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, MARCH 17, 1865. NUMBER 11.

Business Directory.

C. M. CRANDALL,

MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Fou. dry Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.-tf

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, 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 Stove.
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 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 calls in his profession which may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & 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 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 Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 25, 1864.-tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Week'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. 22, 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 choice oysters in season, 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 Tin 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 a 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. Turrell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 23, 1863.-tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in the best manner, 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 neatest style of workmanship and of the best materials, and at the well known stand of R. E. 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, Candies, 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 at 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 Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 4, 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 CHAIRS, Bedsteads, and Cabinet Ware. 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, in accordance 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 Post 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, F. 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 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. 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. F. READ, A. WATROUS, S. 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, 1862.-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.
Dimock, May 29, 1861.

L. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., Public Avenue, Second Door North of Post Office.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1864.

AN INVITATION.

Nights are long; the night is late;
Ash logs crackle in the grate;
Bitter shrill winds howl without;
Whirl the withered leaves about;
Bright the sudden embers fly;
Would, old friend, your face were by!
Then a happy peace would blend
With the genial warmth, my friend!
Rocking of the leafless trees,
Then would not disturb our ease.
We should miss the winter's cold,
Chatting of the days of old.
How fine memory, calling back—
Up the half forgotten track,
Which our feet in those lost years
Trod together—smiles and tears
We have smiled or shed together,
Would atone for wintry weather;
And beguile the tedious nights
With rich stock of old delights!
Some, we could no more recover,
We would scatter rosebuds over—
Fancy's flowers!—as mourners do.
Others we would share anew;
Hearty laugh and witty joke;
Honest glee and curling smoke;
Or read, lingering, o'er and o'er,
Poet's songs that charmed of yore.

So would slip our nights away.
But the dripping of the day
On the misty eastern hills:
Stormy gloom, and frosty chills;
Silver of the barren boughs,
Wailing round the windy house;
Miry roads, and sop of rains,
In the wood-walks, o'er the plains;
Fallow fields, and murky floods;
Dropping of the dreary woods;
Driving sleet, or chilly sting
Of white hail—friend, come in spring!

Then the nodding daffodils
Fill the spaces of the hills:
Then the wood anemones
Ripple in the nursing breeze;—
Then the wood ways laugh to you,
With their grasses, green and new:
Then the tiny violet
By the elm tree root is set;
Then the eager swallow comes,
Twittering in the ancient homes;
Fair pale yellow primroses
Bend above the water-cress;
Bluebells in the hollows crown,
Like the blue gaps in the cloud;
Pigeons coo; gay woodpeckers
Fret the barks; the linnet stirs
In the copses; sparrows cheep;
Skies are sunny; storms asleep.
Winter days are dull and dumb;
Friend, come when the thrushes come.

A.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go,
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain,
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable:
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

Though many thousands have admired the fine heroic rhythm, quaint imagery, and delicate mystification of Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott," few, comparatively speaking, are familiar with the striking legend on which it is founded:

"On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the fields the stream runs by
To many towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below—
The island of Shalott."

A few days ago we chanced upon a volume containing this romantic legend, among other reminiscences of "The Age of Chivalry," and believe that we shall gratify a majority of our readers by copying it here in full:

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

King Arthur proclaimed a solemn tournament to be held at Winchester. The king, not less impatient than his knights for this festival, set off some days before to superintend the preparations, leaving the queen, with her court at Camelot. Sir Launcelot, under pretence of indisposition, remained behind also. His intention was to attend the tournament in disguise; and, having communicated his project to Guenever, he mounted his horse, set off without any attendant, and, counterfeiting the feebleness of age, took the most direct and frequented road to Winchester, and passed, unnoticed, as an old knight who was going to be a spectator of the sports.

Even Arthur and Sir Gawain, who happened to behold him from the windows of a castle under which he passed, were dupes of his disguise. But an accident betrayed him. His horse happened to stumble, and the hero forgetting for a moment his assumed character, recovered the animal with a strength and agility so peculiar to himself, that they instantly recognized the inimitable Launcelot. They suffered him, however, to proceed on his journey without interruption, convinced that his extraordinary feats of arms must discover him at the approaching festival.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal black curls as on his node,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Launcelot.

In the evening, Launcelot was magnificently entertained as a stranger knight at the neighboring Castle of Shalott. The lord of this castle had a daughter of exquisite beauty, and two sons lately received into the order of knighthood, one of whom was at the time ill in bed, and thereby prevented from attending the tournament, for which both brothers had long made preparations. Launcelot offered to attend the other if he were permitted to borrow the armor of the invalid; and the Lord of Shalott, without knowing the name of his guest—being satisfied from his appearance that his son could not have a better companion-in-arms—most thankfully accepted the offer. In the meantime, the young lady, who had been much struck by the first appearance of the stranger knight, continued to survey him with increased attention, and, before the conclusion of supper, became so deeply enamored of him, that, after frequent changes of color, and other symptoms which Sir Launcelot could not possibly mistake, she was obliged to retire to her chamber, and seek relief in tears. Sir Launcelot hastened to convey to her by means of her brother, the information that his heart was already disposed of, but that it would be his pride and pleasure to act as her knight at the approaching tournament. The lady, obliged to be satisfied with that courtesy, presented him her scarf, to be worn at the tournament.

Launcelot set off in the morning with the young knight, who on their approaching Winchester, carried him to the castle of a lady, cousin to the Lord of Shalott, by whom they were hospitably entertained.

The next day they put on their armor which was perfectly plain, and without any device, as was usual to youths during the first year of knighthood, their shields being only painted red, as some color was necessary to enable them to be recognized by their attendants. Launcelot wore on his crest the scarf of the Lady of Shalott, and, thus equipped, proceeded to the tournament, where the knights were divided into two companies, the one commanded by King Arthur, the other by Sir Galehaut. Having surveyed the combat for a short time from without the lists, and observed that Sir Galehaut's party began to give way, they joined the press and attacked the royal knights, the young man choosing such adversaries as were suited to his strength, while his companion selected the principal champions of the Round Table, and successively overthrew Gawain, Bohort, and Lionel. The astonishment of the spectators was extreme, for it was thought that no one but Launcelot could possess such invincible power; yet the favor on his crest seemed to preclude the possibility of his being thus disguised, for Launcelot had never been known to wear the badge of any but his sovereign lady.

At length Sir Hector, Launcelot's brother, engaged him, and, after a dreadful combat, wounded him dangerously in the head, but was himself completely stunned by a blow on the helmet, and felled to the ground; after which the conqueror rode off at full speed, attended by his young companion. They returned to the Castle Shalott where Sir Launcelot was attended with the greatest care by the good earl, by his two sons, and, above all, by his fair daughter, whose medical skill probably much hastened the period of his recovery. His health was almost restored, when Sir Hector, Sir Bohort, and Sir Lionel, who, after the return of the court to Camelot, had undertaken the quest of their relation, discovered him walking on the walls of the castle.—Their meeting was very joyful; they passed three days in the castle amidst constant festivities, and bantered each other on the events of the tournament. Launcelot, though he began by vowing vengeance against the author of his wound, yet ended by declaring that he felt rewarded for the pain by the pride he took in witnessing his brother's extraordinary prowess. He then dismissed them with a message to the queen, promising to follow immediately—it being necessary that he should first take a formal leave of his kind hosts, as well as of the fair maid of Shalott.

The young lady, after vainly attempting to detain him by her tears and solicitations, saw him depart without leaving her any ground for hope.

It was early summer when the tournament took place; but some months had passed since Launcelot's departure, and winter was now near at hand.—The health and strength of the Lady of Shalott had gradually sunk; and she felt that she could not live apart from the object of her affections. She left the castle, and descending to the river's brink, placed herself in a boat, which she loosed from its moorings, and suffered to bear down the current toward Camelot.

One morning, as Arthur and Sir Lionel looked from the window of the tower, the walls of which were washed by the river, they descried a boat, richly ornamented, and covered with an awning of cloth of gold, which appeared to be floating down the stream without any human guidance.

It struck the shore while they watched it, and they hastened down to see what it contained. Beneath the awning, they discovered the dead body of a beautiful woman, in whose features Sir Lionel easily recognized the lovely maid of Shalott. Pursuing their search, they discovered a purse richly embroidered with gold and jewels, and within the purse a letter, which Arthur opened, and found addressed to himself and all the knights of the Round Table, stating that Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the most accomplished of knights and most beautiful of men, but at the same time the most cruel and inflexible Pagan, by his rigor, produced the death of the wretched maiden, whose love was no less invincible than his cruelty.

The king immediately gave orders for the interment of the lady, with all the honors suited to her rank, at the same time explaining to the knights the history of her affection for Sir Launcelot, which moved the compassion and regret of all.

Such is the very beautiful little Arthurian romance on which Tennyson's celebrated poem of 1832 is founded. How fine is his description of the last scene of all:

"Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
"The Lady of Shalott."

"Who is this? and what is here
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer,
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot.
But Launcelot mused a little space;
He said, She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace!
The Lady of Shalotte."

EDWARD EVERETT'S LAST SPEECH.

Since he has gone, additional interest attaches to the last speech of Hon. Edward Everett. In his remarks at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Monday, Jan. 9th, made in behalf of sending supplies to the suffering people of Savannah, Mr. Everett said:

"It is our duty, as I know it will be our pleasure, to do our part in this benevolent work. They offer, it is true, to send the rice which General Sherman has given them and sell it at the enhanced price which it will realize in our market, in payment of the supplies of which they stand in sore need. But, New York and Boston don't want their rice. Savannah wants our pork, beef and flour, and I say in the name of Heaven let us send it to them without money and without price. By and bye we will trade with them as we did in the good times before the curse of secession and rebellion came upon the land. By and bye we will take the rice and the cotton, and give them our food and fabrics in return.

"I don't want our great commercial cities, warm-hearted Boston and imperial New York, to go to chaffering with poor war stricken, starving Savannah for the food she needs for her famishing citizens. *No, Sir, I should as soon have expected the fond father in the parable, that loveliest piece in the sacred volume, to drive a bargain with his returning prodigal for a meal's victuals out of the fatted calf.* Let us offer it to them freely, not in the spirit of alms-giving, but as a pledge of fraternal feeling, and as earnest of our disposition to resume all the kind offices of fellow-citizenship with our returning brethren.

"Do you say they were lately our enemies? I am well convinced that the majority, the great majority, were so but nominally. But what if they were our enemies? "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," especially when he has laid down his arms and submitted to your power. And I hope we may never have to retaliate in any other way, the cruelties of starvation practiced upon our poor prisoners.

Gen. Sherman; as kind as he is brave, who desires only to preserve, by the gentle sway of gratitude and love, what his unconquered sword has won, has himself said that "the timely relief of the suffering citizens of Savannah will be worth more to the Union cause than ten battles." For Heaven's sake, my friends, let us hasten to win these bloodless victories, saddened by no parent's bereavement, nor widow's tears."

It was a beautiful speech to finish the career of a christian orator. Pleading in behalf of mercy and his fellow-men, his voice was hushed in death as a close to a sweeping and rounded period. More than ever impressive are the thoughts and sentiments given by the aged national counsellor in the speech at Faneuil Hall, being as they were the dying words of this public voice

USE OF THE ARMS IN WALKING.

The first time you are walking with your arms at liberty, stop moving them, and hold them to your side. You will be surprised to find how soon your companion will leave you behind, although you may hurry, twist, wriggle, and try very hard to keep up. One reason for the slow walk among girls is to be found in this practice of carrying the arms motionless. Three miles an hour, with the arms still, is as hard work as four miles with the arms free.

I have seen the queens of the stage walk. I have seen a few girls and women of queenly bearing walk in the street and drawing-room. They moved their arms in a free and graceful manner. Could this habit become universal among girls their chest would enlarge and their bearing be greatly improved. See that girl walking with both hands in her muff. How she wriggles and twists her shoulders and hips!—This is because her arms are pinioned. Give them free swing, and her gait would soon become graceful.

You have seen pictures of muscles. Those of the upper part of the body, you remember, spread out from the shoulder, in all directions, like a fan. Now if you hold the shoulder still, the muscles of the chest will shrink, the shoulders stoop, and the whole chest becomes thin and ugly.

But some girls will say, "swinging the arms must be very slight exercise." True, it is very slight if you swing the arms but once or ten times, but if you swing them ten thousand times, in a day, you will obtain more exercise of the muscles of the chest than by all the ordinary movements combined. Indeed, if I were asked what excurcise I thought most effective for developing the chests of American girls, I should reply at once, swinging the arms while walking.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

PETROLEUM.

To compress the whole subject of Petroleum into a newspaper article would be a feat more difficult of accomplishment than any yet performed by literary prestidigitators. However, I will give you, in as concise a form as possible, the more interesting features of the petroleum subject.

The rapid development of the oil-producing territory, and the immense quantity of petroleum that is now consumed in the United States, has made it so familiar to the public that an elaborate analysis of its properties is unnecessary. It is a natural oil, deposited in the earth usually at a depth of from one hundred to six hundred feet, has a rancid, disagreeable odor, and is valuable for burning, lubricating and medicinal purposes. Although its properties, and a knowledge of the extent of its deposits, have but recently been known in this country, petroleum has in reality been known and used to some extent in every age, running back almost to the diluvian period.

In Egypt petroleum was used for medicinal purposes nearly four thousand years ago, and oil springs are still in existence in that country. In the latter part of the last century, two ship cargoes of the crude oil were transported to England to be sold, but the process of refining not being understood, the traffic was abandoned. Under the name of Sicilian oil, the people of Agrigentum used what is known as petroleum for the purpose of illumination, and in Burma there is a spring of naptha which the people apply to a like use at the present day. In Asia Minor the oil has been known to exist, and has been used to a limited extent for ages; and in Persia a large quantity has been annually consumed, during several hundred years. Even in this country petroleum is by no means a new discovery. It was well known to the Indians before America was discovered, and was used for medicinal purposes. The early settlers of Western Pennsylvania, and other districts where oil springs now exist, used rock oil, as they called it, for various purposes, collecting it by skimming the oil deposit on the top of the water as it accumulated from the springs. In the memoranda of his visits to Fort du Quesne, (now Pittsburg,) during the French and Indian war with the Colonies, General Washington mentions the existence of oil springs in localities where wells are now in operation. But neither the Indians nor the early white settlers knew anything of the vast deposits in the bed of the earth.

The region in which the oil is now found in Western Pennsylvania has almost for a century been known as a great salt district, and salt wells have been in operation there ever since the early settlement of the country. In boring salt wells the greatest difficulty was found in selecting borers, as where the water was not impregnated with a substance which the salt men characterized as "a nasty, greasy substance," and which we of the present day call petroleum. Nearly forty years ago a Mr. Packer, while boring for salt water on Deer Creek, in Clarion county, Pa., struck oil at the depth of 400 feet. The "greasy water," as he termed it, spurted up with great force, overflowed the land thereabouts, ruined his salt machinery, saturated the land with grease; and Mr. Packer profoundly disgusted with the result of his efforts to obtain salt, left the country in a miff, little dreaming that he was running away from an El Dorado richer than the gold mines of California—more remunerative, too, than the diamond mines of Brazil.

As a natural consequence of the increase of the quantity of oil that found its way to the surface from abandoned salt wells, the people living in localities where it appeared, gradually discovered that it contained some valuable properties. The reader will perhaps remember that only a few years ago a substance of horrid odor and taste was sold throughout the country as a sovereign remedy for nearly all the ills of the flesh, and bearing the names successively of Seneca Oil, Gennesee Oil, and Rock Oil. It was warranted to cure everything from toothache to hereditary consumption, and was a perfect annihilator of such simple ailments as rheumatism and asthma—being equally efficacious in external and internal applications. This miraculous stuff was simply crude petroleum, and that it was calculated to either kill or cure, when taken internally, nobody will now deny. The apparently inexhaustible supply of the oil at length attracted the attention of scientific men, and in 1858 its properties and uses became more generally understood. A few barrels of the crude oil were exported to England, where it was partially refined, and its commercial importance began to be understood. Yankee enterprise having been attracted to the subject, the natural result followed. A method of refining was invented, the illuminating and lubricating uses of petroleum were discovered, and the reign of Petrolia commenced.

The existence of oil beds having been determined, and Yankee enterprise having been attracted thereto, the next question that naturally arose was, how to determine where to sink a well; for it was soon discovered that there was something of a lottery in striking oil. Geologists and other scientific men, who embarked in the oil trade, carried out their theories in this respect, but were not always successful. The larger class who flocked to the Oil Dorado, however, had no faith in geology, and accordingly bored at random. The superstitious class apparently only in their infancy, relied, and still rely upon the miraculous "witch hazel" men. These men profess to tell precisely where deposits of water, salt or oil may be found, by means of a little stick. The more sensible manner of choosing localities for oil wells is to bore where the geological formation is like that where good wells have been found. At best, sinking oil wells is a lottery—if a man stands one chance in twenty of drawing a prize, he is lucky.

The process of boring the oil well is very simple. A derrick, consisting of four upright timbers placed 10 or 12 feet apart and fastened by cross pieces, is erected directly over the spot selected for boring. This derrick is usually from 40 to 60 feet high, and is made very stable in order to support the boring machinery. A steam engine of six or eight horse power is now used for the work of drilling, although many wells of not very great depth have been bored by hand. An iron pipe, about six inches in diameter, is first driven down to the first stratum of rock. Where this is found at a considerable distance from the surface, the pipe is inserted in sections; that is, a piece is first driven down, then another section is fastened firmly to it at the top; this is in turn driven down, and so on till the rock is reached. The drill is then introduced into this tube, reaching down to the rock—the iron rod suspending it being lengthened by the fastening of additional pieces at the top as the drill works its way through the rock. The drill is about two and a half inches in diameter, and is worked up and down by means of the engine above. The process of drilling is of course slow, and depends upon the hardness of the stratum. An average day's work of drilling is from 6 to 8 feet, but sometimes 10 or 12 feet is accomplished. The first stratum through which the drill passes is slate or soap-stone, then comes a stratum of sand stone, which is usually not more than ten or twelve feet in thickness; next is another layer of slate of a bluish appearance, about twenty feet in thickness, after which the second stratum of sandstone is reached. When this is accomplished—the depth reached ranging from two to six hundred and in some instances a thousand feet—the oil is struck provided the borer is lucky. A new process of drilling has lately been invented, however, which bids fair to greatly facilitate the sinking of oil wells. It is this: The drill is a slender tube, the end of which is set with a species of diamond. This drill is connected with machinery at the surface, by means of which it revolves with great velocity, cutting out the rocks in a core, which is removed in pieces, by clamps let down in the hole. By this method a well of five hundred feet in depth may be bored in two weeks, which, by the old process would require two months. As soon as the drill passes through the last stratum, and reaches the reservoir below, there comes rushing up to the surface a combustible gas, followed by a mixture of salt water and petroleum—the oil is invariably accompanied by salt water, and they are separated as will be hereafter explained. This is the realization of "great expectations," the finding of the El Dorado, the acme of petroleum ambition. For every spurt from the well is a greenback. If the borer has been lucky enough to strike a flowing well, he has nothing now to do but pocket the oil and see himself grow fabulously rich; that is, he has only to secure the oil and send it to market. But flowing wells are a great rarity, and the most sanguine disciple of Petrolia does not expect such boundless good fortune. The flow of salt water and petroleum to the surface, therefore is, except in flowing wells, of very short duration, and the next work to be done is the preparation for pumping. The bore of the well is next enlarged by what is termed a "trimmer," and an iron tube, fastened together in section of 10 or 12 feet, is run down to the oil deposit. A flax seed bag, which expands when wet, is fixed at a certain distance from the surface within the tube, in order to prevent the surface water from rushing down. A plunger or valved piston is next inserted in the tube, and this being attached to the engine, the work of pumping commences.

The old method of pumping oil is on the same general principle of ordinary water pumping, and requires no explanation; but Yankee ingenuity has lately invented a new process, which will probably soon be generally adopted. Two tubes are inserted in the well, and by a powerful force pump the air is forced down one of them, and the oil, in consequence of the pressure of the air, is forced up the other tube in a steady stream. The flow, by this method, is much more steady and of greater volume than by the pumping process, and it has been successfully applied to many wells that had failed to yield oil in the old manner. The petroleum, as before remarked, is invariably accompanied by salt water. As it reaches the surface, this mixture is conducted into large wooden tanks, in which the oil rises to the surface of the water and is drawn off into barrels, when we have crude petroleum—the oil before undergoing the refining process.

As before mentioned, there is one chance in a half dozen that the borer will strike oil, and that the proportion of wells that give a permanent flow, even when successful for a while, may safely be estimated in a like manner. There are hundreds of wells along Oil Creek that at first gave an abundant supply of Petroleum, yet to-day they are as dry as a powder-horn. And in the Mecca oil region of Ohio, which three or four years ago was the center of attraction, there is not at the present time a single well that is much more than paying expenses, and not one in a hundred of those that at one time gave great promise, is now pumping. Within the last year, however, a number of "played out" wells—to use the expressive term in use hereabouts—have been recuperated by ingenious processes and patient labor, and now abundantly repaying the work expended upon them. As an instance of what may be accomplished in this way, as well as to show the persistency and determination of oil seekers, the following circumstance may be mentioned:

Mitchel & Allen, a Philadelphia oil company, obtained the leases known as the Cement wells, on the Buchanan farm. This well had already been tried and abandoned by several practical oil-searchers, and was pronounced worthless. The Philadelphians, however, thought differently, and went to work with a will to demonstrate their theory. As another instance of the pertinacity which is given to a man by the hope of gaining a good well, the following is related:

Mr. P. Haines was boring a well also on the Buchanan farm, and had every prospect of a lucky strike. Unfortunately, when going through the last stratum of rock, his drill became detached, stuck in the rock several hundred feet from the surface, and man was never more completely in a "fix" than he—so was the drill. But he was plentifully endowed with pure Yankee perseverance and industry, and went to work to remove the drill—a seemingly hopeless task. For *fifteen months* Mr. Haines labored assidiously with this object, and his patience and industry were at last rewarded by success—his troubles were healed by the gentle soothing of "a hundred barrels a day."

Since the great commercial importance of petroleum became known, the discoveries of oil have been wonderful. Western Pennsylvania was the first, and still is the greatest oil producing region, but the oleaginous compound has since been found to exist in nearly half the States and Territories now within the Union, and probably will also be found in those now under rebellious dominion, when Jeff. Davis and his clan are made to see the folly of chasing the *ignis fatuus* of independence, and go to boring for tangible petroleum. The Oil Creek region is the favorite with practical oil men, for the reason that the chances of success in boring here are better than in any other locality yet discovered. But throughout all Western Pennsylvania the Petroleum has reached fever heat. Wells are being bored, land bought up at fabulous prices, and the people, who for years have been content to plod as frugal and industrious performers are dazzled by the prospect of fabulous wealth. In Clarion and Fayette counties rich wells have been obtained, and in Washington, Lawrence, Beaver, Butler, Crawford, Erie, Green, Indiana, Clearfield and Elk counties, oil has already been obtained, or the sinking of wells is in progress. In these counties the farmers have all put extravagant prices on their lands; and even then are careful to stipulate that a certain percentage of the prospective oil is to go into their pockets. Doubtless nine tenths of these speculators will be disappointed, and all they get in their pockets. Western Virginia, next to Western Pennsylvania, is the admiration of oil men. The war and the oil fever broke out simultaneously in this region; but notwithstanding the greasy appearance of the rebels generally, there seems to be but little affinity between rebellion and Petroleum, and the rebels have a disagreeable way of making periodical raids into the Western Virginia oil regions, thereby suddenly suspending oleaginous research. It is thought, however, that when this "cruel war is over," to use a strictly original expression—the oil region of Western Virginia will be found to be at least equal in richness to those of Pennsylvania. In Ohio, the oil seems to "lay around loose," and it is said, with undoubted truthfulness, that farmers almost fear to go to sleep at night least before morning the petroleum beds which they know to exist under their farms shall burst their earthly bounds and inundate the surface with an oleaginous flood. The Mecca excitement, as previously stated, proved a decided humbug, but more stable wells have been struck in other parts of the State. In Southeastern Ohio there is every indication of boundless Petroleum deposits. In Washington county, also, the borings have proven highly successful, and in the vicinity of Zanesville, Marietta, New Lisbon and Waynesburg, oil has already been found. Coshocton, Trenton, Muskingum and many other counties have also reached the height of the oil fever, and the bowels of the earth are being effectually stirred up. The contagion of the oil excitement has also broken out in Indiana and the "Hoosiers" are industriously trying to bore themselves rich, with apparently good success. But to particularize the oil localities would take too much space. Suffice it to say that Petroleum has already been discovered, in addition to the above mentioned localities, in Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Kansas, California, Colorado, New York and elsewhere in the country, and yet the discoveries are apparently only in their infancy. In foreign countries, too, the old oil wells which have existed for ages have been hunted up, and in many instances by Yankees, and petroleum (the word, not the substance) is in the mouth of the whole world. As a case in point, one of the Boston papers states that Col. Gowan, of that city (the Yankee who took the contract to raise the sunken vessels in harbor of Sebastopol, if I mistake not) was lately en route from St. Petersburgh, Russia, through Georgia and Circassia. In the neighborhood of the sea of Azof, he stumbled upon some old oil wells, bought them for a song, and now delights the gaping natives by drawing grease out of the earth with steam.

This question is solely theoretical, and can be demonstrated only by time. The opinions are, however, that Petroleum is inexhaustible, that the transformation which the earth is constantly undergoing causes a perpetual deposit of vegetation beneath the surface of the earth, and the distillation of this vegetable matter forming constituents of Petroleum, the geologists argue that the supply is boundless. Capitalists are quite willing to have it so, subject to the savans. It is quite enough for the disciples of Petrolia to know that the oil now exists in vast quantities, and they are determined that while geologists theorize, they will pump.

The Petroleum interest is, of course, only in its infancy, but the product of last year shows the commercial interest which the oil is rapidly attaining. There are no means of estimating, even approximately, the quantity of oil consumed in this country during 1864, and the only way in which an id