Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

VOL. 5. } MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1859. { NO. 52.

Republican Steam Printing Office,

In Hawley & Lathrops' Building, up stairs.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHER,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., October, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite "Republican" Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., Oct. 25, 1859.–tf

Dr. C. C. HALSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office over Store of J. Lyons & Son. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's, Montrose, October 19, 1859.–tf

P. REYNOLDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel, corner room, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, October 20, 1859.–tf

Dr. W. C. HULL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself in Auburn Centre, is ready to attend to all the calls of his profession. Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.
Auburn Centre, Susq. Co., Pa., Sept. 1, 1859.–6mp

Drs. BLAKESLEE & BRUSH,
HAVING associated themselves under the above name for the prosecution of the duties of their Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the Invalid public. Office at the residence of Dr. Blakeslee, midway between the villages of Springville & Dimock.
A. C. BLAKESLEE. E. L. BRUSH.
Dimock, April 27, 1859.–1y

J. DUBOIS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS for the State of New York, at Great Bend, Susq. Co., Pa.
Great Bend, Aug. 24, 1859.–1y

A. A. HALL,
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE and COFFINS.
New Milford, Pa., Aug. 24, 1859.–tf

BACON & WEEKS,
DEALERS in all kinds of Groceries, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Oranges and Lemons, Nuts of all kinds, Dried Peaches, Apples, Berries, Prunes, Pickles, Preserves, Olives, Worcestershire Sauce, Flour, Fish, Lard, Tallow, Pork, Salt, &c. &c.
E. BACON. E. L. WEEKS.
Montrose, August 24, 1859.–tf

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read & Co's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, July 27, 1859.–tf

HENRY C. TYLER,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Umbrellas, Yankee Notions, Boots and Shoes, Shovels and Forks, Stone Ware, Wooden Ware and Brooms. Head of Navigation, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Pa., June 22, 1859.–1y

WILLIAM H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS, Successors to POST, COOPER & CO., Montrose, Pa. Office in A. Lathrop's new brick building, on the South side of Turnpike Street. Office hours from 10 o'clock, a. m., to 3 p. m.
WM. HUNTTING COOPER. HENRY DRINKER.
Montrose, Dec. 21, 1859.–tf.

H. GARRATT,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER in FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &c., New Milford, Pa. Sales room, Pratt's Office. Will keep constantly on hand the best brands of Flour, by the Sack or hundred barrels, at the lowest market prices, also Salt by the single Barrel or Load. All orders from Merchants and Dealers will be promptly attended to. ☞ Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelts, Hides, and all kinds of Farmers produce in their season.
New Milford, Pa., March 30, 1859.–1y

G. F. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of SADDLES, HARNESS, & TRUNKS, & CARRIAGE TRIMMING in all its branches. Shop one door below Keeler & Stoddard's.
Montrose, March 1, 1859.

J. H. SMITH,
MANUFACTURER of HARNESS, SADDLES, and TRUNKS, New Milford, Susquehanna County, Pa.
New Milford, January 19, 1859.–1y

KEELER & STODDARD,
DEALERS in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., first door below Searle's Hotel.
GEORGE KEELER. C. N. STODDARD.
Montrose, Pa., Jan. 1, 1859.–1yml

E. H. ROGERS,
STILL continues the MANUFACTURE of all descriptions of SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, WAGONS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel, in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, September 15, 1858.–1y

H. D. BENNETT,
BOOK BINDER, Smiley, Susquehanna County, Pa., respectfully informs the people of Susquehanna and neighboring counties that he is prepared to bind Periodicals and Books, and Repair old Books. E. W. Frazier will receive Periodicals, Books, &c. for H. D. Bennett. Gibson, Sept. 8, 1858.–tf

WILLIAM B. SIMPSON,
WATCH REPAIRER, having worked for the past nine years with the most skillful workmen, he feels confident that he can do the most difficult jobs on short notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jewelry repaired neatly and on reasonable terms.
☞ Shop in Boyd & Webster's new Store, corner of Main and Turnpike Streets, below Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
Refers to Wm. Elwell, E. W. Baird, E. D. Montayne, E. O. Goodrich, B. Kingsbery, Towanda; B. S. Bentley, L. Searle, C. D. Lathrop, J. Wittenberg, Montrose.
Montrose, Sept. 15, 1858.–tf

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACturers. Keep constantly on hand all kinds of Cabinet Furniture, or furnished at short notice. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main Street.
Montrose, Pa., May 26, 1858.–tf

HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS in YANKEE NOTIONS, Watches, Jewelry, &c., New Milford, Susq. Co., Pa.
☞ Merchants and Pedlars supplied at New York Jobbing Prices.
New Milford, May, 1858.–1y

WILLIAM & WILLIAM H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne counties.

WILLIAM H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, for the State of New York; will attend to all business entrusted to him, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Public Square, occupied by Hon. William Jessup.

BENTLEY & FITCH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND BOUNTY LAND AGENTS.—Office west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
B. S. BENTLEY. L. F. FITCH.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Office over I. L. Post & Co.'s Store, Montrose, Pa.

A. BUSHNELL,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over S. B. West's Drug Store, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.–11y1

WILLIAM N. GROVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, St Louis, Missouri. Practices only in the Civil Courts of Record, and devotes himself chiefly to Commercial Cases. Business from abroad will receive prompt attention. OFFICE No. 46 Chestnut Street.
St Louis, December 22, 1858.–1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,
DEALERS in Stoves, Store Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop South Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near Methodist Church.
WM. H. BOYD. A. L. WEBSTER.
Montrose, Pa., April 14, 1858.–tf.

Dr. JOHN W. COBB,
BEING now prepared to practice MEDICINE and SURGERY, has located himself in Montrose, Pa., and will strictly attend to the calls with which he may be favored. OFFICE over Z. COBB'S Store, opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa., March 2, 1859.–tf

Dr. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located himself at Montrose, Susquehanna county, Pa. OFFICE over Wilson & Son's Store. Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, March 10, 1858.

Dr. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine, is now permanently located in Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Maine and Elizabeth St., nearly opposite the M. E. Church. May 1st, 1857.–1y

Dr. H. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office opposite the Baptist church, (North side,) in Montrose. Particular attention will be given to inserting teeth on Gold and Silver plate, and to filling decaying teeth.
Montrose, January 15, 1858.–tf

Dr. C. D. VIRGIL,
RESIDENT DENTIST, MONTROSE, PA. Office at the Franklin Hotel. Room No. 2.
Inserting teeth on Gold or Silver plate done in the highest style of the Art. All jobs warranted.
Montrose, April 7, 1858.–tod

Dr. R. THAYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office in the Farmer's store. v2n28

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines, Montrose, Pa.

CHANDLER & JESSUP,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries Books and Stationery, etc., Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.

POST BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Leather, Flour, etc., corner of Turnpike street and Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, and Sheet Music, &c.; also, carry on the Book Binding business—Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.
J. LYONS. T. A. LYONS.

READ & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, Montrose.
J. P. W. RILEY. WILLIAM H. COOPER. C. F. READ.

BALDWIN & ALLEN,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea, Coffee, &c. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge's.
Montrose, Oct. 30, 1858.–tf

Z. COBB,
DEALER IN GROCERIES, &c., at the store recently occupied by Crane & Rogers, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, March 17, 1859.–tf

MILLINERY.

MISS B. CHAPMAN formerly of Brooklyn, is located over Chandler & Jessup's Store, where she will try to please all who may favor her with their custom.
Montrose, Sept. 21, 1859.–tf

☞ Patronize those that advertise.

The Independent Republican.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENN'A., BY

H. H. FRAZIER,

AT $1,50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	1 m	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 y
1 square,	$0 50	0 75	1 00	1 25	2 25	3 00	$5 00	$8 00
2 squares,	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	4 00	5 00	9 00	15 00
3 squares,	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 75	6 00	7 50	12 00	20 00
4 squares,	2 00	3 00	3 75	4 50	8 00	9 50	15 00	24 00
Half a column,							18 00	30 00
One column,							30 00	50 00

Twelve lines of this size type, } make a square.
Eight lines of this size type.—Agate.
Yearly Advertisers will have the privilege of altering or changing their advertisements occasionally without additional charge.
Business Cards not exceeding five lines inserted at $4 per annum.
Advertisements, to insure insertion, must be handed in by Tuesday morning.

Job Work.—The office of the Independent Republican is provided with three printing presses, a STEAM POWER PRESS, a large HAND PRESS, and a CARD PRESS, together with a good assortment of Jobbing materials; and all kinds of Job Work, such as Cards, Circulars, Posters, Handbills, Labels, Pamphlets, &c., will be done neatly and promptly.

Blanks.—Justices' and Constables' Blanks, School Blanks, Notes, Deeds, Leases, Land Contracts, &c., kept on hand and for sale at the Independent Republican office.

From the Philadelphia Evening Post.

Love Me Last.

Friend, whose smile has come to be
Very precious unto me—
Though I know I drank not first
Of your love's bright fountain-burst,
Yet I grieve not for the past,
So you only love me last!

Other souls may find their joy
In the blind love of a boy—
Give me that which years have tried,
Disciplined and purified—
Such as, braving storm and blast,
You will bring to me at last!

There are brows more fair than mine—
Eyes of more bewitching shine—
Other hearts more fit, in truth,
For the passion of thy youth—
But their transient empire past,
You will surely love me last!

Wing away your summer-time—
Find a love in every clime—
Roam in liberty and light—
I shall never stay your flight;
For I know when all is past,
You will come to me at last!

Change and flutter, as you will,
I shall smile securely still;
Patiently I trust and wait,
Though you tarry long and late;
Prize your spring till it be past,
Only, only love me last!

The Dried Buttercups.

BY KATE WARE.

I was looking over, the other day, a little drawer in Cousin Carrie's writing-table, after a letter of Kate Hamilton's—Kate Duncan that was—that she had promised to show me. There were all sorts of treasures in the drawer—letters tied up with blue ribbons, miniatures, locks of hair, trinkets, and souvenirs innumerable. In turning them over in my search, I came across a fanciful little box, made of carved sandal wood, that looked as though it hid something of great value.

"May I open it, Carrie?"

"Yes."

There was nothing in it but a bunch of dried buttercups, pressed on a piece of black paper.

"Dear me, is this all? What do you keep them in a box for, Carrie?"

She took the box from my hand, and looked at them thoughtfully.

"There is nothing in that drawer, Kate, that I prize as much as these buttercups. I've kept them in that box for two years."

"Of course, then, there's something interesting about them if they are so precious, and thereby hangs a tale—eh, Carrie?"

"Yes; but more interesting to me than to anybody else, I fancy."

"Oh, no! Stories about withered flowers that are kept as souvenirs, are delightful and romantic, always, and I feel just like hearing one now. Do tell me about them."

I had to coax ever so long, but at last she consented; so I put the things back into the drawer, and drew a seat close up to Carrie, where I could watch her as she talked, (for she had a face one never tires looking at,) and then she told me this story, just as I am going to tell it to you.

"About three years ago, Kate, mother's health was so poor, that Dr. Field said she must go to Cuba—nothing but a warmer climate could help her: so she and father went, and left me with Aunt Lydia Merrill while they were gone. She lives at Melton, you know. I had always lived in a large city, and it was a great change for me, for Melton is about the smallest, quietest little village that ever was, and the society, with the exception of one or two families, worse than nothing. However, the scenery is as lovely and picturesque as possible, and the walks and rides enchanting; and "The Pond" (they would call it a lake in England,) so beautiful, that it seems made on purpose for sailing parties. So, after I had got used to Aunt Lydia, who, like most maiden ladies that live alone, is rather prim and proper in her notions, I was quite contented, and when May came, happy.

"Aunt Lydia's house is so pleasant, Kate! There's a piazza in front, with pillars almost hid with sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and a great orchard behind the house, that when the apple blossoms were out was a perfect paradise; and the trees all around it, only not so many but that the house was full of sunshine all day.

"How I did luxuriate in the beauties of Nature that summer! You needn't laugh, Kate; it's a backneyed expression, but it's the very one I wanted. I almost lived out-doors, till I got to be as rosy and brown as any country girl—a real 'nut brown mayde,' and no mistake. I botanized; I went out berrying; I sketched, studied, and read, or pretended to sew, out in the woods or down by the brook, rode horse-back, and when Aunt Lydia would let me, drove all over the country round about in her light wagon (a chaise is a humbug in the country, Kate, and should only be used for going to meeting in, as Aunt Lydia's was,) and finally scandalized Aunt by learning to row, actually.

"There was one drawback to my happiness, though; there was not a girl in the village whom I cared to take as a friend, and as for beaux—why, there was but one in the place. Israel Parsons, aged about *forty!*

"One day, at dinner, Aunt Lydia quietly remarked that Peter—her man of all work—had just brought her a letter from Benjamin, from the post office.

"Benjamin who?" said I, rather amused, "the brother of Joseph?"

"'His brother's name isn't Joseph,' said my Aunt simply; 'it's Samuel. Benjamin Russel—you know him or used to. He's a second cousin to you.'

"'What! Cousin Ben? What did you say, Aunt?'

"'He is coming to Melton to stay three or four months, and is going to study law with Judge Minot while he is here. He can't bear the city in the summer, he says, and as Melton is his ideal of a country place, he shall have a grand time to study, with nothing to take his attention off; and he won't miss city society while you and I are here.'

"'So he knows I am here, then,' said I; 'I'm so glad he's coming. I used to like Ben ever so much.'

"'Yes, he is a very good-looking young man, I should judge,' said Aunt Lydia. 'I hope you will be polite to him, Caroline.'

"When Cousin Ben was thirteen, and I ten or eleven, we had been fast friends—companions in all each other's frolics and scoldings; inseparable generally. Then his father died, and they moved to another city. I hadn't seen him since, and the correspondence that began so furiously, had died out years ago, so that we were comparatively strangers to each other.

"The idea of renewing our old friendship was delightful, besides the pleasure of seeing some person from the city. He was going to board at Judge Minot's—about a mile or so from Aunt Lydia's—and was expected in a week. I knew he would call to see us as soon as he came, and was impatient to know of his arrival. The week passed, then a fortnight, and no Cousin Ben, and I made up my mind that he wasn't coming at all.

"One beautiful morning, Aunt Lydia asked me to go over to Mrs. Woodbury's for her, on some trifling errand or other, as Peter was busy and could not go; so putting on my white cape-bonnet, I went. It was half a mile, but I thought nothing of the walk. In coming home, it was so warm that I decided to go through the wood, which lay between Mrs. Woodbury's and our house. I sauntered along till I came to a brook that ran through the wood; where it was narrowest, a board had been laid across for a bridge—but it was old, and when I was in the middle of it, the treacherous thing broke. The water wasn't deep, not above my knees; but I didn't care to wade it, so as I felt the bridge breaking, I managed to jump on a large stone close by. I stood balancing myself on it, trying to find a way to get across, when I was startled by a voice from the bushes near me, humming a tune, and then in a moment I heard the exclamation:

"'Why, bless me, here's the divinity of the place! What a charming attitude!'

"'Whoever you are,' I called out, 'I wish you would help me across here.'

"'It's a pity to spoil such a pretty picture,' said the voice. 'Still I shall be most happy to serve you. Wait a moment.'

"A piece of board soon made its appearance, and was laid with one end on the stone I was standing on, and the other on the opposite side of the brook.

"'Now, then, Undine.'

"I landed safely, with no other damage than a pair of wet feet, and a neat morning dress much splashed and drabbled. I thanked the bridge maker, who only shrugged his shoulders, and said, comically:

"'It's fortunate for me that I came along this way. I hope you will pardon me, but I am ashamed with that bridge for breaking just when it did.'

"He was just going to walk away, when he stopped and said:

"'If you really are not a water wraith, perhaps you can tell me where Miss Lydia Merrill lives?'

"The thought flashed across me, and I looked at him again.

"'Cousin Ben! is this you?'

"'Cousin Carrie! is it possible? Now this is so delightful!' And he grasped my hand warmly.—'How did you recognize me?'

"'By the old saucy look in your eyes, as you spoke, and by your asking where Aunt Lydia lives—principally by the first though.'

"'Thank you!' and he lifted his cap and bowed very low. 'I should never have known you. I left you a little scraggy witch, all angles, and great brown eyes, and now you've grown so——'

"'Handsome,' I broke in.

"He laughed. 'No, vain! But how wet you are; you will take cold. How I wish I could change into a coach and six, for then you would let me carry you home! As it is, will you take my arm? and we will get there as soon as we can.'

"By the time we reached Aunt Lydia's, we felt as much at ease together as if it hadn't been a dozen years since we saw each other last. He staid and dined with us, and I was charmed to see how cozily he adapted himself to her set ways, quite taking her maiden heart by storm in so doing. The staid dining-room hadn't rung with so much merriment for many months, and Cousin Ben and I rallied each other mercilessly, yet aunt never once shook her head at me, or asked me to 'try and be more dignified.'"

"Cousin Carrie," I interrupted, "you have not told me how he looked. Was he tall and handsome?"

"He was tall, Kate, but I don't know whether you would call him handsome or not. There was a decided fascination about his face—I am sure of that—and it was not a common one. He had very light hair, with just the least curl in it, while his eyes, which were large, were dark, almost black, with a laughing archness and sparkle in them that was perfectly irresistible. There was a most wonderful play of expression in his face, and I never saw one that could change so suddenly and entirely as his. Then there was a sort of careless elegance and freedom in his manner that fascinates women always, and comes only from mingling in society, and a certain consciousness of one's power.

"We suited each other exactly, and for the future I had no reason to complain of want of companionship. It was astonishing how famously we got on together, and how, because we called each other 'cousin,' though only second cousins, we felt at liberty to do and say just what we chose. Being such old, familiar friends, we declared that it would be absurd to think of falling in love with each other, and so there was no danger in playing the agreable, and having what we should call in the city, 'a desperate flirtation.' Cousin Ben's law studies proved rather a failure, I'm afraid, for his time was otherwise taken up. We took long walks, hunting up 'specimens' for my herbarium—also sailed on 'The Pond,' and took moonlight drives when we felt romantic. Almost every fine morning Ben's horse would come cautering up the road, and there was some reason why I ought to go with him. If my cheeks were redder than usual, he would say 'Cousin Carrie, it really distresses me to see you look so poorly. Perhaps I had better tell Peter to saddle your horse, a ride may do you good.'

"When it was too warm to go out, we read together, and Ben's superior culture was an advantage to me that I appreciated. Our readings generally ended in long talks about everything, earthly and unearthly. In the evening we practiced duetts and songs over our music book, and he learned to play the flute to please me. Sometimes we would astonish good Aunt Lydia (what trials we were to her!) by singing love songs to each other with an amazing amount of expression, and when she would look alarmed, first at one and then at the other, through her spectacles, we would go off into a perfect peal of laughter at our own absurdity, and her wonder at our performance.

"She was entirely mystified by our proceedings, and she told me once or twice pertinently, that 'she didn't approve of our going on.' It was in vain that I tried to explain to her that we were merely having a Platonic flirtation—the most harmless thing I assured her, in the world.

"'Platonic nonsense! You need not talk to me, Caroline, I know better. There is no such thing.'

"'Do you know German, Cousin Carrie?' asked Ben, as we sat sewing—Aunt Lydia and myself.

"'Not a word of it, Ben.'

"'Then I think I must begin to teach it to you. Don't you think I had better, Aunt Lydia?'

"Aunt Lydia answered rather sarcastically for her. 'Perhaps you had better teach her law. Such hard study with Judge Minot since you have been at Melton, must have rendered you competent.'

"Cousin Ben raised his eyebrows and gave me an arch look of fun at such an unusual burst of sarcasm from her, but answered demurely:

"'Very true. But it might be best to discipline the mind first on German.'

"We began it the next day, and the bursts of laughter that reached Aunt Lydia's ears, as I undertook to pronounce the gutterals, gave my Aunt occasion to remark, that she was not aware before what an entertaining study the German was. So we went on for three months or more, seeing each other, on an average, two or three times a day. I, for my part, never had been so happy in my life, though I began to lose faith in that magic word 'Platonic,' and didn't let myself think what Melton would be for me when Ben was gone, and we sung no more love songs together with 'expression.'

"One bright day, (it was about the last of September,) we walked together, laughing and talking, as usual, he carrying my portfolio, for I had been sketching, when he said:

"The Melton people can't understand us at all, Carrie. Do you know how they talk about us!"

"What do they say?"

"Oh, all sorts of things; that we have been engaged for two years; that we are to be married next month, and the like. It was only last night that Judge Minot told me that he thought I loved you, and that it was folly to call it a flirtation."

"And what did you say," I inquired, for he wanted an answer.

"I didn't say anything; but I'll tell you what I thought, Carrie—that it was perfectly true."

It came so suddenly, Kate, that you cannot think how I felt for a moment! My heart beat so loudly that you could almost have heard it—and yet I was so glad and happy.' But I only drew my cape bonnet down, so that Ben could not see my face, and said:

"Well, and what then?"

"O, nothing, only I should like to know if you love me?"

"Are you really offering yourself to me, Ben? Because, if you are, I wish you would kneel down and do it in the real novel style."

"Certainly, if you wish it. But it's dusty here; can you wait till we reach the grass there?"

"O, yes! But did I not tell you that I have always intended to refuse my first offer? I don't like to break my word."

"Very well; refuse me now, and when we reach the aforesaid grass I will offer myself again, and then you can accept me, fall into my arms, and murmur—yes!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall merely ask a week to consider in."

"But, Carrie"—this time without trying to conceal his earnestness—"you have not answered my question yet."

"What question?"

"You know as well as I do, Carrie."

"Well, then, Cousin Ben, go and get me those buttercups, to prove that you are in earnest, and I'll say YES!"

We were walking past the only hill in Melton, and away up the steep side I saw a bunch of buttercups in a crevice of a rock, waving in the wind. I hardly thought that he would take me at my word, for it seemed barely possible to reach them; but quick as thought he darted from me and was clambering up the rocks. He reached the buttercups, and as he did so turned to me an arch look of triumph. I stood watching him as he began to come down; but when the descent was half made, a stone on which he had planted his foot, rolled, and I saw him fall to the bottom among the rocks."

"O, Ben, dear Ben, are you hurt? O, do speak to me!"

"But there was no answer. I kneeled down beside him.

"'Oh, I do love him, and yet I have killed him! Dear, dear cousin Ben, speak to me once more!' And—it was very foolish, Kate, but—I put down my head and kissed him.

"As I exclaimed, 'O, what shall I do? what shall I do?' I saw a smile quiver round his mouth, and he opened his eyes and looked at me archly. He was not hurt—he had been deceiving me! I sprang to my feet burning with indignation and shame to think that I had betrayed myself to him; and without one word I turned away with the air of an injured queen, for I felt so, I am sure.

"'Now don't be angry, Cousin Carrie,' said Ben, springing up and coming to my side; 'I really didn't mean to frighten you till you screamed and ran to me with such a look of terror, and then an irresistible desire came over me to see if you really did care for me.'

"'You have insulted me,' I replied, indignantly, 'and yet you do not even ask me to forgive you, or assume to be sorry.'

"'I do acknowledge that it was wrong, but as to being sorry, Carrie'—and he looked me full in the face with a world of meaning in his glorious eyes—'I would rather give half my life than not had it happen as it did!' Then he resumed his old rallying tone, evidently not believing in my anger, while I walked on in dignified silence.

"'Carrie, you do look like Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, actually—all but the crape bonnet, which I think rather injures the effect. Wouldn't you be kind enough to take it off? No! What a pity! Your mouth is suited perfectly to a pouting expression, and it's a shame to hide it.'

"While we were walking along, he had been carefully arranging the buttercups, and shaking the dust from the leaves, and now, as we reached the gate before Aunt Lydia's house, he held them out to me.

"'The buttercups, Carrie, that you sent me for. You know what your receiving them was to mean.'

"I drew my hand back, saying, 'I shall not take them.'

"His manner changed instantly, and with earnestness, and yet a quiet dignity that I admired in spite of myself, he answered:

"'Cousin Carrie, you know that I love you better than anything else on earth, but if you wish to let me know, by refusing the buttercups, that you do not care for my love, there is nothing more for me to say.'

"I was very angry, and merely saying, 'you may keep them,' I opened the gate and went in, wishing him haughtily, 'good morning.'

"What a turmoil my mind was in that night, Kate, as I sat at my window and thought over all we had said and done! Sometimes indignation was uppermost, that he had deceived me so, and heard my passionate exclamations when he was lying there, and that he knew that I kissed him. Then I would go over and over again, how he told me, and just how he looked and his tone as he said it, and it thrilled me with intense pleasure. By the next morning my indignation had so far abated, that I made up my mind when Ben came to treat him coldly at first, but if he should be very penitent for his fault, perhaps I might forgive him in time. But he did not come.

"'I suppose he thinks to punish me by staying away to-day,' I said to myself.

"He did not come the next day, nor the next, nor the whole week. How I wondered at it, and listened to hear his voice every time there was a knock at the door or a footstep at the gate; and how I missed him! There was no pleasure in practicing or studying, or doing anything without Cousin Ben. Aunt Lydia could not account for his absence at all; only once she said to me with a curious look at me over her spectacles:

"'I hope, Caroline, that there has not been any trouble between you and Benjamin?'

"'What trouble could there be?' I replied, pretending to be amused at the thought of such a thing.

"'Well, it's very queer! I should think he must be sick, if Peter hadn't seen him at the post office yesterday.'

"A fortnight, seeming to me two months, passed drearily by. One evening I had just come in from the garden, and was standing listlessly on the piazza, when I heard a voice in the parlor that made me start. It was cousin Ben's. He was talking to aunt Lydia, and I could hear every word they said through the open windows, while I myself was hid by the curtains. He told her that he had come to the conclusion that he had better leave Melton, and that he was going in the morning, and had only come to take leave of her. Aunt Lydia told him how sorry she was to have him go away, and then I heard her ask if he had seen me. 'No,' he said, and then he hesitated. 'I do not think she will care about seeing me before I go. Will you bid her good-bye for me?'

"I could not hear anything more. It seemed as if there was something in my throat choking me. I turned away, stationing myself by one of the pillars, where I thought he could not see me, that I at least might get one glimpse of him before he went away.

"'I shall not see him again,' I said to myself, and I thought of that line in Kathleen Mavourneen, that we had so often sung together:

'It may be for years, and it may be forever.'

"In a moment or two he came out, when just as he was stepping off the piazza, he somehow got a glimpse of my dress. He stopped and hesitated; then he came up and held out his hand.

"'Good-bye, cousin Carrie.'

"I was startled as I looked at him, and saw the settled sadness and paleness of his face.

"'Good-bye,' I said.

"He had turned to go away, when I called to him quickly, 'Cousin Ben!'

"He came back.

"'I will take the buttercups. Will you give them to me?'

"He started, and you should have seen, Kate, the sudden flush of joy that lit up his face."

"O, Cousin Carrie," I interrupted her by exclaiming, "I'm so glad! What did he do?"

"He took the flowers out of his pocket and gave them to me."

"Of course. But is that all he did?"

"No, Miss Kate Ware," said Carrie, laughingly, "it was not all he did, but you shouldn't be so inquisitive. It is quite sufficient for you to know that we were both so happy that we staid out there talking for a full hour. It's a wonder I didn't catch cold, it was such a damp night! And then Ben had to hurry off to tell the stage driver that he need not call for him in the morning, as he had ordered him to.

"Aunt Lydia was astonished beyond everything when I told her that Ben wasn't going to leave Melton in the morning, and that we were engaged. But as soon as she had recovered her equanimity, she said she wasn't surprised in the least, she knew how things would turn out, long ago!"

"So your Cousin staid at Melton as long as you did," I said. "I'm afraid that there wasn't much studying law after that."

"That's because you don't know Ben, at all. He began at once to study so hard that he not only redeemed his character with Judge Minot, but won from him the warmest praise, and the prophecy that there was a splendid future before him if he but went on with the same earnestness. I was very happy and very proud of him, though his time was so occupied that I saw him but little except in the evening; but I knew he was working for me, and desired distinction only for my sake. When father and mother came home we were married; and I have never had reason"—Carrie added—"to regret the time when I told Ben I would take The Buttercups. Now you know, Kate, why I prize them so much."

Nothing lost by Kindness.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Greenock and Paisly, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired and struggling, with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy, what was his object in coming there.

He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would employ him.

She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well.

Twenty years after this the coach was returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road.—When near Bishopton a sea captain observed an old widow on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued, and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her.

Immediately after, when the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach, the lady thanked him for his kindly feeling toward her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. To which the captain replied:

"I have always sympathy for weary pedestrians, since I myself was in that state, when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, where a tender hearted lady ordered the coachman to take me up, and paid for my seat."

"Well do I remember that incident," said she.—"I am that lady, but my lot in life has changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs, to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum, till your death."

☞ A superficial person, having heard a popular declaimer preach, said to Dr. Bellamy, "Oh, sir, I have been fed this evening." The Dr. replied, "So the calves think after having sucked each others' ears."

☞ Perhaps Herr Driesbach has been more lionized than any gentleman now living.

The Apples of New-England.

BY MRS. A. DENISON.

The apples of New England!
How hang their loaded boughs,
Over the grey stone fences,
In reach of the dappled cows;
Oh, every red cheeked Baldwin
Hath a merry song to sing
Of some old moss roofed cottage,
Where the farmer is a king.

The russets of New England!
What ruddy fires they see,
Where the crack of the veiny walnut
And the crack of the pine agree;
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And the rollicking boys guess riddles,
With many a shout of mirth.

O! the pippins of New England!
What lovers' smiles they see,
When their yellow coats in letters,
Tell tales at the apple bee;
What rosy cheeks at the quiltings!
What kissing in husking time;
That soon lead off to the parson,
Or end in a wedding chime.

O! the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land,
And sleep in silver baskets,
Or blush in a jeweled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And taste of nectared blisses
No lover has dared to sip.

Bugle Song.

BY TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on field, or hill, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Squirrels and Laughter.

We have read a very good article on Laughter, by a writer in *New Jerusalem Messenger*, in which the squirrel is made to symbolize the sportive element in human nature. "Laughter," says the writer, "is of two distinct kinds. One the result of sympathy, the other of antagonism. The one laughs *with* its object, and the other *at* it. The one partakes of the character of its object, and may be either good or evil. The other always despises its object, and is by its own nature necessarily evil. We laugh with the ludicrous and at the the ridiculous." This seems to us a very just discrimination, and it may be questioned whether laughing at *persons* ever originates in a state of mind entirely humble, pure, and childlike. We presume, however, this classification was not intended to be exhaustive. There is a third kind of laughter, we think. You may call it laughing *into* other people, proceeding as it does from a superabounding humor and good nature, which does not need any object to excite it. It goes out of itself in wavelets of drollery and innocent fun. We have known in our day a great many lean, lathy, elongated, grim, dyspeptic sort of people, who think that two and two always makes four, and have never found that it is just as likely to make five, and the greatest blessing you could bestow upon them at first would probably be to roll into their spiny natures a few floods of billowy mirth. Dr. Nott was famous for his power over bad men. He would disperse any mob sooner than the Mayor and police. He would meet them armed with clubs, looking lean, hungry and defiant. In five minutes they would drop their bludgeons, and disperse in roars of laughter. The Doctor never despaired of gaining a man, if he could first make him laugh. Sidney Smith, at some dinner-party, saw one of these lathy men sitting beside him, and plied him with a joke. The man sat grim over it say for five minutes, trying to extract its meaning. At last he looked up, "Why, Mr. Smith, you probably intended that for a joke." "I didn't intend it for anything else," was the reply. Whereupon the lathy gentleman began to laugh, and couldn't stop, probably finding for the first time in his life that things had a ludicrous side.

We once recommended Knickerbocker's New York to one of these elongated gentlemen. He read it, shook his head, and thought the style much inferior to that of Prescott and Brancroft, and doubted very much whether everything in the book was true.

These natures, which seem so poor and thin, very often have the saccharine matter in them, but it is at the bottom and undissolved, and they need shaking and stirring up in order to impart richness and flavor to their whole being, and save them from bigotry and meanness; and if you once get a flood of humor fairly to sweep through them, the end may probably be gained.

There is a fourth kind of laughter,—laughing at follies and the smaller sins, by showing up their incongruities, and making men feel how contemptible such things are. This is not laughing at persons, but at qualities abstracted from persons, making vice and folly odious. Unless this is a right use of the humorous faculty, we must proscribe Cervantes, Dickens, Shakespeare, Hood, Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Stowe. It is doubtful whether Luther could have accomplished what he did, if he had not been preceded by Erasmus. The works of the latter, satirizing keenly the vices of the monks and the priesthood before they could be openly denounced, were widely circulated and prepared the way for the Reformers.

Carlyle, in a criticism on Shakespeare, hits the distinction very justly between antagonistic and sympathetic laughter. "His laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the but of his bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play, you would say roars and laughs. And, then, if not always the finest, you would say it is always the most genial laughter. Not at a mere weakness, at misery, or poverty; never. No man who can laugh, what we call laughter, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character desiring to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughing is not the crackling of thorns under a pot. Even at stupidity and pretension, this Shakespeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter; but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing and hope they will get on well, and continue presidents of the city watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me."—*Rel. Mag.*

☞ Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

The House of Representatives.

The Washington correspondent of Forney's *Press* furnishes the following sketch:

"The House of Representatives has been crowded daily with curious and excited observers of the strange scenes enacted before them. The members, on their crimson-colored sofas, present a fine appearance, and if they are as well satisfied with the change which has been made by the removal of the desks, and the substitution of the present arrangement, as their constituents in the galleries, I have no doubt the sofas will be permitted to remain. The Speaker's Chair is vacant; the Clerk, with his assistants, occupies the second platform, and immediately before him are arranged the Congressional reporters, Messrs. McElhone, Smith, Hinks, and Hayes. These gentlemen are the brief, if not the abstract, chroniclers of the doings of the House. They are officers of the body, although in the direct employ of John C. Rives, the enterprising proprietor of *The Globe*. It is amazing to watch the rapidity of their movements. They take down every word as it falls from the lips of the Representatives, and the next morning, about twelve or one o'clock, the *Globe* appears with a detailed and accurate report of the former day's proceedings. Overhead, and immediately back of the Speaker's chair, seated upon long benches running back to the wall, are the correspondents of the leading journals of the United States. When I occupied a seat in the gallery, on Wednesday last, all these benches were filled. There seemed to be more than a hundred gentlemen engaged in writing and preparing matter for the papers with which they are connected. The rules allowing no persons but members of the House and members of the Senate the privilege of the floor, are, I believe, rigidly enforced by the Clerk, as they have been by the Speaker, since the new hall has been occupied, so that correspondents are compelled to resort to the locality set apart for them, as the only place from which they can hear and see what is going on. This rule also fills up the galleries with the leading men of the country. Those who have heretofore been admitted within the bar of the House because of their position, such as ex-members, ex-senators, ex-governors, and others, finding it impossible to obtain entrance within the charmed circle, gladly resort to the galleries, where the accommodations, acoustic and otherwise, are highly satisfactory.

"It is a curious sight to watch the immense audience daily assembled in these galleries. Fancy your Academy of Music of an oblong shape, and instead of three tiers, only one—the parquette being occupied by the members of Congress, and the single gallery, or tier, crowded with people from all parts of the Union, of both sexes—you thus have a reasonable idea of the appearance of the popular branch of Congress during the past week. In a portion of the northern gallery are the members of the various foreign legations, who have been regular spectators since Monday last. The ladies and their male attendants occupy one portion of the gallery, while gentlemen alone occupy another. In the present unorganized condition of the House, when no rules have been adopted, and the Clerk is left to his own discretion, you would suppose yourself present at some theatrical performance, from the fact that whenever a good speech is uttered, and the telling point made, the constituents who look down from above make the vast hall ring with their plaudits. I have noticed, on several occasions, that these tokens of approbation have been led by beautiful Southern ladies, who, catching the enthusiasm of the orators of their section, stretch forth their little hands, and clap as loudly as those of the masculine gender.—These demonstrations are often responded to by the members on the floor. In vain the Clerk cries out "Order," and makes his hammer ring upon his desk. There is an *abandon* on all hands that defies his power."

A Picture of War.

Here is a picture of the actual business of war, drawn by the quaint and powerful pencil of Carlyle:

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain natural enemies of the French, there are successively selected during the French war, say thirty able bodied men; Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them up to crafts, so that one can weave, the other build, another hammer, and the weakest stand under thirty pounds avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away at public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only, to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the South of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans from some Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another: and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? No! busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were they entirely strangers? Nay; in so wide a universe there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors fell out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas! so it is in our land, and hitherto in all other lands still, as of old, what devilry soever kings do, the people must pay the piper!"

Mr. John A. Washington.

A paragraph has been passing through the newspapers to the effect that Mr. John A. Washington had lost all the money paid to him for the purchase of Mount Vernon in consequence of mortgages and liens on the estate. An extra of the *Mount Vernon Record* contradicts this statement by publishing a letter addressed to Miss Cunningham, Regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, by Mr. Alfred Moss, clerk of Fairfax county court, Virginia, as follows:—"John A. Washington, Esq., of Mt. Vernon, has title to twelve hundred and twenty-five acres of land in this county, known as the 'Mount Vernon Estate.' It was conveyed to him by his mother, Mrs. Jane C. Washington, on the 18th of September, 1849, under the authority vested in her by the will of her husband, John A. Washington, the elder.—The conveyance was in fee, without any charge or reservation whatever, except to Mrs. Washington, the fishing shores thereon during her life, and a charge of six thousand dollars to Mrs. Wm. F. Alexander. The property at the time of the conveyance was clear of all incumbrances whatever, and Mr. Washington, since the said conveyance to him, has never mortgaged the same or otherwise encumbered it, nor is there any judgment against him, or other lien upon the said land, except that in the deed from Mrs. Washington to him as aforesaid. The contract between the Regent of the Mount Vernon Association and Mr. Washington is dated the 6th day of April, 1858, and was admitted to record in this court on the 19th day of April, 1858."

☞ The last time I saw Daniel Webster at Marshfield, and not very long before his death, I was walking with him over and around Cherry Hill, which is a beautiful shady place, with winding paths among the trees, and here and there an arbor. He gathered leaves for me from different rare trees, and some of the loveliest flowers for my mother. I spoke of the beauty of the place, and he said in reply: "About fifteen years ago this hill was only a shifting sand. The wind blew it all over the house and the grounds. My mother came down to see me, and she said, 'Daniel, can't you do something to keep the sand out of the House?' and I said, mother, I'll try. So I planted the sand thick with turnips, which I left to decay there. The next year I planted it with (I think) potatoes; after that the grass seed, and then the trees." So it had come, from a shifting sand, to be a wooded hill, the delight and wonder of all who beheld it so near the sea.