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Louis, December 25, 150-17

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DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MONTROCK, Pa. Office in the

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Montrose, March 17, 1858,-11

AN ACROSTIC.

Mariaces, August 11, 1857—ta

HEADSTRUNG H

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SURGEON DENTIST. Residence an opposite the Rapide church, (North sides). Treet, nor Gentuchar attention will be given to reteth on Gords and Servers plate, and to filling decayin Montroes, January 32, 1255-47

DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located bines:

at Montrose, Susquehanna county, Pa. OFFICE over Wilso
but's Store. Lodgings at Scarle's Hotel.

Montrose, March 10, 1856;

EING new prepared to practice MEDICIN has located himself in Montrove, Pa., and the calls with which he may be favored. dBPS Store, opposite Scarle's Hotel. MONTROSE; Susq. Co., Pa., March 2, 1859.-4f

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Office west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
, REXTLET.

J. H. Emich.

Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

VOL. 5. }

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1859.

From Sharpe's Magazine. The Two Bees.

One summer's morning fresh and sinny,
After a month of cloudless weather,
To gather in their choicest honey
A pair of thes set forth together;
Two loyal knaves as e'or were seen
Of the same good and gracious queen. They'd not gone far when in the air
They met a wand'ring odor sweet,
Which led them to a garden fair—
A cottage garden, plain and neat;
Where poor but lib'ral hands had set harming beds of mignonette.

And fragrant thyme that filled the air With rich and delicate periume, And roses, white and red, were there, And dainty hollybocks in bloom, That soared majestic, straight, and tall, Like mighty monarchs over all. "Hurrah! you garden plot," said one,
"A large and inscious spoil will yield,"
"Nay," said the other, "this bright sun
Shall tempt me further yet afield—

Perchance to pass my morning hours With richer and with rarer flowers." So one within the garden stayed,
And gathered honey all day long,
Watched by a little bright-eyed maid,
Who Estened to his joyous song,
And, as from flower to flower he flew, (So busy and so cheerful too,)
A life-directing lesson drew.

The other onward, onward sailed,
But joyless was his flight and dreary,
And soon his strength or spirit failed,
And, all disconsolate and weary,
He called the garden plot to mind
And wished that he had stayed behind.

At length, to his profound relief, Casse waited odors in the air, Caste watted odors in the air,
And welcome glimpees, bright and brief,
He caught of a genteel parterre;
He hurried on, and, in a trice,
Alighted in a Paradise!

How fortunate at last was he
Admitted to that realm of beauty!—
But languisly the weary bee
Applied to his appointed duty,
And more than once bewailed the fate That gave such privilege so late.

The sequel now: At eventide,
When both the bees were home expected, The one came carly to the hive,
The other late, and much dejected; The one a precious burthen bore The other half his wonted store.

The other han his valed by inborn right
Of sense sublime and princely spiritWho made it her supreme delight
To humble pride and foster merit—
Summoned forthwith her subject-bees, And briefly spoke in words like these :-

"My friends," said she, "the richest treasure Is also oftentimes the nearest, And those who travel far for pleasure Will find that what has cost them dearest Is far less precious, when 'tis earned,'
Than the cheap happiness they spurned." And men, like bees, may oft regret And men, use bees, may our regret.
The folly of the morning hour,
When with a cold and stern "Not yet,"
They hurried past the slighted flower,
Which had abundant power to bless
With years of honeyed happiness.

> For the Independent Republican. I have Seen the Fashion.

'Tis a pretty place where my relative resides, and forth pleasant rippling sounds; the birds carol sweetly, and the perfume of fragrant flowers is wafted on the gentle breeze.

And here is a church where Sabbath after Sabbath the pastor reasons of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." Opposite is the white schoolhouse where science is taught. Surely, this must be a happy and intelligent people. The wind is blowing hard to-day, and the s cold ; we cannot account for this freak of June .-But it is the Sabbath, and we hasten to church. We

enter and find a few engaged in the duties of Sabbath School, while several young people remain in the hall for a sociable. Sabbath School over, we walk to the door to intale the pure air for a few moments, and the people begin to congregate. Why do so many stay without? Do they think that the pastor will not come,

and that they must return to their homes without hearing from him the Word of Life? What is the subject on which all are conversing, and seem interested? Ay! now I hear, and the sound jars upon the ear, it is so discordant with the time and place. One says, "How's your corn / did It all come up?"

Ol yes, it's all come up, but the cut-worms eat it some: I've had to plant part of it over:" while another interrogates his neighbor, with "Have you got our buckwheat ground plowed yet?" He answers, "No! but I've got my ralls split ;-I'm going to fence it; I've got to break it up jet;

ess I'll do that next week." Meanwhile my relative takes a seat upon upon the already crowded steps; and, now that there is an other to help, the knives fly faster and the sharings comulate as they fall from the sticks in the hands of several old and young men. The ladies can scarcely ascend the steps, but as often as one leaves mother takes his place; and the conversation con

"Well, I've got to go on the road, to-morrow, rock my tax out.—" I worked mine out last week 've got through with that." I now prevailed upon my relative to enter, as

nan came around with book and pencil, as if to colect taxes. Within, a small number await the pastor, who soo nters and invokes God for His mercy and grace;-

The day has come, the joyful day,

At length the day has come, When saints and angels joy display, O'er Sinners coming home. Chorus-They're coming home, they're coming home Behold them coming home, And saints and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home,

A few come into the church as the choir sing, at thers appear at the door to ascertain who is within and dodge back laughing; but as the choir sing the last time "They're coming home," enter, walking to the farther side of the church. It would indeed be joyful if they came with penitent bearts, but they ling to an acquaintance within, than to hear the

And here sits my relative, beating time on his bat gives to a little girl who puts it down in disgust. The pastor announces the text, II Tim., 1-9, and few more enter while others go out, and thus continue till the services are ended.

We are now on our way home, and hope to witess such scenes no more; but ere we are half way, we hear a shout and the galloping of horses, and turning we see two men, in wagons with their fami-Bes, trying the speed of their horses. One has driven quite out of the road, and, applying the whip, endeavors to pass the other, who is determined not to TOPLEAGANT, and low is the FARE let him.

As discusting as these scenes are, they are true. Such is the prevailing fashion in a place very near lest angel in the high heavens, and first nowed the break when he dies .- Scott.

us, that has a church and a schoolhouse, and where seed of dark rebellion there. Yes, it was he that have not availed here; thy eloquence is unheeded by great Johovah; and was hurled with lightning venthe people. Teachers, who are entrusted with the young here, are you fulfilling your mission as you was the first that disturbed the harmony of God and ties neglected? June, 1859.

> For the Independent Republican. Boarding Around.

The question-"how shall we board the teacher?" has of late been a great annoyance to School Direct ors and the friends of education; a few urging a reform on the old system of boarding around, while the majority (like the man balancing his grist with atone because his grandfather did) are in favor of the teacher's boarding from place to place, as he is welcomed or rejected by the parents of the district in which he labora.

One reason urged by many for thus subjecting th teacher to this barbarous practice of "boarding 'around," is that it is cheaper, which in their opinio is so much gain, while in fact they lose an incalcula ble amount of school training for their children that they might receive if the teacher were provided with permanent boarding place.

They cannot appreciate the fact that if the teach er is supplied with a room, he can prosecute his studies; and devise plans to promote the best interest of his school; but seem to be of the opinion that he has arrived at the summit of perfection in his profession, and all that is necessary is to enter the schoolroom and go over the same routine of studies

It is an erroneous idea of the tax-payers of this county that boarding at one place is more expensive than boarding around, for while they save a few shillings in an immediate pectmiary point of view, they lose a vast amount in the mental culture of their children ; which Solomon says " is better than fine

We have often heard people remark that "they had rather board the teacher than not." Wise financiers indeed! We would recommend them to apply for some responsible office; perhaps Secretary of the Treasury would be best suited for their great powers of financial calculation. If they succeed, we loubt not that the finances of our country would at once be restored to their wonted equilibrium. Why should the teacher have a permanent board

ing place? We answer, first, that he, like others, is a progressive being, and needs not only the cultive tion of his own mind, but untiring application to hi profession, that he may be able to do the best t ote the interest of his school; these objects he annot attain while boarding from place to place. Second, that he is responsible to God and his fel low man how he discharges his duties in the schoolroom, in training the youthful mind along the rugged paths of science, and therefore must be maste of his profession in its various departments, The greater share of the people think that the teacher is impervious to the chilling blasts of Winter,

and the driving rains of Summer. Many a teacher has brought "pale death upon him while in the morning of life, in thus being torced to trudge through mud and rain to his boarding place: His face is pale; his cheek is blanched; and the

spring of life wastes away; and he dies." is a bore upon the common schools of Pennsylvania and will never enable them to rise to that high degree of perfection that is requisite to the advance nent and prosperity of the rising generation. There is another idea among the parents that the

eacher's duties require a small amount of laboronly staying in the schoolroom six hours a day"this is a mistake. If the teacher is worthy of the name, and labors in his duties as his profession re-quires, he must necessarily labor incessantly from morn till night; and during the silent night, bright visions of the prosperity of his school are brought to bear upon his mind.

Few people consider the responsibility of the teacher. Through his labors nations may rise or fall. By him impressions are made upon tender hearts, that follow them through the ceaseless cycles of eternity.

Friends of education, abolish this uncivilized practice, this old forvism forever, and substitute in its stead in the school law a provision that no qualified teacher shall be required to board from place to

Instead of strewing briers and thistles along his pathway, encourage him in his Godlike mission, raise him to a rank due to his vocation, and may the day. soon come when the common school teacher shall ccupy a station with other professions of the age. This done, the teacher will have an incentive prompt him in his labors; the common school system will awake from its lethargy; the masses will become educated; and we shall stand foremost among the catalogue of nations. Great Bend, Pa., July, 1859.

For the Independent Republican. Calumny.

Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose tongu Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tong Outvenous all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world! Kings, queens, and State Maida, matrons; ray, the secrets of the grave This viperous stander enters.—Shakespears.

This picture of Shakespeare, whose body has suldered in the tomb over two hundred years, has lost none of its strong features by modern improve nent in human society. Calumny is the same blighting sirocco, the same envenomed scorpion, the same saming missus, as it was when his master hand do inested its dark and flendish physiognomy." As ration—its forked fongue is charged with the same nation it searches all corners of the world for vic time—It merifices the high, and low, the king and the peasant, the rich and poor, the matron and maid the living and the dead; but, cursed propensity, de lights most in destroying worth, and immolating in socence. Lacon has justly renearted, "Calumny osses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses de erts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and like him rides on a poisoned arrow," As the Samiel wind of the Arabian desert; not only produces death. but causes rapid decomposition of the body; so calumny affects fame, honor, integrity, worth, and virtue. The base, blackhearted, triple tongued, Janus with a half whittled stick, which the singing over he faced, cloven footed calumniator, like the louthsome worm, leaves his path marked with the filth of malice and seum of faisehood, and pollutes the fairest flowers, the choicest fruit, the most delicate plants in the green house of character. Living he is a traveling pest house-dying, impenitent, his soul is too deeply stained for hell, and should be driven to that imaginary, elementless blank, beyond the confines of all worlds, shrouded in the darkness of nonentity, earth affords means for accomplishing it. He there to roam alone, through the cesseless ages of eternity, without a pain or pleasure to relieve the vantage by a specious word, nor take an evil awful monotony of that dreadful vacuum. My God! path to secure a real good purpose. Such a from whence came this king of passion's fiends. It man were one for whom a woman's hear must be the offspring of him who was once the tall should beat constantly while he breathes, and

Nature has been lavish. Ah! Nature, thy teachings | dared to lift his rebel arm against his benefactor, the geance from his lofty height to the lowest hell. He should? And, O! Church of God, are not thy du- angels, the Apollyon of the human race, the morning star of Pandemonium. Foul blot on the black-ness! never calumniate the name of another—sooner plunge a dagger through his heart. So deep does the calumniator sink in the murky waters of degradation and infamy, that, could an angel apply an Archimedian moral lever to him, with Heaven for a fulcrum, he could not in a thousand years raise him to the grade of a convicted felon.

> For the Independent Republican. Beath.

Death has no favorites, and no exceptions to his storn decree. To all alike, it is the same invidious and relentless foe. It knocks at the door of the palace, as well as the cot, and heeds not the heart-broken anguish of their inmates. It stamps its scal upon the high and the low, and mocks at the tears of the orphan and the bereaved. It loves to roam among the sepulchres, and count with a fiendish smile the number of the slain. The bones of the fallen lie bleaching upon a thousand battle-fields, or mouldering in unnumbered cemeteries and places of burial. Monuments of sculptured art, in spotless marble, mark the repose of countless multitudes. Who has not heard the deep, muffled tones of the church bell as it announced the departure from earth of some loved one, whose last remains were about to be consigned to the charnel house of the dead. How lonely! how impressive! One can almost count the pulsations of his own heart as those solemn notes vibrate upon the listening ear, and break in upon the quiet stillness of the scene. Tis then we realize that

With strange, mysterious tread, Is ever with the living and the dead. The aged and the young—the maiden beautiful in er loveliness—the child in its sweet budding innonce—the youth noble in the majesty of intellect, and just entering upon the inspiration of manhoodand the man borne down with the weight of years, and whose aged locks have been silvered by the frosts of many winters-are alike the trophics, for centuries, of that insatiate despot, Death-whose stern decrees are inflexible, irrevocable, from which there is no avenue of escape. NED LOPEZ.

For the Independent Republican.

The Laurels of Napoleon. Strange as it may seem, it is no less true, that the laurels of the warrior always grow on the field of battle, where the soil is saturated with the blood of millions of human beings. Its roots are nourished by the purple tide of life. The dewn that descend upon it are not those of Hermon, they are the tears of the disconsulate widow, and the helpless orphan. The breezes that fan it are mingled with the clangor of arms, and the roar of earth's artillery. The music of its rustling leaves are the sighs and groams of the dying. Its beauties and perfections are only developed by devastation and death, by carnage and a ments; whereupon the following were of field of blood. Such was the strange nature of the laurels that encircled the brow of Napolcon, at the height of his military career. Such the wreaths, the crowns of glory, by which the heads of the conquerors of earth are adorned. Such, alas! may rob them dems of glory, of crowns palms of victory, in that better land, where sin, sor ow, and death find no admittance, but where glory o God and the Lamb is echoed from every tongyle

> From the Potter Journal. Morn.

O lonely hills! O valleys dim, Sprinkled with blossoms shining white, Thank God for Morning's golden sun, That floods your shadowed bowers with light! Sweet odors from the violets rise And float with the cool breezes by I lie upon dear Nature's breast,-

Strange bird-songs gush from mead and wood; Soft clouds drift through the sea-like sky. Whose heart beats pulse to pulse with mine,— And feel, through all my thrilling veins, The impulse of her life divine. No longer poor, no more alone,

To me, as to the waiting Earth, Breaks, full and clear, the glorious Morn. An Rditor's Bed. In a certain village the editor of a local newspay

ad a room at the hotel. Being absent one night and the house being crowded, the landlord put a tranger in his bed. The next morning the follow ng lines were found in the room: I slept in an editor's bed last pight And others may say what they please; I say there's one editor in the world That certainly takes his ease.

When I thought of my humble cot, away, I could not suppress a sigh,
But thought as I rolled in the feathery nest,
How easily editors lie.

—Exchange

The editor after making some inquiries of the lar ord, made the following addition to the above: The chap whose form has rested here,

And left his copy behind,

For a had impression should be locked up,
As the cut is most unkind. Behold a proof of how he lies,—
In the morning he went away,
And like many that use an editor's sheet,

Has forgotten the bill to pay. A Good REASON.-Many a glorious spec lation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texan Ranger gave when he was asked why he did not buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story. "Well, I did come nigh onto taking, eight thousand acres onest," said old Jon, mourn-"You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two eagues just below here, for a pair of boots. For a pair of boots ?" I cried out.

"Yes, a pair of boots for each league?" "But why on earth didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the "Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to

give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned the two leagues of land.

the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or is one who will neither seek an indirect adSunday Doings Among Horses.

Our parson is one of the kind who give HARRISBURG, the capital of Pennsylvania, the people the worth of their money, so he

As I went out I saw something was on foot among the mags; most of them had their ears back, and were showing their teeth, and stamping in anything but a religious mood. When I got my fluid down I stopped to investigate the disturbance among the horses, and as I knew horse latin, sat down on the steps to take notes. All were outside the reils and hitching notes in a new and matter. rails and hitching posts in a paved gutter. each beating a tattoo with a quartette of iron hoofs, which I thought would be more profitable for the blacksmith and farrier than for the owner; but as the owners were mostly

rich, it was none of my business.

The little Black reached his head over to the little Chestnut and whispered something; when the Chestnut moved the meeting be or ganized, by calling the Big Bay to the chair. This motion was carried, and the chairman proceeded to state the object of the meeting

Fellow-Horses-We have now organized ourselves into a convention for the purpose of peaceably discussing our grievances in accordance with the republican character of our inalienable rights. We are brought from our stables and pastures every Sunday to be tied up here, in this hot weather, upon a pavement of villanous boulders, exposed to the hest of a mid-summer sun and the bites of merciless flies. Many of us have not a stitch of fly net to our backs, and all of us have been more or less incapacitated from protecting ourselves by having our tails clipped to gratify an unseemly fashion,

which neither our masters nor mistresses seemed disposed to honor in their outward continuations. Besides our check reins are left tied so tight that we can not bite a fly from our shoulders, or ease our aching muscles a single minute. In view of these abus es, we feel that our condition calls loudly for redress, and hope this convention will devise some means of relief. The Black then nominated the Chestnut as

Secretary, which was agreed on. The Cream Color moved a committee o three to present a platform for the consideration of the meeting. Carried, and the chair

appointed the Cream, the Black, and the Roan, said Committee. While this Committee was consulting gether, the Chair called for an expression opinion from the different members of the convention, and requested that each one bring in a resolution embodying this senti-

By the Dencon's Yellow Mare: Resolved. That the merciful man is merci ful to his beast. Adopted. By Old White.

Resolved, That every horse should be prodád with a fly net. This was amended by the Sorrel, so as read: "and that the said fly nets should be constructed so as to protect the flanks and legs, as well as the back and ears," and in his form the resolution was adopted.

By the Bobtail Black : Resolved, That it is an abridgment of our own natural rights to curtail us at one end and tie us at the other, while the flies are suffered to suck our blood. Carried with much

manimity.
By the Black Pony. Resolved, That these flies bite like h-1! Objected to by the Deacon's Yellow Mare. (the Pony had been brought up in a livery stable where his morals had been sadly neglected.) The little Sorrel said the Pony was right. The old Dun thought the language too strong for the place, but would vote for it any other day but Sunday. The Big Gray moved to strike out all after the word Resolved, and insert "that these flies have the faculty of causing the members of this convention, and our race generally, much pain and annovance.

At this the Pony fairly kicked one leg ver the shaft, and bit a splinter from a rail. Te said .

Mr. Chairman, the horse just up is an old fogy; I go for calling things by their right names. This standing up here in such weath er is an outrage, which no christian horse could endure. Master is in there on his soft cushions, hearing Shadrach, etc., in the fiery furnace, that did not burn them a whit, while we stand here in a fiery furnace that does nearly take the hair off, and are tormented by flies to boot! I protest against Dun't milk-and-water substitute, and call for the

previous question on my resolution.

This was seconded by the Bobtail Black Little Sorrel, and Dapple Gray, and the resolution was carried by a large majority. The Cream announced that the committee on a platform was ready to report, and pre-

sented the following:

1st. Since the horses are deprived of their natural defenses, they should be effectually secured against flies, etc., while confined in

harness.

2d. No good Christian will leave his horse tied in the sun, upon paving stones, when there is a shade and soft ground within fifty 3d. No city lout should harness his horse and found a grave. A thousand fell

keep them out of the dirt. 4th. The man who keeps the check-rein hour, ought to go to the place we read of.

as well as men. This platform was adopted by a unani- Buffalora and Magenta.". nous neigh, and the Secretary was ordered to furnish a copy to every horse congregation in the city for ratification, with a request that the subject be seted upon next Sunday.

Just then the people began to come out of must be deaths or there can be no promothe church. The little Black tossed his head tion. A dozen eager hands are ready ito. and gave the Chestnut a wicked lear. The Yellow Mare whinnied for her colt, the Pony champed his bit sulkily, but all were so glad to get away that they moved off at the word, dead in the ditch. From the General of Diand I guess this convention, like so many vision down to the sous-lieutenant, each finds others, will end only in talk. However, if his commander, no reform is effected in a short time, I shall his own glory." SCIOTA. ook for further action. -N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

It is better not to do wrong than to l ask pardon after you have done it.

Harrisburg.

tets up pretty extensive sermons for such quehanna river, ten or lifteen feet above the gets up pretty extensive sermons for such hot days. Lest Sunday I sat until he got to stream. The houses are built on the morth ful post morten showed that only two percontribution box; so I stepped out to get a drink at the pump. The meeting house is the river. There is between the upper sudden death only, in thirty-three, from disconting on both sides.

As I went out I saw something was on foot fence, and having in it two miserable-looking of them of "congestion of the lungs," that is, Lombardy poplars, touched with all the squalidness of decay which characterizes the age of that short-lived tree. Brambles too had sprung up in the enclosure, covering a small rising of the ground and some invisi-ble einblems. This is the grave of old Mr. Harris, for whom the town was named.

Mr. Harris was one of the pioneers of kills three times as many persons at short varning, as apoplexy and heart disease to-beautiful before him, and "went forth and gether. Cold feet; tight shoes; tight clothstood and measured the earth" in and around the place which now bears his name. The beauty of scenery, the delicate softness of the valley, contrasting with the towering sum-mits of the mountains around, made the place exceedingly desirable. So Mr. Harris sat down on the banks of the Susquetanna, an honest man from habit—an honest man from principle, and a Christian by all his ac-tions. He had nothing Utopian in his views, nothing impracticable in his plans.

The means of the founder of the settlement had been somewhat diminished by an act of off their guard instead of pointing them goodness which few could appreciate at that time. A stout black man was about to be torn from his wife, to be sent into slavery at general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn to the which resolvent. the South. The ability of the slave enhanced his price, while his goodness of heart made the separation more intolerable to him. The wife was free. Should she go into voluntary slavery in order to follow her husband? And if she did, who could tell her that the first inducement to the owner to sell her husband, might not result in a separation, which osacifice on her part could prevent, nor could it mitigate the evils thereof. In this state, Pompey appealed to Mr. Harris; he promised fidelity, industry and gratitude; Mr. Harris saw that he could prevent misery, and he paid the price of the man and

thus became his owner.
"Massa Harris," said the delighted black, as he saw the accomplishment of his heart's desire, "I'll do "something for this by and

"What will you do, Pompey?" "Don't know, massa, but guess 'twill come ome time or other."

Some time after, in the month of July, a short time before daylight, the inhabitants of the little hamlet were alarmed by loud cries, and on looking abroad saw that one of the little hamlet were alarmed by loud cries, and on looking abroad; saw that one building was wrapped in flames, while wild yells of the savages told what was the cause of the danger, and left little doubt as the cause of the danger. The cause of the danger are caused the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left little doubt as the cause of the danger and left to its intent. In two minutes more the little settlement was surrounded by the Indiana.

The savage crew had seized upon the pertities of wood. A slow fire was to be lighted around him, and his dying moments were to be embittered by their blasphemies, and

his pains augmented by the torments which they would inflict before the flame should have done its work. The signal was given, and the men arranged themselves between the river and the stake, and two or three sprang forward and means of promoting social intercourse, and applied their torches to the dry wood; slow- adding to the animation and grace of generity the smoke ascended, and then the blaze al society. Yo this the Congregational Hercrept upward, while the loud shouts of the ald replies with some very apt remarks: exulting savages drowned the tears and "The value of social life has been unduly

exulting ravages drowned the tears and groans of Harris. "Apply the tortures," said the chief. an he sprang forward to give the example; when suddenly he pitched forward upon the whence his death had come.

fire, and the crack of numerous rifles told In one minute the ground was filled with Indians of another tribe, and the survivors of the invading band were escaping.

and over the bodies of the dead, sprang or being upon the burning bile, and a hatchet released the sufferer from his perilous position, as the fire was doing the work which the savages had left unacco As the rescuer laid Mr. Harris on the

ground, he exclaimed: "Hi! Massa Harris, didn't I tell vou. r cyclar ?

Pompey had escaped before the Indians surrounded the house, and knowing the attachment to Mr. Harris of a tribe a short distance above, and their hostility to those who invaded the settlement, he was sure of aid if he could summon them in season.

The friendly Indians descended the river rapidly in their canoes, and were in season to save only the lives of the whites.

AN ARMY AT REST .- The Albany Evening Journal remarks:

"There is one army which will never quit Italy. It sleeps on its arms in an eternal bivouse. New recruits join at an average of a thousand a day. They are the picked men, the bravest in both armies—the foremost in every battle. In twenty-seven days Italy has been strewn with twenty-seven thousand corpses-poor fellows who sought an epaulet to ride half a mile to church, because his various early skirmishes. A thousand mark-wife's petticoats are so long that she can not ed the invasion of Garibaldi. Nine hundred French and Sardinians perished at Montebello. Two thousand Austrians perished on hitched up, while the horse is waiting by the the same field. Two hundred Zouaves were our, ought to go to the place we read of. killed at Palestro. As many Sardinians died 5th. The provisions of the Golden Rule with them. Four hundrded Austrians were should be construed so as to apply to horses drowned in the canal. More than twenty thousand must have fallen in the actions a

> The Journal then speaks, by name, of the distinguished officers killed and wounded, ad-

ding: "But this is the 'fortune of war.' There tion. A dozen eager hands are ready to aye—a fury with long nails, acrid and selfish.

grasp the baton as it falls from the hands of Depend upon it, he meant a good creature, the dying Marshal. A dozen hearts burn who had no joy but in the happiness of the for the gold epaulets whose last owner lies loved ones whom she contributed to make his commander's corpse a stepping stone to Such a woman as Lisbeth for example, at

allowed to be a finished gentleman.

Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to have died of a "Disease of the Heart" we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons full down dead to report the "heart" as the cause; this silences all enquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble and inconvenience of a repulsive "toots morter". pulsive "post mortem." A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of "disease of the heart" that many an oplum eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly. and his crime; the brandy drinker too, qui-etly slides round the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short this report of "dis-ease of the heart," is the mantle of charity, which the polite coroner and the sympathet.

Heart Disease.

ic physician throw around the grave of "geneel persons." At a late scientific congress at Strasburg, it was reported, that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faith-

enough to support life.
It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common every day causes of this "congestion of the lungs," a disease which, the figures above being true, ing; costive bowels; sitting still until chilled through and through after having been warmed up by labor or a long or hasty walk; going too suddenly from a close heated room, as a lounger, or listener, or speaker, while the body is weakened by continued application, or abstinence, or heated by the efforts of a long address; these are the fruitful causes of sudden death in the form of "congestion of the lungs;" but which being falsely reported as "disease of the heart," regarded as an inevitable event, throws people intelligently drawn to the subject.-Hall's

Journal of Health. Hereditary Features.

An extract on this subject from the Records of Creation, will be read with interest:

"A peculiar thickness of the under lip has been hereditary in the imperial house of Hapsburg ever since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of Jagellon, whence it came. In the English royal family a certain fullness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns from George I to Victoria, and has been equally marked in other members of the family. The females of the ducal house of Gordon have long been remarkable for a peculiar elegant conformation of the neck. The Clackmananshire Bruces, who are descendants from the common stock with the famous Robert Bruce, of Scotland, are said to have that strongly marked form of the cheek bones and jaws which appears on the coins of that heroic monarch, as it did in his

observable in the people of Galway, in which, some centuries ago, several Spanish settle-ments, were made;—and the hereditary beauty of the women of Prague—are well son of Mr. Harris, and dragged him from the house to the place appointed for his torments. A stake was crected near the river, and nuevery population) exhibit at the present day precisely the same-type of face and form as

> carved in relief on the ancient sarcophagi." Social Life Not the Chief End of Man. -A popular lecturer at Chicago lately advocated, with some plausibility, the drinking and dancing customs of other countries, as a

magnified. It is of far less moment than domestic life. That a man should please and entertain his neighbors or acquaintances, for a few moments or hours, it may be, while he is with them, dwindles into insignificance by the side of the question, whether he makes happy the companion of his life, and the children whose weal or woe for time and eternity, depend much on a father's influ-Through the mingled throng of the living, ence. That a woman should be fascinating it the social party, what is it compared with shedding the radiance of love and kindness on husband and children in her family? Any social life that would interfere with these most sacred home duties, will prove a curse, not alone to the families immediately affected, but to society at large. We shall owe no gratitude to him who shall so solve the great while ago, by and by come some time social problem as to disturb the happiness of the fireside."

> Beacher on Newspapers.—Consider how universal are newspapers in America. They penetrate every nook and corner of society. No other element of power has such a sphere. The pulpit, the court, the lecturer, compared with the newspaper, touch society in but few places. The newspaper in America is universal. It reaches within and without, from surface to core. It travels everywhere, is bought by everybody, read by all classes, and is wholly or nearly the only reading of more than half our population. Itavservice to good morals and to intelligence among the people is incalculable. All the libraries of Europe are not of as much service to the nations of Europe as the newspaper is to this American nation. Its power is growing. Who would, twenty years ago, have dreamed of such a growth and power as has been developed? But the next twenty years will witness a greater. The editor is to be schoolmaster. The best talent will find its highest sphere in the editorial room. Already that chair is more influential than the bench or the platform. No brain can act upon so many as that which speaks by the printing press of the daily paper. Ink beats like blood, in the veius of the nation.

Good souls, querulous women, are thus described in "Adam Bede:" Women who are never bitter, and resentful are often the most querulous; and if Solomon was as wise as he is reputed to be, I feel sure that when he compared a conten tions woman to a continual dropping on a very rainy day, he had not a vixen in his uncomfortable, putting by all the tit bits for them, and spending nothing on herself. once patient and complaining, self-renouncing and exacting, brooding the livelong day Whatever may be the reputation of over what happened yesterday, and what is a man while alive, when dead he is generally likely to happen to morrow, and crying very readily both at the good and the bad.