TUP STAIRS. E.

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Independent Republican.

"Freedom and right against slavery and wrong."

VOL. 5. }

soldier's red coat, is a fatal beauty; it at-tracts the eye and guides the arrow from the

Sors the breath of swining, stealing Through the Sunset's golden bowers, Stirred the sea of crimson roses Dashed with dew-like pearly showers, Filling all the air with tragrance Sweet as from Elysian flowers.

The Hermit's Musings.

For the Independent Republican.

Watched I, from my vine-chal cottage Where the shadows gathered bold, Sweeping o'er the Twilight's portals, Clouds of purple fringed with gold; Mused I, till my heart seemed bursting Low the zephyrs breathed their wooings

To the morning-glories' bloom; And the hanghty spotted lilies Gleamed like creasets, through the gloom Twas the silver lance of moonlight Lamped the darkness in my room. O'er my soul, like cold snows drifting, Swept youth's faded roseleaves sweet; One by one, life's buds of Promise (Drooped and withered at my feet;— Time had brought me rue and cypress. For my brow a garland meet.

:Up the tide of years came ringing
Merry voices, sweet and clear,
Richer than the wood-bird's carol,
In the grove of indens near;
Rosy mouths, all wreathed with dimples,
Whispered fond words in my ear. Round my neck were soft arms twining-Oh! those sweetest of blue eyes!
Love-stars bright as eyes of angels!
O'er them Death's cold shadow lies,
Like night's tresses o'er white lilies
Drooping and 'neath leaden skies.

Gone the vision!-night-birds' shadows Rushed like phantoms o'er the floor; And the moth her wings of silver Beat upon the oaken door— Thus were dashed my gilded fancies, On Reality's stern al

Spring Lashions.

"BY B. F. TAYLOR.

ONCE or twice before, in words almost identical, we have chronicled the Spring Fashions-out of doors; and we delight in the thought that there, at least, is nothing new; that the roses will not appear to us in diaguise; that the old "wear" of the robin is unchanged; that the chirping-bird is sure to come in its sober brown—sober brown so much more beautiful to our accustomed eyes than their gayly painted cousin, the sparrow

Blue velvet wil be the favorite styles for all hours, morning and evening, among the Violets. Green, though of infinite variety of shades, will prevail among the Forests. The poplar, hitherto distinguished for its suit of silver, intimates no intention of a change, and we may expect to see it glittering as ever among the more sober tintings of

Lilies, it is believed, will continue to wear lain white, and Sweet Williams to dress in red, while silk will be very much worn by the Corn, and unbleached linen with blue trimmings by the flax-a very cool and benig clouds will persist in their usual

somewhat capricious styles, wearing everything from a white "all wool," to an installack; but brocace, crimson, and an ing black; but brocade, crimson, and gold will prevail, especially at the Court of the Sun, and attendants at his matinees will se expected to appear in delicate pink or

The Sparrow family can not be induced to lay off their sober brown. Robins will wear faded red waistcoats, ast year, and Ground Squirrels will dash about one season more in striped lackets .-Soldfinches will affect yellow, like so many Austrians; the Wood Robin will come out n scarlet; plumes and blue will be the rage among the says—plumes and green among

As for the blackbirds, they wear their black uniforms and red epsulets, as they did last year, and the Crow family are not yet out of mourning.

We should not wonder if the Bantams came out in pantalettes, and everybody knows that the Martins are always out in black satin. The Bobolinks will lay aside their yellow winter suits for the motley summer wear they delight in; the Whipporwill will con-

tinue in half mourning, and Sand hill Cranes dance about in their heath-colored kilts as bald-headed as ever. Blue surtouts will prevail among the Pigcons; Chickens will go a courting in their buff-trimmed head-dresses, and the Snipes

will doff their white Marseilles. Earth will come out like a wood-nymph this spring, in a delicate green skirt em broidered with flowers. In mid-summer she will dress like a queen, in cloth of gold, rich ly wrought, and the fall style will be gorgeous as a year of sunsets, varying with russet and dun sober gray.

The Wheat fields will be arrayed in drab

corduroy, the Meadows will-grow soberer

in something like a brown, and the Clouds will go about in the garb of gray friars. Finally, Earth will assume the robe of a white nun, and thus the vanities and fashions of the year will come to an end. But they will all be laid away in the wardrobes and losets of Nature. Some in cases russet and rude, where you would least expect to find them, some tied up in gay bundles, some in the roughest trunks you ever beheld—trunks with the bark on. We have said nothing sbout the Jewelry, but there will be an abundance of that. Not so much perhaps in the summer, except the little pearls that June puts on in the morning, for Nature has that glittering brilliants are not becoming to the gay and parti-colored appurel of Summer You never see any of her family blazing

in red vests, like a baker's oven, or lader with as many chains as if they had somehow escaped from a gibbet. You never see them walking about with all Golconda upon their breasts, and a Placer or two in their ears. She waits until the rainbow days are over and then, arrayed in pure white, with a snow drop or two in her hair, she brings out her

gems. Diamonds glitter in a bright morning upon the meckest little trees in the world, that never wear at other times any thing braver than green, or grander than cherry rubies. The fields exchange their faded gray for silver tissue, and the leafless

tracts the eye and guides the arrow from the bended bow. It my feathered lord is richly as superintendent of the Coffee Saloon, esarrayed, it is as if for the sacrifice; it perils arrayed, it is as if for the sacrifice; it perils

an oak, as charters have been before, that

helped to make history.

Nature, in her apportionment of gifts, never forgets to which of the twain belongs the paint, and to which the patience and the "perfect love which casteth out fear," and release the Bitte man of the best by the second of the sec makes the little wren, of which it takes four

to a handful, as brave as a Cœur de Lion. The mother Thrush has white bars on her wings, but they are narrower and dimmer than those worn by her little lord. The plumage of the Crow is rich with violet reflectons, as if he sported silk velvet every day, while his mate contents herself with a suit

of rusty brown.

The whistling fellow in the white cravat. bordered, like mourning paper, with black that calls for "Bob White" in the fields, has a companion somewhere in the grass, whose neckerchief is a clay yellow, and no edging

The male Fire-bird flickers through the wood as if he would kindle the green branches to flame, and the Red bird's vermilion startles the stroller with its brilliancy, while their mates, one in a brownish array, and the other in an olive green, flit without peril

And so almost through the entire range of the winged world, the males are clothed n a perilous beauty, that has preserved many a wicker cup of song to be poured into the tide of melody that shall baptize another

A Strange Sight. While I was seated, with my family, a e dinner table, a young Arab friend entered the room hastily, and in a hurried, excited manner, asked: "Khowadji Lyons, do you want to see a strange sight?" "What strange sight ?" I asked. He replied: " Come shop close by, so as to overlook the heads of take the place of one who had recently died and that they were now escorting him to a mosque in the city. The crowd slowly giv ing way, the procession came up, preceded by a band of ten musicians, their musical in struments consisting mainly of rude an noisy drums, tambourines and castanets. Next came a number of men bearing the Turk ish flag, and the green, sacred banner; of th Mohammedan religion. Then another ban with music and flags, similar to the first, followed by four men entirely destitute of clothing, except a girdle around the loirs, gashing and cutting their naked bodies with knives and swords. These miserable men suppose, that by means of this self-inflicted torture, they render themselves holy and ac ceptable to their prophet Mohammed. Then ame other bands of music, at short distances apart, with flags and banners. Next fol-

lowed another company of naked men, cutting themselves with swords, and near the close of the procession appeared the sheik himself, mounted on a black, spirited charger accompanied by a number of persons on each side, bearing banners above the rider's head. And now it remained for me to withes the strangest sight of all this strange spectacle: A space was cleared in the street, near the point where I stood, and eight or ten men throwing themselves down on the earth. side by side, the sheik rode over their pros trate forms, amid the shouts and acclama tions of the infatuated throng. This was repeated several times, as the sheik proceeded brough the principal street in the city; new or the privilege of being trampled upon him; thinking that this act was pleasing God, and would make their entrance i paradise doubly sure. They believe also, that a faithful Moslem, if he have any ease, by throwing himself down before the horse of a newly inaugurated sheik, and being ridden over, is instantly cured. I am told that by this dangerous experiment, it not unfrequently happens that bones are broken and other serious injuries inflicted.—

My heart sickened at the heathenish spectain the evening, in answer to their usual in-quiry, whether I had any news, I recounted to them the strange scenes I had just witnessed, and compared them to the pagan worship of the Hindoos, in casting selves before the murderous car of Jugges naut. They admitted that I was quite right, and assured me it was only the more ignorant and superstitious portion of the Mohamnedans who participated in these performan ces. But the sed fact is, that the ignorant vortion of their sect comprises the great mass of the whole, and the more learned among them are morally no better, and no nearer the truth, than the unlearned,

The learned man is only useful to to the wise and simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of othèrs; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his groom had neither hat, coat, nor vest, but actions more beautiful, than those of others, But it is wholly different with the wise man; needed garments, and then tied the knot for

A Tough Experience

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1859.

his life, but he wears bravery—we wonder New York. Gardner gave the following acif he knows it?—for love's awest sake, for count of his former life, at a meeting in New-

worite Spring bird his name—a blue as if he had been baptized in the softest and brightest of heavens—is sobered down in his mate to a dull leaden tint, with but faint traces of the clear sky. But then she is to sit in her little chamber in the stump; the charters of her rights are hidden id. oh, how many times I can't tell. I own the corn. I have been locked up all over the corn. I have been locked up all over the country. I have been locked up here, in New York, Albany, and all through Canada, and away down South, always getting drunk or getting in a fight while under the influence of the maddening cup. There is no use of talking, I have been through the mill. But a merciful God has spared me, and thread my starrage wat it was too late. stayed my steps ere yet it was too late. I have dissipated in all the luxuries the devil has ever been able to cook up. If he ever got up a new dish I was a chief imp in setting it forward. Now on Sunday, with my wife on my arm, I go to church. My God! what a change. What a mercy that He sent His Son down to earth to save sinners. I may wander away from the path of right cousness, but I trust not. I can never forget the day on which Jesus converted my heart and washed my sins away. I was unspeaka-bly happy. I knew then what constituted true happiness. I would advise all to ge religion. What is more noble than to see young man espouse the cause of temperance; and what looks worse than to see an old man staggering toward a drunkard's grave? It is very warm here to-night, but I've been in much warmer places, from which I only es-caped by the mercy of God. I had hard work to leave off drinking rum. Gin and sugar in the morning seemed necessary to my existence. I was a perfect slave to rum. Rum led me in all sorts of trouble, and nev er yet got me out of a single scrape. Rum is a very large two-edged sword, and with it It nearly took my head off. I did not sign the pledge. My conscience kept troubling me every time I took a drink of rum, and I went to Boston to see if a spree with boon companions there would not destroy, its

strange sight?" I naked. He replied: "Come quick, come quick, it will all be over soon."
Having finished my dinner, and being, like most other people, not averse to sight-seeing, ladesconded with him into the stemens. descended with him into the street. Pro and mised a four story window to jump out coeding to the eastern gate of the city, I met and kill myself, but the Lord saved me. I

The Way the Money Goes.

THE "Local Reporter" of the Philadelphia North American, occasionally lets off some good ones. Here is one of them: "We yesterday saw a cradle costing four hundred dollars. The article was made of papier-mache, inlaid with pearl, and got up rith a degree of elaborateness exceed anything of the kind that ever was presented to our observation. The article is for sale. though whether it will be advertised or not remains to be seen. That four hundred-dol lar cradle, we take it, will play the mischief in its way. A rush will be created to see it and every mother in the crowd will desire just such a cradle for her boy, "William Augustus Fitz Clarence." In a good many stances, "William Augustns Fitz Clarence will be gratified. Ma will get the cradle aforesaid; Pa will pay for it. In about six months afterwards Pa will discover that his ash account runs short. To cure \" shorts' Pa will try his hand at'a little forgery, and draw a sixty days" note on his friend Sparkle who gives "those splendid suppers." before note comes due, Sparkle sees docu nent and pronounces it a forgery. Sparkle calls on Pa and asks "what it all means?" Pa says he will explain it in the morning .-Morning comes, and Pa doesn't come down to breakfast. Ma says, "That's queer, Cher ibina; go up and see what Pa is doing."tetls Ma. Ma faints, falls, and kills poodle. The servants take the alarm, cry Fire! and throw parlor mirrors into the back yard .-Noise alarms policemen. Policemen rush nose, rush up stairs and cut down Pa with a jack-knife containing two broken blades. The Coroner comes and sits on Pa. Verdict-'Death from Hemp." Funeral next day-Ms so much smothered in black crape that she might pass for a thunder cloud, especially when the weeps. Pa is carried to Laurel Hill and "ruu into the ground." Ma be-comes "broken-hearted," and opens a boarding house for the sale of two marriageable daughters. Ma drags out a miscrable exist

ence, and declares herself the "victim of in exorable fate." In all this Ma makes an immense mistake Instead of being the victim of fate, she is the victim of a four-hundred-dollar cradle. Other Mas secthis, and yet they follow in the same direction, and end their career in the same manner. Fools will not learn wisdom from the misfortunes of others. One half our bankruptcies are caused by four-hundred-dollar cradles, and similar gimeracks, bought by empty-headed women to excite envy in the osoms of a score or two of empty-headed

A FUNNY MARRIAGE. - An economica couple from Iowa arrived at Alexandria, Mo., a few days ago, to get married. The Justice Spencer kindly loaned him those BY WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

On the road—the lonely road, Under the cold, white moon, Under the ragged trees he strode, Whistled and shifted his weary load— Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed,
A long white knile that gleamed and abone
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown
And the moon went behind a cloud. But the moon came out so broad and good That the barn cock woke and crowe Then ruffed his feather in drowsy mood:
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood That a dead man lay on the road,

Inclined to be Quarrelsome. WE heard that prince of story tellers, Tom Calloway, get off the following, amidst bursts of laughter, the other night. Squaring him-self and stretching out his legs, he began: There was once a little, alim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, and independent as the devil, riding along the highway, in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs by the help of a big, raw-boned, six foot two specimen of humanity?

Stopping the last named individual, he accepted him:

Typical sales as the most independent as the most independent country of all others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sail others for sailors to live dent country of sailors to live dent country of sailors to live dent country of sailors to live dent country of

"I say, are those your hogs ?" "No, sir, I'm to work by the month." "What pay might you be getting, friend ?"
"Ten dollars a month, and whiskey thrown

n," was the reply.
"Well, look here, I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, d'you see! Now, l'il give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," was Mr. Gardner's cred the blasts of seventy winters, boasted reply—"But," he added as a thought struck of his happy state, and said that he and Dollim, "how might you be on the fight?"

In the was made have a meet have a in, "how might you be on the fight?"
"Never been licked in my life," rejoined

the six footer.
"Just the man I want. It's a bargain?" ueried Gardner. Six footer ruminated, "Twenty-five dollars—double wages—nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasional-ly, when he's sassy." Six footer accepted.

They rode along till just at night they reached a village. Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After considerable, promiscuous jawing, Gardner turned to his fightniscuous jawing, Gardine to the licking of ing friend and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six footer peeled, went in, and came out first

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene-was re-enacted; Gardner getting into a row with the olggest man in the place, and an immense crowd of men and boys, completely filling up the street for a long distance, and making any further progress quite impossible. Ascending the stairs of a little finally I got a bottle of old Jamaica, and had never been licked in his life. Whilst and the street had a state of the street of the street all night, for fear 1 six footer doing the fighting.

At last on the third day, they came to a transfer of the stairs of a little finally I got a bottle of old Jamaica, and had never been licked in his life. Whilst of the street of the s went down on Long Island, and there, alone, crossing the river, Gardner as usual, began the turbulent throng, I perceived a long protession, with flags and music, advancing just
without the sity gate. Inquiring into the
reason of this display, I learned that a new
through the turbulent the sity gate. Inquiring into the
reason of this display, I learned that a new
touch another dron of liquir, and I buried thind. Gardner then turned to his friend the bottle. God has aided me, and may it "from the shoulder," and gently broke the please. Him, the bottle will never have a resulted intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but urrection. Man can accomplish great and that it was absolutely necessary to thrash wonderful things if he only puts himself in ex. that ferryman," Six footer nodded his head but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job, by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore bot stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water, they fought, scratched, gouged, bit, and rolled, til at the end of an hour the ferryman caved.—

> scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth. "Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salar sets mighty well, but—I'm—of—the—opin ion—that you are inclined to be quarrel some. Here I've only been with you thre days, and I've licked the three biggest men i he country! I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reck-on I'll draw!"—Tahama Gazette.

Six footer was triumphant, but it had been

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.—Blessed he hand that prepares a pleasure for a shild, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who childhood? The writer of this recollect himself at this moment as a barefooted lad standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Cherubina obeys orders and finds what Pa is Sunday morning. The possessor came forth doing—hanging to a bed-cord from a garret from his cottage; he was a wood-cutter by rafter. Cherubina rushes down stairs and trade and spent the whole week at work in trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations in, and after applying burnt feathers to Ma's which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a stance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of grati-tude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has

A correspondent of the Boston Cou ier relates the following anecdote of Web-"The petty and impotent scurrility of the occasion in a newspaper, reminds me of a etter which Mr. Webster wrote after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspa per, which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially: 'It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that owe money. One cause of this is, that have not pressed those who owe me for pay ment. As an instance of this, I enclose you father's note made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

Touching dandies, let us consider with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man,-a man whose trade, office, and exist he moves far above the common level; he them. When the ceremony was over, the ence consist in the westing of cluthes. Evobserves everything from a different point of groom told the "Squire" that he "hadn't a ery faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and perview; in his employments there is always an red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf, son is herocally consecrated to this one obwind. worthy in the fashions among the birds; it view; in his employments there is always an red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf, son is heroically consecrated to this one obtain the males that go to the milliners; the fell aim, in his views always freedom, and all if they could agree on the terms. The ject,—the wearing of clothes wisely said well, four among the fashions among the fashi

Independence.

1 NO. 32.

What is it, and in what does it consist The world is at variance with itself upor these points. It is said by one that independence is perfect freedom from foreign inflated the lead of many legions can be compared that if one would be independent, in the true sense of the word, he must learn to shave with cold water. In a cold winter's

We once heard a lady say that in walking the streets of a sister city, she heard a man who appeared to be a foreign sailor, loudly vociferating that this was the most indepen-

that a man may consider himself indepen dent, who has a five-cattle team strong

enough to break up grass land.

A good old lady said to one of her grandchildren who had been married something near nine months, that they must now be perfectly independent; "for," said she, "they have a snug little house, do their own work, and have a nice little baby and a small pig." We have got rid," said he, "of Sue and "We have got rid," said he, "of Sue and Pat, old maids to the backbone—there came along a minister and kind of deacon, and snapped them up. Jonathan has agreed to support us, finding firewood and cider, and allows Dolly ten dollars a vear to get a bon-

BLIND MES EMISERT IN LITERATURE.—In Austria was an act of unmixed genero an editorial of decided sbility, which sppears in the Richmond Examiner, on the "Death of Prescott, the Historian," it is stated.

deprived of his sight in early lite having become eminent in literature. This, however, is a mistake. From Diodotus, the blind that desired. These soldiers want to the blind that the blind have desired. These soldiers want to the blind that the b is a mistake. From Diodotus, the blind would have desired. These soldiers want teacher of Philosophy, Geometry, and Music, who lived half a century before the Christian era, to Samuel Willard, an emigent blind divine now 83 years of age, there have been not less than 80 blind men distinguished in politics, literature, science, theology, and the property of the pro mechanical arts. Milton made his name improbable, unless this pause in fighting should mortal after the loss of his vision. Sander-be rather a diversion than a cessation. Was born blind. Huber, strange to say, one of was a blind man-and yet his work on "Bees and Ants" is the best ever written. Fielding, the great Police magistrate, was born gineer and Surveyor. Augustine Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, who died last year, and who was almost as great a hisorian as Prescott, was blind. Indeed, we night from an article in the Encyclopedia Brittancia on emment blind men, cite fifty other instances of men who have attained tough work. Going up to his employer, he great eminence in all the walks of life who were blind from early childhood. One of the most attractive and entertaining books of the day, and one which may be found in very book-store—is a collection of lectures, sketches, &c., by the Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, a Methodist Minister, who lost his sight when a boy, and who, as an itinerant preacher, has, during the last twelve years, traveled over 300,000 miles in the performance of his clerical duties, and who is an eloquent and

omewhat neglected, obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open o new offers, and accordingly opened his usiness thus :- " Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket-Sir !" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased. "Oh, pardon !-nine, ten tousand pardon! Now I make new beginning, supposed that this did not mend matters;and, reading so much in the lady's counte tionary, and said, perspiring with shame at vour who gave the signal for the successive having a second time missed fire, "Madam, risings in the smaller Italian States. It was since your husband have gone to kingdom by means of his influence that the revolution the lady was past propitiation this time, and less, and that Rome remained tranquil. Sarapidly moved towards the door. Things your believed in a Constitutional Italian Unilong since withered, but now it blooms his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, away upon him. Patriots and young ladies afresh.—Douglas Jerrold.

crying out, in a voice of despair, "Madam, have a faith in men's promises which no excrying out, in a voice of despair, "Madam, wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary the tool of crafty selfishne he had used, (Arnold's, we think,) a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from mere German ignorance, giving slang trans-lations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and Villafrance. It is not necessary, however, other iosular writers had put down the verb to wait for the authentic report; the results

learned divine, as well as an able and enter-

An old divine, cautioning the clergy matter has gone quite far enough for my against engaging in violent controversy, uses purpose. You see now that France is necthe following happy simile: "If we will be emary to Austria. We will settle this afcontending, let us contend like the olive and fair, and I will leave you stronger in Italy the vine, who shall produce the most and than you ever were. I will also make everybest fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, thing straight between you and Russia. which shall make the most noise in the You shall be one of us and we three togeth

Think of rannings but think of being and a bankrupt Exchanges, was not proof against stringed, too,

tives that Led to it.

The Emperor of the French has confided to his army the reasons which induced him to grant Austria the just accomplished peace. It is a focument which requires frequent reperusal, and which invites uncassing conjecture. The principal aim of the war was, it seems, to render Italy a nation, and this principal aim, it also seems, has been obtained. "It is true," says Napoleon III (illustrating the proverb, "Rui s'excuse s'accuse"), "that Venetis remains to Austria;" but he explains that this exception is immabut he explains that this exception is immaterial, because Venetia will continue to be an Italian province, forming part of an Italian Confederation. We confess we do not follow the Emperor in this explanation.—
That Venice will remain Italian we can clearly see; we should have more difficulty in understanding how it could become Bohemlan or Hungarian; but how this fact renders its possession by Austria of less importance we cannot pretend to explain. It is one of those logical sequences which none but an

to shave with cold water. In a cold winter's morning, if a man undertakes to shave in his chamber with cold water, he may be insulated, if not independent.

An old toper—of that sort whose heaven is corked up in a jug—will tell you that real fought, bled, and died for, is being able to assemble as often a day as may be pleasant, in a grog shop, and there meeting the red-faced brotherhood, guzzle down any quantity of rum and lager, and have none to say "Why do ye so?"

Descession of Venetia by Austria by Austria se right which she never before had, to intermeddle in the politics of all lady. Austria, a great military monarchy, is, by this possession, a member of a confederacy made up of Austria and a few insignificant and unwarlike States. In this confederacy who will influence and who will obey? Austria is right in boasting that it matters not to her what may be the fortune of arms; for, beaten or victorious, she always gains the prize in the contest. That which was limited is now to become universal; that which was an encroachment is now to bewhich was an encroachment is now to become a right. We have nothing to say when come a right. We have nothing to say when the French army is told that the union of Lombardy and Piedmont creates for France a powerful ally. It is undoubtedly tree.—But France has bought this alliance at a frightful cost, and the independence of Lombardy it not that independence for which the

bardy it not that independence for which the Lombards sighed.

It is notoriously very difficult to get at the meaning of Louis Napoleon. He is the great modern Sphynx, and his very existence depends upon his not being found out. But, of all the riddles he has proposed to Europe, none is more puzzling and intricate than this treaty of Villafrance, the sense of which we have attempted to read in the description he have attempted to read in the description he has himself given. It is usual when we doubt as to the authorship of an act to ask—for whose benefit it was done? Here, how ever, we ask this question in vain. The treasure is spent and the blood is shed, the war is ended and the peace is made; but no support us, finding hrewood and cider, and allows Dolly ten dollars a year to get a bonnet and shoes, and gives me twenty dollars every year to get clothes, and four cents a week for pigtail—and if we are not independent it's our own fault."

the enthusiastic affection of all may. France has gained no accession to her territory, and no friendship from the oppressed population of the earth. She has gained nothing but the knowledge that her Emperor is able to manceuvre an army. She has not, even at

Austria was an act of unmixed generosity.

The Emperor now says that he stayed his hand under an apprehension that the struggle of Prescott, the Historian," it is stated.

"Many of our cotemporaries speak of Mr.

Prescott as one of the few instances of a man

he desired. It is not a very chivalrous real son to give to an army which had just fought' son, one of the most eminent Professors of it Russia? Did Russia think Austria had upon the pulse of the patient, and did she give the signal to cease when that symptom Hungarian fever developed itself? All or any of these reasons may have operated. Or the Emperor Napoleon may have known-the state of his own army best. There is indeed, a last supposition, which we offer to the consideration of those who were not long ago so fiercely scolding us because we doubted that Napoleon was about to set up a free Constitutional Government in Italy; -- perhaps the French Emperor has imposed some secret obligations upon Austria never again to interfere in the affairs of Italy. If this should be so, then all is right. The Pope and the Grand Dukes are put up in pride of place merely to give Napoleon's great principle—"the sovereignty of the people"—a clear stage. If they can hold their own, good. If they cannot, then down topple Pope and Kaiser, and Italy, left to herself works out her own regeneration. There is no limit to human credulity, and there may be credulous idolators of Chaos who, ever at this thirteenth hour, may believe in such impossibilities as these. The sane men of Don't TRUST TO YOUR DICTIONARY .- A the age, however, know better. They recogferman, whose English education had been nize in this new settlement nothing but an universal and irresistible despotism.

We yesterday announced that Cavour diagnsted by the disappointment of all his hopes, had thrown up his employment. The telegram of to day confirms our pravious information, and announces that the King of Sardinia has accepted Count Cavour's resignation, and has replaced him by Count Arese This event determines the nature of the peace. Cavour was an earnest man. He believed in Italian independence as a future work of Napoleon III. It was by means of the confidence he felt himself and inspired in others that Mazzini and his emissaries nance, the German drew out an octavo die discredited throughout Italy. It was Ca--" This he said beseechingly; but at Florence, Parma, and Modena were bloodhad now reached a crisis; and if something ty, and unfortunately he believed that the were not done quickly the game was up.—
Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at views as himself. Warnings were thrown since your husband—your most respected positions can shake, and which nothing but husband—your never-enuff-to-be worshipped bitter personal experience can destroy. Poor husband—have hopped de twig—" | This Carour! He once had a great carear before was his sheet-anchor; and, as this also came him, for he was honest and zealous; but he home, of course the poor man was totally was credulous and impatient, and he became History tells us what passed at Tilsit, and

sterben (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: "To kick the buckber," "To cut one's stick;" "To go to kingdom come;" "To hop the twig;" "To drop off the perch into Davy's locker,"—De Quinton to establish a focus of insurrection in Italy!"

Not the least in the world I care no Not the least in the world. I care no more for these Italians than you do. This er will impose law on Europe." Is it to be wondered at that Francis Joseph, with a besten army

some French memoir will doubtless at a fu-