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H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher.

VOLUME 11. M

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, 1863.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on Owego street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1863.-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. 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 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, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 18, 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. 21, 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. [illegible] 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

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

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

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

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

D. A. BALDWIN,

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

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. 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. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.-tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

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

E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.-tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, 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 6, 1864. 1y

F. B. WEEKS,

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

JOSEPH RICE,

MANUFACTURER and DEALER in CHAIRS, Bedsteads, and Cabinet Ware. Shop four miles east of New Milford [illegible]
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, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
E. PATRICK, Jr.,
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, 1865.

J. LYONS & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, [illegible] ware, 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,
Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Books, 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.

I. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Pension and Bounty Claims carefully prepared. Collections promptly made.
Montrose, [illegible]

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. 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.
READ.............A. WATROUS..................S. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,

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

JOHN GROVES,

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

D. A. LYONS

DEALER [illegible]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

Let the nation weep,
As they bear the martyr
To his last, long sleep!

Aye, let the nation weep!
Another such as he
We nevermore shall see
This side eternity.

Aye, let the nation weep,
And let the slow bells toll
For the noblest soul
That ever dwelt in man,
Or ever led the van
Of Freedom's hosts to victory,
And rang the charge of Liberty.

Well may the nation weep
And shudder at the stroke
That all their slumbering wrath awoke.
What wretch so impious as to dare
To smite the leader of the people's choice,
Or seek to harm a single hair
Of him whose heart, whose hand, whose voice,
Were all employed to work the nation's good,
And stop the flow of fratricidal blood?
Perchance he did not seem
So great to those who deem
A traitor or a Nero
May still appear a hero
If he but wear a classic face
Or ape the superficial grace
That marks the scion of a titled race;
Not such was he for whom we mourn;
From wealth or rank he was not born,
Nor heir to patrimonial lands
Tilled by the bondman's weary hands;
His was the celestial beauty
Of a soul that does its duty;
Noble patriot, husband, father,
He did not strive to gather
The laurels of a wild ambition,
That only yield a vain fruition;—
To benefit mankind—this was his aim,
To labor and to live unstained with blame—
He died without a blot upon his name.
Let all the weary and oppressed,
From North and South and East and West,
For whom his great heart yearned,
For whom his spirit burned,
To give their sufferings rest,
Let all arise with lamentation,
And with his own beloved nation
Bequeath the fame
Of Lincoln's name—
A heritage for veneration—
To the remotest generation.

Aye, let the nation weep,
While the slow bells toll,
And the cannon roll
For the funeral knoll
Of his mighty soul?
Ye cannot break the slumber deep
That wraps his limbs in quiet sleep;
He cannot hear
The crowds that tread
Around his bier,
Nor see the tears they shed;
For he never more shall dwell
Among the people that he loved so well;
Let the nation's sorrow have its way
For him who was the nation's stay.

Our hearts are sad, our eyes are dim;
We hoped long years of rest for him,
To enjoy the peace for which he wrought,
The peace with his own life-blood bought.
But he has rest,
Among the blest.
And with the Christ he loved.
Enough—his task was done;
For us remains to guard his tomb,
To bid the willow wave
Around the sacred grave
Of him who loosed the slave,
And weave the fame
Of Lincoln's name
With that of Washington;
While kingdoms crumble, old and hoary
In a world where all is transitory,
They shall ever shine, twin stars of glory,
With undimmed splendor, in our nation's story.

SPEECH OF HON. F. B. STREETER,

On Being Called Out by the Firemen's Procession in Montrose, on the occasion of the Celebration of the Capture of Lee's Army, Monday Evening, April 10th, 1865.

REPORTED BY I. H. BURNS.

Fellow Citizens:—You have called upon me to-night to mingle with you in the common rejoicing we must all feel at the news of the victory of our armies. Words are inadequate to express my feelings on this occasion. No language can picture the joy that thrills every patriot's bosom on this memorable day in our nation's history. To-day all doubt is removed. The cloud of sorrow that has weighed down our hearts so long is being lifted, and we catch a glimpse of the glorious sunlight shining as it did in the days of peace and prosperity. Tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, our people have been found true to their trust and worthy the heritage of a free country. To-day the nation's pulse beats high with joy, and from valley to valley it brings a feeling of relief and thankfulness to every household throughout the land.

But while we mutually congratulate each other that the long-wished-for day of our country's peace and happiness is dawning, let us not forget the means by which that end has been attained. Almost a year ago the heroic General Grant tracked his bloody way from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and he has held his iron grip on the throat of rebellion until it has died in the "last ditch." And General Sheridan, the greatest General the war has yet produced; (a voice—"Bully for little Phil!" Three cheers were given for Sheridan,) whether we remember him as, covered with dust and burning with anxiety for the fate of his army, he thundered on the road from Winchester, met and turned his flying troop and converted disastrous defeat into a glorious victory, or when we consider his last achievement of heading off Lee's army and putting the finishing stroke to the Rebellion, we must still admire the iron will and dauntless energy that raised him from a Lieutenant to one of the greatest Generals of this or any other age.

I need not tell you not to forget General Sherman. He is the General who commands the army that has yet to learn what it is to be defeated. From the banks of the Tennessee he fought his way step by step till he planted our victorious banner on the walls of Atlanta. From Atlanta he swept through to the sea, dividing the Confederacy and striking terror to the heart of Rebellion. Pausing but a brief time, his victorious legions pursued their way to the heart of South Carolina, and struck the iron heel of war on the hearthstones of those who first laid the diabolical plot of treason. The only reason he did not take Richmond was because Grant and Sheridan had taken it before he had time to get there.

The statesman as well as the General has had a part in this great victory. Abraham Lincoln will be remembered by every citizen as the man who has stood at the helm of the ship of State in all the fearful peril through which she has just passed. His integrity of purpose and kindness of heart have given him a lasting place in the affections of the people. Entrusted by a free people with the care and protection of a great nation, he has nobly fulfilled the trust they have given him. When the light that is now dawning upon us has ripened into perfect day, when the bitter enmity of partisan feeling has passed away and we shall look with unbiased judgment at the deeds that have been done, then Abraham Lincoln will receive the tribute of grateful thankfulness from the unanimous voice of the nation.

But while we honor our generals and our statesmen we will ever remember the private soldiers. Nobly have they battled for their country's freedom.—Many are sleeping their last sleep in unmarked graves in Southern soil. Many are resting by their once happy homes among the free hills of New England where the solemn music of the ocean ever sounds the anthem of liberty. Scattered all over our broad land are those little mounds, sacred to the cause of liberty, and the best evidence to the world that a free people will still maintain a free government.

But while we unite in sorrow with the mourning ones, we do not lament the soldier's death as though he had fallen in a useless struggle. True, his eyes will never behold the glory of the great Republic, but the victory for which a soldier dies is his. America, again rejoicing in her freedom, will never forget her soldiers. The living will never want while she has a dollar in her treasury, and the noble fallen will ever be remembered and honored by us. The soldier's widow will never ask in vain, and his orphan will be the adopted child of the nation. We have shown to the world that a people who love their country will voluntarily die in its defense. The graves of our citizen soldiers will be the noblest monuments to the cause of liberty ever reared since man first learned to oppress his fellow man, and heroism became a virtue.

A word more and I will detain you no longer.—The thick clouds of war that have enveloped us for four years are indeed breaking, and soon the sunlight of peace will again shine upon us in all its glory.—Be ours the task, then, to watch well what it has cost so much to maintain. Should the free government of America fall, the genius of liberty with its dying wail might [illegible] its way back to heaven.

[illegible] heights

ident

"Freedom and

ONTROSE, SUSQ.

the temple of liberty fixed on a firmer foundation than ever, and every block cemented with the best blood of her bravest sons, she will still stand as the lighthouse of freedom, whose rays will illumine the whole world, and still cheer the oppressed of every land.

Fellow citizens, with the most heartfelt thankfulness, which I cannot express in words, but which I know you must all feel, allow me to bid you all good night.

◆

THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD.

A Legend of the Rhine.

The Rhine is celebrated for the innumerable ruined castles and monasteries that stand on its banks, and each has its history.

Our guide told us one of an old monastery near Lingerfield which I thought worthy of a place in my note-book. I give it my own interpretation and present it to the reader, hoping it may meet with approval in its perusal.

During the "Thirty Years' War" which convulsed Germany, one fine summer's afternoon a foot traveller came to the little hostelry of the "Traveller's Rest," which stood by the roadside on the river's bank. His garb proclaimed him the soldier. High black boots were drawn half way up his thighs, in which a loose pair of breeches lost themselves, and a rusty breastplate covered his bluff leathern jerkin. A broad-leafed, low-crowned hat, from which a single black feather depended, was pulled low upon his forehead. He was armed with sword and pistols.

There was something in his martial bearing and firm tread that seemed to denote the officer. So at least thought the little sunny-haired maid of the hostelry who came forth to serve him; for she said at once.

"What can I serve you with, noble Captain.

"A flagon of Rhenish, and of your best vintage, mind, and a bit of something to eat, in the first place," answered the soldier, good naturedly chucking the girl under the chin, like one accustomed to that familiarity; "and then a bed for the night."

"The first I can supply you with; but the second, I am sorry to say, I cannot."

It was a man's voice that spoke. They had been joined by the landlord of the hostelry—a short, pursey little man with a fat face and a red nose.

"And wherefore not?" asked the soldier, carelessly throwing himself upon the wooden bench under the tree that shadowed the hostelry with its branches; whilst the girl went into the house to procure the refreshments he had bespoken

"Because every room is engaged, and I have not a spare bed left. The young Baron Ravensburg, his sister, and their attendants, will arrive this evening. Their courier was here this morning to bespeak the rooms."

"That's unfortunate. But I am not particular—I am a soldier, as you see—so give me a bundle of straw in one of the outhouses, and that shall content me."

"Impossible!" cried the host with an alacrity which rather surprised the soldier; "even as it is I shall be compelled to make some of the Baron's servants sleep in the open air. My house is but small, as you perceive, and the Baron's retinue is large. Ten miles further on there is an excellent inn. You are used to marching," continued the host with an attempt at facetiousness, "and the distance will be nothing to you."

"Excuse me," answered the soldier, tapping the heel of his boot with his heavy steel scabbard, and all the while subjecting the landlord to a scutiny of which he was unconscious, "I am not a foot-soldier; and in my long marches I have been accustomed to use four legs instead of two. I did not come all the way here on foot."

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlord, quickly, and with some anxiety, the soldier thought.

"Some two miles from here," he answered, carelessly.

"Two miles from here!" echoed the landlord; "there is no house there. Why did you leave him?"

"Simply because he could carry me no further, and I had not been in the habit of carrying him. He was dead."

"Yes. It happened very strangely. These are troublous times, I know, but I thought the war had not invaded this quiet province, at least I was told so, and therefore I rode along fearless of danger. When I came to that little glen with the rocks and woods cresting it upon either side, I thought—a natural idea for a soldier—that it was a capital place for an ambuscade, and so it proved; for I had scarcely entered it when two carbines were fired from the thicket. My horse neighed with pain, reared up, and then fell to the earth carrying me along with him. I knew he was badly hurt, for I have had horses shot under me before; so I quickly snatched my pistols from their holsters, extricated my feet from the stirrups, and went down quietly with him. Fortunately he fell stone dead and did not kick. I lay motionless on his body and waited for further developments. Two men with carbines in their hands emerged from the thicket and came rapidly towards me. When they were within ten feet of me I arose, with a pistol in each hand, and called upon them to surrender, as I was anxious to learn the cause of this unprovoked attack, there being nothing in my appearance, I thought, to suggest the idea of booty. But the rascals, who evidently thought me dead, were so terrified that they beat a hasty retreat towards the wood, so I was obliged to send a couple of bullets after them to stop them; and being an indifferent good shot they did stop; and unless some good Christian gives them burial, they are likely to stop there some time."

"You shot them both?" stammered the landlord; and his teeth chattered, and he grew very pale, all but the tip of his nose, which, from contrast with the rest of his face, looked redder than ever.

"What would you have had me do?" asked the soldier, in his usual careless tone. "They might have fired with better success at some other poor devil of a traveller, who might not have got off so easily as I did."

"What could have possessed them to have fired upon you?" exclaimed the landlord, and it almost appeared that he was asking himself the question as much as he did the soldier.

"Precisely the question I asked myself," returned the soldier; "and since you have mentioned the expected arrival of the young Baron of Ravensburg, I think I have a clue to the whole affair. Some outlaws, having heard of the Baron's journey, have formed a plan to waylay him. These two men were sent forward as scouts to apprise the others of the Baron's approach. Seeing a solitary horseman approach, they concluded to plunder a little on their own account. As I was not molested further on my way hither, the rendezvous of the band must be beyond here, consequently the Baron will reach this house in safety. Now, if you cannot accommodate me with a bed, I shall take up my quarters to-night upon this bench, for I feel it my duty to warn this young Baron, for I know something of his family, of the danger which threatens him."

The landlord gazed curiously at his unceremonious guest. There was no mistaking the man. Courage and decision were legibly stamped upon his fine cut features

"You are an officer?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Captain?"

"Exactly."

"Disbanded?"

"No."

The quiet smile that accompanied this answer bewildered the landlord. In fact, the Captain was an enigma that the worthy host of the "Traveller's Rest" found impossible to solve.

The appearance of the maid of the hostelry with a flask of wine and the refreshments the Captain had ordered, interrupted the conversation.

The host whispered to the girl and then hurried away.

"What did he say to you?" asked the Captain abruptly, fixing his keen eyes upon the girl's face.

"To wait upon you while he went up to the monastery," answered the girl, unhesitatingly.

"The monastery?" rejoined the Captain, leisurely inspecting the contents of the flask of Rhenish, which seemed to be much to his satisfaction. "That old ruin upon the hill yonder? Is it then occupied?"

"Oh, yes; about a year ago a party of wandering monks, whose monastery had been destroyed by the soldiers of the league, occupied it; and they have remained ever since. They call themselves the 'Black Brotherhood of St. Bruno.' And very pious and self-denying men they are, too. They keep themselves wrapped up in an odor of sanctity all the time. They never hold any communication with the world without; no stranger is ever admitted beneath their walls; and whenever one of the brotherhood comes out, he always has his black cowl drawn closely over his face. Though I have been here as long as they have, I have never yet seen one with his face uncovered."

"I thought you said your uncle was going there," remarked the Captain, carelessly sipping his wine.

"Oh! he only goes to the porter's wicket; he never goes in. He supplies the monks with food."

"And how many bottles of this capital wine a month?"

"I am sure I don't know how many, but I know that we have more empty flasks at the end of the week than the number of travellers could possibly have drank."

"I thought so. The close neighborhood of these good monks accounts for the excellence of the wine. St. Bruno, your very good health. Do many travellers pass this way, sweetheart?"

"Not many; and what seems to me very singular," continued the girl, bending towards the Captain and speaking in a low, cautious whisper, "none that pass this way ever return."

[illegible] "What kind of a road is it between this [illegible] place?"

Rep

Right against Slavery and Wrong.”

CO., PA., TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1865.

“Infested by robbers, eh?”

“I believe so, though uncle always assures travellers that there is no danger.”

“Who is uncle—the landlord?”

“Yes; I am his niece, Bonita, if you pease, sir.”

“Whether *I* please or not, is more than I can say: but *you* please me, my pretty Bonita.”

He caught her quickly around the waist, drew her upon his knee, and imprinted a kiss upon her cherry lips. The girl freed herself from his embrace and retreated in confusion, but she did not seem very angry at the liberty the soldier had taken. It was something to be a handsome captain, even in those days.

The sound of approaching wheels now attracted their attention, and a light travelling carriage drawn by two horses and driven by a postillion, and accompanied by four outriders, drove up to the hostelry.

The attendants opened the carriage door, and a young man in the handsome uniform of Pappenheim's dragoons jumped lightly out and assisted an elegantly attired young lady from the carriage. They were the Baron Ravensburg, Colonel in the Imperial service, and his sister, the Countess Adalia.

The landlord, who had returned from the monastery, welcomed them, conducted them into the hostelry, while two rough-looking ostlers took charge of the carriage. The outriders stabled their own animals.

The Captain had observed all that passed with an attentive eye. He had expected a much larger escort. The lady was without a maid, and the Baron had but five attendants, and yet the landlord had told him there was no accommodation. There was something wrong.

The Baron came from the hostelry followed by Bonita, bearing a fresh flask of Rhenish.

“Good evening, Captain,” he said, courteously, touching his plumed beaver with a graceful action which bespoke the finished cavalier: “perhaps you will do me the favor to drink this flask of Rhenish with me?”

“With all my heart,” answered the Captain, cheerfully; “mine is empty.”

The Baron seated himself on the bench, and Bonita placed the flasks and cups before them.

“Stay!” cried the captain, as she was going; “how many monks are there in yonder convent, my pretty Bonita?”

“Twenty, I think, Captain,” she answered.

“Thank you; that will do.”

She went into the house. The Baron regarded the Captain attentively. His question about the monks seemed to surprise him.

“Do you think of retiring from the world, Captain,” he laughingly inquired, “and taking up your abode in yonder monastery?”

“I'faith, not I.” He filled the cups in that careless, off-handed manner which pervaded everything he did, and raised his to his lips. “Your health, Baron Ravensburg.”

“You have the advantage of me,” answered Ravensburg, as he responded to the toast.

“Oh! call me Captain Bernard.”

“I passed a dead horse on the road. The landlord tells me it was yours. I also saw the bodies of the men slain by you. A narrow escape, Captain. By the way, are you in the Imperial service?”

“I am not. To be frank with you, my sword is at present at liberty.”

“Then take service with me. There is something in your appearance which bespeaks the gentleman and the soldier, and I like you. There is a Majority vacant in my regiment which I can promise you.”

“On my word, Baron,” returned the Captain, smiling good humoredly, “you do me much honor on so brief acquaintance; but we are likely to serve together in a sharp campaign, which is nearer than you imagine. Whether you or I shall take the direction of the affair depends upon yourself after you have heard what I have to tell you.”

“In Heaven's name what do you mean?” exclaimed Ravensburg in astonishment.

“Softly—in a whisper—there may be long ears about us. In a word we are in a den of cutthroats. Yonder old monastery is occupied by a band of robbers in the disguise of monks. The landlord of this hostelry is in league with them. They have been apprised of your coming, and will either attack you here, or to-morrow upon the desolate road beyond As they know that [illegible] surprised if they assailed us here to-night.”

“Great Heaven! my poor Adalia! I care not if I can save her. Twenty of them, the girl said—and I have but five men—twenty against six!”

“Excuse me; your calculation is erroneous. There are but eighteen against seven. You have counted two who are killed, and you have not counted me.”

“You will aid me, then?” My dear Captain, this is generous.”

“My dear Baron, it is nothing of the kind. I merely enter into an alliance with you for our mutual benefit, and as you have the strongest party the advantage is decidedly upon my side. *You* they might possibly plunder and suffer to depart, but *me* they would certainly kill in revenge for their comrades' slaughter.”

“Captain, I place the direction of this affair in your hands—myself and people at your orders. What is our best course of action.

“Invite me in to supper with you when the landlord announces that it is served. I will secure him. Then your people must secure the ostlers and put them in a safe place. Then collect your whole force within the house and let us barricade it to the best of our ability. Eighteen men will find it difficult to dislodge seven, even out of this small wooden framework. Having deprived the robbers of all means of obtaining information in regard to our plans, I will make the landlord divulge theirs. You have no idea what a persuasive way I have.”

This plan was carried out to the letter, and a pistol held by the firm hand of the Captain at the head of the guilty and trembling landlord, compelled him to divulge all. The attack was to be made that very night. The Baron and his sister were to be held for ransom, and the Captain killed, he not being considered worth a ransom. When all had retired to rest the landlord was to admit the robbers into the hostelry.

The Captain laid his plans at once. The front door was left unfastened, but every other available aperture was secured as firmly as was possible under the circumstances. The Countess and Bonita were placed in the upper story for security, with the postilion as a guard. The Captain, Baron, and the others, each armed with a sword and a brace of pistols, occupied the large apartment on the ground floor. The landlord was to admit the robbers one at a time, as had been arranged by the captain of the band himself, and as fast as they entered they were to be secured, gagged and bound, or killed outright, as circumstances warranted.

The hour for the attack drew near, and every heart beat anxiously. The coolest man of the party was the Captain. Unconsciously, he had assumed the entire direction of the affair, and the young Baron and his followers obeyed implicitly, seeming to recognize his fitness for the position without question.

A stealthy footstep approached the door, and the landlord, assisted by the cold barrel of a pistol, which felt disagreeably close to the back of his head, admitted a robber, who was instantly secured. Another followed, and another, until it came to the eighth—a stout, brawny fellow—who, by a herculean effort, twisted his throat out of Captain Bernard's grasp, and shouted, at the top of his lungs:

“We are betrayed!”

Two other robbers who were close behind discharged their carbines in at the door, and instantly retreated. A yell of pain answered the discharge, and one man fell in the hostelry. The door was instantly shut and barricaded. Lights were brought forward, and the man who had fallen was raised. It proved to be the landlord. He was quite dead, both bullets having taken effect in his body.

After a brief consultation the robbers advanced in a body against the door, attempting to hew it open with axes which they had procured from the stables. They were met by a fusilade of pistol shots from within that thinned their numbers one-half before the door was forced, and then it was the besieged that sallied forth, and not they that entered. The survivors of the band fled.

The fight was over. Fifteen of the band were killed, wounded and prisoners. The prisoners were treated with the summary justice of military times, being shot at sunrise by the Baron's followers.

The Baron and his sister renewed their journey in the morning, being attended by Captain Bernard, whom the Baron furnished with a horse by dismounting one of his own followers, and Bonita, whom the Countess had engaged as maid.

The Captain left the Baron at the first stopping place. They parted with mutual expressions of regret. But they were destined to meet again. On the bloody field of Lutzen, when Pappenheim fell, and his routed cavalry fled in dismay before the impetuous charge of the Swedes, Ravensburg was made prisoner. He was led before the victor of the well-fought field, Bernard Von Weimar, who had assumed the command of the Protestant army on the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, and in that brave soldier and skilful general he recognized Captain Bernard, the destroyer of the “Black Brotherhood.”

☞ Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man may be and live, but it remans for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day during the heated term of last summer, one Mr. F——, of Jackson county, was observed to throw himself on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade tree, and to exclaim emphatically to himself, “there! breathe if you want to—I shant!”

☞ Nothing was so much dreaded in our school boy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

☞ Beware of a man who hates a whole neighborhood

THE LATE PRESIDENT.

Interesting Reminiscences of His Life.

Four years ago, President Lincoln, when present at the raising of the National Flag at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, uttered these words:

“I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance. * * * * *

Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say *I would rather be assassinated upon the spot, than to surrender it.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the well-known painter of “The Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet,” has written a note in relation to a poem much admired by Mr. Lincoln. He says:

“I have been urged by several friends to send you the inclosed poem, written down by myself, from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: “I was with the President alone, one evening in his room, during the time that I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent little “Tad,” his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said:

“There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would,” he continued, “give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain.”

Then half closing his eyes he repeated to me the lines which I inclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would sometime try to give them to me. A few days afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away in their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
[illegible] steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold,
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come,
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

FAREWELL SPEECH TO HIS SPRINGFIELD FRIENDS ON SETTING OUT FOR WASHINGTON.

My Friends:—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved on any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon whom he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CAMP OF THE 141ST PA., NEAR BURKESVILLE,
VA., March 15th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Since my last, one of the most active, exciting, and glorious campaigns has been in progress that ever was witnessed by the Army of the Potomac, the results of which cannot be fully realized until the trump of peace shall sound its joyful notes.

On the 2d of this month the Rebel lines in front Petersburg were broken, and a grand stampede of the Rebel army followed, leaving Richmond and Petersburg an easy prey for our army, on the morning of the 3d. As you have had the full particulars of the matter I will only dwell upon a few items of interest.

Grant, not even stopping to count the trophies, pushed the enemy with all speed. Everything went to show that they had left in great confusion. Many of their tents were left standing. Every mile, I may say, of the road from Richmond to the terminus of the march, showed evidences of panic and haste. Wagons, shells, ammunition of every kind was abandoned as their skeleton teams failed them. Sheridan, with his dashing cavalry, captured from one to five hundred of their wagons each day. I counted two hundred and thirty in one place. Abraham's boys captured shirts, drawers, and everything one could think of, too numerous to mention. Thousands of prisoners were captured each day, so that on the 9th, the day that Lee surrendered, according to their own estimate of the rebel force, they had lost 35,009 men.

The 9th of March will long be remembered by those belonging to the Army of the Potomac as the most exciting day in the history of their lives.—Many a brave heart was melted to tears. General Meade, as he announced the joyful tidings, could not resist a flood of tears. What a grand display the old Star-spangled Banners made, unfurled to the breeze by the strong arms that had borne them in deadly conflict.

Deafening cheers, waving of flags, shaking of hands, salutes fired by artillery, &c., were the different ways of demonstrating the great joy that filled each heart. I could think of nothing but the long-meter doxology, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow—.” Why should we not rejoice as we anticipate an exchange of a field of deadly conflict for a quiet home with those we love. The crack of the deadly musket, the harsh notes of the war-Bugle and the screaming of horrid shells, was soon to be exchanged for sweet words of consolation dropped from the lips of the dear ones at home.

Friends, rejoice with us. We can lie down at night and feel confident of a quiet night's rest. No one to fear, as our foes are disarmed and disbanded.

Copperheads, weep and wail, you will receive no more consoling extracts from the Richmond *Examiner*, or the Petersburg *Express*

ublican.

$2.00 per annum, in advance.

NUMBER 18.

A shadow of gloom prevails in the army this morning on account of a dispatch that President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and his son, had been assassinated in Washington.

We are expecting every day to hear that Johnston has surrendered to Sherman, as a large cavalry force from this army has by this time no doubt been placed in a position to demand it.

For three or four days it has been pretty wet, and the mud has been very deep—almost impassable.

Trains captured from the enemy are passing as I write. The mules look like the last rose of Summer, can hardly draw an empty wagon.

Paroled prisoners from the Rebel army are scattering through the country to their homes, feeling glad that the war is—as they say—ended.

Negroes from all parts of the State are flocking to our army, feeling that the day of jubilee is surely come.

The most comical and interesting thing I saw in the whole campaign was a Negro Brass Band playing for a very aristocratic Secesh gentleman—as he calls himself. Their selections of music showed very plainly that they enjoyed the joke. One piece was entitled "Down with the Traitor," another, "Old John Brown."

The rain has ceased, and it is again pleasant. Hoping to hear the sweet notes of peace soon, I remain yours,
C. N. D.

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT.

On an evening preceeding Thanksgiving, many years ago, two students left the college with the most foul intent of procuring some of the doctor's fine and fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one of them ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the doctor himself had just left the house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes." responded the Dr., dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other laying his hands on the old rooster, exclaimed:

"Here is old Prex, will you have him?"

"Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the doctor's bag.

"Here's marm Prex," said the unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen by the neck, "will you have her?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him?"

"Yes."

"Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the doctor's family and chickens.

The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well-satisfied with the night's work, came down and streaked it for the college. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens—that if he gave them to any one it must have been to Dr. Nott.

Expulsion, fines and disgrace were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President requesting the pleasure of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing. the doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving-knife, turned with a smile to the rogues, and said:

"Young gentlemen, here is old Prex, and marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens, "to which will you be helped?"

The mortification of the roguish students may be imagined.

[illegible] WANDERING JEW.

The legend of the Jew, ever wandering, and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this:

When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate, at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forward and thrust Him away.—Jesus turned towards him, saying:

"I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until my return."

And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about.

Another version is that given by Matthias Pasislenthis, a monk of the thirteenth century. When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatius to death the doorkeeper, named Cartaffilous, pushed him from behind with his feet, saying:

"Walk on, Jesus, quickly: why dost thou tarry?"

Jesus looked at him gravely and said: "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come"

And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come.

Still a third legend adds, that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is, even after so many centuries, that he does not look much older than a septuagenarian.

Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors make even mention of such an account. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled with pious fiction, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

You pass into the President's room of business through an ante-room, which has, no doubt, been paced by many an applicant for office, and many an intriguer. There is no formality—nothing in the shape of a guard; and, if this man is really a tyrant "worse than Robespierre," he must have great confidence in the long sufferance of his kind. The room is a common office-room—the only ornament that struck the writer's eye being a large photograph of John Bright.

The President's face and figure are well-known by likenesses and caricatures. The large-boned and sinewy frame, six feet four inches in height, is probably that of the yeomanry of the north of England—the district from which Lincoln's name suggests that his forefathers came—made spare and guant by the climate of America. The face, in like manner, denotes an English yeoman's solidity of character and good sense, with something superadded from the enterprising life and sharp habits of the western Yankee. The brutal fidelity of the photograph, as usual, has given the features of the original, but left out the expression. It was one of kindness, and, except when specially moved to mirth, of seriousness and care. The manner and address are perfectly simple, modest and unaffected, and therefore free from vulgarity in the eyes of all who are not vulgar themselves.

In the course of the conversation he told two or three stories—if stories they could be called—always by way of illustrating some remark he had made, rather than for the sake of the anecdote itself. The writer recognized in this propensity, as he thought, not a particularly jocular temperament, much less an addiction to brutal levity, such as would call for a comic song among soldiers' graves, but the humor of the West, and especially of a Western man accustomed to address popular audiences, and to enforce his ideas by vivid and homely illustrations.

You must have studied the American character—and indeed the English character, of which it is the offspring—very superficially if you do not know that a certain levity of expression, even in speaking of important subjects, is perfectly compatible with great earnestness and seriousness beneath. The language of the President, like his demeanor, was perfectly simple; he did not let fall a single coarse or vulgar phrase, and all his words had a meaning.—*Professor Goldwin Smith, in Mackmillan's Magazine.*

An Original Duel.—Old Col. S.———, of Wisconsin. was an odd genius, a queer compound of comic seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hatching them up, and dealing them out in small doses on different occasions.

One evening, at a party, a young gentleman, upon whom the Colonel had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, challenged the Colonel to mortal combat.

The challenge was accepted.

Having the choice of weapons, and the appointment of the place of meeting, the Colonel told the young man to repair the following morning at six o'clock to a certain spot, and added that he would see that the weapons were there.

The following morning, at the appointed time, the young man repaired to the indicated spot (said spot being among the lead mines, was furrowed with mineral holes.)

"Well, youngster," said the Colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets and ejecting a superfluous supply of tobacco juice from his capacious mouth, "are you ready?"

Receiving an affirminative answer, he continued: "Here's where we're to fight," indicating a mineral shaft near by, which was at least sixty feet deep," and here are our weapons," pointing to a pile of rocks. "You're to go down that ar' hole and throw rocks up, and I'm going to stay up here and throw rocks down."

I is all unnecessary to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

LETTER FROM CHAS. A. PEASE.

Camp of 88th Regt., Pa. Vet. Vols.,
Near Berks Station, April 19th, 1865.

Mr. Editor: I will try to give you an account of the doings of the 5th Corps in the Campaign that ended in the defeat and capture of the Army of Northern Virginia. We left our camps near Hatcher's Run on the 29th of March, and marched to the Boynton Plank, where we met the enemy. Our First Division went in on the Vaughn Road and charged the rebels three times, driving them from their works in the third charge. Our division, the 3d, went in on the left, and finding only a picket line drove it back a mile. The 56th and 88th P. V. V. had the honor of driving them off the field.

We entrenched the Boynton Road on the 30th, and on the 31st advanced our line. The 2d Division on the lead went into line of battle in a clearing. Our Division was just forming its line when the Rebs came on us, driving in our pickets on the left and our line on the right. We fell back a mile, followed by the Rebs, to a creek which we crossed and formed in line of battle on the other side. Our first Division came up and two or three batteries of artillery, and when the Rebs appeared on the hill opposite we opened fire on them with canister and musketry. They returned the fire for about an hour, when they gave way. Our boys followed them three miles, driving them off the field.

Next day we joined Gen. Sheridan. At 4 p. m. a charge was made by the Cavalry and our Corps under Gen. Warren, the whole under Sheridan.—Twenty-nine thousand men went into the charge. Orders were given not to fire a shot, and the battle was fought with the arms at the Right Shoulder Shift, except the skirmishers who did the firing. We crossed the White-Oak Road and wheeled to the left, coming down on the rear of the enemy like a hurricane, driving them in all directions, capturing the works and 8 or 10,000 men, 13 pieces of artillery, an ambulance train and a train of wagons loaded with hoe cake or corn bread. We drove them clear off the field. The cavalry followed them up. We went into camp for the night. We took the south side Road next day, and had a skirmish that night at 9 p. m., with Heath's Division.

We marched for the Danville R. R., passing the ruins of rebel artillery, wagons, ammunition, and mules on the road, as well as dead and wounded rebels. The cavalry was fighting all the time. We took the Danville R. R. on the 4th, before Lee had arrived on his way from Richmond, and captured and burned 300 wagons, took 100 mules, 3 or 4000 prisoners, and 6 Armstrong guns. From that day till the 10th of the month we followed Lee, taking his artillery and wagons, whole trains at a time, and capturing his men 10 and 12,000 at a time. At last on the morning of the 10th, at 10 o'clock, all firing stopped and we heard Lee had surrendered 19,000 men and only eight thousand muskets. Our Brigade took charge of the captured wagon train, to bring it to this place. We found the mules nearly dead, having had nothing to eat for four days. We had nothing to give them, so we pulled out. We passed through the Rebel camps, and the men were as bad off as the mules. We had nothing to eat; so we could give them nothing. We marched all that day with nothing to eat Next day we got some corn for the mules and roasted some on the ear and made some coffee. Our 1st Lieutenant, orderly Sergeant, and myself set down to a pot of coffee and roast corn. We eat until we could not work our jaws any longer, then we lay down and slept. We were without hard tack three days.—I suppose it was on account of the roads being so bad that the ration wagons could not come up.—We were five days marching forty miles. About half the mules gave out on the march. I don't know how the rebels get along with loaded wagons. We couldn't get along more than 8 miles a day with empty ones.

To-day the Flags are all at half mast in mourning for the death of our much-loved and respected President.

Nothing could have happened to make the soldiers feel more sorowful than the death of Mr. Lincoln.

Very Respectfully Y——
Co. E, 88th P. V. V.

JOHN O'GROAT.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, natives of Holland, came to the coast of Caithness, with a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them to the protection and countenance of his subjects hereabout. They got possession of a large district of land, and in process of time multiplied and prospered until they numbered eight different proprietors by the name of Groat. On one of the annual dinners, instituted to commemorate their arrival in Caithness, a dispute arose as to the right of precedency in taking the door, and the head of the table. This waxed very serious, and threatened to break up these annual gatherings. But the wisdom and virtue of John prevented this rupture. He made a touching speech to them, soothing their angry spirits with an appeal to the common and precious memories of their native land, and to all their joint expression in this. He entreated them to return to their homes quietly, and he would remedy the current difficulty at the next meeting. Won by his kindly spirit and words, they complied with his request. In the interval, John had a house expressly built for the purpose, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows. He then placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle, and when the next meeting took place, he desired each of the Groat families to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of his own table. This happy and ingenious plan restored good feeling and a pleasant footing to the sensitive families, and gave to the good Dutchman's name an interest which it will carry with it forever.—Elihu Burritt.

"Row On!"—"For the first five years of my professional life," once said a gentleman to us, "I had to row against wind and stream and tide." "And what did you do?" was our question. "Do," replied he, "do? why I rowed on, to be sure." And so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to open sea, took favorable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtained an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead is to "row on." Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track or in pursuit of a good and honorable end, this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound.

An English Cure for Drunkenness.—There is a famous prescription in use in England, for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The reciept came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The reciept, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:

Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm, twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

☞ The following odd illustration is from a late sermon of Rev. Philips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia:

"There was once an Arab who had the devil for his servant. When his term of service had expired, the devil begged as his reward to kiss the shoulders of his master. The request was granted, but out of the spot where the devil's lips had touched sprang serpents, which ever darted their fangs into the breast of the unhappy man. He strove to tear them away, but could not for the agony. The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of this Republic, and the serpents that sprung from his defiling lips are preying upon her life. It is agony to tear them off, but it is sure death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we have taken courage to rid us of the abomination."

☞ "Faix!" said a humerous Irishman the other day in the Petroleum diggings, "ye may call Ameriky a continent if ye plaze, but to my thinkin' it's a beautiful ile-land.

☞ A shrewd cotemporary says: "We cannot impress too strongly upon all correspondents, when in doubt, whether the postage of a letter is single or double, the force of the old proverb, 'Two heads are better than one.'"

☞ Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow.

☞ Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye.