy was frightened, and trembled vio

lently. "It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more:

was in it. It appeared to me to be in ordin. was in it. If appeared to me to be an ordinary meershaum pipe, the howl being colored as by long use—only the amber mouth piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I know that sow would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Maisteur Louis Canadon? I remarked by any of letting him know that I was thoroughly informed.

He started, and I may very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know anything about the individual

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I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I starnly replied.

"for I know all about it. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a again; but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home.—

drawn of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my savantage; and ere long I had blim bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one

handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.
I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said, "Very well;" and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him goodday, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Monsieur Louis

the infernal machine, which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time, they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in travelling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

"Yes," he replied. "Sit down and listen." Iollowed mm. It I could have done so with We sat down, and having tasted a glass of wine, he proceeded:

"Within a few months past, there have the months in a came in the same with a green indicated in the same with a green which was the most view whic 

l examined my. pistola, and then left the comprehend what hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy; and begins left him is charge of the Castellane with the boy; and having left him in charge of the Sub-Prefect, gendarme, and bade him put the hand-cuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the

In due time, Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death; and the Preapproach very near to his victim ere the machine. Before the villain was executed, blow was struck, since it must be some di he contessed his crimes—told how many. rect and powerful agent that could cause years he had worked to perfect his fatal indeath in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint owned that the boy Henry had been driven. to help him through fear of his life. So the rascal was executed. Henry Du-

pin spent two years in confinement, and was more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, that there was a mill upon a branch of the done the country some service, and the peoand perhaps, more. At all events, I had ple were not slow to acknowledge it.

[The following was picked up near the ofice of the Sunday Thermometer. It is evidently the beginning of one of those "thrilling tales" illustrated on the fences every

The Blind Spy. A TALE OF THE SPASMODIC AGE. BY SYLVESTER ANACHRORISM, JE.

Night upon a battle field! In a tent guarded by five Zouaves, sat ound a mosaic table General Washington, Mohammed, and Julius Cesar. They were commanders of the allied forces at the siege of Jerusalem. It was evident, from the appearance of the table, that they had been playing fare and dricking lager bier. "Hist !" suddenly exclaimed General Washington, positing his finger to his lip.

"Aha!" quoth Muhammed, spitting out a volume of the Koran, bearing the imprint of Harper Brothers. Hum!" squeaked Julius Cresar, placing his finger to his nose, a la Florence Hotel.

A Zouave at this juncture put his head in the tent, and said, "The murderer of Dr.

Burdell is discovered." "Then order the garrison to arms!" cried General Washington, "and let the Milwau-kie Light Guard hold Pike's Peak until the

Horace Greeley cavalry charge the Caucasians in the rear." "Don't you think, General, that if the Minie battering ram, such as I used with Nelson, at Trafalgar, were ordered up it would be better?" said Julius Casar.

"Bring in Flora Temple, and I myself will ride to the scene of action," exclaimed "Hist!" said another Zouave, putting in his head, "it is not the murderer of Dr. Burdell, it is the Blind Spy who approaches." The allied generals fell to the ground in a

fit which was only relieved by the entrance of the Blind Spy! Taking from his pocket a bottle of Burnett's Cocoaine, he sprinkled it and said, "My master, Socrates, bids you surrender, or he will send you all to the Mammoth Cave as prisoners of war. (To be continued.)

Creditors have better memories than ebtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times,