Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1865. NUMBER 5.

Business Directory

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,
MONTROSE, PA.,
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court. Montrose, Jan. 2, '65.—1y.

CHARLES HOLES,
DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms. Shop on second st. 4th Public Avenue in F. M. Chandler's store. Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lee. Boards at J. Hoxford's. Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lee's Drug store. Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—1y.

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds of Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Montrose, Pa., February 22, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown. Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Beatley & Fitch's. Montrose, February 1, 1864—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prosecuted. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. F. Lloyd's building, below Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb1'71 1865.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Orange Street, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, January 25, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Weeks's shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION. Montrose, Sept. 28, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where Oysters in season, are served in style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place—Sign of Mort Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice. Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's. Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa. Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials inShip south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop next door to Methodist Church. Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had about a year experience in the United States Army, he expects to merit a share of public patronage. ☞ Special attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS. ☞ Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel. Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,
MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the Shop formerly occupied by Wm. Warmsley, one door south of the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, 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, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself in Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mr. Richardson's. Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 6, 1864. 1y

F. B. WEEKS,
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER: also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,
MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough. New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

Drs. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the Eye, Surgical operations, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs carefully attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf. E. R. PATRICK, Pa. E. L. GARDNER.

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers. Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Boot and Shoe business in all its branches. J. LYONS, T. A. LYONS. Montrose, January 1, 1864.

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, January 1, 1861.

C. Q. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa., Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. ☞ Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Papers, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. B. R. LYONS. J. D. LYONS. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose. J. READ, A. WATROUS, S. C. FOSTER. Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop opposite the Republican Printing Office. Montrose, Pa., October 25, 1859.—tf

D. A. LYONS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street, Susquehanna Depot February 11, 1862.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,
WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made to suit the times and the work is properly done. JOHN BEAUMONT. Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf. WM. WARD.

BENTLEY & LOOMIS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Scranton, Pa. Office over Fuller's Drug Store, on Lackawanna Avenue, near Provost Marshall's Office. Military Exemption papers made out for persons in Susquehanna County, if drafted, would do well to call on the subscribers. Information by letter cheerfully given, and all business entrusted to us promptly attended to. B. S. BENTLEY. Scranton, Pa., Sept. 28, 1864.—tf. F. E. LOOMIS.

I. H. BURNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Nov. 25, 1861.

For the Independent Republican.

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF CURTIS HULCE, OF DEPOSIT, N. Y.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The winds that o'er the bleak brown prairies blow
From out the chilly East bring to my ear
A sound of weeping. There are *two* bowed down,
A father and a mother, by a grave,
It is a grave in which their hearts are laid
Never to rise again until the dust
That sleeps so well within, shall wake once more
On that great Day when God shall come to roll
The stone from all our sepulchres. How he
Went down into that dark and chilly stream
Whose waves will send a shudder through us all
I know not, nor what light shone round his steps
From the bright hill-tops on the farther side
Of the great Gulf of Shadows, nor what joy
Overflowed his heart to think that he would now
Pass from a world that knows so many tears;
Nor whether, as his hour drew nigh, a gloom
Come over him to think that he no more
Would hear the voices that he loved so well,
Nor look upon his long-familiar walks,
The balmy gleams and shooting blades of Spring,
Nor the sweet days that make the Autumn hills
Look like a sea of amethyst. Nor yet
Know I the form in which the blow came down
That, as it broke the "golden bowl," crushed hearts
Which must beat on in pain and ache and ache
Through that most dreadful of all solitudes,
A world of countless faces—all save one
That we are dying to behold once more.
Of these I know not: tis enough to know
That the young man with the dark locks is dead!
Ah, well, dear, sunken treasures! broken hearts!
And faces that pursue our steps by day,
And break like sunrise on our dreams by night!

A few more months will glide and spring's warm breath
Will wake the wary glorious Western plains to life,
And far as human eye can reach, will spread
And wave a wilderness of verdure, such
As none e'er saw that has not seen the sun
Go down upon the prairies. Flowers will spring
In the green labyrinths of the tender grass,
Wild, gorgeous flowers whose names and looks to me
Are strange; and roses in the verdant depths
Will open, and in gardens, crocuses
Will shine as if the earth were sprouting gold.
And I, as my two little ones put forth
Their hands to pull the earliest violets
And hold them up for me to see and praise,
I then shall think of other days and springs,
Gay hopes, now dead, that danced before my eyes,
Enchanting day-dreams that are broken now,
And dewy gloomes sweet with azaleas
And woodpaths that I loved long, long ago.
I shall remember that in shady nooks
In the dim quiet of the narrow vales
And at the bases of the rocky hills
That tower beside the glittering Delaware,
Will violets open and the fairies' hands
Of children gather them; there birds will build
And odors of a thousand budding things
Quiver on every breeze; and signs will hang
On every bough and speak from every sod
And whisper in the tinkling rills that lie
Who stood beside the grave of Lazarus,
Stands *there*, unseen, among the rocks and streams
And calls to all the buried flowers "come forth."
But there is one, *one more*, a dark-haired man,
Whose days, just rounding up into the morn
Of life, were full of promise and sweet hope,
Who not for all the sunshine of our skies,
Nor all the sweetness of the early flowers,
Nor silvery flutings of the vernal breeze,
Nor mother's tenderness nor father's love,
Will quit the sinless atmosphere, the rest,
The kingly halls, the royal company,
The nobles of the earth and of the heavens
In that great City where they envy not
And all whose streets wind under cypress boughs.

But still he *lives*, and we will think there lives
With him the same deep love for friends and those
Who nourished him in infancy and wept
The bitterest tears upon his dying brow—
The father and the mother who will look
Back over beds of early violets,
Over June's roses and December's snows
And Autumn's crimson pomp, upon a grave
That ever, ever will be fresh to them!

Fairbury, Ill.

BRAZIL.

The New Orleans *Bonjune* says the affair of the Wachusett and Florida, in the port of Bahia, has suddenly attracted public interest toward Brazil, of which little is heard in this country, except on some special occasion of passing importance. Yet Brazil has a larger territorial area than any other State in America, North or South, even exceeding that of the United States in their entirety, including the Territories. The area of the United States proper is 2,939,811 square miles; that of Brazil is 147,-034 geographical square miles. A geographical square mile contains 21¼ English square miles (nearly 21 25), and area of Brazil is, therefore, 3,727,708 square miles. Its greatest breadth is 2,850 miles, English, and its greatest length 2,650. The population of the sea give it a coast line, on the estimate, of nearly 4,000 miles.

It is divided into twenty provinces, containing a population, by a census taken in 1856, of 7,507,800, now estimated at 9,000,000; a very motley race—whites, mixed breeds of whites, Indians, and negroes, Arabs, and the unmixed aboriginal savages. The unmixed and Arabs are nearly all slaves. The free population is of every shade and hue, propagated by untrammelled "free love." Miscegenation has full sway there, and the results are well worth the study of political philosophers.

Brazil is the American example of constitutional monarchy. It is governed by a hereditary Emperor, and has at this time the great advantage of having at the head of the Empire a man of utility, cultivation, and high personal qualities. Don Pedro II is in the prime of his life. He will not be forty years of age until the 2d of December. He succeeded to the throne when quite a child, in 1831, on the abdication of his father, Don Pedro, of Portugal. The late Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, was a daughter of Don Pedro, and sister of the present Emperor of Brazil. The Government was conducted by a Regency until the young Emperor assumed the reins of government for himself, and was crowned in 1841.—His education was very carefully conducted, and he is a remarkable man for his love of study and the extent and variety of his accomplishments, and not less for his attention to public affairs and his sincere desire to promote the welfare of his subjects. The Emperor has two children, both daughters; the eldest, Isabella, eighteen years of age, is heiress presumptive; the second daughter, and last born child, is seventeen years of age.

The Emperor has two sisters, the elder of which is married to the Count Aequila, brother to the expected King of Naples, and the younger to the Prince de Joinville, of the French House of Orleans. Her son, by this marriage, is or was recently a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. His French title is Duke of Penthievre. It would have been an odd accident, but very probable, for the Emperor's nephew to have been on the Wachusett in the affair at Bahia. The Empress Dowager, step-mother of the Emperor Don Pedro, who is still living at Rio Janeiro, is daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, vice King of Italy, brother of Queen Hortense, the mother of the present Emperor of the French.

The Emperor's name, at its full length, is as follows: Pedro de Alcantara Jean-Charles-Leopold Salvador Bibano-Francois-Xavier de Paula-Leodedio Michel-Gabriel-Raphael Gonzague, all of which names, and one or two more with feminine terminations, are repeated in the names of his sisters.

The Empire has a constitution granted by the Emperor's father in 1824. There is a General Assembly, composed of two legislative houses, a Chamber of Deputies, consisting of one hundred and twenty-two members, and a Senate of fifty-eight members for the Empire; and for each of the provinces there is a Legislative Assembly. The provinces have each a President appointed by the Emperor. The President, who conducted the Brazilian side of the correspondence in the Florida affair, is the Emperor's representative in the province of Bahia, residing at San Salvador. The voters in Brazil do not vote directly for Senators or Representatives in the General Assembly. They choose electors, as in the Presidential election in the United States. These electors elect the members of the House of Deputies for the term of four years. A triple list of Senators is also made up by electors for each province, from which the Emperor selects one-third. Senators are for life.

Suffrage in Brazil is very general, but it is limited very much in the functions it exercises.

Brazil has a considerable navy, but not very effective against the improved armaments of the day. She has no iron-clads. The whole number of ships in 1863 was forty-five, of which twenty-two were steamers, and sixteen armed sailing vessels, with two hundred and sixty guns, with several vessels without armament.

The revenue of Brazil in 1862—the last report we have seen—was, in sterling money, £5,858,722, say, in round numbers, a little less than $30,000,000. Its expenditures were a trifle less than its receipts. Its public debt altogether was £19,372,623—nearly $97,000,000—in which is included about $18,000,000 in Government paper money. About £7,000,000 sterling, say $35,000,000, is due in England, bearing an interest of partly 5 per cent, and partly 4½ per cent.

Diplomatic relations have been disturbed since June, 1863, between Brazil and Great Britain, by the act of the Emperor resenting an indignity put upon her flag by the seizure of Brazilian vessels in her ports, in reprisals for an alleged failure of the Brazilian authorities to make satisfaction for injuries to British subjects, namely, in the case of a wrecked English vessel, of which the new was plundered, and one or more of them killed by inhabitants of the coast, and for insults to British officers by the police officers of one of the cities of the empire—Rio, if we remember rightly. After some negociations, perhaps mediation, the subjects in difference were referred to King Leopold of Belgium, and as it has been stated in the British journals that the award of Leopold is in favor of Brazil, we all now know why it is that the diplomatic relations have not been fully restored.

Bahia, or more properly San Salvador, the chief city of the province of Bahia, is the second city of the Brazilian empire, inside of Bahia *de Toda los Santos* (All Saints' Bay,) south of San Antonio, and about eight hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. It has a harbor which is accounted one of the finest in the world, capable of admitting any vessel of the largest size. It is strongly fortified with numerous stone forts, but scarcely strong enough to resist the improved artillery lately brought into use. The population is now about 130,000. The place carries on a considerable commerce, is the seat of government of the province, and of a Catholic Archbishopric, both of which have palaces there, and contains also public and military hospitals, theatres, and other extensive buildings. The Catholic Archbishop and Primate of all Brazil resides at San Salvador.

The minister of the United States in Brazil is Jas. Watson Webb, formerly of the New York *Courier and Inquirer*. The Consul at Bahia was Thomas F. Wilson.

The Brazilian minister to the United States is Senor Miguel Maria Lisboa. The Consul General for the United States is Senor de Aguiar, at New York.

CORY O'LANUS ON FAMILY AFFAIRS.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* has a correspondent who knows a thing or two. Hear him:

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one.

Married men generally have. So have I.

It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else, are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight, now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Mine have.

Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trowsers, and wear out two pair of boots per month; keeping their blessed ma constantly employed like a beleagured garrison repairing breaches that the cheapjohn fortunate pa paying out currency under strong convictions that there is nothing like "leather"—to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well, and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L. also became attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing if boy's pantaloons were like ships and teakettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was A. No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L. is a managing woman. She makes trowsers for our son Alexander Themistocles, out of mine, when I've done with them. He can get through three pair to my one, ordinarily, and I'm obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, in order to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

Mrs. O'L. said positively that it couldn't be done. It would rain us. She concluded that it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon enquiry that new cloth for that purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L., expecting a triumph of male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn, as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimming."

Trimmings were too much for me.

I have been afraid of trimmings ever since.

Trimmings, I suppose means buttons and things.

In addition to clothes, each scion of our house runs up other expenses.

But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the door by a smiling cherubim, who in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and make him forget his troubles, says, "Hello, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand instinctively goes to the seat of your affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses candy.

NAPOLEON I, AS A COACHMAN.

The great emperor was by no means a good "whip;" but he was ambitious of gaining reputation as such. This ambition, when he was staying at the camp of Boulogne, was very near being the means of shortening his days. One day he insisted on taking the reins from Cæsar, his pet coachman, who, not to *grieve* his master, got up in the seat behind, along with Rapp, Monge, and Cambaceres. Of the safety of the enterprise some opinion may be formed, when it is told that the vehicle was drawn by five young, spirited and relatively unbroken horses presented by the town of Antwerp to Napoleon. It required all Cæsar's experience and strength of arm to drive them. The instant they felt a less expert hand, off they set in full gallop in the direction of the sea. The uncrowned Cæsar thereupon roared to the crowned: "Sire, to the left; pull them to the left, and give the rein to the second gray to the right." "Hold your tongue, Cæsar; I know what I'm about," returned the emperor. Seeing that the driver was no longer master of the horses, Cambaceres instantly said, "Ah, mon Dieu, sire, where is your majesty going to?" "What a coward you are, Cambaceres," was the answer; "don't you see that I'm driving you as I should?" "Certainly," said Rapp, who enjoyed the fright of the archchancellor, despite the danger he ran, "your majesty is driving us straight to England, where we so badly want to go." But Cambaceres, who dreaded a sojourn in England, pushed the horses besought him to pull them up before they went over the cliff. Monge, his eyes shut, stuck to the door, yellow with consternation, till the wheel came in contact with a big stone, when the carriage turned over, and the horses of themselves stood still. The emperor, who was thrown from the box to a great distance, fainted. Cambaceres escaped with a lump on the forehead, which he had was driven in, and Cæsar and Rapp managed to land on their feet. Rapp was no sooner down than he ran to succor the emperor, who took some time to recover. Notwithstanding the plight to which his majesty was reduced, the whole party laughed heartily; and when Napoleon got up, he handed the whip to Cæsar, and said: "I must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. I have had enough of coachman's work, and I accordingly resign."

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—I was preaching one evening, writes a clergy man, who relished a good thing richly, from the passage in the history of Moses, where he, with his two friends, Aaron and Hur, was standing on a hill, and beholding the battle between Israel and Amalek. My text was 'Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands;' and I argued the duty of the people to hold up the hands of their minister, from the example of these good men of old who thus supported Moses.

On my way homeward from church, one of the leading men of my parish joined me, and after expressing his great satisfaction in my discourse, begged leave to suggest one point that I had quite overlooked.

"Ah," said I, "what can that be?"

"I mean," he answered, "the powerful argument in favor of female influence."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not perceive that the subject is hinted at—how do you discover it, my dear sir?"

"Why, does it not read," said he with some surprise, "that Aaron and her held up his hands? I suppose the woman helped as much as the man."

HOLDFAST.—The editor of a China paper thus gives his evidence with regard to Canton thieves: "Few among our readers know what a Canton thief is. Let us give them an illustration for which we can vouch. We once caught a pickpocket at Canton in the very act of practicing his precious vocation on our own personal property. He had our handkerchief, and we had him; he was a miserable, attenuated, and diminutive wretch, but he clung to the handkerchief with such tenacity that we could not take it from him. We had an umbrella, which we smashed to shreds and tatters over him; we knocked him down three or four times, and swung him against the wall, but it was clear that nothing except such severe measures as we were disinclined to take would lead to the recovery of the property, and we relinquished it, having lost our hat as well as umbrella in the scrimmage."

☞ A Maine officer recently applied for a furlough, stating that if it was not granted he should lose fifty thousand dollars. This attracted attention at headquarters, and the officer was desired to forward a statement of how he would lose it. He did, to the effect that he had been in the army without a leave of absence for two years; that he was engaged to a young lady worth fifty thousand dollars; that there was another fellow after her, and that she had written to him that if he did not come home and marry her right away she would have the other man. He got his furlough.

☞ Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say, "Sweet are the use of adversity."

FEDERAL CHAMELEON.

One evening about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, and each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, rapped at the door of a small frame building near the C—— road in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of grey, uncombed hair

"And what may ye want, heah?" she exclaimed, as her deep set eyes flashed upon the two men. "I haven't the smallest bit of Johnny-cake to offer ye, for it was all——"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight, but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late?"

"Dressed in blue and carrying a double barreled rifle," added the other.

"Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice. "If ye hadn't interrupted me I reckon you'd a heard me speak of him before now, as that was the very man who came here and bought all my cakes. It was about two hours ago, and——"

"Which way did he go after he left you?" inquired both men, eagerly.

"Before I answer that question you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with a curiosity natural to her sex.

"He is a celebrated Union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, at other times gray, and he has even been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is at all pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go on a hunt after him and capture him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now as we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little impatiently, "we demand that you answer our question, and——"

"Demand!" interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman, and an old woman at that?"

"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I meant no harm—it is my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive you and perhaps not," said the old woman, shaking her head.

"How far is your camp from here?"

"What is that to you? What has that to do—"

"There you go again with your accursed incivility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question before you get a single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn cakes, d'ye see, and I want to know the number of mouths that I will have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," replied the rebel, "I don't see any reason why I shouldn't satisfy you. Our camps, then, are about five miles from here, near—Cobb's roads, and our number may be about five thousand."

"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction, "yes, that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy a supper is the one you are after?"

"We are sure of it, for although we have never seen the man's face we'd know him by his double-barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and paid for his meal, he says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night, if you have no objection.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours. 'Well, then,' says he, 'can you tell me of any place where I can pass the night a little comfortably. You see,' he added, looking toward his big double-barreled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like rain, and this piece might be hurt by it.' 'I know of no place,' I answered, 'short of four miles from here—an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have tramped about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you let me stay snugly to let it remain till morning?' 'Well, yes,' said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well filled pocket-book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he'd call for his knapsack in the morning, after he should waken from his sleep in the barn. 'Now, then,' continued the speaker which will ye do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him until morning?'"

The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they again advanced to the side of the old woman.

"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first, "that is if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think I could describe it so that you could find it in the dark," replied the hag, "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."

"That is right," answered the rebel, "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my country, men," replied the other, "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words she disappeared into an inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a grey blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of the Yank's knapsack," said she, with a short, dry laugh, "don't you think it becomes me?"

"Ay, aye, my good woman very much. Lead on, if you please, for we have no time to lose."

The hag then closed the door of the house.

"Forward, march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward march! Close up! close up!" And she moved along the road at a slow tottering pace natural to a person of her age.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscured by thick driving clouds, and the wind screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered upon each side of the road. Occasionally a heavy branch wrenched from its native trunk, would fall into the road with a terrific crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces in the belief that the din was caused by the dreaded scouts from Yankeeland.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old hag upon one of these occasions, "it seems to me you are easily startled. Do not you think your commander might have picked out a pair of bolder hearts than yours for this expedition?"

"You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, lest you have had an opportunity to witness as many battles as we have," answered one of the men; "a good soldier is always on his guard."

"Aye, aye!" replied the old woman; "but he should know how to distinguish between the crashing of a dry branch and the ring of a rifled musket." The rebel did not relish the noise made by the loud, sharp tones of the female guide, and, in order to put end to the conversation, he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark. The party then continued their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them until they had gone about three miles, and a loud, clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend," answered the old woman, in a ringing voice, "friend with prisoners."

"We are betrayed!" yelled her companions, and even as the words passed their lips, they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of light flashed upon the hag, the rebels saw the gray hair, the blanket, and female apparel drop to the ground, revealing the slight but iron-like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life!

"It is he, by ——!" exclaimed the prisoners, simultaneously, as their glance wandered to the long, double barreled rifle which he now held in his hand; "it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!"

"Aye, aye!" answered the latter, as he leaned upon his weapon with a quiet smile. "You are trapped sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of many that I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express my thanks to you for the information you gave me regarding the position of your camp and the number of your men. I have already sent a message to my colonel in relation to the matter, and I see that he has commenced to act upon it."

As he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They were soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and cheers of the Federal tooops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners learned from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.

LABOR IN VAIN.—A goose trying to climb up a tree to lay its eggs in a crow's nest. An undertaker's assistant trying to look serious over a pot of porter before proceeding to a funeral. A candidate for congressional honors smiling after defeat, and endeavoring to make people believe he is proud of his place on the poll. Trying to kiss a pretty girl when she is sneezing. Trying to get a good account from a bad ledger.

☞ I believe girls are like kittens; gently smooth them down the right way, they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most distasteful manner.

DR. BELLOWS ON CALIFORNIA.

I have been amazed, since my return to New York, at the number of inquirers that have visited me for reliable information concerning your coast, and not so much with personal ends and objects, as from natural anxiety to know how your coast is affected towards ours; what your real resources are, and how they are developing; what the obstacles to your progress are, and how they may be removed. It is not that our papers are full of California stories; that our people do not hear enough about metallic resources, and mining stocks, and big trees, and monstrous pears, and great hearted Sanitary contributions; but that they know not how much or how little to believe about all these things, and that the exaggeration, not uncommon among travelers, disposes them to deduct so largely from current reports, as to leave the real truth in the shade, and in a very diminished form as a very dull shadow. When, therefore, any one of responsible character, who has the public ear, returns from California, it becomes him to take special heed unto his words, for they are sure to have all the weight they merit, and perhaps even more. Thus the eloquent and excellent Bishop Simpson, so patriotic and so justly influential, in a speech made in the Academy of Music, a fortnight since, made, in what I suppose were intended for rhetorical exaggerations, some remarks about chambers of solid gold which have inflamed the imagination of the people more than anything said about California for a long time. Doubtless, the interest aroused will do good, but the solid golden chambers are not near so likely to be found as the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem paved with pure gold. Yet it shows how eager the people are for trustworthy information about the Pacific slope.

I have told the people here that my full conviction was that the metallic resources of your coast were inexhaustible and within scientific reach to a fabulous extent; that I had no idea you had touched a millionth part of them, and they would employ the energies of successive generations to dig them from your soil; that you needed two things equally essential to the development of your mineral resources—capital, and population; and that you would get both of those things together, or not at all; that the way to get both, was to build the Pacific Railroad at the earliest possible moment, and that now was the time to do it. Build that road with any necessary expense to the Government—a thousand millions, if necessary—and it would repay the nation its whole cost every five years. And this, because only so can the Pacific coast be speedily furnished with population enough to make it worth that expense of laying of labor, without which mining on a grand and extensive scale is impossible, and to the creation of that home market, without which agriculture cannot thrive nor commerce flourish. Want of population, even more than of capital, is the poverty of the Pacific Coast. It is no answer to this to say there are people enough now in the country than are actually calls for. That is true. And there never will be any more business until a greater influx of population, by the Pacific Railroad, creates an entirely new state of things; makes it possible, from the cheapness of labor, to undertake a thousand things now wholly out of the question, and to develope industrious mining and other pursuits, that now languish, or lie latent. Because many men in San Francisco are out of employment, and in other parts of California, too, it is not to be inferred that labor is abundant. The cost of living is so high that nobody can afford to work for low or even moderate wages. Wages are so high that only the most sure and profitable business can afford to pay them. Men who can't make $3 to $5 a day in gold refuse to work at all, so long as their old savings will support them. And so, in this vicious circle, labor and capital, both intensely high, smothering each other, the great interests of the country are brought to a comparative stand. Intense efforts are meanwhile making to correct this difficulty by actually forcing capital to go where the rate of interest is form one and a half to five, and even higher per cent., a month. But prudent men know there must be very perilous reasons for such rates of interest, and that it is very doubtful whether anybody, risking his money in such a market for it, does not, every now and then, in a loss of capital, more than extinguish all his great gains in interest. Capital never did, nor will, sacrifice safety to hope of excessive returns. There is nothing so bad for a community, morally and economically, as this excessive usury. It is the bane of the Pacific Coast, converting its business life into one great gambling concern, and making any accumulation of wealth there next impossible. The sole correction for the evil is the increase of the population, and the consequent cheapening of wages, which would at once rectify all other evils, and this brings us back to the Pacific Railroad as the great moral as well as economic necessity of the nation and especially of the other slope

There is another necessity for building this road at once, which few seem to appreciate: We want, and we have got, finally, to rely upon the gold and silver got out of the great auriferous and argentiferous chain that forms the axis of our Pacific possessions for the payment of our vast national debt, and the resuscitation of our business after the war. We cannot wait for the development of time. We cannot develope the mines without population; we cannot have that population without the Pacific Railroad. It is an expense of time and money to reach our mineral lands, which absolutely forbids any rapid emigration. Considering the attractions of that golden soil, it is only a marvel that only 600,000 people have found their way from all nations to California