VOLUME 11.

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1865.

NUMBER 27

Business Directory,

DR. E. L. GARDNER, DHTSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Searce's Hotel. Montrose, June 2, 1885,-tf

GROVES & REYNOLDS, IONARLE TAILORS. Shop over Clandler's Public Avenue. sc. June 12, 1865. DR. CHARLES DECKER,

CIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself circles. Snequebanna County, Fa., will attend to all the circles and attention and the comprises and attention near frame More E. Esq. (ville, Susq. Uo., Fa., May 18, Esq. Uo., Fa., Co., Fa., May 18, Co., etc.) JOHN BEAUMONT,

Ol. GARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the ob-land known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms mad when the work in brought, p. March 24, 1885. HINCIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on tweeto street, opposite the Expublican Office. Boards at

motes. C. M. CRANDALL. CFACTURER of Linen, wheels, Wood, wheels, Wheel-sola, Clock well, &c. &c. Wood-turning thus to order, and arest manner. Turning shop and Wheel Factory in bayres' would have up sales.

S BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC, MONTHOSE. PA., 10XES Acknowledgement of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any notice that the United States. Pension Vonctors and Pay Cornello States. Mortlenge, 2an. 2, 1866, art. Mortlenge, 2an. 2, 1866, art.

CHARLES HOLES, THER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND DEWELRY to the done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms of the character for the Avanta in F. B. Chandler's Store, tree, Ph. Nov. T. 1884.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

E. W. SMITH,

H. BURRITT. S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS. FACTUREPS of MillCastings, Castings of all kind is, Tit and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements in Dry Goots, Orocerics, Crockery, &c. 1, Pa., Folkson of 180.

BILLINGS STROUD, ND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lath-ballin, easterned of Brick Block. In his absence, busi-five, betransacted by C. L. Brown a February 1, 1884,—it

J. D. VAIL, M. D., PATRIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to the Montrose of the Montrose of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's, Fitch's, 156, 201, 26, 1561.

A. O. WARREN. ENEY AT LAW BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PEN IN CLAIM AGENT. ALL PENSON Claim, carefully pre-free troom formedly occupied by Dr. Vail, is W. H. St. Market, below Sensie's Hotel.

- Pa. Feb. 1, 1584. febelly 1588.

S. S. ROBERTSON. LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

constactly on hand a full supply of every variety in ER En and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict a : ALOYSTER and EATING SAL tastes of the public demand. Remember the placery stand, on Main Strict, below the Postoffice 17, 1868.—mch17,68.-tr DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

NAND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SUR PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyon Averue Bards at Mr. Etherdge's. D. A. BALDWIN.

RNEY AT LAW, and Pensick, Bourty, and Back Pay to treat Bend, Susquehama County, Pa. Send, August 10, 1960, 19 BOYD & WEBSTER,

Pa . January 1, 1864.-tf DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH.

E. J. ROGERS.

Times of all descriptions of WAG-BRIADES, SLEIGHS, arc. in the extranside and of the best materials, with the unit of E. H. Briggers, a few rode east of the control of the control of the control of a wear anything in his line.

Dr. JOHN W. COBB. TAN since REGON, respectfully tenders his services closers to sometimes of ounty. He will give expected to sometimes of ounty the will give expected a sometimes of our services of the source of our wild and the source of our wild as the work of t

BALDWIN & ALLEN, LERS a Flore R, Sait, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed and Cover and Timothy Soed. Also GROCERIES Natural Vision, From and Codice. West aide of deaths, and of technology. Etheridge.

DR. G. W. BEACH. AN AND SURGEON, having permanently locate without ya Center, Paul tot ders his professional ser

S'rs. E'chardson's. . Pa., June 6, 1854.-17 F. B. WEEKS, 1 AL BOYT AND SHOE MAKER, also Dealer in Nava Leather, and shoe Findings. Repairing dons on the sach. Two doors move hearly's Hotel.

JOSEPH RICE.

"FACTURER and DEALER in CHAIRS, Bedsteads
Capturer Ware, Shop four miles east of New Million Killurd, October 1, 1862.-tf WM. & WM. H. JESSUP.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN, Over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brother see, Pa. January 1, 1860. J. LYONS & SON.

ABEL TURRELL, ADELI I URINELLIA,

-ER IN DRICG, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

cite, Oile, Descriffs, Varnithes, Window Glass,

-Wooders, Civokery, Ghoyeara, Wall-Paper, Jew.

- Goods, Pert. accy, Surgical Instruments, Trans
- Goods, Pert. accy, Surgical Instruments, Trans
- St Brushes, dec.—and Agent for all of the most popo
cit Medicines.

C. O. FORDHAM. NUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa-over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made and tepairing done neathy. Work done when prom-Montrose, April 2, 1861.-17 CHARLES N. STODDARD.

DAUGHTERS TO SELL

SONG BY A LADY OF PASHION. Daughters to sell! daughters to sell! They cost more money than I can tell; Their education has been first-rate; What wealthy nobleman wants a mate? They sing like nightingalea, play as well; Daughters to sell! daughters to sell! Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh! German, Italian, and French they know; Dance like sylphides for grace and ease; Choose out your partner, whichever you pleas There's a nice wife for a rich young swell; Daughters to sell! Beautiful daughters, dark and fair! Each a treasure for a millionaire; Or fit to pair with any duke's heir At St. George's church by Hauover Square. Ho! you that in lordly mansions dwell: Daughters to sell! daughters to sell! Buy my dear daughters! who wants a bride
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride.
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,
And no end to acres of crinoline,
Ever new furniture, jewels and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait.
Visits to Paris, Vienna and Rome;
Inshort, all that she's been brought up to at home
Here are girls for your money—if you can shell!
My daughters to sell! my daughters to sell!
—London Punch.

NOT TO SELL

SONG BY AN AMERICAN MOTHER. Not to sell! not to sell!
They are worth more to me than tongue can tell;
They can keep house and manage first-rate,
And are in no hurry to choose a mate!
They love their parents, and brothers as well:
They re not to sell! not to sell! I love my daughters, daughters, oh! Plain English, yes, good Saxon they know; They talk and laugh with graceful case, But my girls are not for sale, if you please; They don't even know the meaning of "swell; They are not to sell! not to sell! Dutiful daughters! I've been told, Each was worth her weight in gold, Too dear, by far, for any duke's heir, Is even a tress of their dark brown hair; On their virtues and charms I love to dwell; But they're not to sell! Look at my daughters as they sit there, Beside their father in his easy chair! Beside their father in his easy chair! The fire-light showing his silver hair, And his face turrowed by may a care. They are dearer to him than mines of ore, For every day ac loves them more. These daughters of mine don't care to roam, So cheerful are they and contented at home; The light of our eyes, and we love them well. They are not to sell! they are not to sell!

FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin ware, to day, ma'am? palls, brooms, needles, scissors, thread, wash board—all kinds of rlass ware, cheep tor old rags, iron, money, or credit? Want to purchase? Should like to trade

s was the salutation of a tall, handsome youth so be epoused M.s. Paining Sitched 1900, old indi-morning in August, and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window. Now, Mrs. Phil-lips was a little nettled with the disobliging conduct of a skein of yarn which she was winding, and she answered the fellow's string of inquiries rather artly for her:
"No—I don't want any of your trash!"

"No—I don't want any of your trash!"

Mrs. Phillips' eyes anapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as If determined that no peddler should be suffered to annoy their amishe owner.

"Please, Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper!" called a childish voide from a back porch—and Eva Phillips, the first and last born of her parents, came bounding into the room. Eva was a beautiful child, and the young peddler gazed at her with undiguised admiration.
"And pray, for what does my curly headed girl

and the young peddler gazed at her with undisgrised admiration.

"And pray, for what does my curly headed girl
want a tin dipper?" he asked, with an amused expression on his face.

"Oh, to dip up water from the brook—to get
betries down on Blackberry Hills, and," she added
with charming naivete, "to see my face in."

The peddler laughed.

"Female vanity alike the world over!" he mutter
ed to himself; then—"Well, my dear girl, you
shall have the dipper. The best in in the world might
be proud of mirroring such a face! Come out to
the cart and get it."

Eva ran nerrily down to the brown gate, where
the peddler's gord-natured horse was patiently
awaiting the master's coming, her happy head
full of the grand times ahe woold have with that
the dipper. The peddler opened the box, and took
from thence a very bright dipper, and then with
the point of his knife, he engraved his name—
Engene Fuller—upon the outside, and gave it into
the child's hand.

There my little Miss, what is your name?"

"Eva Fearl Philips," said the girl, inspecting
her gitt with sparkling eyes.

"Miss Eva!—a pretty name. Well, accept this
dipper as a love-grage from Engene Fuller, who,
when you get older, is coming back to make you
his little wife! Good bye, wifey!" and the laughlag
boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife! Good bye, wifey!" and the laughlag
boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife! Good bye, wifey!" and the laughlag
boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife! The outset Eva on her back way
to the house; "I wonder what mother will eay? I
wonder if she will begin to make pillow cases and
sheets, juet as Annt Ethel did befor Cousin Carrie

Pear was married! I must tell her about it."

Eva dashed into the kitchen full of the limportant

Pear was married! I must tell her about it."

Eva dashed into the kitchen full of the important news.

"Mother! mother! the peddlerman says he is going to marry me one of these days! Ain! it funny! Only thick—then I can have just as many in dippers as I like!"

"As many fiddlesticks! Go, help Jane shell the beens for dinner. I do wish there hadn't been a peddler created—they are a pest!"

Mrs. Phillips rocked violently forth in her hencustioned chair, and made an extra knot in the refractory yarn.

Time passed on—and Eva kept the tin dipper among her most cherished playthinus—she did not use it often to hold berries or to dip spring water, for fear its lustre would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced. Mrs. Phillips despised the dipper, because she despised peddlers, and she would have destroyed the "annulet" had not her mother's love pleaded sgainst it.

So when Eva had reached her tenth year—a bright, blooming little bassie, full of galety and happines—the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its gge, and its oft repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

Eva was as fond of it as ever—ahe kept it on the pretty dresslip fureau, that it might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One would have thought that the little malden was completely infatuated with what Eugene Feller five years ago had styled a "love gage"—and perhaps she was. There is no accounting for the factes of a female head—no philospher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition.

One evenlug Mrs. Phillips was coming into the oal) ze the investerious composition.

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry, and, it being dusky in the room, she hit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a large pan of buttermilk, when Janc, the careless housemaid, had left on the floor. There was quite a splashing and splattering, and Mrs. Phillips, though onbart, was decidedly put out—not out-of-buttermilk, but out-of-temper. Her favorite poodle dog was frightened so much at her fall, that he flew upon the cat's backs for refuge, and the latter animal made her escape through the chimner, leaving poor Roche to drop down at his leisure.

From the roins, phenix like, Mrs. Phillips arose—and, on Jane's bringing a light, she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon

vestigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon dispelled by the appearance of Eva's dipper—for the chi-d, wearied out with a long ramble over the fields, had returned home so drowey that her mother had sent ber directly to her room, without giving her a chance to put away her treasure. The slight of the tin dipper only seemed to increase Mrs. Phillips' indignation, and she vowed vengeame on the unfortunate cause of her fall.

Consequently, the next morning, when Eva arcse and looked about for her dipper, it could not be seen. She went to her mother for information, but that lady was profoundly ignorant in the matter, and Jane proyed—on being brought to the inquisition by Eva—to be in a like blusful state with her mistress.

strawberries down in Grant's meadow. Singing bithely she went her way, the exhumed dipper, still in its bandages, hanging upon her arm. She came to the narrow bridge acoss the Dead river, and was nearly in the middle of the crossing, when her attention was sttracted by a large clustor of wild dragon star, clinique to the willows which hung over the bridge. Thoughtles-ly her eyes fixed on the flowers, she advanced to the verge of the bridge, the plank beet and tipped with her weight, one scream, and the little form of Eva struggled in the water. She closed her eyes, and gave herself up for lost—but no, the dipper, bound with sliken cloth, acted like a life-preserver, and kept her above the surface.

for lost—but no, the dipper, bound with aliken cloth, acted like a life-ipreserver, and kept her above the surface.

"Help me! Do somebody come and help me!" she acreamed, as she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their cora. In a moment a stalwart man cleft the waters, and reaching Eva, he grasped her in one hand, while with the other he swan to the shore.

"Where am I, and where is my dipper?" queried the child, as soon as she came to realization.

"You are here," replied the man; "but what of your dipper? Hal as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper—rather the worse for wear—tied up in a rag! Well, it has saved your life!"

Then the good man put her into his rough farm wayon, and conveyed her home, taking particular care to relate to ber nother the important part the dipper had played in the rescue of the child.

"I tell you, ma'am, if it hadn't been forsthat ar' tin dipper's keepln' her above water, she'd a been dead drowned afore any mortal man would 'a reach ed her! Thank the dipper, ma'am, and not me!"

This unbiased account of the praise-worthy behaiver of the dipper, softened Mrs. Phillips towards it, and she allowed Eva to keep it wherever she chose.

Mouths and years rolled away, and when Eva Phil-

chose.

Mouths and years rolled away, and when Eva Philips was tourteen, she was sent to a celebrated female seminary in a neighboring State, from whence, after a long three years' course, she was emancitated, a "finished young lady." But her learning and accomplishments had not spoiled her, and she was the same gay, light hearted little fairy who had begred a tin dipper of Eugene Fuller twelve years before

was the same gay, gut neared intensity who had begred a tin dipper of Engene Fuller twelve years before. Shortly after Eva's return to Wheatwold, her mother sickened and died, and although in many respects a hard woman, she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

With the coming summer, Mr. Phillips, at Eva's earnest desire, let his farm for a couple of years, and with his child set out upon a European tour. Eva's beauty excited the most fervent admiration wherever she went, but, although she rectived many offers of marriage, she preferred to remain with her father. They visited all places of interest in Southern Europe—slighed over desolate Rome, walked apon the laws of Vesavius, beheld the magnificent prospect from the highest peak of Mont Blanc, thoated upon the waters of Lake Constance, admired the impregnable fortress of Gibraliar, and sojourned for ome menths in the French capital.

At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs, and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on the Eastern Railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events!

train on the Eastern Railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas: how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender cord hangs our destiny! At lightening speed the train which carried our travelers speed on, Eva Joyoua and cheerful in view of beholding once more the dear old piace; her father rejoicing in bit daughter's happiness. in crossing a bridge built on a broad, but shallow river, the machinery of the engine became disordered, and in an instant the foaming after it. after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with fixed attention, dashed towards her and clasping her in his arms, reached the tottering platform just as it was going over—one fraulte leap and he, with his senseless burden, went down beneath the matter to the almost instantaneously and strike for

water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for Bildly he swam on, and at last he safely reached the half, when after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dweit near the bridge, he returned to the sene of accident, hopping to be of some service in rescuing those imperiled. of some service in rescuing those imperiled.

Sad to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the killed, and Eva, on the return of consciousness, found herself orphaned, and alone in the world, among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her, and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the abook. She suffered herself to be guided entirely by the advice of her unknown preserver—depending upon him with the trust of a helpless child.—Under his protection Eva set out for home—home no longer, now that there were none on earth to care for her. The house at Whostwold had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in evpectation of their coming. Everything there was damp and mouldy—the curtains were fallight the return of the product of the contains.

there was dainp and mortldy—the certains were falling to pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere—everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fall the gloom when the closed cofflinholding the remains of Mr. Phillips, was brought into the long, dark parlor—awaiting the funeral service of to morrow's morn.

Eva-2nfliction was dreadful to witness. She took notice of nothing, neither ate nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors.

The voung stranger who accompanied her home, took charge of everything, and the good people of neighbors. The voung stranger who accompanied her home, took charge of everything, and the good people of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquiries concerning his right to act as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife, and Eva, on the arm of the pitying old clergyman went down to the grave, ivily, tearlessly—like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion—uttered no sigh—her eyes looked vaguely into the vacency with a tived immovable stare. The funeral over, the stranger engaged two trusty servants, a man and his wile to take charge of domestic affairs about the place, and then made preparations for immediate departure. He morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted, and she met him in the little bondoir attached to her chamber, where she had passed the great portion of her time since her return. He came in with a little hesitation in his step, and took the chair her silent nod indicated. As he did so, his eyes involuntarily fell upon the tin dipper, which still retained it olden place upon her dressing burean. He started up, and approaching it, took it into his hands and examined it long and attentively. Still retaining it, he came to Eva's side!

"Miss Phillips"

and attentively. Some consisters of the state of the stat ago—his name is on the side."
"And you have preserved it through all this time
"you evidently prize it."
"Prize it."—sir, it has saved my life."

it has saved my life." "Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy? Would it please you to see Engene Fuller?"

"Yes, it would gratify me above all things. Then would I thank him for the good his gift has been t

me."
"Then, Eva Phillips, look up into my face and thank me! I am Eugene Fuller!"
The girl rose hurriedly to her feet, and threw a long, searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell, and she said, with something of doubt—
"Is it true?" something of doubt—
"Is it true?"
"It is tru

Her voice tailed—a sigh heaved from the immost Her voice isiled—a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart—her frame shock—tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face. They were the first she had shed since her orphanhood. Eugene blessed them—for he knew that only through much weeping could the burthen which crushed her be lightened. When she was calmer, he drew her down beside him on a settee, and said—

"Eva, it is fifteen years ago, that I—a youth of fourteen—charmed with the beauty of a little girl—ave her a tin dipper, with my name cut thereon, telling her that when she was older, and when I was older, is should come back and make her my wife. Dost thou remember this, Eva?"

Eva's voice was low and subdued, as she answered him—

| Column 1 of the large of the

INGLY?

"Engene, I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms, and kissed off the tears which still clung to her check. And she, feeling again the warm bond of affection around her, looked up with hope and trust to the hope of full happiness—Heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank by the otherie of distinguished guest assembled, from the tin dipper, which subsequently became an heirloom to the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on their union, and their lives were blessed to them.

There dear, bright-eyed reader, is the story of the Tin Dipper. Quite a dipper, wasn't it?"

EMANOIPATION,

"The slaves are not the only women whom the war has emancipated!" was the remark of one of those women who have thrown themselves vitally into their country's service, and done on the hattle-field and in the bospital as faithful work as the soldier who has thrust himself into the breach, and fought at the front; women who have watched over the sick, and nursed the wounded, and dressed the noisome sores, and shrank from no burdens, nor ministrations, however hard or revolitor; women who have gone home from the camp and, he hospital to tell the soldiers' story in their own way, and organize societies, and stimulate fails, and to direct all spasmodic and uniformed activities into orderly and available channels of relief and succor.

"There has been an emancipation," said the woman, "from fashion and frivolity, from luxurious drawing-rooms, from lives of indolence, and pleasure, and self-seeking, from pettiness and weakness into activity and generosity, into courage and heroism, into inspiration, and endeavor, and self-sacrifice. The women, as well as the slaves, have had their emancipation through this war."

And now, women on North America, it remains with you to prove whether this emancipation is a vitial and lasting one—not inspired by an hour which is ultickened all the sympathies, and energies, and heroisms of your sex, and from which you will shrink back into the old life and old thraidoms. One thing is certain, the future of our country belongs to your, it will be what you make it!

Every day that I live I am more strongly impressed with the range and the power of woman's influence for good or evil in the world. She who rules the homes of the land shapes its moral character. There is no getting aside of it. No man can get beyond the power of your country, and the demand which now she makes of every one of you. Let your elves of these vast responsibilities. They lie at your door, they rest on your head and heart, oh, woman: Rise then, "repail to the sauthine occasion." Be worthy of your country, and the dema

On these boys and girls rests the integrity and honor of our country. They will be men in a little while, standing at the very helm of the nation, it may be gnarding her honor, making her laws—they will be women in a few years, the wives and mothers, it may be, of the rulers of the land.

Tread softly, deal carefully. Weigh well your counsels. You know not for what times or generations you are working. Above all things else, see that you lay in the souls of your children a good foundation in a love for the truth, deeper than the love of life itself. This is the basis of all character worth possessing. See to it, then, that integrity is so strong that no storms can prevail against it, so deep that no temptations can est into and destroy it; and in all this remember, oh, faithful mother, that your help is to come from, and your springs to be in the Lord God, who made heaven and earth.—Arthur! Home Magazune for July.

____ A YOUNG VETERAN.

Arthur's Home Magazine for July.

There recently sat besides us a mild eyed boy of eighteen, well-grown and intelligent, with the corporal's stripes on his arm. He had turned leaves of experience, that in the eider Napoleon's day would have done honor to the an Old Guardsmau. This

eighteen, well-grown and intelligent, with the corporal's stripes on his arm. He had turned leaves of experience, that in the elder Napoleon's day would have done honor to the an Old Gnardsman. This boy of ours at an age when most youths are yet at school, or in the novitiate of active life, can look hark upon his twenty-two battles. He participated in all the tremendous scenes on Virginia soil, the advances and retorgrades, the success and retorgrades, whereby we wore out the strength of the rebellion, and disciplined ourselves the while to be worthy to conquer in the name of Liberty.

One day, four years ago, while playing marbles, or diying his kite, he had a severe attack of the drum. Tall of his years, and precocious, the spirit of patriotism wrestled hard with him. It was a case for prompt action and a change of climate, and he was sent to the retired homestead in an Eastern State, with the injunction to help on the farm, be a good boy, and earn the encominums of grand-mamma But the young eagle fluttered over the edge of the nest and soared into the fields of blue. If the recording angel washed out generous Uncle Toby's oath with a tear, we doubt whether he would not kindly blot out the entry of a boy's falsehood, told with shloing eyes and swelling heart to the mustering officer. At all events it is safe now to believe it, since, happliy, the great day of bot ish temptation is overpast, and they need no longer sak to be dismissed from school to go and save the country.

The youth of forrecen, having thus taken four years to himself, and getting the full benefit of his stature by standing very erect in his shoes, was in the Army of the Potomac before grand-mamma's frightened news of the flight had got home to the West. In all the vicissitudes of his companions in arms he bore a part. He was in a fighting regiment. He saw it melt away in the flerce heat of all the great battles before Richmond. With twelve sole survivors of his original company he washed off the bod on down the great is the past four event

"Is that your husband, ma'am?" "He be."
"Is that your wife, sir?" "She be." "Ah! that's pleasant; a he bee and a she bee can hardly fail to taste the sweets of life in perfection. Have you any offipring?" "Quite a swarm, sir." "Ah! sir, that makes a difference—but no doubt you love the little hum-burg."

ta? A Scotch woman having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he accepted, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "We I, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, if ye're dead, I'll no. spect ye." The most and best that is done for you must be done by you.

DID GEN. LEE GO INTO THE WAR UNWILL

On the Sunday when the news arrived of the fall of Sumter, a gentleman of our acquaintance, in whom we place perfect confidence, took the cars at Washington to go to Richmond. Upon the train were Alex. A. H. Stuart, Wgn. Ballard Preston, and another member of the committee which the Virginia Legislature had sent up to Washington to confor with the Government's quamore properly speaking, to see what manner of min the new President was, and to spy out the land!

At one of the stations beyond Alexandria, quite a crowd had collected, and sager demands were made for the news as the train came in. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Preston stepped upon the platform of the car to answer the enquiries. Our informant noticed one well-dressed gentieman, who seemed to be the spokesman of the crowd. He was flourishing up and down the platform with more or less consequence, and as the train stopped cred out "What's the news?"

"Sumter has fallen," was the reply.

"I'll raise an army and march on Washington," exclaimed the excited individual, swinging his cane and washing noneasily about. "File commence to morrow morning," repeated he, "and raise an army and take Washington. Hadn't I better do it, Mr. Preston."

It was some time before Preston answered, so long that our friend thought he would make no reply, when he said, slowly and oracularly:

"True courage waits on deliberation."

"Was there any blood shed?" asked the excited min.

m.n. "No."
"Wasn't there?" looking down and speaking as if stiprised. As the train moved oil, he was heard to repeat, "I shall raise an army and march on Washington."

Washington."
When the train was under way, our friend asked,
Who is that enthusiastic man?"
"That is Colonel Lee," said Mr. Preston.
And that is the man, who has since been commander of the rebel forces, and who is represented to have very reluctantly, and only after days of prayer, drawn his sword against the Government that had educated and promoted him. And it must be remembered that this occurrence took place before Virginia had passed its bogus ordicance of secression, and fire days before Lee's resignation.
Lee did raise a force of about 3,000 men and march cession, and five days before Let's resignation.

Lee did raise a force of about 3,000 men and march them to Harper's Ferry to procure arms. The intention was to march into Maryland, which it was supposed would rise at once and go out of the Union, carrying with it the National Capital, which the rebels would at once occupy, and procialm themselves the Government of the United States. It is evident that they did not intend to go off and put themselves in the attitude of rebels, but that their plan was to take the Capital and the Government machinery, and then let the North "rebel." if it didn't like the arrangement.—Hartford Eve. Press.

LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR

From a Speech by Hon. D. W. Kelley. One evening in the Executive Chamber therewere present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward.

A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I carned my first dollar?" No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about 18 years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South the "serules," people who do not swallend and alasto, "Chirally by my labor sufficient produce, as I thought to matify me bor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify in taking it down the river to sell. in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a little flathoat large enough to take the barrel or two of things, that we had gathered, with myself and a little bundle, down to New-Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the lindings, for them to go out in a boart, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

I was contemplating my new narrow and won dering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you, said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on the deek. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took trom his pocket, a silver half dollar, and three my eyes as I picked up the money Gentlemer you may think it a very little thing, and in thes

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND THE ACTOR.

The following anecdote is new, and exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that wit and presence of mind might afford. Some years ago there was a very celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martin off. He had most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to the players, to "speak no more than 1s set down for them." The Emperor at the same time had a high chamberlain, or personage filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or mailec, Martinoff while perform lng, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man which were warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the artor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not contented with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor ed with this, Poloffsky either told the Emper himsell, or contrived that it should come to his en-that the player had actually had the presumption of indulge in imitations of his Imperial Majesty.

that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in mitations of his Imperial Majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to Court to pay his respects as usual, and the Emperor told him of this accusation, which he denied. "Well," ead the Emperor, "il you never did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do so il you choose." This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either failing short of or overdoing the character. Still the autocrat was determined; there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck the player, and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the Emperor, and in a voice so like, that it made every one present start, said, "Polofisky, give Martinoff (him self) a thousand silver roubies!" "Stop," said the Emperor, "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Polofisky; and mind, sir, let this be the last time you ever try to mimic me here or elsswhere." It is of course, unnecessary to say Murtinoff was too glad to pocket the money, and escape so well.

SURE TEST OF LIFE—When a person apparently dies, and there is the least possible chance that life may not be wholly extinct, and especially if the person suddenly dies, as is supposed, the triends have only to apply a piece of very hot iron to some portion of the body for about a minute, and if the feeb blister from the application of the heat, then there is life, and means should be used to restore animation. If the flesh does not blister, then the person is surely dead. Another test is lancing or cutting the flesh, or severing a vein or artery. If blood flows, there is life; if no blood flows, life is extinct.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hour of a long lite, and form the brightest spot in it.

form the brightest spot in it.

Grandmamma—"Well, Charley, what have you been learning to-day?" Charley—"pneumatics, gran'ma, and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a ghas receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as grandpapa's head!"

"Mell has no fury like a woman scorned," by some presight left out the s, and made it read:
"Hell has no fury like a woman corned."
A slight departure from the text, but none whatever from the truth.

go Boft words butter no parsnips, but a new counct presented to a wife will cover a multitude of bonnet presented to a her husband's sins.

Good counsel is above all price.

For the Independent Republican. WHEN CARE AND FEARS SURROUND US.

When care and fears aurround us,
When darkness clouds our way,
And the garlands we have cherished,
Are withered in decay—

When the dreams our fancy painted Like bright libusions fade, And fond anticipations Our eager grasp evade—

When the light of home is faded, When the tones of love are gene-When the sands of life are obbing, And the days drag weary on— Oh! who would wish to linger,
While the shadows round us creep;
Feeling our life a failure,
We long for that dreamless sleep;

That sleep which knows no waking,
The lonely night of the grave,
Where the tumult of life is ended,
And the drooping willows wave.

HILLSIDE HOME. INCIDENT IN NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier as ever bore arms on a battle-field. He was a general favorite in his regiment. He loved his country, and a maiden, Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest in Visselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and returned their saluations with a wioning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment, but would have been prond to shed his last drop of blood to resent an insult to the bright star of Visselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but there was only one who received any return to his passion, and that was the gallant Authony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent, insolent passions, and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates; and was as universally hated as Martel was loved. On several occasions he had node laftmone are

was a man of violent, insolent passions, and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates; and was as universally hated as Martei was loved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to 'cadeline which she had resented with scora, but still he became importanate, until finding himself brilled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new precedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly, he called on Cadeline when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked forgiveness, which she readily granted, presuming that he would not trouble her any further, but in this sho was disappointed, or he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit he would load her with presents, and also make her his bride. But all the futtering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline, my rank and station, and then your position would be higher than the proudest lady in the village, besides, you shall have the attendants and all the inxury and refinement that wealth can furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Lavillier, what would these gifts be worth to me without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love," said the Colonel.

"No, Colonel, I never loved but one."

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colonel, iron ically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of the galant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innecent reply.

ically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of the gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What a commerce outlet—a hireling for a rival; by ricavens." he exclaimed, in a terrible passion; "unless you instantly accept my suit, and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime, and he has nover injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplent a Colonel in the French army, and he is only a soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel Lavillier, I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would injure no one."

you. He is generous, noble, and would injure no one."

Do not lose time in idle words rises, his heart

"Do not lose time in late. WORK 'neer, his heart shall cease to beat!"
"Oh, heavens, spare him!" said Cadeline to anguish.
"You plead in vain."
"Give me but a single day to decide,"
"Not an hour."
At this moment a majestic form cast its shadow in the outer doorway, but it was observed by neither

At this moment a majestic form cast its snadow in the outer doorway, but it was observed by neither of the persons within the room, so absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping aside so as to be unseen, the stronger remained a spectator to all. "I implore you to let mespeak to Anthony before I give you any answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly consent to become my wife or sign the death warrant of Martel."

'Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thou "Inhuman monster: I would rather due a thousand deaths than to be your wile—even if you were the proud Emperor of France. Anthony fears not death, and he would rather give away his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl! you are in my power, and I will use you as I please, since you have so insultingly robben."

you as a paces, since you as spoken."
"Never!"
"Dare you defy me to my face? Thus then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of sweet fragrance off your scornful lips"
And clasping his arms around the form of Cadeline, Leviller endeavored to put his threat into execution

Iragrance off your scornful lips."
And clasping his arms around the form of Cadeline, Leviller endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help, mercy!" exclaimed she.
At this moment the report of a pistol in the hunds of the stranger we have above mentioned, was heard, and the builet febattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless. But whence the shot came, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged, than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined (the whole, and with a power ful blow he laid the intruder at his feet.

By this time the report of the firearms had brought a detachment of soldlers to the spot, who, on entering the room were immediately ordered to arrest Anthony, for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence—they put him under strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commandant. Though a court martial is no very unusual thing, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract attention in camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened and was ready to try a criminal—Within a spacious tent, was gathered a large number of officers in full uniform.

Beated on a mised platform was General Lovick, acting as judge. Another roll up the drum announce of the entrunce of the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge. "Of attempting to destroy the life of his superior officer, Coi Lavillier," said the advocate.

"And where is the secue-er?" continued the court. "Here, may it please your excellency," replied the Colone, whose arm was done up in a sling.

"I do not know," said Laviller.

"A conversation with a young girl with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consu

"A conversation with a young girl with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the Judge turned to the prisoner, and thus address ed him:

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of attempting to marder a superdor officer of the French Army, the punishment of which is death. What have you to say, that you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended."

Martel, who stood asthough unconsclous till now, raised his manly form; he bent his oyes scarchingly upon the Colonel, and said in a firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I make, will be of no avail, but, being permitted, I will speak the truth, that my fellow soldlers may know that I die innocent of the charge brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Laviller, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank, but strack him with my double fat to the floor. This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself in his place, I would have done likewise. For the day of a true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to the grass will not have covered my grave before my comrades shall have found the heart of my unretere, for there is no one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," replied Aathony.

Colonel Lavillier, during the time the prisoner thony.

Colonel Laviller, during the time the prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly excited, and turned pale; he knew that Martel was a great favorite in the regiment, and he feared his own life was in dan-

ger.

ger.
Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the sentence of the court is, that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the dram told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rashed prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rashed the guard into the tent, and prostrating herself is the feet of the presiding officer, cuclaimed:

It is impocial; spare him; he did not shoot the same comfort in the following parameters who do not successed in sequiring wealth, according to the views of a minister parameter in the following parameters when a young girl rashed designs of honesity, and compromises of integrity, and compromises of integrity.

It content to the extendant proving respect to the presiding of the same comfort in the following parameters when the court is, that you do not successed in sequiring wealth, according to the views of a minister parameter in observing the manifold turnings, twistings, and compromises of integrity.

It contents the court is, that you be shot by twelve of your graph to those who do not successed in sequiring wealth, according to the views of a minister parameter. In observing the manifold turnings, twistings, and compromises of integrity.

Colonel Lavillier."

As the tears flowed down har beautiful face, every heart was touched with plty save one. He stood unmoved by supplications. The Joggs informed her that it was impossible for him to life the factions of the court, that the only hopatine was the tears in Colonel Lavillier, who was the nighted party, and who had the power to ask for his pardon or recommend him to merey.

In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was bornessnesless from his tent.

On the following morning a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged to placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished than the muffled drum and band, playing the dead march, was beard. A company of soldiers drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of death. Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom! Arriving at the spot designated for him to die, he was caim and numoved at his approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow-soldiers were brought into line. Every movement showed their anwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned to them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and taking him by the hand he shook it warmly. Bidding him farwell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms.

This mark ofkindoses moved the condemned man, and a tear started to his eye, but luckily regaining, his composure he addressed those who were to lay him low in death.

"Convades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier; I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonored my conntry or regiment; I have fought him low in death.

"Convades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier; I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonored my conntry or regiment; I have fought him him him had here him to the enemy pour de him had been him to die by the shands of my beloved comrades? No. I consider it an honor, and the late and the friend him him him had

"Order that man under arrest," said Colonel Lave

order that man there are so,

As the person approached rapidly to where he stood, throwing the cleak from his face, the actonished officer beheld in him Field Marshal Macdonid.

"Will Colonel Lavillier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"It has been decided by a court martial that he shall die."
"Still, you have the same power to pardon him."
"I decline all interference in the course of just-

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," said he.
"I do not," eaid Macdonald, "therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty."
"May I sak your excellency who is ?" said Lavillier, with an uneasy aft.
"I am," said Macdonald.
"Will you please to explain to me this mystery ?"
"I will. Having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I cailed at your head-quarters, and found you not. On inquiry, I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be an unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only witness of your villainy, and the ball which only
shattered your arm, was fired by me, and had it not
been for endangering the life of the gird, it would
have reached your heart. Colonel Martel, I greet
you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer
this honor and tille upon you. Colonel Lawliller,
your sword; henceforth you are no longer an officer
in the grand army, and now take Martel's place and
receive the guns that a moment ago were aimed at
the breast of an innocent man!"

Every heart beat with joy at the sudden change.
Poor Lawliller, trembling with fear and shame, was
lead to the red flag. Again the fearful orders were
given, but the heart of the culprit sank within him,
and he implored for marcy.

and he implored for mercy.
"How can you ask for that which but a few mo-

"How can you ask for that which but a fow moments since you refused an innocent man?"
"I own my fault," was the reply.
"Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he thinks proper," ald Macdonald.
"Colonel Martel," said the disgraced man, "dars I hope for mercy?"
"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon.—You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy that you may receive the same."
By this time Cadeline heard the giad tidings which

By this time Cadeline heard the glad tidings which By this time Cadeline heard the glad tidings which spread rapidly through the Camp, and hastily returning she was in his embrace. That day was a glorious one to the regiment, and there was a general celebration in honer of Field Marshal Macdonald and Colonel Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event the church at Visselle overflowed with those who assembled to witness the nuptilat of Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Dupee. And many were the presents and keepsakes the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—How to act when the clottes take fire is an important piece of information. The Scientific American says, three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a bianket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric—frome is at hand, take any wool-materiat—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boildy to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, most about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more clearedy. The next instant, immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pale will cease with the rapidity of lighting. Next, are some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch thickness of flour if possible; put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be formed. Unless the burnar are deen no other application is needed. The dry cautiful new skin will be formed. Unless beautiful new skin will be formed. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is that, like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain, by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water, of a mushy consistency, are preferred by some. Spread on the flour until no

Good Rules For All .- Profancewearing is about

GOOD RULES FOR ALL—Prolanes wearing is abominable.

Vulgar language is disgusting.
Inquisitiveness is offenaive.
Tatting is mean.
Telling lies is contemptible.
Blander is devilish.
Drunkenness is disgraceful.
Latiness is shameful.

Avoid all the above vices and aim at usefulness.
This is the road by which to become respectable.—
Walk in it. Never be sahamed of honess tabor.—
Pride is a hatchil curso—a hatchil vice. Never set
the hypocrite. Keep good company. Brack the
truth at all times. Never be discouraged but persevere, and mountains will become mole bills.