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 21, 1865. NUMBER 12.

Business Directory.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON; MONTROSE, Pa. Office on Dimock street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.-1yp

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' Foundry 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 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. J. Lent. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.-tf

E. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lent'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.-tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements. 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 all calls in his profession with which he 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. Lloyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.-feb17y1 1865.

S. S. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Gregg Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 23, 1864.-tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Wicker'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. 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, 1863.-tf

D. A. BALDWIN,

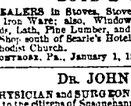
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1863.-1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Shingles, 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

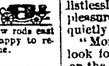
DR. JOHN W. COBB,

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, 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 the 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 best style of workmanship and of the best materials. Shop in 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 and Groceries, 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 Brooklyn, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richard and boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 8, 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. Have permanently associated themselves in the practice of the Eye, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.-tf

E. F. PATRICK. 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 Book Binding business in all its branches.
Montrose, January 1, 1864. J. LYONS, T. J. LYONS.

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, Combs, 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 Tewksbury'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.
Bridge Lanna Depot February 11, 1862.-tf

I. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Nov. 21, 1864.-tf.

GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER!

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky
Was heavy with impending woes,
When traitors raised the battle cry,
When fear met fear in every eye,
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier! when our light
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,
When freedom veiled her face from sight,
Your valor dashed away the night,
And morning clear remained.

God bless you, soldier—scarred and worn,
Wearied with marchings, watchings, pain,
All battle-stained, and battle-torn,
Bravely have all your tasks been borne,
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—think not we
Alone revere and bless your name,
For millions now and yet to be,
Millions your arm has rendered free,
Shall sing your deeds and fame.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,
Sheltered beneath his love and care,
May victory with her garlands rare
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove
Of peace the Eagle's nest will share,
When homes and hearts made warm with love,
With joys below—with joys above,
God bless you here and *there*.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

BY GUY HUMPHREY MACMASTER.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the lines,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn!
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!
Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires!

And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires!
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle breakers o'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red-hot St. George's
Cannoniers:
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
Round their ears!
As the swift
Storm drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangour
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

The old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud!
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!

A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

It was during the season of the Carnival, and I was at a masked ball at the French Opera-House in Paris. It was past three in the morning, and I was seriously thinking of retiring from that wild bolsterous scene—not to call it by any harsher name—in which I had been a participant for hours. I was weary—weary of the dance, the lights, the music, the crowd, the noise and confusion, the silly mottoes that were being continually uttered into my ear by the flirting maskers—and I was wondering from the press and seated myself in the most quiet spot I could find.

While I was thus sitting apart from the throng, listlessly gazing upon that which no longer gave me pleasure, a mask, in the dress of a page, sauntered quietly past me, and said, in a low, guarded tone:

"Monsieur will not seem to see or hear, but will look for the blue domino with a single stop of red on the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice."

I was only sure this language was intended for me, by finding there was no other at the moment within hearing; but what it meant, if it had any meaning, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would have questioned the page, notwithstanding the caution not to seem to see or hear, but that individual had already passed on too far, and was about mingling with the noisy crowd.

As I sat thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that I had been mistaken for another person, and that what had been said to me had really been intended for some one else. If this was so indeed, it might lead to a novel adventure, and to one was I mercenary for a novel adventure than myself.

"Look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice," I repeated to myself. "Very well—I think I will—if only to discover what it means."

The next minute the object for which I was about to seek slowly passed along, not very near me, but in plain view. I arose with a yawn, and quietly, with a sleepy, indifferent air, sauntered after the blue domino. I had no difficulty in keeping it in sight—for the masker—so disguised, moved very slowly through the crowd, seemingly with no particular purpose. If she intended leaving the house, it was not apparent to me then, nor for some time after; and being really very much fatigued, and not certain I was not the sport of a mischievous page, I was about to depart myself and finish my night's adventures in my own bedroom, when I perceived my pair unknown coming toward me with a finger on her lips. She came up close beside me and stopped, apparently for the purpose of observing something in another part of the house; and then, to my surprise, I heard her say in English, in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Listen, my friend, but seem not to hear. In five minutes I shall leave the house by the entrance on the Rue Lepelletier, and will meet you at the Place Vendome—after which we will perfect our plan. Do not fail me this time, or we may not have another opportunity before the count's return. Till then, adieu!"

As she ceased speaking, she moved away, and was soon lost in the crowd. What did it all mean? Unquestionably I had been mistaken for another person, as the words, "Do not fail me this time" evidently proved. Who was the count alluded to? and what was the plan on foot, to be perfected during his absence? My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to go forward in the part thus thrust upon me till I could ascertain something more definite. And then her words in English, so correctly spoken—plainly showing that either she was, or knew me to be a foreigner, or perhaps both—made me still more eager to fathom the mystery. Perhaps some may blame me, knowing, as I did, there was a mistake, for seeking to find out that which did not concern me; and I have nothing to say in my defence, except that I saw before me the prospect of a novel adventure, the temptation of which I was not just then in the humor to resist.

The French Opera-House had three main entrances, for three ranks, on as many streets—namely, one on Lepelletier for those who came in carriages, one on Pinon for those who came in fiacres, and one on Grange Bateliere for those who came on foot. My fair unknown had stated that she would leave by the Rue Lepelletier—which went far to prove that she laid claim to the highest rank among those present, if not indeed among society in general—and I went out on the Rue Pinon to order a fiacre and join her at the Place Vendome.

I reached the Place first, and dismissed my driver before her carriage appeared, which stopped near the triumphal pillar of Napoleon le Grand. As I hastened up to the carriage—which was plain black, without emblazonry of any kind—the door was opened by a small gloved hand from the inside, while the driver sat still, neither turning his head to the right nor left. I could just see that my fair unknown was its only occupant, and I quietly entered and took my seat beside her, feeling a little nervous and somewhat guilty, I must confess. The door was then shut quickly, I heard the sharp snap of a spring, the blind was let down, and we were whirled away in almost total darkness.

For nearly an hour we rode in silence through the streets of the great city, I seeing nothing but the dim form of the fair unknown beside me, and having no idea of the direction we were going. I thought no less of the adventure when I recalled the words of strangers over some curious stories I had heard of strangers being by one means and another decoyed into dens of robbers, and began to feel rather uneasy. My pistols had been left at my hotel, and I had not a single weapon with me, unless a small pocket-knife might be so called. I had not the feeling, moreover, of acting in a right and honorable manner, to give me manly courage; and I could not but admit to myself that, should harm come to me through this adventure, it would in a great measure be owing to my own folly.

I had been thinking this matter over for some time, and had just come to the determination of declaring there had been some mistake, and taking a hurried leave, when the carriage came to a sudden stop.

"Here we are at last," said the sweet musical voice of the fair masker—the silvery tones of which, coupled with my native language, tended much to reassure me.

The next moment the door was opened by the driver. As I descended the steps and offered the lady my hand, I glanced quickly around, and perceived we were in an inner court, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings. If I had really been entrapped, escape was impossible, and a sudden feeling of alarm made even my hand tremble.

"Come, my friend!" pursued the lady, whose face was still concealed by the mask; and taking my arm as she spoke, she led me forward to a door, which she unlocked and threw open.

All was dark inside, and I fancied the air felt cold and damp. I hesitated, and even drew a step back.

"What!" she exclaimed with a light laugh, "are you afraid to enter here to-night, Sir Richard, where you have so often been with me before?"

These words convinced me that I had indeed been mistaken for somebody else—no less, in fact, than an English baronet—and determined me to go forward and see the end of the strange affair.

"Of course, I am not afraid of you." I ventured to say; "but what if the count should have returned during your absence?"

This was the first time I had spoken in the lady's hearing, and I was not a little curious to know what effect my voice might produce, notwithstanding her eyes had been deceived by my personal appearance, for I had at no time been masked myself. To my great relief she did not indicate in any way that there was anything wrong in either the sound or the words, but answed with assuring promptness:

"Oh, if that is all, have no fear, for he cannot possibly reach Paris before three days. But how mean it, Sir Richard, that you disappointed me before?"

"I must explain that some other time," I evasively replied. "Here, madam, please give me your hand," I added, as she was about to set forward through the dark passage in advance of me; "I can always walk better with such a sweet friend to guide me."

She gave me her hand, though I fancied there was a slight hesitation. It might be only fancy, but somehow my suspicions were reawakened. Could it be that we were both playing a part? that the whole affair from the beginning was merely a plot to decoy me, a foreign stranger, into her meshes, for the purpose of robbery if not murder? that what I supposed to be a mistake was merely a ruse, and for her own wicked purpose she was permitting me to think that I was deceiving her? The very idea, under the circumstances, was so startling, that in a moment I felt the cold perspiration start from every pore, and I would have given half my fortune to have been safely at my hotel. It was now too late, however, to attempt a retreat; we were groping our way through a dark passage, with the door closed behind us; but her hand rested in mine, and I held it in such a way that she could not withdraw it without my consent. Daylight, moreover, could not be far off, and there was some little consolation in the thought.

We presently came to a flight of stair, ascended to another story, passed through a long, narrow corridor, with several sharp turnings, and at last stopped at a door, which she unlocked and threw open. A blaze of light from a large chandelier almost dazzled me, and I saw at a glance that the apartment was elegantly furnished. As soon as I had entered, the lady locked the door, and then removed her mask, disclosing a young and beautiful face, so animated and radiant with smiles that instantly I felt ashamed of my base suspicions.

"There now, Sir Richard,," she said, gaily, "you shall seat yourself in that *fauteuil*, we will have a glass of wine together, and then we will arrange our plan with what haste we may, so that you can depart before daylight, if you wish."

Could it be that even here, in this light, at such close quarters, she still mistook me for one who by her own admission was an intimate friend? The thing hardly seemed possible. If true our resemblance to each other must be remarkable indeed; if not true, then I had been lured hither for some dreadful purpose. I seated myself as directed, and awaited the result with a good deal of nervous anxiety. She stepped out of the room for a minute, through an inner door that was slightly ajar, and returned without her domino, in a very rich dress, and with a decanter and two wine-glasses on a silver waiter.

"Here is your favorite sherry, Sir Richard," she said, with a very sweet smile, placing the waiter on a table, pushing the latter up before me, and seating herself on the other side.

As I filled the two glasses, the thought occurred to me that the wine might be poisoned.

"Light drinks, however, I will," I said mentally, "but not otherwise."

We touched glasses, and both carried the wine to our lips. My eye was upon her. She coughed slighly, and removed hers untasted. In an instant I threw mine over my shoulder unperceived, and remarked, as I replaced the glass, that I had never tasted anything better.

"Try another glass; one hardly gives you the flavor!" she said, with her sweetest smile.

I thanked her, refilled the glass, took it in my hand, and soon managed to get rid of it in the same manner as the other.

"Now, then," she pursued, "let us arrange our plan about Marie, while we have an opportunity. You know the count opposes your marriage, for no other reason that —— But, by-the-bye, Sir Richard, you have neglected to drink her health!"

"True!" returned I; "how could I have been so thoughtless?" I refilled the glass. "To the health of my dear Marie, and our speedy union!" I continued, raising it to my lips. The eye of my fair hostess, gleaming with a peculiar light, was now watching me closely. "Hark!" said I, suddenly, looking quickly round, "what sound is that?"

"Where? what, Sir Richard? what do you hear?" she exclaimed, with a startled glance around the apartment.

"I think I was mistaken," I said, after a short pause, during which I had managed to get rid of the wine without drinking it.

When she turned to me again I was in the act of removing the empty glass from my lips. She saw this, and on the instant a strange expression of wicked triumph flitted across her beautiful features. It was momentary, but it was fiend-like. I felt my blood curdle. My worst suspicions then were just. I was ensnared! How was I to escape? Instantly I resolved that she should not again quit my sight, and my hope lay only in threats upon her life, while alone with me and in my power. She now, without alluding to the plan which we had ostensibly come together to discuss, commenced an animated conversation about the masked ball—glancing furtively at me the while, as I fancied to note the effect of the wine. To be certain I was right in my surmise, I thought it best to affect a heavy drowsiness, and secretly watch her motions. I did so, and gradually appeared to fall asleep. As she perceived this, the mask of nature was also removed, and I saw her dark eyes gleam with a deadly light, and her proud lip curl in scornful triumph. At length she ceased speaking, and for a minute or two sat and watched me in silence. Then as if to make sure, she approached and shook me, saying:

"You pay me but a poor compliment, Sir Richard, to fall asleep in my presence!" And then, on finding I gave no sign of consciousness, she added, in quite a different tone: "Poor fool! it shall be my care that you do not wake again! You have played your part to suit me, and now I will play mine to suit myself!"

She turned away as if to leave the room, probably to summon her accomplices to finish her wicked work; and at that moment I laid hold of her arm. As she looked around in alarm, she found me wide awake, and my eye fixed upon hers, with a severe and penetrating expression.

"Madam," said I, in a low, stern, measured tone, "if you would save your guilty life, do not attempt to escape, or call for help! I am not the poor fool you suppose! You have played your part and I mine! Do not flatter yourself I have been ensnared! I know you, and boldly came here to detect you in your guilt! Not a single drop of your poisoned wine has passed my lips! Your whole establishment is under the surveillance of the police! and unless I return to my friends by daylight, your mansion will be entered by the dread officers of the law, and every living soul in it will be taken into custody! Now well what I say! You must instantly yourself conduct me clear of your premises! and if you dare to falter in the least or attempt to raise an alarm, that moment, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you die! Now give me your hand and lead the way!"

While with terrified amazement, and trembling like an aspen, the guilty, wretched woman stood cowering before my stern, penetrating glance. For nearly a minute she seemed too much overpowered to move from the spot. I took her hand, grasped it like a vice, and silently pointed to the door. At length she went forward with tottering steps. In silence she led me through the dark corridor, down the stairs, through the passage, into the court, through another passage, and opened the last door that admitted me to life and light. Morn was just breaking; and as I felt the cool air of heaven upon my fevered brow, and thought of my narrow escape from death, there came such a whirl of strange emotions that I reeled forward like a man intoxicated!

The mansion I had just quitted stood on the banks of the Seine, about two miles below the old city; and I believe if I had drank the wine offered me, my rifled body would soon have been cast into the rushing waters. I believe, moreover, the mansion, grand as it appeared, was only a den of robbers and murderers—that the woman was simply a beautiful decoy for strangers and foreigners—and that many a poor, unsuspecting soul had taken its flight from there to the eternal world! I did not communicate with the police, for the reason that, in the first place, I could bring no charge of crime against any; and, in the second place, I did not wish to become involved with the French courts of law; but thankful beyond expression for my own escape, I firmly resolved never to risk my life again in another mysterious adventure in Paris!

REPORT OF E. A. WESTON, ESQ.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, FOR 1864.

Houses.—The new ones are of wood, and will average in size, say 26 by 30 feet; costing from $250 to $400. Similar to these are most of the houses in Brooklyn, Bridgewater, Clifford, Friendsville, Great Bend, Jackson, Lathrop, Lenox, Little Meadows, 1 in Apolacon, 1 in Ararat, in Choconut 1 or 2, in Dimock 1 or 2, in Forest Lake 4 or 5, Franklin 2, Gibson 3 or 4, Harmony 3 or 4, Herrick 4, Jessup 3 or 4, Middletown 1 or 2, Oakland 1, Silver Lake 1 or 2, Springville 1, Thomson 2, and perhaps a few others. The rest, except the graded school buildings, are mostly primitive structures, from 20 to 50 years old, and have been frequently described. The houses recently built are too small. Though there is progress, it is still necessary to urge that the first and constant want, in the school room, is *good air*, then good instruction. A few of these houses have yards enclosed and improved. More have small lots fenced on three sides. But some are built on waste land by the road side, or on corners barely large enough for their foundations. These newer houses have, generally, necessary out-buildings. The graded school buildings are two stories high, except the one at Montrose, which is three; and at Great Bend, which is but one; the rooms being on the same floor, divided by partitions partly of glass. This, when practicable, is a better arrangement for supervision, as it avoids the clatter of going up and down stairs.

Furniture.—In the new houses referred to above, the seats are, in most cases, fastened to the floor, have backs and are made to accommodate two students each. In some of these houses there is a defect in not grading the seats; not having any low enough to suit small children; in some the writing desks are too high above the seats, and too far from them in front, depriving the writer of the free and easy use of the muscles of the arm, and requiring a leaning, uncomfortable posture.

Apparatus.—Most of the schools have black-board surface but some have not a sufficiency. A few of the townships have furnished maps and charts. Occasionally other apparatus, as letter cards, cube-root blocks, &c., is used, but, generally, is the private property of the teacher. Letter cards should be in every school where rudiments of reading are taught.

Schools.—The Brooklyn Centre school was, last winter, divided in two departments, with two teachers. The grades are not regular. Algebra, rhetoric, book-keeping, &c., are taught. The Great Bend graded school has 3 departments, and 3 teachers. Chemistry, National philosophy, book-keeping, &c., are taught. The New Milford school has 3 departments, and 3 teachers. Grades not regular. Algebra, philosophy, geometry and physiology are taught. At Susquehanna Depot are 2 schools, each of which has two departments. The Montrose school has 4 departments, with 7 teachers. It has, sometimes, had over 200 students in attendance. The Latin, Greek and French languages, algebra, geometry, astronomy, philosophy, rhetoric and history are taught. A school for colored children, with colored teacher, is also in operation in connection with it. The other schools, in which the higher branches are sometimes taught, have, usually, only algebra; but now and then physiology, philosophy and history are pursued. No schools are entirely unclassified, but quite a number are yet imperfect in this respect.

Examinations and Certificates.—Examinations were oral and written combined, but chiefly oral. Two days were devoted to each, last fall, to ensure one another purpose as institute or drill.

Assistant Superintendent.—Lenox pays district superintendent $50, and Brooklyn $10, per year.

District Institutes.—District institutes have not been held in Harmony, Lathrop, Silver Lake, Herrick, Harford, Oakland, Liberty and Chapman independent district. The attendance of teachers, in most of the districts, has been quite irregular. The general opinion expressed, is, that if promptly attended and efficiently conducted, they would accomplish much good; but that, owing to difficulty in reaching the place of meeting, by female teachers, and want of energy in conducting them, practically they are of little value. From four or five townships, when well attended and conducted, the report was decidedly favorable.

Teachers.—Two false notions too much prevail as to the qualifications and appropriate work of the teacher. We shall never make true progress until these ideas are thoroughly eradicated. One of these is, that it does not require much ability for a competent teacher of *primary* classes. The other is, that it is the chief business of the scholar to read *words*, ideas or no ideas, to solve problems according to rules and formulas, and to learn printed answers to printed questions; and that it is the principal duty of the teacher to *see* that such lessons are got, and *hear* them recited. Some good results (as well as some bad ones) are thus reached, but it is in a roundabout way, and at great disadvantage. We have some teachers who fulfil their true province; more understand what it should be, better than they are able to practice; and still more who teach as they were taught, as above described. Of the cases of failures, the causes assigned by directors were, in one, "dislike by the proprietors;" in one, inexperience and want of judgment in the teacher;" and in the other "unruly boys."

Moral Instruction.—There seems to be a lack in the inculcation of goodness for its own sake and its own reward. A lack in the development of the *spirit* of kindness, courtesy and respect, and an increase in that disposition which manifests itself in mischievous, annoying and rowdyish pranks.

Educational Agencies.—Most of the graded schools have had a "teachers' class," as have, also, academies and select schools. In the county, which have miles and select schools, in the county, which have accomplished much good. Public interest is absorbed in the condition of the country, every aspiration and impulse being for the crushing of the rebellion, for the re-establishment of national authority on a firm, just basis, and prosperity and greatness, on a firm, just basis, and for the end of a desolating war. Still, the attention paid to education is better than could be expected.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—In a recent issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a writer describes the Tower of Babel as it appears to the traveller of the present day: "After a ride of nine miles we were at the foot of Bris-Nimrod. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was Bris-Nimrod, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of earth vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnazzar built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick work pierces the accumulated soil. With your fingers you touch the very bricks—large, square-shaped and massive—that were thoroughly burned; the very mortar, the 'slime,' now hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's implous people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see, glistening as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of his life—to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around there at some time or other—to bend his body and count his beads—is the daily desire of every devout Mahomedan."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—Not long ago was found at Toledo, Spain, in a monastery, a paper containing the following prophecy: "In the far West beyond the ocean will rise a nation which will be great in power and wealth; and Satan, in one of his walks to and fro in the earth, will observe this nation and, determined to destroy their happiness, will there send two monsters, one to the North, and the other to the South, and he will give them strawberries, and they will eat them; and, after they have eaten, they will feel a great thirst, not to be quenched with anything else but blood. They will, therefore, cause the brother to slay the brother, father to slay the son, and the son the father, and they will drink the blood of the slain, and it will bring lamentation throughout the land. And, when the time is fulfilled, there will rise a strong man in the North who will take the monsters and bind them and draw them into the sea, where it is the deepest, and peace and happiness will again prevail throughout, and the people will praise the Lord."

It is said the monks in said monastery maintain that this prophecy was written before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and that the first part of it is fulfilled in America, and the other part will soon come to pass.

☞ A petroleum millionaire, one of the kerosene aristocracy, wrote the other day to a well-known firm in New York city, to the following brilliant effect: "Send me per Express, to eleven Barrel City, a good set of corsets for my wife, and marked C.O.D."

REMINISCENCE OF SHERMAN.

From the Leavenworth Conservative

Citizens of Leavenworth will remember that there stood on Main street, between Delaware and Shawnee, in 1857, '58 and 59, on the ground now occupied by handsome brick buildings, a shabby-looking, tumbling, cottonwood shell. It was occupied, on the ground floor, by Hampton P. Denman, ex-Mayor, as a land agency office. The rooms above were reached by a crazy-looking stairway on the outside, up which none ever went without dread of their falling. Dingy signs informed the curious that within was a "law-shop," kept by Hugh Ewing, Thomas Ewing, jr., W. T. Sherman, and Daniel McCook.—These constituted the firm known here in the early part of 1859 as Ewing, Sherman & McCook. All were comparatively young men. All were ambitious; the one who has gained the greatest fame perhaps the least so of the associated lawyers. The Ewings had the advantage of high culture, considerable natural abilities, cold, impassive temperaments, and a powerful family influence to aid their aspirations. Hugh Ewing was but little known hereabouts, though acknowledged to be a brilliant and versatile genius by his intimates. "Young Tom," as the other scion is familiarly called, has always been a prominent and influential man.

The third member of the firm fills to-day one of the proudest pages in the history of our land. His name and fame take rank with the greatest of earth. All conspire to do him honor. Aliens bow to his genius, and enemies show the extent of their fears of its power by the virulence of their hate and its manifestations. W. T. Sherman never mingled in our public affairs. He lived among us for several months, having some landed interests here. An outlying part of our city plat is marked on the maps as "Sherman's Addition." Prior to entering upon the practice of law in this city, he lived for some time in the vicinity of Topeka, upon a farm of 160 acres, which we believe he still owns. His neighbors tell of his abrupt manner, reserved, yet forcible speech and character. Previous to residing in Kansas, Sherman had lived in California, where, as a miner, banker, and lawyer, he made and lost a large fortune. A graduate of West Point, he had previously held a Captain's commission in the Topographical Engineer Corps, and, in pursuance of duty, had made several important surveys and explorations, the reports of which had been duly published by Government. They relate principally to routes for the Pacific Railroad.

The fourth member of the firm, Daniel McCook, was known and appreciated here by the fraternity as one of the best of "good fellows." He was young, active, ardent, an intense partisan and ambitious wight, who held the tolerably good opinion of his own capacity common to the "fair feather" state of the *genus homo*. "Dan" practiced law before the lower courts, doing the justice and probate; and always having plenty of work in the United States District Court, which was often the scene of amusing sparring between him and the judge—the able but indecent Petit—whose judgments Dan was in the habit of freely criticising.

All of the firm were Buckeyes—the Ewings being sons of the able and venerable Hon. Thomas Ewing, of that State. Sherman is connected with them by marriage, being a brother to Mrs. Thomas Ewing, jr., we believe. He is a brother of Senator Sherman. McCook belonged to the since famous fighting family of that name. His father was the well-known Major McCook, killed in the Ohio-Morgan raid. One brother was killed in the first Bull Run battle. Another was the Brigadier General McCook, murdered by guerrillas in Southern Kentucky. Another, brother or uncle, we know not which, is the famous Major General McCook of the Armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee.

In politics the firm was unequally proportioned, Thomas Ewing, jr., being a conservative Republican, while his brother Hugh, Sherman, and McCook were all Democrats, the latter being an active local politician, and at one time elected Probate Judge of this county. The city then being largely Democratic and somewhat pro-slavery, the firm possessed considerable influence.

A good story is told of Sherman's experience as counsel, and of his dissolution of partnership to take the position held by him when the war broke out—that of President of the Military College of Louisiana.

While in the practice of the law here, Sherman was consulting partner, having an almost insurmountable objection to appearing in court, which accorded the possession, as a lawyer, of thorough knowledge of legal principles: a clear, logical perception of the points and equity involved in any case. He could present his views in the most direct manner, stripped of all verbiage, yet perfectly accurate in form. He was perfectly *au fait* in the authorities.

But to return to our story. Shortly after the reception of the offer from the Governor of Louisiana in relation to the College, Sherman was compelled to appear before the Probate Judge—Gardner we believe. The other partners were busy, and Sherman, with his authorities and his case all snugly laid out, proceeded to court. He returned in a rage two hours after. Something had gone wrong. He had been pettifogged out of the case by a sharp, petty attorney opposed to him, in a way which was disgusting to his intellect and his conscience. His *amour propre* was hurt, and the severe blow he would have nothing more to do with the law in this State. That afternoon the business was closed, partnership dissolved, and in a very short time Sherman was on his way to a more congenial clime and occupation. The war found him in Louisiana, and despite of his strong pro-slavery opinions, found him an intense and devoted patriot.

We met him here, and, though but slightly acquainted, have remembered ever since, the impression he left on our mind. He ephered himself to our perception as the most remarkable intellectual embodiment of *force* it had been our fortune to encounter. Once since, we met him, in our lines before Corinth, where he had command on the right wing of Halleck's magnificent army. The same impression was given then, combined with the idea of nervous vitality, ang