Independent Republican.

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VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1865. NUMBER 30

Business Directory.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 25, 1864.–tf

DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Susquehanna County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's.
Brooklyn, July 10, 1865.—y1.

Dr. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, June 3, 1865.–tf

GROVES & REYNOLDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Chandler's Store, Public Avenue.
Montrose, June 12, 1865.

Dr. CHARLES DECKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself at Birchardville, Susquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the calls with which he may be favored with promptness and attention. Office at his residence near Orange Mott's, Esq.
Birchardville, Susq. Co., Pa., May 29, 1865.–tf.

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

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

C. M. CRANDALL,
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool-wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Foundry Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 20th, 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. Office west 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 the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.–tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lea's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 23, 1864.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.–tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.–tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.–Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Cooper's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.–feb17y1 1868.

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. 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. 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

Dr. JOHN W. COBB,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. He will give especial attention to the surgical and medical treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and may be consulted relative to surgical operations at his office over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store. Residence on Maple street, east of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 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. Boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 8, 1864.–1y

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

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches. J. LYONS, T. A. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.,—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.–tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

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, Nov. 21, 1864.–tf.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Papers, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. B. R. LYONS, J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.–tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose. G. F. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1865.

RE-VISITED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

READ AT "THE LAURELS," ON THE MERRIMAC, JUNE, 1865.

The roll of drum and the bugle's wailing
Vex the air of our vales no more;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom,
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tender voices of nature
Temper the triumph, and chasten mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to him who gives us beauty for ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the air of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north wind, laden
With sweet-briar odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipisauke's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle song of thy hill-side fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of the upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers;
Let the song of birds and the bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce;
Dance of waters and mill of grinding,
Both are beauty and both are use.

* Type of the North-land's strength and glory,
Pride and hope of our home and race,—
Freedom lending to rugged labor
Tints of beauty and lines of grace!

Once again, O beautiful river,
Hear our greetings and take our thanks;
Hither we come as Eastern pilgrims
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,
Though never his word has stilled thy waves,
Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
Where the rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap are his healing trees!

From Hours at Home.

FRED, AND MARIA, AND ME.

PART THE SECOND.

I got up early next morning and took my things out of my trunk, and fixed them nicely in the drawers, and then I set out to go down stair, but there was a door standing open, and I saw the children were inside, and so I went in, and says I 'Good morning, children,' and then I said good morning to a nice looking woman who was dressing one of 'em.

'Can I help dress 'em?' says I, for I saw she had her hands full, and up in the corner was a handsome cradle, a rocking away all by itself.

'Thank you ma'am, there is no need,' says she, 'I've wound up the cradle and the baby'll go to sleep pretty soon, and so I shall have time to dress the rest if they'll only behave.'

'Wound up the cradle!' says I, quite astonished to see it rocking away with no living soul near it.

'Yes, it's a self rocking cradle,' says she, 'we've all the modern improvements in this house. The children's ma ain't very fond of trouble, and so she's got everything handy, dumb-waiters, sewing-machines, and all sorts of contrivances. If you'd like to go down on the dumb-waiter, I'll show you where 'tis,' says she.

'The dumb what?' says I.

'The dumb-waiter,' says she, 'they're very handy about getting the coal up and down, and sometimes folks uses them themselves, if they're tired, or is old ladies that gets out of breath.'

'What, to ride up and down the stair,' says I.

'Why yes, to save climbing so many flights of stairs,' says she.

'Well, I'd seen so many strange things in this house, and so many a waiting and tending, that I thought to be sure a dumb-waiter was a man they kept a purpose to carry you up and down them stairs, and says I, 'If he's dumb I suppose he ain't blind, and he'd see what a figure I should make a riding of a poor fellow creature as if he was a wild beast. No, I ain't used to such things, and I guess my two feet's as good dumb-waiters as I need.'

I see she was a laughing, but quite good natured like, and says she, 'The children's about dressed now, and if you won't think strange of it, I'll ask you to mind them a minute while I go down to get their breakfast. I shall be right back. And you, children, you say your prayers while I'm gone.'

'Why don't they eat with their pa and ma?' says I, 'And don't their ma hear them say their prayers?'

'Not since I came here,' says she. 'Their ma don't care about such things as prayers. I make 'em kneel down and say over something, if it's only to make some difference between them and the heathen,' says she.

'But they go down to family prayers, I hope?' says I.

She burst out a laughing, and says she, 'I guess there ain't many family prayers in this house,' says she, 'nor any other kind o'prayers either. Folks is too busy a playing cards and a dancing and doing all that kind o'things to get time to say prayers.'

I felt so stuck up, that I couldn't say a word, and I was just a going to run back to my bed room and look in the glass and see if 'twas me or if 'twasn't me, when I heard a voice close to my ear say, 'Find out if the old lady drinks tea or coffee for her breakfast.'

'Did you speak?' says I to the nuss.

'No ma'am, 'twasn't me,' says she.

Then I knew it was the Evil One prowling round, and no wonder! and so I spoke up loud and strong and says I, 'Are you an Evil Spirit, or what are you?' 'I didn't say nothing about spirit,' said the voice, 'its tea and coffee I was speaking of.'

'La! it's nobody but the cook a wanting to know what you'll have for breakfast,' says the nuss. 'I couldn't think what made you turn all colors so. I suppose you ain't used to them speaking tubes.'

With that she puts her mouth to a little hole in the wall, and then says she 'Find out yourself,' and then says she to me, 'These tubes are very handy about keeping house. All Mrs. Avery has to do is to hollow down into the kichen what she'll have for dinner, and there's the end of it. And it's convenient for the cook too, for cooks don't want no ladies a pecking round in their kitchens.

'Well,' says I, 'I never.' And I couldn't get out another word if I'd been to suffer.

I went down to breakfast, and Fred was civil as need be, but his wife didn't say much, and I was kind o' fraid of her a sittin' there in such a beautiful quilted blue wrapper, and a lace cap, and ribbons a flyin', and me in my old callico loose gown. And sometimes when I'm scared, I get to running on, and so I kind o' got to talking about the house and the handsome things, and says I, 'When I see all these beautiful things and the water all so handy and the gas a coming when it's wanted and going away when 'tain't, and the cradle a rocking away by itself, and them things to whisper into the wall with, why I almost feel as if I'd got to heaven. Things can't be much handier and convenienter up there,' says I. 'But when I think again that their ma don't hear them children say their prayers and dances and plays cards, and don't never see the inside of her kitchen, and all the pieces thrown away for want of somebody to see to 'em, why then I feel as if 'twasn't exactly heaven, and as if 'twas a longer road to get there from here than to get to the other place.'

Cousin Avery, she looked kind o' bewildered now, and Fred, he took up the newspaper and began to read, and he read it all the rest of the breakfast time. And when he'd done, he got up and says he, 'I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull here, aunt,' says he, 'but Maria must take you out, and show you round and amuse you all she can;' so he took his hat and went off, and I didn't know exactly what to do, so I went up stairs to my room, and there were three or four women all around the washstand with pails and mops a sopping up the water, and Maria looking on as red and angry as could be.

'You've left the water a running, and it's all come flooding down through my ceiling and ruined it,' says she, and then she muttered something about country folks, but I didn't hear what, for I was so ashamed I didn't know what to do.

'If the old lady hadn't a left the wash-rag in the basin 'twouldn't a run over,' says one of them girls, 'but you see that stopped up the holes.'

Maria, she went off upon that, and I got down and helped dry up the carpet, and kept a begging of 'em all not to think hard of me for making so much trouble, and they all was pleasant and said ''twan't no matter.' When I went down they said Maria had gone out, so I hadn't anywhere to stay unless 'twas with the children, and I went up there and the room was all put to rights and the baby a rocking away all to himself, and the children playing round, and the nuss she was basting some work.

'I'll hem that petticoat,' says I, 'if you think I can do it to suit.'

'Oh no, it's to be done on the machine,' says she, 'but if you've a mind to baste while I sew, why that will help along a sight. But I'll put Gustavus into the baby-tender afore I begin,' says she, 'or he'll be in the machine;' so she caught him up and fastened him into a thing that hung from the ceiling, and left him kind o' dangling. So I set down and basted, and she began to make that machine go. I'd heerd of sewing-machines, but I hadn't never seen one, and I couldn't baste for looking and wondering, and the nuss she made her feet fly and kept a asking for more work, and I hurried and drove, but I couldn't baste to keep with her, and at last I stopped, and says I, 'There's one of them machines inside o' my head, and another where my heart oughter to be,' says I, 'and I can't stand it no longer. Do stop sewing and take that child out of them straps. It's against nature for children to be so little trouble as them are children are, and they ought to be playing out of doors instead o' rocking and jiggling up there in this hot room'

'Guess you're getting nervous,' says the nuss, 'and anyhow I've got to take 'em out to walk, if it's only to let Mrs. Henderson see that our children's got as handsome clothes as hern has, if we ain't just been to Paris. Why these three children's jist had sixty-three new frocks made, and their ma thinks that ain't enough. Come, Matilda, I'll dress you first,' says she.

'I don't want to go to walk,' says Matilda.

'Don't wan't to go to walk! Then how's that Henderson girl a going to see your new cloak and them furs o' your'n. And your'n cost more'n her'n, for your ma give twenty-eight dollars a piece for them muffs o' your'n and your sisters, and what's the use if you don't go down the Fifth Avenue and show 'em?'

I began to feel kind o' sick and faint, and says I to myself 'if their ma don't see to her children I don't know as I oughter to expect the Lord to, but if he don't they'll be ruined over and over again.'

'I'll go out and walk with you and the children if you ain't no objections, nuss,' says I.

'No,' says she, 'I ain't no objections if you'll put on your best bonnet, and fix up a little.'

So I dressed me, and I took the girls and she took the baby, and we walked up and down the Fifth Avenue, and I heerd one nuss say to our'n:

'Is that your new nuss?' says she.

'La! no, it's our *aunt*,' says she, and then they both burst out a laughing.

Well, it went on from day to day that I hadn't any where else to stay, and so I stayed with them children. And Fanny, the oldest one, she got to loving me, and nothing would do but she must sleep in my room, and I washed and dressed her, and told her stories out of the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, and taught her hymns, and then Matilda she wanted to come too, and they moved her little bedstead in, and so by degrees I got so that you couldn't hardly tell me from the nuss. And it was handy for her to have me stay home every Sunday afternoon and see to the children while she went to meetin' and home to see her folks, and she said so, and that she felt easy to leave 'em with me because I'd know what to do if anything happened to 'em. And it got to be handy for her to call me if the baby cried more'n than common in the night, or if he had the croup. For Gustavus was a croupy child, and every time his ma had company and would have him down stairs with his apron off to show them white arms and them round shoulders of his full o' dimples, why he was sure to wake up a coughing and scaring us out of our wits. Well, I wasn't young and spry as I used to be, and it's wearing to lose your sleep o' nights, and then Fred's ways and Maria's ways made me feel kind o' distressed like, and Sam Avery he kept writing and hectering me and saying I ought to have the law of Fred, and Satan he roared round some, and all together one night after dinner, just as we was gitting up from the table, I was took with an awful pain in my head, and down I went flat on the floor. Fred he got me up, and they sent for the doctor, and the doctor he questioned this one and he questioned that one, and he said nusses' places wasn't places for old ladies, and then again, plenty of fresh air was good for old ladies, and to have things pleasant about 'em, and took round and diverted. So I was sick a good while, and I expect I made a sight o' trouble, for one day they was all a sitting in my room and little Fanny she stood by the side of the bed, and says she, 'Aunt Avery, what is a Regular Nuisance?'

'I don't know,' says I, 'I never saw one. 'Tain't one of the creatures in Pilgrim's Progress, is it?' says I

'For ma says you're a Regular nuisance,' says she.

'You naughty girl, how dare you talk so?' said her ma, and she up and boxed the little thing's ears till they was red.

'It ain't a story, and you did **say** so. You told Mrs. Henderson—'

'Hold your tongue, you silly little goose!' said Fred. 'Don't mind her, Aunt Avery, she's nothing but a child.

'They do say children and fools speak the truth,' says I, 'and maybe you think I'm a fool; and maybe I am But I ain't deaf nor blind, and I can't always be dumb. And I wont deny it, Fred, I've had hard thoughts towards you. Not about the money; I don't care for money, and never did. But it's so dreadful to think of you saying you was poor, and all those things about your children going out to work for their living.'

'Pshaw! that was a mere joke,' cried Fred. 'You knew, as well as I did, that they were only a parcel of babies.'

'Well, and there's another thing I want you to speak of. Did Sam Avery coax me to come here because he thought it would take a weight off your mind; or because he thought it would plague you and Maria to have a plain old body like me round the house?'

'Sam Avery be hanged!' said Fred 'The fact is, aunt Avery, I ain't worse than other men. I was in love with Maria, and I was determined to have her. And I wanted her to live with me pretty much as she had been used to living. If you think this too fine a house for her to possess, why you'd better go and examine the one she was born and brought up in. I economize all I can; we don't keep a carriage, and Maria has often to ride in stages, and pass up her sixpence like any old washerwoman. And I deny myself about giving. I give nothing to the poor, and subscribe to no charities, except charity balls; and Sam Avery, a sanctimonious old sinner, has just given five hundred to Foreign Missions. If it wasn't for being twitted about the money I had from you I could hold up my head as high as any man. But since you've been and set all Goshen on me, why my life is a dog's life, and little more.'

It cut me to the heart to think I'd kept him so short of money that he hadn't nothing to give away.

'Well,' says I, 'you'll soon have the value of the old place, and be out of debt, besides. For I'm going where I shall want none of those things.'

Just then I looked up, and there was Maria standing in front of Fred, her face white and her lips trembling. She had gone out with the child, and we hadn't noticed she'd come back.

'Do you mean to say you've been borrowing money of this old woman and have been deceiving me all along by pretending she gave it to you? Look me in the face, if you dare!'

'What a fuss about a few thousand dollars!' returned he. 'Of course I expect to repay her all she's let me have. And you, Maria, are the last person to complain. Was not this house your own choice? And how did you suppose a man of my age could afford to buy it without help?'

Maria made no answer. It seemed as if all her love to him had turned into contempt.

I riz up in bed, as weak as I was, and says I, 'Fred Avery, come here to me, and you, Maria, come here too, and you two kiss each other and make up, right away, or I shall die here in this house, and can't have my own minister to bury me, and shall have to put up with your'n. Why, what's money when you come to putting it along side of dwellin' together in unity? Quick, get a paper and let me sign it; and say in the paper it was my free gift and I never lent none of it; and, oh hurry, Fred, for I feel so faint and dizzy!'

'I believe you've killed the poor old soul!' said Maria, and she fanned me and held salts to my nose, and tried to make me lie down. But I wouldn't, and kept making signs for the paper, for I thought I was going to drop away in no time.

'Get the paper this instant, Fred,' said Maria, pretty much as if he was one of the children. So he went and got it and I signed my name, and then I lay back on the pillow, and I don't know what happened next, only I felt them fanning me, and a pouring things down my throat; and one says, 'open the window!' and another says, 'it's no use!' and then I heard a child's voice set up such a wail that my old heart began to beat again, and I opened my eyes, and there was little Fanny, and she crept up on to my bed, and laid her soft face against mine, and said, 'You won't go and die, aunt Avery, and leave your poor little Fanny?' and I knew that I mustn't go and leave that wail a sounding in her ma's ears. And when I know I ought not to do a thing, I don't do it. So that time I didn't die.

Well! it's an easy thing to slip down to the bottom of the hill, but it ain't half so easy to get up again as it is to lay there in a heap, a doing nothing. And it took a sight of wine whey, calves' feet jelly, and ale and porter, and them intemperate kind o' things to drag me a little way at a time back into the world again. I didn't see much of Fred, but Maria used to come up and sit in my room and work on a little baby's blanket she was a covering with leaves and flowers, and sometimes she'd speak quite soft and gentle like, and coax me to take my beef-tea, just as if she wanted me to get well. She wasn't never much of a talker, but we got used to each other more'n I ever thought we should. And one day—then! I know it was silly, but when she was giving me some thing, I took hold of that pretty soft hand of hers and kissed it. And the color came and went into her face, and she burst out a crying, and says she:

'I shouldn't have cared so much, only I *wanted* to love Fred!'

That was all she ever said to me about him after I'd signed that paper, but when folk's hearts are full they ain't apt to go to talking much, and I know now that Maria had got a heart, and that it was full and more too.

At last I got strong enough to ride out, and Maria went with me, and after a while she used to stop at Stewart's and such places to do her shopping, and I stay in the carriage until she got through. I wanted to see what sort of a place Stewart's was, for I heerd tell of it many a time, but I thought Maria wouldn't want to have me go in with her, and that maybe I could go sometime by myself. I asked her what they kept there, and she said 'Oh, *every* thing,' and I'm sure the shop looked as big as all out doors. She used to get into a stage sometimes to go down town, and I watched all she did in them stages so as to know how 'te manage, and one day I slipped out and got into the first one that came along, for thinks I, why shouldn't I go to Stewart's if I've a mind, all by myself?

It carried me up this street and across that, and at last it stopped near a railroad depot, and all the passengers but me got out. I waited a little while, and at last I got up, and says I to the driver, 'Ain't you a going no further?'

'No, I ain't,' says he.

'But I want to go to Stewart's,' says I.

'I've no objections, ma'am,' says he, and began to beat his arms about, and blow his hands as if he was froze. I didn't know what to do, or where I was, but pretty soon he turned his horses' heads about, and began to go back the very way we'd come. So I pulled the check, and says I, 'I want to go to Stewart's.'

'Well, ain't you going?' says she, 'and I don't know as there's any need to pull a fellow's leg off!'

'I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to hurt you,' say I, and with that I set down and we rode and rode till we got into Broadway, and then I began to watch all the signs on the shops, so as to get out at the right place. At last we got most down to the ferries, so I asked a man that got in if we hadn't passed Stewart's.'

'Oh yes, long ago,' says he.

'Dear me, I must get out then,' says I. 'I told the driver I wanted to go there, but I suppose he had a good deal on his mind a picking his way along, and so forgot it.' So I got out and began to walk up the street, and I ran against everybody and everybody ran against me, and I came near getting run over a dozen times, and was so confused that I didn't rightly know how far I'd walked, so I stopped a girl, and says I, 'Oh, do you know where Stewart's is?'

'La, it's three or four blocks down so,' says she.

'I didn't see no sign up,' says I, 'and so I passed it.'

'I guess you'll have to look till dark if you're looking for signs,' says she, and away she went. I was pretty well used up, I was so tired, but I went back, and this time I found it and went in. The first thing I asked for was tape. 'We don't keep it,' says the clerk.

'Do you keep fans?' says I.

'No, fans are not in our line.'

'Well, have you got any brown Windsor soap?'

No, they hadn't got any kind of soap. There was some other little things I wanted, such as buttons, pins, and needles, but I didn't like to ask for 'em, for if they didn't happen to have none of 'em it might hurt their feelings to have people know it. But there was one thing I thought I'd venture to ask for, and that was a velvet cloak. I'd heerd Maria say a new kind of spring cloak was uncommon handy, and I had twenty dollars in my pocket a purpose to buy it with. For I kind o' liked Maria, and I pitied her too, for she and Fred didn't seem good friends, and then I had made so much trouble when I was sick.

The clerk said yes, they had some, but says he, 'They're very expensive,' and never offered to show them to me. Well, I ain't perfect, and I felt a little riled in my feelings. And says I, as mild as I could, 'I didn't say nothing about the price. I ask ed you if you'd got any o' them cloaks.' Upon that he took out one or two, and I liked them pretty well, though when I heerd the price I found my twenty dollars warn't going to help much; but then I didn't care. 'I don't want no such finery myself,' thinks I, 'but then Maria's young and she wants it, and she and Fred feel pretty bad, and I don't know as it's any of Sam Avery's business how I spend my money. Folks down to Goshen they might say aunt Avery she's grown worldly and fond of the pomps and vanities, but they 'taint true if they do say it. 'Taint worldy to wear good clothes, and 'taint pious to wear bad ones. The Lord don't look on the outside, and I have a feeling that it's right for Maria to have one o' them cloaks.' So I says to the man, 'Won't you be so good as to let me carry home two o' them cloaks to show Mrs. Avery, for I don't know which of 'em she'd like best. He stared at me half a minute, and then says he, 'Are you her seamstress?'

'No, I ain't,' says I. 'I suppose you think there ain't no ladies but what wears silks and satins and laces and velvets. But I'll tell you what, Abijah Pennell, when you've lived in this world as long as I have you won't judge folks jest by their clothes.'

He colored up and looked at me pretty sharp, and says he, 'Excuse me for not recognizing you, Miss Avery. It's so many years since I left Goshen. I'll send the cloaks for you with pleasure. Won't you have one for yourself?'

'No, Abijah, no,' says I, 'them 'ere cloaks ain't for old women like me.' So I bid him good-by and all good-by that stood round a laughing in their sleeves, and I went out to look for a stage and there was a nice policeman a standing there, so I told him where I wanted to go, for, thinks I, it makes a good deal of odds which stage you get into, and he put me in and I sat down by a man with a gold ring on his finger and little short, black curls round his forehead, and he was quite sociable, and I told him where I'd been, and how I hadn't bought nothing, and then we talked about the weather, and at last he got out. And just after that I put my hand into my pocket to get my purse, and there wasn't no purse there.

'Goodness!' says I to all the folks in the stage, 'my purse ain't in my pocket!'

'That man with curly hair sat pretty close to you,' says one of the passengers. 'But it's no use trying to catch him now.'

'But I ain't got no money to pay my fair,' says I, 'and I must get right out.' So I made the driver stop, and says I, 'I'm very sorry, Mister, but my pocket's been picked and I can't pay my fare'

'You don't come that dodge over me, old woman,' says he. 'If you can't pay your fare you'd better git out and walk.' So I got out and walked till I was ready to drop, but when I went in, there was Maria admiring of them cloaks, and says she:

'Aunt Avery, somebody's sent me these cloaks to choose which I'll have, and I'm afraid it's Fred.—And Fred's not going to make up with cloaks, I can tell him.'

'No, dear,' says I, 'it ain't Fred, it's your old aunt that wants to see you pleased and happy, and that's went down to Stewart's and picked out them cloaks.'

'La! I never!' says she, 'I thought you had an idea that everybody ought to wear sackcloth and ashes.' But she did seem sort of pleased and grateful, and Fred did too, when he came home, and he and Maria behaved quite decent to each other, but I could see there was something on their minds, and they weren't good friends by no means.

Little Fanny she and I kept together a good deal, for she wasn't no care, and Gustavus he got to be hanging around his old aunt, and I taught him to come in every night to say his prayers. That night he was so good, and coaxed so prettily to sleep with me, that I thought I wouldn't care if the doctor did scold, the dear child should have his way now and then. And seeing the little creature a lying there so innocent and so handsome, and a looking just as Fred used to look, I couldn't help praying more'n common for him, and says I to myself, 'He won't have the croup to-night, anyhow, with me to cover him up and keep him warm.' But about two o'clock I was woke out of a sound sleep with that 'ere cough of his. It went through me like a knife, and I got up and gave him his drops right away, and put on more coal and covered him up warmer, but he didn't seem no better, so I had to go and call Fred to go for the doctor.

Well! well! there's some has to toil and fight and work their way up hill towards the heavenly places, and there's some that never know nothing about no kind o' battling, and their little white feet never go long enough over the dusty road to get soiled or tired. And when the daylight came in at my windows that morning, Fred and Maria was good friends again, and he had his arms around her and she clung close to him, but little Gustavus was gone. Gone where such dreadful words as money ain't never mentioned; gone straight up to the great white throne without no fears and no misgivings! Oh Fred, you're a rich man now, for you've got a child up in heaven.

That night Maria had the children kneel down and say their prayers in her room, but I never see her shed no tears, nor heard her a grieving. She hid her poor broken heart away in her bosom, and there wasn't no getting at it to comfort it. I couldn't but lay awake nights a h[illegible]g of her a walking up and down in her room, and a chafing and a wearing all to herself, and them tears she couldn't shed was a wetting my pillow and fairly a bathing my poor prayers for her.

We had an early spring this year, and Fred said the doctor told him I'd better not stay in New-York till warm weather came. So I wrote to Sam Avery and told him I was a coming home in May, and I thought I ought to tell him how I'd gone contrary to his advice and signed away all I'd ever lent Fred, and made him a life member of the Bible Society and them. And I asked him not to feel hard to me, and to see that the widow Dean had my room ready against I got back. Maria was stiller than ever, and hardly ever talked at all, and Fred looked full of care and yet more as he used to when he was a boy. And we parted kindly, and Maria as good as said she was sorry to have me go, only it was time to take the children out of town. Fanny, she said she was agoing with me, and she got a little trunk and put her things in it, and was as busy as a bee folding and packing. And when I saw her heart so set upon it, I felt a pang such as I never felt before, to think I hadn't got no home to take her to, and how it wouldn't do to venture her on the widow Dean who couldn't abide children. Well!' her Pa had to carry her off by main force when the carriage came, and I had a dull journey home, for I didn't seem to have no home, only the name of one. For I never took to boardin.'

It was past five o'clock when I got to Goshen postoffice, and thinks I Sam Avery wont be upbraiding me to-night, for its quite a piece from his house to the Widow's. But who should I see a waiting there at the depot but Sam and his shay.

'How dy'e do? aunt Avery, glad to see you home again,' says he, 'jump right into the shay and I'll get your trunk. Amanda, she's a waiting tea for you, and I rather think you'll find it bilin' hot,' says he.

'But I was a going to the widow Dean's,' says I.

'Don't talk no widow Dean's to me,' says Sam, 'but you jest get into that shay o' mine and go where your took to, aunt Avery.'

And how nice and clean and shiny Amanda's house did look, to be sure! And how she kissed me and said over and over 'twas good to get me home again. And how that tea did build me up, and make me feel young and spry as I used to feel in old times

Well, after tea I put on an apron she lent me, and she and me washed up and cleared away, and Sam read a chapter and we had prayers, and I went to bed, and I never knew nothing after I laid my head on the pillow, but slept all night like a baby.

At breakfast I expected Sam would begin about Fred, but he didn't, and Amanda she didn't, and we two we washed up the dishes and swept the floors and made the beds, and Amanda she let me do jest as I was a mind to, and it didn't seem like boardin' at all. And after a while I left off expecting Sam to nector me about Fred, and got to feeling easy in my mind. And we had the minister to tea, and his wife and children, and you never saw nobody so pleased as they was at their things. For of course I wasn't going to New-York without getting a black silk gown for my minister's wife, and a doll for little Rebecca, and wooden cats and dogs for the rest of them. Sam Avery he was going and a coming more'n common this spring, and he says to me one day, 'Aunt Avery, don't you go to looking at the old place when you are wandering out. You see Squire Jackson's been a cutting and a hacking, and there's a good deal going on there, and it might rile your feelings to see the muss,' says he.

So I didn't go near the old place, and I didn't want to, and the time it slipped by and I got to feeling that nothing aggravating hadn't never happened to me. Folks come for aunt Avery when they was sick jest as they used to, and the minister he dropped in every now and then, and Deacon Morse he had over plenty of them rough sayings of his that didn't mean nothing but good will, and so I felt quite to home. There wasn't but one thing a stinging of me, and that was Fred and his ways, and Maria and her ways. And I kind o' yearned after them children, and couldn't help a thinking if I hadn't been and sold the old place, ther'd always been a home for them in the summer time, and a plenty of new milk and fresh eggs.

Well! it got to be well on into July, and one afternoon, Sam Avery he come in and says he, 'Aunt Avery, put on your bonnet and get into the shay and go right down to the old place. There's something down there wants looking after,' says he.

'Dear me, is any of em sick?' says I. And I put on my things, and Sam whipped up the old horse, and next news, we was driving up to the house. Things didn't look so changed after all. Them trees was gone, there's no denying of it, but there wasn't nothing else gone, and when I went in there wasn't none of Squire Jackson's red and yaller carpets on the floor nor none o' his things a-laying about.—But there was my little light-stand a setting in the corner, and my old Bible on it with the spectacles handy by jest as they used to be, and our cat she come a rubbing of herself against me, as much as to say, 'Glad to see you back, aunt Avery,' and them children, they come running up, and one kissed me and the other hugged me, and 'twas Fanny and Matildy, and then Fred Avery he walks up, and says he, 'Welcome home, aunt Avery!' and Maria she takes both of my old hands and squeezes of 'em up to her heart, and then says she, 'Here's our new baby come to see you, and her name's aunt Avery,' says she, and she put it into my arms and 'twasn't bigger than a kitten, but it had a little mite of a smile a shining on its face all ready waiting for me. By this time I was a'most beat out, but they set me down in my old chair, and them children they was round me, and Fred a smiling, and Maria a smiling, and Sam Avery a shaking hands with everybody, and I didn't pretend to make nothing out o' nobody for I knew 'twasn't nothing real, only something I was reading out of a book. Only that 'ere little baby that was named aunt Avery, it held tight hold o' one o' my fingers with its tiny little pink hand, and wasn't nothing you could read out of a book no how. And then Amanda she opened the door into the big kitchen and there was a great long table set out with my best china and things, and our minister and his wife and all them children, and Deacon Morse and the widow Dean, they'd come to tea.—And the minister he stood up, and says he, 'Let us pray.' And in his prayer he told the Lord all about it, though I guess the Lord knew of it before, how Maria had made Fred sell that big house of his, and how he'd bought me back the old place, and how we was all come to tea, and a good many other things I couldn't rightly hear for the crying and sobbing that was agoing on all round. And then we had tea, and I never thought when Amanda made me fry all them dough-nuts and stir up such a sight o' cake what 'twas all a coming to, for it's my opinion that nobody knows when they does a thing what's agoing to come next, though the Lord He knows all along.

Well, it begun to grow dark, and one after another they all come and bid me good-night, till at last everybody was gone but me and Maria and them children of hers. And Maria came up to me, and says she, 'Does the old place look pleasant, aunt Avery?' but I couldn't answer her for them tears that kept a choking me. And so she said if I didn't mind, and it wouldn't be too much trouble, she wanted to stay with me the rest of the summer, till Fred could get a new, honest home for her some where else. Wasn't that just like an angel now, after all the trouble I'd been and made for her, a setting of her against her husband, and a turning of her out of her beautiful house and home, and making her buy back for me my old place?—So she and me we undressed them children, and made them kneel down and say their prayers, and we put them to-bed up stairs, and I began to feel at home.

And Maria she staid till cold weather came, and she sat and read my old Bible, and talked to them children about the place Gustavus had traveled to, and she paid respects to our minister, and wiped up the china when I washed it, and fitted her ways to my ways quite meek and quiet-like.

And Fred paid back every cent he'd borrowed, for he'd kept account, and knew all about it, and he started fair and square in the world again, owing nothing to nobody. So now I've a home for him and Maria and the children, and the old house is full of Averys once more, and so is the old pew, and all the taxes paid up regular.

So you are a rich man now, Fred, and you're a rich woman, Maria, for you've got a child up in heaven!

THE END.

MR. NASBY HAS A VISION.

SAINT'S REST, (wich is in the stait uv Noo Gersy,) May 31st, 1865.

Dreems wuz common in the old Skriptoorall times, and wuz consedred as profetikle. I hed a dreem larst nite, which may or not mene suthin.—Ef it may, Lord help the undersined, is my prayer, continually.

I dreemed I wuz ded—that assisted by a tyfus fever, and 2 dokters I had bustid the bonds uv mortality, and hed sored to the unknown hereafter. Up I went to the gates uv the tother world, wher I wuz confrontid by Peter.

"Wher you frum?" sez he.

"Noo Gersy," sez I.

"Wuz yoo a good cityzen?" sez he.

"I wuz a demokrat who never skratcht a tikkit," sez I.

"Hev you votid that tikkit fur the larst 4 yeers, and kin yoo read?" sez he.

"I hev and kin," sez I.

"Then yoor place is below," sez he. "Git."

Wich I did.

I met his Majesty Satan the I, at his dore, and he welcumed me corjelly. I wuz disappinted in his persnel appearance. He wuz a middle-ajed man, gentlemanly in stile, resemblin Geffson Davis very much, only hevin a more intellectual cast uv countenanse.

"Welkum," sez he. "I hev been spectin yoo sum time. Welkum! Welkum!"

"Hev yoo menny uv the Dimocrisy with yoon," sez I.

"Not menny uv the ginooine Kopperheads," sez he.

"Uv coorse yoo hev'nt," sez I. "We overage ez good ez——"

"That's not it," sez he, gazin onto me with an expreshun uv intense fondnis, "that's not jist it.—All but about 11 or 10 frum eech county git out by pleedin ignorence, and idiocy, and sich. But it's all rite. I make it up by hevin a hevier force 2 spare 2 stir up the few leeders. Yoo kin rede print, cant yoo?" he askt ankshusly.

"I kin," sez I.

"All rite," sez he, "Gefferson Davis will be along in a few months, tho et he don't shew more man than he did when he wuz caught, he'll make poor amusement."

"He's a disgrace 2 his secks—he ort to hev bin a wooman," sez I.

"Troo," retorts he, "but ez Shakspeer sez, 'ther's a divinity that shapes our ends.' Then Alec Stephens!"

"Will you git him? He wuz originelly opposed 2 seceshin."

"That's my best holt. Davis wuz alluz a secesh, Bengamin wuz becoz he thawt it wood pay—on em I've hed a morgige ever sense they arrived at the yeers of akountability. Stephens knode secesh wuz rong—he can't plede ignorance nor nuthin, fer he warnd his peeple agin it, and then wuz bot up in2 doin it hiself fer the poor privlig uv playin 2 fiddle to Geff. Davis, who drawd a mizable bow hisself.—I've ded-wood on him."

"Tell me gentile sir," sez I, "how about Fernandi Wood, Vallandygum, et awl, ez the lawyers say."

"In doo time the'r mine," sez he. "They can't save themselves by repentanse, even. They are now past forty, and if they'd commense in ded ernest tryin to do ez much good ez they hev bad, and lived till they wuz ez old ez Methoozeler, they couldn't make a commencement toward ballancin the books. By the way, speckin uv Methooseler, I used to wate pashently fer customers in them days when men lived 900 years."

"There's Correy, Colorada Jewet, and Alec Long," contiooed he, "I've hed my eye on Jewet and Corry I'd lose—there's a place out side uv my goorisdicshen, fer sich. They aint responsible yoo see. The devils that wuz kast out uv the man and took refuge in the swine, left the swine when they wuz drowndid, and hev inhabitid menny men sence. Two uv them air in Corry and won in Jewet, to-day. Alec Long hez, evry now and then, a glimrin uv sense, he shos occashenally surface indications uv intelleck, not quite enuff to make a lunatic uv him, and too much fer an ideot. I may git him and may not. But you will hev plenty of company. The stand yoor party took drav thousands uv men into cusldnis, who knode better and who, ef let alone, wood hev dodged me. I hev an eye on sum who denounst Vallyaigem, and yet, when the screws was brot down on2 em, and by the way, jist sich ez u turned them ed skrews, (and he pokt me jockelerly in the ribs) actilly presidid at Valandigum meetins, and votid fer him. Then, after he wuz defeatid, they swore they didn't vote fer him at all, addin a dirty lie to the orignel sin, which is givin the devil, (ez u stile me) his due, with compound interest.

"But excoose me—I'll show yoo 2 your apartmence. This way my deer sir."

I obgectid to goin and looked ankshusly fer escape. Obsservin this a change cum over the polight gentleman afore me. His eyes glistenid, a sulfrus streem ishood frum his mouth, his feet partid in2 hoofs, fingers elongatid in2 claws, I observed a tale peepin down under his cote, in short he wuz transformed in2 the identical devil I hed seen on sevrel occa-shens, when labrin under attax of delirum tremens, sooperindoost by drinkin a barl or sow too much eleckshun whisky, doorin hotly contestid campanes. He reecht one claw fer me, when I woke. 2 say I wuz rejoist at findin myself still on prayin ground, is weak—twuz goy onspeckable. I cant interpit the dreem.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lail Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun

READING.

Reading should be avoided when it interfers with necessary repose, as it does when pursued at a late hour of night. It then has a pernicious influence upon the health first, then upon the spirits, then upon the mind itself. The knowledge gained in this way is for the most part but of little value, for it is gained at the expense of mental vigor, and sometimes even of life itself. The celebrated William Pinckney, the great Maryland orator, fell a sacrifice to late reading. To read when you ought to be in bed, especially to read in bed, is to inflict a great evil upon yourself without an equivalent. It is to injure your eyes, your brain, your nervous system, your intellect. A person mentally indolent may be fond of reading. He may love to read in a recumbent posture till he falls asleep, every day or every night of his life. It may be too much to say that his room resembles the famous cave of the god of sleep; but he furnishes proof in his experience, that the leaves of a book are as sure an opiate as the leaves of the poppy, the symbol of that god. Indeed, we have known those who regularly take a book to bed with them every night, as "shot-horn to pull on sleep with." Indeed, we have seen a whole family, each with a book in hand, to which each seemed to be bowing in devotion, except one bright young girl, who archly sung:

"We are all noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We are all nodin' at our house at home."

In order to profit from reading, it is advantageous to converse with those who have read the same books. Two persons of equal capacity may read the same book, and yet receive from it very different impressions. By exchanging their views in the commerce of thought, each is a gainer. The difficulties which one meets with are solved by the other, and the truths upon which they agree are more firmly fixed in the minds of each. By thus bringing their minds in contact with each other, in conversation upon the work, their feelings are warmed into more vigorous exercise, and by the collision of their opinions, the light of truth is brought out. Moreover, by conversing concerning the books that you read, with those that are older and have had better opportunities for observation, you will be the better able to form correct estimates of what you read. Their experience will help to gaurd you against the errors and evil tendencies of the work, or enable you to appreciate its excellencies.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray and Goldsmith, Pope and Thompsom, Cowper and Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside and Burke.

Are you deficient in the powers of reason? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke

Are you dificient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in vigor of style? Read Junius and Fox.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the "Federalist," Webster.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the "Life of Washington."

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards's works.

Are you deficient in piety? Read the Bible.

TYRANNY OF WEALTH.

The real danger in our eastern civilization is the growing power of concentrated wealth, and its unscrupulous use by men of high position to sway the rabble in their great cities, and thus control the whole public life of the nation. Society in the old free States is rapidly consolidating into cities and large towns. Nearly one-third of the population of New York and a third of the population of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, is to day gathered in a score of cities, which have become the centre of influence. But every one of them is convulsed by a fearful struggle for its complete control by corporate and concentrated wealth. We doubt if there is any portion of the civilized world where money, powerfully used, can do so much as in the valley of the Hudson in eastern New York. We see too evident proof of the determination of a portion of our rich men of all these eastern cities to govern the government by alliance with the ignorance, vice and poverty of these vast hives of population. The scenes we have constantly witnessed alike in the higher commercial, political, and the lowest popular life of the city of New York during the last few years may well alarm every friend of his country.

The cultivated, right minded, honest men and women of the East must understand that the country expects them to resist and overthrow this attempt to rule the people by a moneyed aristocracy, as dangerous and unscrupulous as the slave aristocracy late in arms against us. We narrowly missed a league between it and the slaveholders at the beginning of the war. It was only cowed by the terrible uprising of those April days. It has reared its hideous head more than once during the past four years to welcome a Rebel rule in the great central cities of the East. We feel its malignant spell out to the very edges of our Western civilization; and its selfish and unpatriotic manœuvers are the real cause of much of the bitterness that so often mars our companionship. We charge the noble-hearted people of the New England and Middle States to see to it that those venerable commonwealths do not silently fall into the control of this power, made up by the godless rich and graceless poor, to repeat the drama of old world corruption and tyranny.—*Rev. A. D. Mayo.*

☞ The true theory of woman's rights is to educate the girls thoroughly, and then let the women do as they have a mind to.

☞ Religion is the light of Youth.

For the Independent Republican.

TOBACCO USING.

It is usually a thankless and almost fruitless task to undertake the reformation of persons from any habit, however unnatural or injurious, especially when the habit has thrown around it the sanction of custom and respectability, and its injurious effects are so gradual as not always to be observed. I have not the vanity to hope that by one short newspaper article I shall have the pleasure of turning many from the habit of tobacco using, but I wish to present a few facts and reflections for the consideration of the candid, hoping thereby to aid in some degree in checking the spread of a habit, at once unnatural, injurious, and disgusting. The use of tobacco as a luxury among civilized people is of rather modern date. The savages of this continent had indulged to some extent in smoking and chewing long before the advent of the white man on these shores. On his arrival at Cuba, in 1492, Columbus beheld for the first time the ludicrous sight of a man drawing tobacco smoke into his mouth through a burning cigar. The plant was soon after introduced into Spain and Portugal. In 1586 Sir Francis Drake introduced the use of the article into England; and about the year 1589 it was introduced into Italy by the Cardinal Santa Croce. From these points it spread rapidly over nearly the whole habitable globe, and is cultivated and used very extensively in nearly every country on the face of the earth. Says a distinguished medical author in regard to it:

"But a habit so intrinsically disgusting, and so self evidently inimical to individual health and social decency, did not overrun the land and sensualize the people without a struggle. As with its twin friend of evil, alcohol, its use was at first opposed, then tolerated; next embraced, and finally eulogized."

King James the first, and Charles his successor, prohibited its use under severe penalties. James wrote a book, the "Counterblast to Tobacco," in which he declared that smoking is a custom "loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Whatever theologians may think of the latter clause of this quotation, the most eminent physicians and physiologists confirm the views of the King in regard to its "harmful" effects on the vital organs.

Observing and intelligent men in all countries have been fearfully apprehensive of the evil results to society and individuals, which must follow the prevalence of a habit so utterly unclean and besotting as the use of tobacco in any form, and have used all their influence against it. "In 1624 Pope Urban VIII excommunicated all snuff-takers who defiled St. Peter's church by taking a pinch within its walls." A few years later, in Russia, the offence of tobacco chewing was punished with death, while those who smoked were condemned to have their noses cut off. In 1690 Pope Innocent XII renewed the edict of Urbane; but Benedict XIV having, himself, become a snuff-taker, in 1724 repealed it. More than a hundred volumes have been written to put down the detestable habit of using tobacco as a luxury, and yet, notwithstanding all the statutes and edicts of Popes and Kings, and the testimony of eminent physicians, scientific men, and philanthropists against it, it has been for centuries constantly extending the area of its abominable and most relentless slavery, and is at the present time making more rapid progress, especially among the rising generation of this country, than at any former period.

By transforming the natural loathing and disgust for a poisonous weed into a love and passion for its use, it has triumphed over reason, argument, ridicule, denunciation, statutes, and punishments, and is next to the use of alcoholic beverages, the besetting and besotting vice of Christendom. As to the nature of "the weed" all are agreed that it is a poison; and as such, an enemy to the vital organism; and not until all the laws of nature are reversed can one expect to indulge in the use of a poison without suffering injurious consequences, of which I wish to say more hereafter, in connection with such facts and reflections as the importance of the subject demands. F.

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, July 11th.

HOW GRANT GOT INTO THE WAR.

The well-known correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, who writes under the signature of "Burleigh," thus relates the story of Grant's re-entrance into the United States army at the outbreak of the rebellion:

Four years ago this very month, Mrs. Grant lived in her quiet home in Galena. Her husband was Mr. Grant, the leather dealer, a plain, modest, reliable man, without much apparent force, who attracted very little attention anyway. The war had commenced. The flag had been shot away from Sumter, and shot out of a rebel cannon at Memphis. One morning Mr. Grant called on Congressman Washburne, who resides in Galena. He told Mr. W. that he did not feel right—that he could not sleep nights, that he felt that he was not doing his duty. Washburne asked him what was the matter. Mr Grant replied, "I am doing nothing for my country. I have been educated at the nation's expense; but here I am at home doing nothing. I don't know what to do. I am no politician. I don't seem to be wanted anywhere, yet I feel as if I was fit for something if I could only find my place." Mr. Washburne invited his neighbor to accompany him to Springfield, where an important consultation was to be held at the request of Governor Yates. On the morning of the fourth day Mr. Grant called at Mr. Washburne's rooms, and said to him, "Nobody knows me here—there is nothing for me to do—I am going home." "Hold on a day longer," said Washburne. The next day an important discussion was held in the council chamber. At Mr. Washburne's request Mr. Grant was called in. He held an interview with the State authorities for thirty minutes, and then went out. As the door closed, Governor Yates cried out, "Good God, Washburne, who is this man? I have learned more about troops in these thirty minutes than I ever knew in all my life All I can do for him now is to put him on my staff. You go home and raise a regiment and I will commission him as Colonel." The thing was done. The rest of the story the world knows by heart.

THE INFLUENCE OF FIRE ON FELONY.

Dr. Sprague relates the following, in his work upon the American pulpit:

Dr. Gay had some time missed the hay from his barn, and was satisfied that it was stolen. With a view to detect the thief, he took a dark lantern and stationed himself near the place where he supposed he must pass. In due time, a person whom he knew passed along into his barn, and quickly came out with as large a load of hay as he could carry upon his back. The doctor, without saying a word, followed the thief, and took the candle out of his lantern, and stuck it into the hay upon his back, and then retreated. In a moment the hay was in a light blaze, and the fellow, throwing it from him in utter consternation, ran away from his perishing booty. The doctor kept the affair a secret, even from his own family; and, within a day or two, the thief came to him in great agitation, and told him that he wished to confess to him a grievous sin; that he had been tempted to steal some of his hay, and, as he was carrying it away, the Almighty was so angry with him that He had sent fire from heaven and set it to blazing upon his back. The doctor agreed to forgive him on condition of his never repeating the offense.

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES.—The richest three of the New York millionaires are thus described:

William B. Astor, worth about fifty millions, owns about one thousand stores and dwellings, and has the reputation of being a good and lenient landlord. He is a well preserved old gentleman, on the cloudy side of sixty, industrious, reticent, and punctual.—He seldom shows his face at a public gathering, rarely makes himself conspicuous in the newspapers, and seems to be devoted almost entirely to the task of taking care of his immense fortune. He is tall, straight, spare, gray, and grave.

A. T. Stewart is reported to be worth millions.—Though an active business man, he finds time to look after the interests of the city, and he has made himself prominent to his patriotic endeavors to put down the rebellion. He is a tall, thin man, of nervous sanguine temperament. He is about sixty years of age, quiet and dignified in his deportment, and charitably disposed when appeals reach him. In this city and elsewhere many of the currents of charity are dammed at the desks of private secretaries.

Commodore Vanderbilt is a tall, white-haired, red-cheeked, handsome old man of seventy, and past. He drives a fast horse, sails a fast boat, and sometimes associates with fast men. He is worth at least twenty (some say forty) millions. He is generous to the poor.

DEMORALIZED, BUT NOT SCATTERED.—The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel has the following good story of a rebel soldier: A soldier of Bates' division, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves, and looking at his legs, and general physique, he thus gave vent to his "pheelinks":—"I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized; but no man can say I am scattered."

☞ Poor Brigham Young, is a widower. One of his wives died on the 22nd of last month. She was the handsomest of all Brigham's wives, except six.