Independent Republican.

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VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1865. NUMBER 14.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEAUMONT,
WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought.
Jessup, March 20, 1865.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office onOusen street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.-1yp

C. M. CRANDALL,
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool-wheels, Wheelheads, Clockcases, &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 a 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. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.-tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lea'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, Fish, Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.-tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill 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 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 prosecuted. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.-feb1y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES Opposite Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 23, 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 to 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.-mch17,65.-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, 1862.-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, Lead Pipe, Pumps, Chandeliers, and all kinds of Building Trimmings. 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, his services, 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 the neatest and most approved 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 on 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 Cotton, Cheese and Hickory 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, and keeps time with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richard Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 6, 1864.-1y

F. H. 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, 1862.-tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, with the utmost care and attention. Especial attention paid to diseases of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 to 9 a. m. E. S. PATRICK, M. D.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.-tf 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. A. 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, Crutches, &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.
J. W. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

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

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., October 22, 1862.-tf

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

A SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Come, listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come, listen to me for a spell!
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "light;"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The viper but he—
Too bear the poor lunatic bawl,
"How they crawl!
All over the floor and wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up,
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read
Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass my lad,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass.

BARON CRUMP.

Mrs. Ormsby had one fault, and that was exaggerated romance and sentiment—an amiable sort of fault, but it led her into some mistakes not pleasant to look upon, and caused her to form friendships and attachments at first sight which were not exactly prudent. Because the neighborhood turned its back upon Mrs. Swallow and said hard things about her, Mrs. Ormsby made her her bosom friend, and was a year in finding out that the neighborhood was right after all. And when nobody else would hire Barbara Bridget in the capacity of cook, Mrs. Ormsby, taking pity on the "dear old thing," engaged her at high wages, and had her tipsy on her hands until she set the house on fire by putting a fluid lamp under her pillow instead of the kitchen key.

So in her girlhood had she, while very young and pretty, refused every offer sanctioned by her parents, and fallen in love instead with a young lawyer's clerk, with a pretty face and poor health, whom she met by stealth, in Peggy the housemaid's shawl and bonnet in the neighboring park, of evenings, and with whom she finally eloped one Sunday morning after church. Visions of a romantic reconciliation with her only parent doubtless filled her mind, they were never realized. Her father only lived long enough to make his will, and then died suddenly of apoplexy, brought on by indignation at his daughter's disobedience.

So the honey-moon was marred by tears and the want of bread and butter, which the newly-made pair were quite young enough to fancy and eat a great deal of. Six years after, when Mrs. Ormsby was but twenty-one and her husband twenty-five, all the romance was on Mrs. Ormsby's side; and her husband was deep in flirtation with a fat young widow, who wore rouge, frizzed her hair, and made no secret of liking porter.

However, the little woman never suspected half his falsehood; and when he drowned himself trying to sport on the waves at New Utrecht with the fat widow, she was one of the fashionable bathing party. Poor Mrs. Ormsby wished from the bottom of her heart that she was dead also, and made up her mind to be wretched forever. So she might have been in good earnest, for slow starvation is a trying thing, but that a grand-aunt relented toward her, and left her in her will more than sufficient to make her comfortable for life. With this she established herself in a pretty house in Philadelphia, and devoted herself to her children—two boys of four and five, and a girl baby.

Having money, of course people sought her rather more than they had been in the habit of doing while she struggled with poverty; and being, as we have said, romantic, of course she fancied them the most disinterested and benevolent creatures in the world. Some single ladies are remarkably girlish at twenty-one or two, and go so far as to forget that they have passed their sixteenth birthday; and though Mrs. Ormsby had been married, and had a family, she had viewed life only through the medium of novels.

Therefore it almost broke her heart to refuse offers of marriage which were laid at her feet within the first few years; by the prettily Quaker, who would make an affectionate companion, by tall Mr. B——, who had had three wives before, and by short Mr. C——, who desired to set up for himself in some mysterious business down town. She went so far as to faint when the fifth adorer, a fortune-hunter with the smallest possible conscience ever doled out to mortal man, threatened to shoot himself if she did not say "Yes;" but being truly constant to the memory of her fickle spouse, never thought of taking pity on him and marrying a second time.

So the years glided from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to thirty-five. Mrs. Ormsby's boys grew great fellows, taller than their mother, and Miss Ormsby was old enough to have half the tucks out of her skirts. Youth had left the widow some distance behind, but she was buxom and blooming still, and almost as charming as when, disguised in Peggy's hood and cloak, she went to ramble stealthily with the enamored lawyer's clerk in Franklin Squre by moonlight.

One of good Mrs. Ormsby's friends was Mrs. Finch, also a widow. Struggling along in their earlier life they had sympathized with each other, and though Mrs. Ormsby was now well to do she never forgot little Mrs. Finch, who was still keeping boarders in a house not far away, and whose trials and grievances were, as a matter of course, named legion. On the contrary, her romance found one very commendable vent in kindness to her old school-mate; and Mrs. Finch appreciated it fully. However, that lady was by no means sentimental. Single gentlemen who found fault with dinners they never meant to pay for had scattered to the wind those dreams which used to instigate the scribbling of bad poetry when she was Rose Matilda Ruby; and this fact had occasioned some difference of opinion between the friends, and had caused Mrs. Ormsby once to say, that the world had made Rose Matilda's heart a thing of stone—at least upon the surface.

This was when the much misused mistress of the boarding-house found it absolutely necessary to hint to her last boarder, the Baron Crump, that his apartment would be much more acceptable then his society. A proceeding which Mrs. Ormsby pronounced as heartless.

"But how is one to live?" asked Rose Matilda: "with butter the price it is, and eggs so much a dozen; and whoever else loses their appetites boarders never do, my dear."

"How is *he* to live, poor destitute foreigner?" and Mrs. Ormsby's lace handkerchief went to her eyes.

"If I can get along with my family I'm sure he might with none," said Mrs. Finch. "Ah! it's all very well, Maria Jane; you have property, but you don't know what *I* have to endure; and if I am stony-hearted I hope I'll be adamant before long; one needs to be with a house full of boarders."

"So you will really drive the poor Baron from the shelter of your roof?"

"If he can't pay his bills I must. Why don't he teach his music or his German to somebody?"

"It must be hard for a person of rank to come to that. Don't you remember our reading 'The Heir of a Dukedom,' and crying over the trials of Leander when he taught drawing to those haughty wretches, Lady Ruth and Lady Sophy?"

"Mercy no! I've forgotten all about them," replied Rose Matilda.

"I haven't," said her companion. "Oh no, I trust my heart will ever melt for the woes of suffering humanity! Rose Matilda, do you think the Baron would condescend to be a tutor in a family?"

"No doubt he's too lazy," said Mrs. Finch.

"H one only dared now. My darlings are so deficient in music and the languages; but to make the offer and see the blood mantle his proud cheeks and his eye flash. Oh, Rose Matilda, I couldn't stand it!"

"What are you talking of, for goodness' sake?" interrupted little Mrs. Finch, with astonished eyes wide open.

"Of the Baron. I would engage him as a tutor for the boys, if I thought he would be willing to accept the offer."

"If he is willing to accept my beef and pudding I should think he might. You can ask him," replied the lady, shortly. "But, Maria Jane, let me give you a little piece of advice—lock up your spoons, and don't fall in love with him, for I misdoubt he's a barber."

Jane Maria Ormsby arose: "I had yet to learn that Rose Matilda Finch could insult the unfortunate, or aspersе the motive of one who has ever been her truest friend!" she said, with dramatic emphasis and a glance worthy of Mrs Siddons, and sailed from the room, which she did not enter again for a little eternity of a fortnight. At the end of that time the Baron Crump had been installed as tutor under the roof of Mrs. Ormsby's domicile. He came thither with two shirts and one pair of socks in a portmanteau, with Olendorf under one arm and an accordeon under the other; and so frightened the Irish girl who had admitted him, by his long hair and fierce gestures, that she had hysterics in the kitchen for an hour afterward.

He was not a handsome man, being wonderously long and lank, with pale straw-colored hair, and fishy eyes, and he had a way of making his harsh gutteral language ten times harsher and more gutteral than it usually sounds. He looked, too, on the whole, anything but aristocratic or noble, in my sense of the word. But romance had shed its luster over him, and Mrs. Ormsby saw in the new tutor the hero of a novel—exiled, insulted, and cast upon her gentle charity.

As Titania looked upon Bottom so the sentimental widow upon the Baron Crump; and though she did not "feed him with apricots and dewberries," she took great pains that such substantial dainties as he loved should be before him when he chose to signify his pleasure to partake. Truth to say, so did the romantic widow feast and humor the tutor Baron, that Betty the cook declared in kitchen cabinet that he was "fairly set up master."

Alas! alas! how shall we down the truth? Poor Mrs. Ormsby had been constant to her husband's memory throughout her youth. The Quaker had not touched her heart; she never dreamed once of the aspiring merchant who besought her hand. All those who swore "to die of love for her" were pitied and wept over, but not awarded with her heart; and now, in her thirty-sixth year, with four or five silver threads in her black hair, and fast growing stout, Mrs. Ormsby had fallen in love with a hideous, hoarse-voiced German tutor, who called himself a Baron, and *was* goodness only knew what! The little woman knew well what folly it was, and kept her secret to herself, never betraying her emotions to any living soul.

The Baron Crump was five years younger than herself, and in the strength of this she assumed grandmotherly airs, and spoke of him and the children in a breath as young people. She owned, in a sort of silent confession to her own conscience, she was quite middle-aged, and ought to be ashamed of herself. "But," sighed little Mrs. Ormsby to herself, "I began by pitying him, and pity is akin—to—to liking him very much indeed—the poor, dear, exiled Baron—all the more because he is ugly and disagreeable to others!"

The young Ormsbys were learning exceedingly rough and unpolished German and French, with a strong German accent, ditto. As for music, little Mrs. Ormsby knew very little about that. She knew the Baron made a great deal of noise, and supposed it to be all right in consequence. And when, in the evening, as she sat crocheting on the sofa, the Baron tutor sang to her such songs as from his lips were

"Ever of dee,"

or

"Dere's not in dis vide world a wally so sweet,"

she was exceedingly charmed, beat time altogether out of time with her plump foot, and imagined that "he sang as if he meant it, poor, dear fellow!"

At last she had concocted a romance for herself which read thus:

The Baron was poor; the Baron was proud. She was rich and pretty—had not poor, dear Ormsby said so a thousand times? The Baron loved her, and she—oh dear me! liked the Baron. Being poor and proud the Baron would never reveal his sentiments. No he would die rather. Her gold stood between them. From this sentiment moreover, when this butterfly of fancy escaped the web within which many novels had warmed into life, little Mrs. Ormsby saw new charms in Baron Crump's sallow face and straw-like hair. His gutteral German pleased her better than before, and slowly, slowly she was forming a gigantic determination. If the Baron wouldn't speak she must. Just as Elvira, of the Castle Clare, pop the question in a paragraph of two hundred words to Claude, the peasant boy, in "Hall and Hovel; or, the Sorrows of the Heart?" She would do it—yes, she would do it—though, if any body found it out, she must die.

What should she say? "Baron, have I penetrated your secret?" Yes, that would do; and he, perhaps, would answer, "I would rather die than disclose it." Then she: "I honor your sentiments, dear Baron, and my esteem is only heightened by your expression of them," etc., etc.

Mrs. Ormsby had a good deal of silver, a legacy from her deceased grand aunt. Also, at certain times, three months apart, she had overweight, before deposited in the bank, certain sums of money which were of themselves sufficient to tempt a housebreaker. Little Mrs. Finch, who was very prudent, had suggested a thief-proof safe; and one being purchased, stood in a large pantry opening from the dining-room.

In this, at the hour of retiring, little Mrs. Ormsby was in the habit of placing all her valuables, from her cake-basket and tablespoons to the ear-rings and bracelets wherewith she adorned herself on state occasions. And this being a work of time, she occasionally had some one to help her, often Horace, sometimes a domestic. After all was done, she did the key under the pillow on which her head reposed, and feared no burglars. If bad, he required his assistance in the nightly jailing of valuables; and it gave opportunity for a great deal of flirting, and a great many innocent little affectations of "being dreadfully afraid"—and "suppose there should be a burglar in the pantry," which the Baron always took in solid Dutch earnest, and peeping in, would say: "Ha, I git my vord Madam, dere is no thief dere. Do vindow is not pig enough to get him into."

"Any one less noble," thought Mrs. Ormsby, "would have spoken when I said it's a terrible thing to be so lonely and unprotected!" but the dear Baron only sighed. (He said "so," and gruated in reality.) And the little woman resolved, for the twentieth time, to take the initiative, and ask the German what his pride forbade him to ask her. Still she did not do it, hoping that her smiles and tender glances might give him courage.

The time passed on until quarter day came again—a windy, blustering December day, which made Mrs. Ormsby shiver through the windows. It was useless to talk, however. She always had collected rents herself; and Horace, the eldest, always had accompanied her. That morning that youth had grumbled much, but in vain. The cab was at the door. Mother and son, wrapped in furs, stepped in, and away they went over Philadelphia. Horace returned home radiant and hungry, but poor little Mrs. Ormsby had caught cold and the toothache.—She could not eat The Baron appeared to sympathize.

"Der pef is goot," he said, helping himself to a slice. "Dat is bad you not eat some."

"Ah, you don't know what I'm suffering!" said Mrs. Ormsby.

"So," replied the Baron, and shook his head.—"He means," said Mrs. Ormsby to herself, "that he suffers also in his heart, if not in his teeth."

However, even the most exquisite romance never cured the toothache.

All that evening Mrs. Ormsby passed in her own room with poultices of hops upon her cheek and laudanum in her little pink ear on a piece of cotton. At eleven o'clock she started up, remembering that for the first time in years she had not locked up her silver in the safe.

"Call Master Horace," she said to the cook, who was just going up stairs to bed.

"Master Horace is snoring horrid, with his door locked, mum," said the cook.

"Master John, then."

"He's the same with him, mum," said the cook.

"Oh, must I do it myself?" asked Mrs. Ormsby, holding her cheek. "Wait a minute, where is the Baron?"

"A-reading Dutch in the dining room," said the cook.

Belting the crimson wrapper about her, and taking a peep in the glass, Mrs. Ormsby went tip-toe down the stairs and entered the dining-room.

"Oh, Baron, I am almost dead," she said,

"So," said the Baron.

"I *shall* die before morning, I think."

"So."

"And I'm not capable of locking up the silver.—Won't you do it for me—there's a—a kind friend?"

"Yas, tit pleasure," said the Baron.

So the Baron went to work collecting all the valuables, and in her own room the lady heard him busy.

Pretty soon he came up and knocked at her door. Little Mrs. Ormsby peeped out and took from him the key-ring she had given to him.

She did not count the keys, however, or she might have missed some.

The Baron lumbered up to his chamber, next that of Horace, and soon the household snored. Even Mrs. Ormsby, a miraculous cessation of toothache combined with laudanum, hot-drops and a wee bit of brandy and water, lulled to sleep; a deep slumber from which she started awake as the clock struck twelve. She had left a light burning, and on waking arose to extinguish it, with careful dread of fire. As she did so she heard a sound—certainly a sound. A stealthy creaking of the stairs under the weight of feet.

"House-breakers at last," thought Mrs. Ormsby; and made up her mind to faint. Thinking better of it, however, she peeped out of the door. Some one was going down stairs. Mrs. Ormsby was about to scream for the Baron and Horace, when she saw that it was the Baron himself. Ay, and in traveling costume, with overcoat, shawl and portmanteau.

"His feelings have been too much for him; he leaves me lest he should declare his love. Oh, the noble Baron!" sobbed Mrs. Ormsby. "But he shall not go! He shall know that his poor Maria Jane is all his own! Do I care for dross?—oh no!"

And so, wrapped in the crimson robe, and forgetting her night-cap, the widow pursued the Baron with her heart in her hand, ready to pop the question and be accepted.

Before her went the Baron with a candle. At the dining-room door he paused. "To leave a letter for me perhaps," said the lady, "In the pantry. Ah! yes; he knows I'll go there first!" So she stood at the door trembling, and saw him crouch before the safe, take from his pocket two keys, unlock that repository of valuables, and begin to fill the pillow-case he drew from his pocket, with tea-urn, forks, spoons and specie.

Then speaking to himself in German, the poor dear Baron said, "It is an evil wind that blows good to no one. Huzza for the toothache!"

Mrs Ormsby understood him. She gave a shriek, and he turned. When he saw her the pillow-case dropped, and he tumbled in his pocket as for a weapon.

"A vord—von vord and you die!" he said, and he gave a wild glance at the door.

Mrs. Ormsby was not capable of uttering half a word, for she fell fainting to the floor. When she recovered the Baron and tea-urn were gone. The other things he had left behind him in his flight.—Little Mrs. Ormsby picked herself up, locked the street door, examined all things in the safe, and went up stairs. To this day there are three mysteries in that household—Why the Baron left so suddenly; where his pillow-case went; and why the silver tea-urn is never used.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S NEW WORK.

A PICTURE OF CÆSAR.

The following graphic discription is from the main body of the work:

To these natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty stature, and his finely moulded and well portioned limbs, invart to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colorless, and his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth small and regular, and his lips, rather full, gave the lower part of his face an expression of kindness, while the breadth of forehead indicated the developement of the intellectual faculties.—His face was full, at least, in his youth; but in the busts which were made toward the close of his life, his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue.

His voice was sonorous and vibrating, his gestures noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living and his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease, privations and fatigues. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labor, nor by the excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions, once at Cordova and then at Thapsus, he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, or had the hairs plucked out; he brought forward aristically his hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness.

He was reproached with the affectation of scratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with laticlam, ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound around the loins with a sash loosely knotted, a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Sylla was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing sash. He had a taste for pictures, statues and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus.

To sum up, there were found in Cæsar, physically and morally, two natures that are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the graces of the life to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which sedoues to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cæsar at the age of 18, when Sylla possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and, still more so, perhaps, to women. (Liv. II., cap. 1.)

ORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS.

The religion of the aborigines, in all parts of Australia, includes a belief in sorcery, and a dread of numerous demons, spirits of the wood, of the river, or the mountains and the pool. Some of these are the spirits of dead men. I once met a party of thirty or forty men and women who were traversing the country along the Barwan, as strolling play-actors, performing a pantomime in the presence of every camp of their countrymen, with the avowed design of driving away the spirits of the dead men. All night long the choir continued to sing. In the morning, having marked their bodies with earths of various colors, they went through a mimic fight with unseen foes, beating the air with branches and rushing about in a frantic manner. After alternately marching, dancing, and changing to the sound of music, they declared that the ghosts were all gone, and would trouble the inhabitants of the place no more. The general name for ghosts or spirits is "wunda." And this name they give to white men, probably from the impression which has spread among them that white people are black fellows risen from the dead.

The chief of all the wundas, the arch demon, is said to appear at their *bora*, or public meetings, in the form of a serpent. And there are figures of serpents cut on trees in some places, to which they pay religious homage. Parental affection is generally very strong in the aborigines; and when a child dies they testify their grief in the same manner as the ancient heathen Canaanites, by cutting themselves. I saw a number of men sitting down to mourn with a bereaved mother—their skin plastered with white clay, and blood streaming down from large gashes made with the tomahawk in their heads. In conjugal affection savages are generally deficient. As a traveler in distant parts of the interior, I can bear witness that aborigines have treated me with kindness and with a polite consideration which I did not expect to meet in such a quarter. And I believe they are as a people remarkably susceptible of impressions from kind treatment. They were evidently pleased and thankful to see that I thought them worth looking after. Their musical power is strong. Of their very simple melodies, some have a wild mirthfulness, and others a more plaintive melancholy. The very soul of the people seems to breathe out in their brief songs. And when under training, their musical taste has been successfully used as an aid in their civilization.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "EITHER" AND "NEITHER."—The pronunciation of the words at the head of this article as it spelt *ai ther* and *i ther*, which is not unfrequently heard from divines and other cultivated men, is not sanctioned either by analogy or good use, and is only to be accounted for on the supposition that by some doubtful use in England is considered better authority than good use in America. Out of seventy lexicographers only two, and they of little account (J. Johnson and Coote), expressly authorize the corrupt pronunciation, and the analogy of the language is utterly opposed to it, there being only one word of similar orthography, "height" whose accepted pronunciation coincides with it.

To show how entirely analogy fails to sustain the corrupt pronunciation, the following paragraph has been framed, in which all the words introduced will be pronounced, in which the letters *ei* are met with, except as in the word "height" given above.

"*Being*" disposed to walk, I would "*feign*" have visited my "*neighbor*," but on approaching his "*seignior*" I was alarmed by the "neighing" of his horse, and on lifting my "veil," was terrified to find the animal within "eighty" yards of me, approaching at a speed that seemed "freighted" with the direst consequences. I was in a "straight"—caught in a "sein." My blood stood still in my "veins," as I conceived my life in danger. Turning my head I was pleased to see an Arabian "Sheik" near by, and doing "obeisance." I begged that he would "feign" to come to my rescue. I was not "deceived" in my hopes. By a skilful "feint" he succeeded in "seizing" the "reins" attached to the fiery steed, and as he was a man of "weight" he checked him in his impetuous career, and my life was saved. For the favor thus "received," may he ever live in a "celled" dwelling.

Every one of the words in the above paragraph, quoted, might as well have its *i* sounded as *i* in mine as "either," or "neither." Where the authorities preponderate so greatly against any particular pronunciation there is certainly no reasonable excuse for its adoption.

☞ A lady of refinement sent the following morceau to one of our exchanges, with the request to publish it, adding that she hoped it would "do some good:"

My husband slept—he dreamed a pleasing dream,
For sunny smiles across his face did gleam;
He dreamt of *me*, for oft he murmured "Pet!"
I pressed him to my heart, close, closer yet
To drink into my ear the precious word—
Alas, it was *Pet-ro-leum* I heard!"

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

We very briefly, on the 2d instant, attempted to show in what consists the political equality of all men before the law; and we think we made it plain to the comprehension of every man of ordinary intelligence, that equality, in that sense of the word, does not imply what is called social equality. The first is the natural and inalienable right of every man to equity, to justice, to the fruits of his own honest toil, to an even chance with others, and, consistently with the rights of others, to exert the faculties which God has given him for the promotion of his own comfort and happiness, and that of his family. This is the equality of all men as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and as guaranteed in the National Constitution. This is the sort of equality which exists in New York between the white people of the Fifth avenue and the white people of the Five Points. But in asserting this equality of rights before the law, we also maintained that it would be tyrannical and cruel to enforce social equality between the people of very dissimilar circumstances, tastes, character, and habits; and we make a special application of the remark to the talked-of association between whites and blacks.—We maintained, and still maintain, that such association must be entirely voluntary, and that neither class has a right to insist upon social intercourse with the other, without mutual consent.

This was enough to arouse the New York *World*. That journal, without a single effort to combat our reasoning, but, with the quick instincts of demagogism, arraigns the *Chronicle*, and the Administration, upon the charge of inconsistency. The war, it assumes, was waged in order to free the negro.—Tens of thousands of white lives have been sacrificed to make negroes equal to white men, and after all, the friends of the Administration will not associate on equal terms with them, or invite them to their balls. Says the *World:*

"Are the black hands which we trust with the bayonet worthy to be clothed with white kid? Are the black women for whom the whole North toils and travails, unfit to carry a bouquet? Shall they with whom we are soon to share the ballot not be our partners in the mazy dance? In the very capital of a regenerated people shall this insult be put upon the beings whom we have disinthralled?"

This extract may serve as a sample for the whole criticism of the *World* upon our remarks. It is in the spirit of paltry demagogism. No attempt is made to show that we are wrong in drawing a distinction between equality before the law and equality before the social board. If no such distinction exists, then one of two things follows, viz: that either the gentleman of princely fortune and style of living who presided over the late Chicago Democratic National Convention, and who is reported to be the proprietor of the *World* newspaper, ought to change his political creed or his social practice; for he, and the *World*, and the entire "Democratic" opposition to the Administration profess to believe in the political equality of all *white* men before the law. They profess to recognize the equality of the humble mechanic, the common laborer, the denizen of the Five Points even, with the aristocratic merchant prince of the Fifth avenue, whose coach is driven by a white servant, clothed in livery. They recognize in theory the equality before the law of the chambermaid, the washerwoman, and the applewoman, with their wives and daughters. But do they so recognize it practically? Do aristocratic "democrats" in Fifth avenue allow a mechanic, even, not to say a common laborer, to escort his daughter to a ball? Would his wife invite her chambermaid and washerwoman to a social gathering with her wealthy neighbors? We would thank the *World* to answer these questions. But everybody knows they are practically "democrats" and the aristocratic vict the *World*, and its "Democratic" associates of the Fifth avenue, of the identical inconsistency it imputes to the Republican party.

The World charges that the Republicans and abolitionists are inconsistent and false to their principles in having made war upon the South to liberate four millions of negroes, and deny them social equality. We does not know that the Democratic party, if in power, would go to war with England or France in vindication of the rights of one humble white man, whom the leaders of that party would not recognize as socially their equal, or invite into their houses? When the rights of Martin Kozla were vindicated at the risk of a war with Austria, the question was not asked, "Is he a gentleman?" "Can we invite him into our families, when he visits Washington?" but simply, "Is he an American citizen?"

The slaves, before being emancipated, were not citizens, it is true, nor was the war made for their liberation, but if the country was ready to go to war for the rights of one foreign-born white citizen, we need not be ashamed of having liberated four millions of black men, in a war begun by their masters for the overthrow of the Government.

As to the question of admitting colored children into the schools with white children, it presents no greater difficulty than that which has existed between Catholics and Protestants. The former will not send their children to schools conducted on Protestant principles, and the latter will not send their children to schools conducted on Catholic principles; and the consequence is, that they must separate and remain divided until time wears away prejudices or reconciles the differences. So with the whites and blacks; but, in the mean time, let all stand equal before the law.—*Washington Chronicle.*

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Hugh McCulloch has been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Wm. P. Fessenden, who was elected a Senator