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, FEBRUARY 7, 1865. NUMBER 6.

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. 9, 1865.—tf.

CHARLES HOLES,
DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. 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. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford'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 23, 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.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
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., February 23, 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 O. 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 Depot House, near Bentley & Fitch's. Montrose, February 1, 1854.—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb17y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES Over 95 Street, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, January 23, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Weeks's Stove Store, Montrose. Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION. Montrose, Sept. 23, 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 bivalves in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, the old Mott 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. The Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the 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 2 year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial 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 CHEAPEST style of Workmanship and of the best materials. Shop at 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, Teas and Coffees. 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 at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Office in the office of the late Dr. B. Richard son, and boards at Mrs. 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, 1862.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all calls that may be entrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. E. PATRICK, Jr., E. L. GARDNER. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

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 Book Binding 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. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made 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. N. B. 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 Paper, Paints, 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. C. P. READ, A. WATROUS, R. O. 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 Steam 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, 1863.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,
WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought. JOHN BEAUMONT. THOMAS WARD. Gibson, May 20, 1864.—tf

BENTLEY & LOOMIS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Scranton, Pa Office over Fuller's Drug Store, on Lackawanna Avenue, near the Provost Marshall's Office. Military Exemption papers made out. Persons in Susquehanna County, if desired, would do well to call on us. Information by letter cheerfully given, and all business intrusted to us promptly attended to. B. S. BENTLEY. Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23, 1864.—tf S. S. LOOMIS.

I. H. BURNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Scranton, Nov. 11, 1863.—y

From the Newburyport Herald.

THE SIXTEENTH BATTLE.

(To a soldier who had fought in fifteen battles of the Union, and lay in a hovel dying of consumption.)

No clanging of clarion,
No trampling of feet,
No rallying war-cry,
No rolling drum beat,
No booming of cannon,
No musketry rattle,
While the hero is fighting
His sixteenth battle.

Death shots are flying,
Giving no sound;
Unseen the marksman,
Deadly the wound;
A narrow chamber
The battle-ground.
Youthful, yet war-worn,
A veteran to-night
Is silently waging
His sixteenth fight.

Fiercer than cannons'
Fiery breath,
To stand face to face
Battling grim Death;
The brunt of the bayonet
Easy to brave,
Hard to sink slowly
Into the grave.

Count all thy campaigns,
First to fifteenth,
By far the severest
Is the sixteenth.

In the dark valley—
Valley of doom—
Gather the shadows,
Deepens the gloom,
The foeman is gaining,
No succor is nigh,
Swift is strength waning,
God help him die!

One brave man only,
Stretched on the plain—
One lone name only,
"The list of slain."
Round the pale martyr
Wrap the white stars,
Remember his blood
Reddens its bars;
On the worn visage
Let in the light—
Thank God! He's ended
His sixteenth fight.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribands of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it:
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all.

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas;
This was the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze.

God bless the Flag and its royal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath re-kindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR

FROM CAPTAIN SPEKE'S BOOK ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants, were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and, after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McGill shot a fine young buffalo cow, whilst Captain Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant, that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so, a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Captain Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous. My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck projected some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly towards me; and as he flashed from his position like a thunder-bolt, I drew myself up, for ere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seeming caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange, indescribable senile ensued. In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind, that this second victim was Captain Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Captain Grant levelling his rifle towards me, while, standing beside and behind him, were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness. As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for if he retrieved I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to fully comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor.—We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared; but the boa's head was reared within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eye-lid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared like a dead man at Grant and the blacks.

Presently the serpent began gradually to relax his folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me prisoner; and as I felt it little by little, little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. O how hardly, how deliberately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and saw them still gazing as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey. Now, then, the reptile loosened its folds on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former; and, with lightning speed, I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down I remained in a semi-conscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, bushes, and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body, the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

It iz highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a raskal, that he should examine hizsel closly, and see if he aint better konstructed for a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right, he kant be too radikal, if he iz rong, he kant be too konservatiff.

It iz a verry delikate job, tew forgiv a man without lowering him in biz own estimashun, and yurs too.

Az a ginral thing, wen a woman wares the britches, she has a gud rite to them.

I am poor, and I am glad that I am, for I find that wealth makes more people mean than it does generous.

Woman's inflooence iz powerful—especiblis when she wants enything.

No man luvs tew git beet, but it iz better tew git beet, than tew be rong.

Sticking up your noze don't prove enything, for a sope biler, wen he iz away from his hum, smells everything.

Awl kind ov bores ar a nusance, but it iz better tew be bored with a tew-inch orger than a gimblet.

It iz sed "that a hoss don't know hiz strength"—and I don't really suppose that a skunk does nuther.

"Be shure you're rite, then go ahead;" but be kase uv doubt go ahead enny wa.

Sekts and creeds uv religion, ar like pocket cumpesses, gud enuff to pint out the direckshun, but the nearer the pole yu git, the wuss tha wurk.

Men aint apt tew git kicked out uv good society for being rich.

The rode to ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travelers pay the expenses uv it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust lutenant in his famile, he need never tew look fer promoshun.

The onla profit there iz in keeping more than one dog, iz wat yu kan make on the board.

I haven't got as much munny ez sum folks, but I hev got as much impudense iz enny ov them, and this iz the next thing tew munny.

It aint often that a man's reputashen outlasts hiz munny.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom; menny hav thought they wuz wize, when tha wuz onla windy.

The man who kant git ahed without pullin others back, iz a limited cuss.

Woman will sometime confess her sins, but I never knu one 2 confess her faults.

Oh! what a wurld this iz 2 liv in, for the soul that iz afrade of dirt and diviltree.

Young man, study Defference; it iz the best card in the pack.

Onesta iz the poor man's pork, and the rich man's pudding.—*Troy News.*

PREMONITIONS OF SICKNESS.

The following article is copied from *Hall's Journal of Health*, New-York. It appears to contain good advice, which it is essential for all to know:

"An incalculable amount of sickness, suffering and permature death would be avoided every year, if we could be induced to heed the warnings, the premonitions, which kindly nature gives of the coming on of the great enemy, disease. Many a mother especially, has lost a darling child, to her life-long sorrow, by failing to observe the approach of disease, in some unusual act or circumstance connected with her off spring.

If an adult or child wakes up thirsty in the morning, however apparently well at the moment, or the preceding evening, there will be illness before noon always, indeed. It is generally ascribed to her letting warm in bed, in a cool, well-ventilated room, eating nothing, but drinking plentifully of some hot tea, all day, some little may be eaten in the afternoon by a child. But as long as a person wakes with thirst in the morning, there is an absence of health—there is fever.

If, when not habitual to him, one is waked up early in the morning with an inclination to stool, especially if there is a feeling of debility afterwards, it is the premonition of diarrhea, summer complaint, dysentery or cholera, should be perfect quietude, etc., as above; in addition to the day's marine from the village, they had come to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his appointed place of field-marshal Blucher. He rose and followed them without opposition. When they had all gone, the old woman took up the holy scripture once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them, so she put it down and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnhelm—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave air, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear. The prisoner, with down cast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two foremost pairs; and he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they consented to leave his hands untied. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night at a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed full with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to take a long, roundabout way, and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure that they reached headquarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordnance-officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

When they had entered the yard they were not in the least discouraged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants and orderly officers of every rank and aim, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief, for no sooner had any one of them been despatched than he was seen mounting again and tearing away with his horse's belly to the ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of a somewhat smaller importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had waited patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel tired and somewhat hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff, who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural deputation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of the party going to Jericho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon, and renewed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man, with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their desire to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man, with grey hair, iron-cut features, and bright eyes entered the room; it was the commander-in-chief, Old Father Blucher, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which of course he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to headquarters; concluding his address with the hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheek.

The general looked very grave indeed. Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression.

He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his look rested for a while on the bent figure of the young man, a to with his downcast eyes and care-worn face appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colors in the time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round toward the speaker of this singular deputation, he said in a rough voice, and in a very abrupt manner: "Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But, your excellency"—remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue; I say you are an ass I know better; in Burnheim there are no deserters! And you, my son," he went on, with his iron features relenting a little, and with that strange expression in his large, bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim man can do; will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for, when the lad rose again with high flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air and give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher, who, with one single word had extinguished what they had considered a stain upon their native village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defense of the country—arms that would not fall to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aide-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provision in the place, and return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached they and when they were overtaken by the same aide-de-camp officer who had announced them to the commander in chief, who asked them what in heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnhelm, you know!" ejaculated the schoolmaster.

"And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave headquarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow this non-commissioned officer here, who would show them the way."

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shown into a kitchen room where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

When they had all eaten and drunken their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend, the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching the village without running any danger, for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing as he left, to one of the hussars, who was mounted guard before the gate.

By heavens! it was the prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes! He dared not addressed them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much to say: "Wait, and you shall see to-morrow!"

Nor was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 25th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katzbach was gained, and the field marshal rode through the thin ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding officer of the 21st hussars, who reported how greatly private Charles Fisher had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of a French regiment.

The field marshal stopped his horse, and, taking the cross from his own uniform, affixing it with his own hands to the breast of the young man, said, with that strange expression in his large bright eyes:

"Well done, my son. I knew I was right when I said that in Burnheim there were no deserters!"

BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

On a sultry summer evening in 1831, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay open on her knees. While she was reading the holy word in an under tone to herself, her ear caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently; a moment afterwards, her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in military attire.

"How are you, mother?"

She arose and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest!" She went on, after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired and hungry!"

She led him into the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down, and repose himself a little, whilst she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? O, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble? She was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken."

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected. He was restless and ill at ease; it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart; and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney-piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the stiff uniform worn by the king's garde de corps half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance, just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worm-eaten rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hazel stick in the corner, with the brass knob at the top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for half an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her dear boy with his head in his hands leaning listlessly upon the table.

He sat up when she came in, but did not look at her. That old woman became attentive to the joy of her heart, she had never thought yet of asking him any questions except those concerning his appetite. Now, it began to strike her that the present period was rather a strange time for a soldier to be on leave of absence.

"Charles!" No answer.

The old woman trembled violently, dropped her burden, and walked straight up to him. Her honest, wrinkled countenance was full of anxiety and apprehension. Looking him full in the face, and clasping her hands together, she cried out in agony:

"So help me God, Charles, you are a deserter!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, mother," uttered her wretched son, in a broken voice, by way of apology.

"You couldn't stand it;" said the old woman, exasperated beyond measure; "you couldn't stand it; and hundreds and thousands of your brethren do! Fie, for shame!" and with her old, honest, trembling hand she gave him a smack on the face.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, starting up, with the blood rushing to his face.

"Fie, for shame!" she went on, without heeding him in the least, "to bring such a disgrace upon the whole village. What would *he say?*" She pointed to where the old warrior was hanging over the chimney piece, whose stern countenance illuminated by the rays of the evening sun, seemed to assume an unusual expression of solemn indignation.

"Sit down—sit down, I say, you—deserter! It shall not be said that your dead father's house, in the village of Burnheim, is a place for runaways, while the whole country is up in arms! Don't you stir, sir! I'll be back in a minute." And with this the brave old woman left the room, and locked the door after her.

She was not alone when she came back, about half an hour afterwards; the country parson, the schoolmaster, the country judge, and half a dozen more of the dignitaries of the village were with her. The little room was quite full when all these distinguished visitors had entered. Charles sat in the old arm-chair, quite motionless, his face covered with both his hands.

The honest villagers had made up their minds at once what to do with the deserter; they looked upon his crime as an ignominy, by which he had not only disgraced himself, but also their community at large, and they were not the men to put up with such an affront. The schoolmaster, who was a politician, and subscriber to a newspaper, having informed them that the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of the army were but a short day's marine from the village, they had come to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his appointed place of field-marshal Blucher. He rose and followed them without opposition. When they had all gone, the old woman took up the holy scripture once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them, so she put it down and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnhelm—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave air, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear. The prisoner, with down cast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two foremost pairs; and he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they consented to leave his hands untied. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night at a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed full with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to take a long, roundabout way, and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure that they reached headquarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordnance-officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

When they had entered the yard they were not in the least discouraged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants and orderly officers of every rank and aim, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief, for no sooner had any one of them been despatched than he was seen mounting again and tearing away with his horse's belly to the ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of a somewhat smaller importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had waited patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel tired and somewhat hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff, who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural deputation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of the party going to Jericho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon, and renewed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man, with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their desire to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man, with grey hair, iron-cut features, and bright eyes entered the room; it was the commander-in-chief, Old Father Blucher, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which of course he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to headquarters; concluding his address with the hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheek.

The general looked very grave indeed. Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression.

He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his look rested for a while on the bent figure of the young man, a to with his downcast eyes and care-worn face appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colors in the time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round toward the speaker of this singular deputation, he said in a rough voice, and in a very abrupt manner: "Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But, your excellency"—remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue; I say you are an ass I know better; in Burnheim there are no deserters! And you, my son," he went on, with his iron features relenting a little, and with that strange expression in his large, bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim man can do; will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for, when the lad rose again with high flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air and give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher, who, with one single word had extinguished what they had considered a stain upon their native village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defense of the country—arms that would not fall to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aide-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provision in the place, and return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached they and when they were overtaken by the same aide-de-camp officer who had announced them to the commander in chief, who asked them what in heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know!" ejaculated the schoolmaster.

"And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave headquarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow this non-commissioned officer here, who would show them the way."

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shown into a kitchen room where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Bluc