MADGE.

just remember the whistling balls, a crash and a

bey'd read my name on the lists, at home-"mis-

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

The duties of a spy, though both disagreeable

and dangerous, did not deter Colonel Hastings rom offering his services towards ascertaining the sosition and condution of the king's troops, then

partered in tanada. He was a brave and

andsome young officer, warmly attached to the

American cause, and willing to sacrifice his life, f need be, for the good of his countrymen who were fighting for liberty and the right.

He was fully aware of the risk he incurred— or was he ignorant of the fate awaiting him

should he be suspected and taken. By means of various discuises he had reconnoitered pretty heroughly, and had acquired much information of an important nature. He had about resolved

of an important matter. He had about resolved to return to the American camp and report him-self to the commander-in chief, when the fol-lowing incident strengthened his determination. While walking along one day, mosing upon the exciting events which were then transpiring

e was met by one of the common soldiery wh

topped to speak; The man looked animated, and scemed pleased with his thoughts...
"Halloo, comrade!" he cried. You're going

"Hatton, comrade." he cried. You're going the wrong way."

"I guiss not," replied Hastings, carelessly.

"Well, I s'pose you know best; but you'd better go back to camp with me. I'm going to get a description of the chap that's been playing the spy," added the man, familiarly.

"What about him? it's all news to me," re-

plied the Colonel, anconcernedly, though his pulse beat a little quicker at the man's language; out the had long exercised a severe government over the play of his features, and not a muscle

xpressed surprise.

You must be deal, then for everybody is liking about him to-day," continued the other. His name is Tom Jones, and he's been skulk-

ing round here, listening to what the officers say, pumping the men, and trying to find out

at the next move is to be. But they've smelt

a rat. There's a bounty offered for his head, and he's as good as a dead man."

"Good enough for him!" exclaimed the Col-

onel, who still maintained the same indifferent

STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

VOLUME 11.

Business Directory.

DR. C. J. DRINKER,

physician and surgeon, the located at Brooklyn, Sur-quibana Courty, in. Will strend primptly to all cell-twich he may be avored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's. Socklyn, July 10, 1865.—yl.

DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. World's Store. Board- at Scarle's Hotel. Wontrose, June 3, 1865, 45 GROVES & REYNOLDS

e, Public Avenue. se. June 12, 1865. DR. CHARLES DECKER,

JOHN BEAUMONT,

PHYSICIAN and SUBGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office of the construction of oje's Hotel. Journee, February 5th, 1865,-17p C. M. CRANDALL,

MANUFACTURER of Linen-whoels, Wool whoels, Wheel-trads, Ulock-recip, 4c., 4c., Wood-turning done to order, and order, Building, up and Rhop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Hontrose, January 80th, 1865.-U

MONTROSE, PA., knowledgment of Deeda Mortgages, &c., the United States. Pennion Vouchers and the deed before him do not require the certific

DR. E. L. HANDRICK, CIAN and SUEGEON, respectfully tenders his pressures to the clinens of Friendsville and Vicinity. office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's, villa, July 37, 1864...

E. W. SMITH, TIORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Literard Cir.
Agent Office over Lea's Drug store.
Sequebanna Depot January 25, 1864. H. BURRITT

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS, ANT FAUTURERS of MiliCastings, Castings of all kin.
Stove, The and Sheet from Ware, Agricultural Implement
of Dealers Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Manuor, Pa., February 23, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

A. O. WARREN,

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY. EICIAN AND SUEGEON, AND EXAMINING SUE EON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyce Public Avenue Boards at Mr. Etheridge's, 1992. October, 1873. D. A. BALDWIN

RNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Front, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Bend, August 10, 1963.—17 BOYD & WEBSTER,

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

DR. WILLIAM W. Survey the Bankin SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Bankin Office of Gooper & Co. All Dental Operation will be performed in his usual good civil an armana. Restreet, January 1, 1864.—W

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAG-NS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c. in the cutty of Windmannin and of the ber materials, which were the west of E. H. RUGERS, a few rode early 'Searier House in Monurose, where he will be happy to re were the calls of all who want anything in his line. DR. JOHN W. COBB

DATAICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his start in the citates of Sungueshanna County. He will receive the enging oil and medical treatment of Cleanes of Sungueshanna County. He will receive the enging oil and medical treatment of Cleanes of Stread Sar, and say be comed to definite to sunguest operations of the county of the Health of Street Sar of the County, Pag. June 22, 1862. 47 BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DR. G. W. BEACH.

F. B. WEEKS.

DRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER: also Dealer Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing do lith reanness and lispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Kontrose, January 1, 1884—4 WM. & WM. H. JESSUP.

TORNETS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susque nana, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. atrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861. ALBERT CHAMBERLIN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Mace over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brother

Hantrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON. DEALERS IN DEY GOODS, Gracefes, Crockery, Hardward Thware, Books, Geodoons, Placos, and all kinds of Mad Coloures, Sheet, March, Sc., Also carry on the Book Bird From the Bird Fro

ABEL TURRELL,

RE IN DRUGS, NEDICINES, CHEMIOALS,

and, Olla, Dysauthe, Variables, Window Glaze,

Grocories, Grockers, Glassware, Wail-Paper, Jew
cy Goode, Prefumery, Burghall anstruments, Trus
as, Brushes, &c.,—and Agent for all of the most

twellchas, Montrose, January 1, 1

Mottose, January 1, 1

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHORE, Montrose, Pa.
Shop over DeWitte Store. All this of work made
or it, and tepairing done neatly. Work done when proteged.

CHARLES N. STODDARD.

L H. BURNS. A TROKNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Torrell, Feq. opposite Searle's Hotel. Persion and Bounty Chines car-full-protect. Collections promptly made. Resurges, Nov. 21, 1864. 41.

B. R. LYONS & CO., DEALERS INDRY GOODS, GROCKHIES, BOOTS, SHOE:
Lastier Gallers, Carpete, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Port.
Painte, Oils, &c., Stope on the cast side of Public Avenue.

A. LEGER. Aoutrope. January 1, 1864,-15 READ, WATROUS & FOSTER, DEALERS IN DEY 'PODE, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Olis Groceries, Hardware, Jrockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jew-irs, diver spoops, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.

F READ. ... A. WATROUS MODIFICE JANUARY 1, 1864. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

WILLIAM W. SMITH, CABINET AND CHAIR MAND. Sefectiver, Keepe constantly on hand call limits of Caniner Functiver, or for the case of the ca

PHILANDER LINES. MASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Waltons & Forter's Blorg, Montrose, Pe. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1865.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with I br. Com. over W. J. & S. H. Mulford'a Store, Public Avanue, Resigners with Joseph D. Dranker, Waltone, Sept. Pub. 1868.

DR E L BLAKESLEE, DR E L GARDNER,

Dr. G. Z. DIMOCK.

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,

in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardway wes, Druga, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Ha n, Buffalo Robes, Grocertes, Provisions, &c. d, Pa., April II, 1864-14

PUBE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lay! Troph building, ear and of Brick Block. In his absence, buses at the office will be transacted by U. L. Brown. Kostose, February I. 184 -tf

OMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located busicified Montrone, Pa., where he will promptly attended to the located busicing and the second of the court House, gear Beatley & Fitch's Nontrone, February 1, 1264.—Cott. 21, 1561.

TIDERRY ATLAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PEN INC. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, is W. F. Wilson, Chair Scarley, Botel Wilson, Feb. 1, 1884. [60179] 1888.

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON, TEP constantly on made and supply of every variety of CHONERIES, and CONFRUCTIONERIES. By strict a termination of the confruence of the co

PALEES in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sher Iroz Ware: also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Iroz, Isth, Pine Lumber, and all kuds of Building Material in these south of searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near th

E. J. ROGERS,

EALERS 'n FLOU'R, Sait, Port, Fish, Lard, Orain, Feed Cancles, Clover and Timothy Seed, Also GROCERIES & Augan, Moinsex, Syrup, Tea and Codec. West aids o & Avene, one door below J. Etheridge. mirror, January 1, 1864. II

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having perman himself at Brooking Genter, Pa., kinders his pro-tor to the citizen of buspelsama County, on terms its with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr 6a, and bents at Mrs. Richardson's. Brooking Center, Pa., June 6, 1864. 1y

the indicate the same influence of the indicate the same influence of this life in it worth much, that's a fact. But I say, comrade," he added, slapping the soldier familiarly on the shoulder, "isn't manging a little too good for the rascal?"

The man replied with a coarse laugh and an oath, and then passed on his way, leaving Has-ings in no caviable state of mind. Had the fellow been acquainted with him detection would have been in vitable. He—Hastings—had left the

been invitable. He—Hastings—had left the barracks early that morning, noticing nothing lunnual; but probably his absence, added to abher circumstances, had awakened suspicion. Not a moment was to be lost; his life depended upon instant conceadment, as flight at that hour (it being about four in the afternoon) would be attended with extreme danger. The solder would hear a description of his person, tell his story, the slarm would be given, and a score of enemies he immediately on his track.

The young officer hastily entered a thick growth of trees near by and looked about for some place of refuge. He could discover nothing which offered the slightest protection but a large brush-heap, but as no better refuge could

arge brush-heap, but as no better refuge could e found, he concealed himself as well as possi-He heard the tramp of horses' feet and the

voices of mee, in a very short time, which was a very good reason for concluding that he had not secreted himself a minute too soon. They parsed the spot where he lay without halting, and Hastings breathed more freely when the echo of their shouts was lost in the distance. Time dragged on slowly. The ground was attemely cold and damp from the effects of a extremely coin and damp. Irom the elects of a recent min, and added to the unpleasantness of bis situation. He dared not stir for fear of attracting the attention of some person who might be lurking in the vicinity, and his stiffened limbs began to pain him considerably.

For several days he had not been well, and he felt that he was rapidly becoming worse. Cold

felt that he was rapidly becoming worse. Cold chills ran over him, his head was hot and ached chilis ran over him, his head was hot and ached his whole system. What should he do? It was now quite dark, but unfortucately for him the moon shoure brightly and he feared being seen if he attempted leaving his present position. So for two more long hours lie lay there, benumbed with cold, and growing so much worse that he feared, without assistance, he wighld die. But if it was head wrough. Hettle caught without assistance, he will discovered by the young girl.

While the nier were satisfying the demands of appetite she re-entered, but started, back in alternative that he feared, without assistance, he will be feared and wrough. Hettle caught without assistance, he will be and wrough and wrough. Hettle caught will be a some content reasons to band's return; and this will account for her absence when his will account dangerous to go, it was equally dangerous to clamation that was on her lips, and recalled remain. To be hanged for a sure result prayence of mind:

very pleasant idea to contemplate, and he ground at the thought of dying there alone.

At this moment he remembered having seen amall cabin at a short distance. He would seek Our army was on the move again, baggage was sen to the rear.

And by many a sign to a soldier known we judged that a battle was near;

And after a march of less than a week, a battle came it, throw himself upon the mercy of the inmates, and beg assistance and protection. He pushed aside the brush cautionsly, and af-ter gluncing from side to side hurrically, ercot a

little way upon his feet, and then gradually raised himself to an upright position This was not accomplished without severe effort; his limbs this note in my oreast.

At early dawn our brigadier—next day he was shot through the head—
flung out a de of skirmishers, like a bilind man's fingers outspread
Feeling their way. I rode on the left. My heart was as light as air,
So blithe was the morn, and beneath me so gay sprang my beautiful thoroughbred mare. and accomplished without severe enort; his minos were weak and cramped; and he tottered as he walked. His head felt so light and dizzy that it was some minutes before he could recollect in what direction the cabin was situated; but his mind became somewhat clearer at length, and

mind became somewhat clearer at length, and he moved slowly forward.

Suffering much bodily pain, and wearily dragging one foot after the other, he saw a light twinkling in the distance, which indicated the proximity of the lowly dwelling. He did not know whether the occupants were whige or tories, but he trusted in Providence, and went forward more hopefully.

He approached the cabin, but paused at hearing the sound of voices. Taking a few more Madge, a pure Morgan, a capture of mine, redeemed from a service of shame—
Madge, trained to the bugle, at sound of the charge inraing to fary and h-me!
(By a coward bestrid to the front of the fight her mettle had hurled him the same.) Yet easy to rule by a word or carees as the baby that gave her a name. Madge, little tonrycawold sister at home, I galloped, thinking of you!

Baby, that amised when I kiesed her good-by, pleased with my buttons and blue.

Mother and sisters and home in my heart, I gelloped, fearliess and free. ing the sound of voices. Taking a few more noisless steps he was enabled to glance through a rude window, and perceived two men and two momen sitting within. The young officer was about to knock at the door, when the

fearless and free,

Vith a wary eye for a stir in the brush or a gunbarrel round a tree. word "spy" reached his cars, causing him to forego his intention, and listen to hear more. We rode apart, as I said before, and the bridle-path "I am quite confident we shall succeed," said Plunged into a wooded hollow, and led by the grassy ne.
"The reward is worth trying for, at any rate, edge of a brook;
The water on this side, the trees on that, I was ridreturned the other.
"What will be done with him if he should be captured?" asked the youngest of the two fe-When something, bright as my sabre, flashed out of the heart of the wood.

"No matter!" said the elder of the two men, "They won't be likely to let him go again," added his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"He'll be treated as spies usually are, probably," remarked the middle-aged woman who

When I came to myself, it was twilight or more, and E lay with Madge on the ground:
She with an ngly hole in her flank, and her costly blood, like wine,
Bathing the snd, and meeting a stream from these shattered ribe of mine. had not yet spoken.
The younger shuddered and looked thought "I wish this unnatural war was ended, it so brutalizes the human character," she said,

Her hoofs at my breast and my arm on her neck, I lay, but for her, alone,
And the moon rode up to the midnight sky, and down through the hollow shorne;
Then, once in a while, she lifted her hend, breathed short, as if she sighed,
And turned a pitful, questioning look at the ranged would in her side. Then, outcome a while, she lifted her head, breathed short, as if she sighed.

And turned a pitiful, questioning look at the ragged would in her side.

Over the violet rim of the dawn the moon dropped round and large.

Over the wild dark eastern hills came the sound of the hulle—a charge!

Once more she lifted her fiery head, neighed soft and clear in reply.

And lay still again with her nostril stiff and a film.

And lay still again with her nostril stiff and a film.

Once more she lifted her flery head, nelghed soft and clear in reply.

And lay still again with her nostril stiff and a film on her crescented eye.

And all that day the battle raged, I heard the batters thunder.

The musk-try's rattle, the rifle's crack, and hoofs that the earth shook under—

Flying here, and charging there—was there never a Waiting until he could not longer hear the Waiting until he could not longer hear the Teries thunder,
The musketry's rattle, the rifle's crack, and hoofs
that the coath shook under—
Flying here, and charging there—was there never a whiting until he could no longer hear the footsteps nor voices of the retreating figures, he stepped softly to the door and tapped.

The latch was raised, and a voice demanded, "Who's there?" foot to stray
Where Madge and I together were couched on all

They'd read my name on the lists, at bome—"mising"—nothing to tell

If I joined away in a Southern den, or, happier,
cled as I fell;
I tried to meet death as a soldier should, jeatient and
calm to be,
But I thought, "lift come out of this, it shall make calm to be, But I thought, "If I come out of this, it shall make a different man of me."

man, who scruttized him steadily and closely.

"Came in," she said, briefly.

"I am in distress," said Hastings. "I apply to you because you are a woman and I cannot forget that a woman was first at the sepulcher of Jesus. I am sick, weary, hungry and sorely pressed by my enemies. I am the American spy for whom a reward is off-red. You can save me or deliver me lato the hands of your hapshoul or those who have gone in pursuit of My thinking was done when they found me there, half dead with pain and thirst;
They were merdful hands that bore me thence, they were tender hands that mired.
I shall ride into Richmond, sure, with Grant! Fil be fit for duty again!
But, oh, my beautiful Madge that lies in the wild Virguia gien! husband, or those who have gone in pursuit o

The mother and daughter exchanged glances but neither spoke, and Hastings anxiously awaited the decision of his fate. The woman who had opened the door now notion of the hand that he shoul

saggined by a motion of the main that he should enter. He did so, and a seat was placed for him beside the daughter, whose sympathies were obviously enlisted. She glamed sympathizingly at his dejected countenance, and noted his fu-tering steps and limbs trembling with weakness.
"We can give you food, but our protection will avail but little after my husband's return,"

said the woman. aid the woman.
"Can you not conceal me?" asked Hastinga,
arnestly. "Heaven will reward you for the ru: The mother looked at her daughter, and the

I ne mother looked at her daughter, and the two conversed together in a low voice. We will do what we can," said the former, briefly, as she placed refreshments before him and signified to him to eat. and signified or failt of each of the country of the poung officer endeavored to express his gratitude. "There is no time to lose, and food will do you more good than anything else." will do you more good than anything else."

Hastings did not wait for a second bidding, and the nutritions beverage soon had the effect to renew his strength and inspire fresh courage. His head felt less giddy, the cheefful fire warmed his stiffened limbs, and he would certainly have fallen asleep in his chair had not a feeling of dread lest the men should suddenly return, caused him to hook often anxiously toward the window.

window.
"They will be gone two hours," said the youngest female, as if to re assure him on that Hastings signified his thanks, and looked at hastings signified his thanks, and looked at the fair speaker so attentively that a crimson glow stole over her expressive countenance, making her look more interesting than before. He torgot, for the moment, himself, his illness, the danger he had incurred, the risk he now

rical figure, regularity of features, and the be-nevolent kindness that beamed from her eyes. He was startled from his revery by the barking of a dog.
"You are lost!" she exclaimed. "Father is near by!"
Hastings started to his feet and looked hurriedly about for some mode of egress besides the door by which he had entered. The young girl shook her head, and her cheek paled with terror. Hastings knew that discovery was inevitable if he remained where

he was and that the result would be equally fa tal if he ventured to leave the cabin The young girl stood an instant as if spell-bound, when the voices came nearer and nearer. Suddenly she sprang towards a door which opened into a dark closet.

"Go in!" she whispered, "and secrete yourself behind those clothes." The officer mechanically obeyed, and the door was quickly closed, and fastened upon him, while his deliverer, with uncommon self-posses-sion, placed herself in the chair he had just vacated, and drew up to the small table on which food had been placed, and very deliberately commenced enting. She had hardly done so when her father and

his companion entered the cabin, toth looking somewhat ill-humored and disappointed.
"What are you up and eating for, at this hour, Hettie?" asked the former, abruptly, regarding the young girl with a look of astonishment and displacative. nent and displeasure.
"Because I am hungry," was the unhesitating

Because I am hungry," was the unhesitating reply.

"Well, and so are we hungry, girl; so get something quick, for we've got to ride a dozen miles yet; that is if the fellow don't disappoint us again. Confound him! we might have been on the right track by this time if the horses had been forthcoming," he muttered, as Hettie (as he called her) busied herself in placing estables before them, as she had been bidden.

While this had been transpiring the mother had silently left the cabin, entered an outbuilding, and was preparing a comfortable place in which to conceal Hastings before her husband's return; and this will account for her absence when his proximity had been so oppor-

"Well?" she said, interrogatively, approach- Mr. Nasby Searches the Scripures and gets Com-

"Well?" she said, interrogatively, approaching the table.

"We've had to wait for horses, and the rascal will give us the slip if we don't ride for dear life," returned her husband moodliy. "I say, Ben," he added, with an impatient gesture, "haven't you almost done eating?"

"Just finished," replied Ben, pushing back his chair and buttoning his coat. "I'm all ready," "We'll go then, as soon as I get another hat," and he approached the closet which contained the object of their solicitude and pursuit. The speaker stepped in and commenced searching for the article he had named.

The reader can imagine the sensations of our hero, as he crouched behind a pile of bedding, trembling lest a sudden movement of the man should expose his person. He was certain that his heart beat loud enough to be heard—and when he felt the clothes move before him he gave all up for lost.

when he felt the clothes move before him he gave all up for loat.

The emotions of the young girl were mone the less intense. Her face assumed an ushy hue, her fect seemed glued to the floor, and her breath almost stopped as her eye marked each motion of her father. As he advanced near the corner where she know Hastings stood she placed her hands before her eyes and sank into a chair.

But discovery did not ensue. The hat was found at length, and when Hettie raised her eyes she breathed more freely. Her father stood without the closet, while his companion was assuring him that if much more time was wasted theymight as well giveup the undertaking.

"Where is he?" inquired the women, when the men had gone.

the men had gone.
"In there," replied the daughter pointing to he closet.
It is a providence indeed!" was the fervent

ejaculation of the mother, as she comprehended his narrow escape.

No time was lost in conducting Hastings to the out-building we have named. It was entered but seldom, little used, and being so near the rendezvous of the king's troops would not be likely to be subjected to a very thorough search by his enemies, who probably believed him much farther off.

In this place he remained several days, re-ceiving the best of care from both mother and daughter, who visited him as often as they could daughter, who visited him as often as they could without attracting observation. When his strength had partly returned, and he was able to travel, his generous protectors furnished him with a suitable disguise, and by means of the husband's absence were enabled to assist him a considerable distance up a his journey. He encountered many difficulties and dangers, and felt himself far from secure until he had passed the British lines, and knew he had nothing more to fear more to fear

But he did not forget the maiden whose prompt action saved his life. After the close of

the war he met her again under more auspiciou circumstances, and pleasant acquaintance ter ircumstances, and pleasan ninated in happy marriage.

LETTER FROM A. WARD. JR. WASHINGTON, Orgust 7nth.

On me return from Canady to these sity I found the Place in a perfect Fewroar of egstement. Thar waz weepin an whalin an smashin of Teeth, so to speak, among the Copperheds. An the weepin' & whalin' continous. It alread to behole. Boonly I waz interdoosed to When a man losses a dear friend don't he morn? Et he's not altogether a stony-harted uss he duz

cuss he duz.

A few.

Wal, the Demyocrats hev lorst sum dear freez lately. They died suddinkly, 2

Sumbody axidostly acoly the Props from nuder a platform onto which they was standin with a rope round thare necks. Its not considered holesum to heve the props nock from under a platform onto which a feller ar standin with a rope a round a feller's neck. Not much. Altho I've ben tolled sum ov'em didn't suffer a Altho I've ben tolled sum ov 'em didn't suffer joter, yet it must be confest that 3 ov 'em di

ith *Payne.* (Those is a Pun —No extry charge.) Buy the buy, noomeris demycrats her dide with ropes aroun there necks the present season.

An that acknowledge for the heliabeliew the norera Secesh papers is makin. They is mour fer that frens. Which reminds me ov a little insident.

which reminds me over a little institution.

The other day I obsaved 4 gray-heded chaps settin onto the steps ov the White house, weepin as the thare harts wood busteth. I must confess that it air a touchin specktikil to witness 4 gray-fieded chaps settin onto the steps ov the white house weepin as the tharts wood busteth. Rather.

I draw peer unto them on thus I did say. I drew near unto them, an thus I did say

"Why weepest thou so copiously, my gray & estiv' youths or the Silver lox? Why air those eare spile to"
"Our grandson air sentenzed tu be hung," an scred one, keerlessly droppin' a pair ov No. 1 tears at me feet. "He's sentenzed to be hung, an we air endevrin' to procoor his pardin; but the President refoses to grant us a jateryco or listen

to our tears."
"What hast thy grandson binst doineth?" I respectfully queried, considerably meltid by the paternil devosbun egshibid by the quartet uv Granfathers, an wishin at the same time that I ownd 4 sich kind-barted grandfathers. The I aust say I wood muchly prefer tolown a 2 forty "What hast thy grandson binst coineth?" I

"O nuthin a tall," replide No. 2. "It was a nere triful—hartly with noticin. One day the innersent boy (he's only 23) got short ov green-bax, an wish to replenish his purs. In one ov his childish pranks he caved in the hed ov a oie chap with a brick, an nockt his branes out with a club. Then he kilt him with a pitch fork, an porrowd the contents ov his pocket book. This all he dun, an now they is goin' tu hang him "An," chimed in grandad No. 3-"and yet he

never was gilty ov killin' the same ole felier b4?

An he allus votid the demoaratic ticket 2, an saw that his naybor voted crly and orften; and he voted agin the solgers, 2. An now they air gone fer tu hang him just fur slitely killiu a Rical Parabhitan. And there tears fell thick and fastly—so fastly that they wash the steps away in front ov the President's house! A candid Trooth.

I didn't interseed for the youth of 28

I thort the sooner he waz hung up the safer is good be fer the undersind. I air free to admit me I think the black solgers wot fit fer the Gov'ment air better niggers than the white tra-Goy'ment air better niggers than the white tra-ters that fit & talkt against it. P'raps sum Cop-perhed may hear say, az I hev oriten herd 'em say—"If you had your choice, wood u sooner sleep with a Buck nigger or a copperhed?" To those we woodn't sooner sleep with netther." Tho a union Buck nigger air as good as a dis-union Buchanan. Ef the Cop desires to alumber with the niggerow, let him slumberest, the Cuf-ty wood hav the wust ov the Barzain. But we with the niggerow, let und squadering. But we wood hav the wust ov the Bargain. But we would be a feeling to make a feeling to be a feeling to dowt ef Cuffy's moril intelleck is accept sich a bed feller.

But we air digressin.

To return to thee Youth with 4 granfathers.— Sturn ole Andy didn't listen to thare tears. But, in the langwidge ov Shakspeare, he cride "Orf with his neck!—so much fer Buchananham!" or words to these effeck. An his neck waz Orffd An now the coppered pres Iz comin down on Andy "like a fold on the wolf"—as the poit has it—just becaws he woodn't listen tu the granparents' tears, an pardin the murderer. But

"'Twas ever thus since boylood's hour
That cops git muchly down in the mouth.
Of tears they allus shed a shower
"When there from air hung fer steelin, & murderly, an committin other crimes to help the sunny South."

—Bard of Twar Hall. -Bard of Tower Hall. Praps I should say a word about Pencilvany Pollyticks, which is rather mixt and tangled.— They is so much confoosed its difficult tu tell who wants which, or which who wants, which wot, or who is which who will git which who wants which to get which the other which wants which to get which the other which wants his which to get which the ther which wont get which who—which wot—which did I say? You see I get a little mixt meself.

I don't think I know much about Pennsylvania Polerticks.

Warn, Ja.

Warn, Ja.

SAINT'S REST, (wich is in the Stait uv) Noo Gersey,) Aug. 11th, 1865.

I was low spirited and deprest. Jeff. Davis a pluin in a loathaum dungun—the English cap-pitalists a mournin for their cotton bonds and re-fusin to be comforted because the Confederacy fusin to be comforted because the Confederacy is not—Mrs. Surat a dauglin in the air, Military Courts plenty and habis corpusis skarce—the loosenis with which people put ther munny into 7-20's—the soljers returnin and goin for constoushinel dimekrats, and the ginral demoralization uv Dimocrisy, all conspired to give me the horrors, and to add to my distress, the jug wuz out!! To avoid madnis, I took up the Bible (I board with a Justis uy the Peace who hez to keep one to sware witnesses on.) and happened to open at the 9th chapter uv Jennysis. Yoo know all about that blessid chapter.

Noer, after thet the water went down, cum down from Aryrat, went into farmin and plant-

down from Aryrat, went into farmin and plant-ed grapes extensive. I dey he took a nip too much, and laid down with insuffishent clothin onto him. His 2nd son Ham seed him inn that onto him. He zon son ham seed him inn that phyx, and when Noer awoke, while biz hair wuz still pullin, he cust him & hiz posturity, & sed they shud b servunts ferever.

Ham, (wich in the origenal Hebru significs a hind quartur ov a hogg,) wus thee father uv the Afrikins, and they hev big slaves every

I seed a lite 2 wunst—I realised thee import-ense uv the niggro. Hec is the connectin lynk inn the chane uv sircumstanses whic led too the

ormashen ov the Demekratick parte-Observ.

Whiske, or wine, wich is the sam thing. maid

Ham seed Noer inchurateed. Nour cust Ham, wich tirned him inter a nyg-ger and a survant.

That the skripters mite bee fuliniled, the chil-lren uv Ham wuz brot to Amerika, to be ser-

and fried to make men uv the niggers.

The Dimekratic party anz fer the purpus urkeepin the nigger down, and that delightful bizhis given them employment for morn 30 yeers. Ez i shet the book i cood not help remarkin, in the words uv the sammist,

"Good Lord upon was slendur threds Hang everlasting things."

turned black, there woodnt hav bin no nigger-no Ablishuists, and consequently, no Dime nts. Or, spoan all uv Hum's childern hed takn dip-eria, and died--the same result wood hev fol-

Whisky maid Nigger, Nigger made Dimocri-y. Tak away Whisky & Nigger, and Dimocri-y woodent be ov no more akkount than a 1-

trinity!

Wa don't none ny us read the skripters enuff.

PETROLRUM V. NABRY

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensa-

DON'T DRIVE THE BOYS FROM HOME. - Mothers who are disturbed by the noise and untidiness of boys at home, must be careful, lest by their reproaches they drive their children for n search of pleasure. The Transcript "There are those balusters all finger marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak

soft tinen cloth to polish down the shining oak aguin. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up these stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."
"I should like to know where I am, to go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitch en, I am so in the way; and I can't go in the parlor for fear I shall muss that up; and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go" he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. "Il go down to Niles's corner. I can smoke a cizar way there, and we can have tots of the. I'll go down to Nilcs's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any body, if it did make me away as well as any body, if it did make me away as well as any body, if it did make me at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps, and sit under the broad, inviting portice of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

A SECRET OF YOUTH .- There are some wo men who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in heauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in this respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ver young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will free people into old age and ugliness faster than

overwork.

The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper—neither more nor less, the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very providing that it is something which cannot be

GYMNASTICE.—Speaking of an exhibition in calisthenics at a young ladies' institute, the springfield Republican says:—"Imagine an immense area full of benutiful young ladies, all entusiastically engaged in gymnastics! It is true they don't put themselves in such curious positions, nor tie themselves up in such remarkable knots as we have seen the Ravela (though most of them would not object to being tied in the proper manner.) yet their deeds are sufficiently novel to be profoundly interesting to the unmarried man. And when this physical culture goes hand in hand, as it does here, with mental and moral development, we can say heartily, if goes nam in nand, as it does nere, with mental and moral development, we can say heartly, if not elegantly, 'Girls, go in on your muscle.'— Who knows but there would be fewer worthless scamps for husbands than there are now, if they all understood that their wives could 'polish' them when they didn't behave?"

tsh' them when they didn't behave?"

Talleyrand once took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris, where he chanced to be dining. "My mother," said the dandy, "was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I ever saw." "Ah!" taking his measure at once, "it was your father, then, who was not good-look-ing!"

ing!" A young man whilst standing up to be married takes the paim. Even a one-armed man,if loyal in a right-

ous war, is doubly armed, for he hath his rel just. A pitch battle—two darkies throwing ta

The contemplashun uv the nigger, hez. i time past, given me a grate deel ov trouble.— Nigger hez to me bin a inkubus, a nitemare.— I never cood see why the species wuz created never cood I understand why they wuz put on to the fee ov threath army was been a there cool i understand why they waz put on-to the face ov the earth, any more than toads or other disgustin objects. But last nite a lite bust onto me—I seed it all!

rance hear.
Wikkid men sit themselves agin the skripters

Sposin Noer, instid of plantin grapes, had gon to practisin law, or into the grocery biznis, or buyin prodoose on commishin, or putin up pat-ent medicine—he woodent have got inebrated, he woodent hev cust Ham. Ham woodent hev

rmed man at a raisin.
Whisky! Nigger! Dimocrisy! Oh savory

provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle; but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing as ugly and disagreeable as possible.

The hammer least likely to hit the nail

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The twilight is sad and cloudy, The wind blows wild and free, And like the wings of sea birds Flash the white caps of the sea. But in the fisherman's cottage There shines a ruddler light, And a little tace at the window Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window, As if those childish eyes As if those childish eyes Were looking into the darkness, To see some form arise. And a woman's waving shadow

In parsing to and fro, Now rising to the ceiling, Now bowing and bending low What tales do the roaring ocean, And the night wind, bleak and wild, As they beat at the crazy casement, Tell to that little child?

And why does the roating ocean, And the night-wind, wild and bleak, As they beat a the heart of the mother, Drive the color from her check?

Thou comest, Au'umn, heralded by the rain, With banners, by great gales incessant fanned, Brighter than brightest slike of Samarcand, And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain! Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne, Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land, Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain. Thy shield is the red harvest moon, snepended So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves, Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended; Like dames upon an fatr shine the sheaves, And, following thee, in thy ovarion splendid, Thine almoner, the wind, extiters the golden leaves.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

"Agate," of the Cincinnati Gazette, who was with Judge Chase in his recent tour through the South, describes as follows an old negro whom the party met at Key West, and concerning whom a brief paragraph has already been in print. The character thing graphically sketoned might be well worked up by a capable novelist "Presently there came hurrying up a stalware negro, with the physique of a prize fighter; body

negro, with the physique of a prize flighter; body round as a barrel, arms knotted with muscle-that might have belonged to a race-horse's leg, chest broad and deep, with room inside for the play of an ox's lung. So magnificent a physic at development I have never seen before or since. The head was large, but the broad fou-head was very low. Above it rose the crisp, grizzled wool, almost perpendicular for a height quite as great as that of the exposed part of the forehead; and the bumps above the ears and at the back of the bead were of a corresponding duile as great as that of the exposed part of the forehead; and the bumps above the ears and at the back of the bead were of a corresponding magnitude. The face was unmistakably African—glossy black, with widely distended nostrils, thick lips, and a liquid but gleaming ey. This was Laudie himself—an old man—how in my sebenty-tree yeah, sah, he said, himself—yet the strongast man on the island, the richest of the negroes, the best farmer here, and with a history as romantic as that of any Indian whom song and story have combined to make famous. He was a native of Maryland; had bought himself for three thousand two hundred dollars from his master, and had earned and paid over the money; had removed to Florida, and been engaged at work on a railroad, where he had already accumulated what for him was a handsome competence, when his little house hurned down, and his free papers were lost in the fire. A gang of unprincipled vagabonds at once determined, there being no accessible evidence of his freedom to be produced against them, to seize him, sell him in the New Orleans market and pocket the proceeds. He frustrated their attempt by whipping the whole party of six; then hearing, that they were to be re-enforced and were to try it again, he deliberately proceeded to the public square, accompanied by lith wife, cut the leaders of his ankledinit, nungeral were cannot refrain from reprinting them here:

"He showed us through what he proudly called his plantation. Ripe sapadillos hung from the trees; and a particularly large 'soursop' was pointed out as specially introded for our dinner. He had a little patch of tobacco; green cocoanuts rested at the top of the palm-like stems; and tamarinds were abundant; the frican cayenne pepper berry was hanging on ittle bushes, and one or two of the party had been promiscuously experimenting on Lan-die's fruit came to grief when they reached it, and were heard complaining that their mouths were after. Plucking two or three little berrie-of another kind, Landie handed them to the Chief Justice, Take dem home and plant 'em in your garden, and you'll hab you own coffe-aften while.' 'But coffee won't grow, Landie, where I live.' 'Don't kdow 'bout dut, sah. Dau's uss what dey told me beah; but you see it doe

juss what any told me seen; but you see it does I didn't know reason why it shouldn't, and so I try. Now you juss try too!"

"Finally be asked for a picture of his guest, and the Chief Justice handed him a one dollar greenback. The scene that followed was curious. Old Laudie, bareheaded and with his ous. Old Landie, bareheaded and with his shirt thrown loosely back from his brawny bosom, stooped down, spread the bill out on one knee, and gazed from it to Mr. Chase and back to the bill again for some moments in perfect silence. Now I knows you, ho broke out at last, you's Ole Greenback hisself. You mout come heah fifty yeah from now and I'd know you juss de same, and tell you all about sittin' in dis yeah piazzy heah.'"

WOMEN—AS SEEN IN THE WEST,—A West-ern paper thus affectionate-izes: "A pretty wo-man is one of the institutions of the country man is one of the institutions of the country—
an angel in dry-goods and glory. She makes
sunshine, blue sky, and happiness wherever she
goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, pertume and beanty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice calico, and good
principles. Men stand up before her as so many
admiration-points, to melt into cream and then
butter. Her words float around the car like
music, birds of Paradise, or the perfumes of the
Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose
its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliits truest attraction, the church its firmest reliits truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best comforters and company. Her influences and generosity restrain the victous, strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find firesido bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearta, music, light, and modern institutions generally. Ehe is the flower of humanity, and her aspiration is the breath of heaven."

A Capital Evasion.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial.

One of them hearing the usual question asked, one of them hearing the usual question asked, what is your name f and how old are you?" turned to her companion, and said:

"I do not like to tell my age, not that I have any objection to having it known; but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." I will tell you how to avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remamber when you was born, and all you know of it by hearsay."

"Woman—without her man, is a brute."

A WOMAN'S OPINION OF HANGING A WO-

NUMBER 42

1 7 20 10

MAN.

On the seventh of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, a woman was hung in Washington, of which proceeding not a few expressed an unwonted horror, on the sole basis that Mary E. Surratt was a woman.

We assume, at the outset, that Mrs. Surratt was guilty; that she was impartially tried and executed after the most approved method of hanging, which, at best, is horrible enough. In the hanging of Mrs Surratt, a precedent has been established in this country and age, which, in my opinion, has established far more for the individuality and character of woman than all the Woman's rights conventions that were conindividuality and character of woman than all the Woman's rights conventions that ever convended. President Johnson has placed his seal upon it that woman is an accountable being; an equal in crime as in virtue; responsible for her deeds, and not a poor, weak, frail, dependent, brainless, thoughtless, impulsive, sweet little creature, that can murder and then be pardoned (of course) because she is a woman!

creature, that can murder and then be pardoned (of course) because she is a woman!

It is somewhat unusual that, from such varied and extended observations as I have heard made thereon, in no case has there been disapprobation expressed. The universal verdict has been an unqualified approval of President Johnson's firmness in regard to the execution of Mrs. Surreit by women according to the wood of the most of the second of the seco Surratt, by women everywhere. A few men, who forever stand in the way of woman's weal, expressed a horror that a woman should be hanged, but who every day give their aid to her

It is to be regretted that any one should be bung. It is an awful thing to send a soul uncalled, into the presence of the Creator. But if capital punishment is a necessity, I thank President Johnson for that special hung. It has thrown a referuerd around woman that legislatures have miled to do. Hundreds of women are annually made the looks of willsing the contraction.

ures have tailed to do. Hundreds of women are annually made the tools of villains to commit crime, upon the supposition that, being women, no punishment, or at least slight justice, will be inflicted.

We hear daily fathers and mothers, whose sons have fallen victims at the mercliess hands of Southern traitors, expressing in the strongest terms a desire that the majesty of the law be most fully vindicated as regards them. But is them an punishment for the hosts of Southern women whose influence fanned into flames the matter lurking in Southern hearts? whose jewelled hands were waved in token of applications at the sight of our half-naked starving heroes marching through Southern streets, from one den of death to another?—women, at whose command those of their own sex; darker-hued, perhaps; have been torn with mercliess lashes, and abased to the most revolting depth of shuse, because of devotion to the Old Flag?

God in Heaven forbid that a woman's hand should cover from punishment the foulest wrongs were committed!

ver committed!
Some argue that if woman has no voice in

attempt by whipping the whole party of six; then hearing that they were to be re-enferced and were to try it again, he deliberately proceed: ed to the public square, accompanied by him wife, cut the leaders of his ankle-joint, plunged a knife into his hip-joint on the other side, and then sinking down on a wheelbarrow, finished the struck crowd of white men gathered round, but made no attempt at interference. Finally, brand ishing the bloody knife, Landie shouted to the crowd that if they persisted in their effort to sell a freeman into slavery after he had once, at an extortionate price, bought himself out of it, his right arm was yet strong, and he had one blow reserved, after which they were welcome to sell nim for whatever he would bring.

"That the essentials of this story are true, there is unquestionable evidence. The fingers on his left hand are mutilated, and the sears on this left hand are mutilated, and the sears on the bip and ankle are still fearfully distinct. while besides there are still white eye-wimeases to testify to the main facts.

"Landic's powerful constitution brought him through; he was confined to bed six months; then he began to hobble about a little, and ar the end of the year was again able to support himself.

"He showed us through what he proudly showed in the respective of the mothers of our land that we cannot refrain from reprinting them here: "What if the whole care of expensive table luxuries, like cake and preserves, be thrown out of a housekeepers' budget, in order that the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffing, embroriery, and the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffing, embroriery, and the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffing, embroriery, and the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffing, embroriery, and the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared? What if ruffing, embroriery, and the essential articles of cooking may be better prepared?

tracted women wander up and down, seeing no end anywhere. The sewing-machine was announced as a relief to these toils; but has it proved so? We trow not. It only amounts to this,—that now there can be seventy-two tucks on each little petticoat, instead of fitteen, as before, and that twice as many garments are made and held to be necessary as formerly. The women still sew to the limit of human endurance; and still the old myresth belief med the terms.

and still the old proverb holds good, that wo-man's work is never done.

"In the matter of dress, much wear and tear of spirit and nerves may be saved by not begin-ning to go in certain directions, well knowing that they will take us beyond our resource of in they will have us beyond our resource of time, strength, and money.

"There is one word of fear in the vocabulary of the women of our time which must be pondered advisedly—TRIMMING. In old times a dered advisedly—trimming. In oid times a good garment was enough; nowadays a garment is nothing without trimming. Everything, from the first article that the baby wears up to the elaborate dress of the bride, must be trimmed at a rate that makes the trimming more than the original article. A dress can be made in a day, but it cannot be trimmed under two or three days. Let a faithful, conscientious woman make up her mind how much of all this burden of life she will assume, remembering wisely that there is no cud to ideality in anything, and that the only way to deal with many perplexing parts of life is to leave them out altogether."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON "PROCLIVITIES."-Miss. Pautingron on "Procelivities."—
"Where is your little boy tending?" asked the
good man, as he was inquiring of Mrs. Partington into the proclivities of Ike, who had a bad
name in the neighborhood. He meant the direction for good or ill the boy was taking.

"Well," said the old lady, "be isn't tending
anywhere yet. I thought or putting him into a
wholesome shop, but some cays the ringiall is
the most beneficious, though he isn't old enough
to go into a shop." to go into a shop."
"I mean morally tending," said her visitor, solemnly, straightening himself up like an axe-

handle.

"Yes," said she, a little confusedly, as though she didn't fully understand him; "yes, I should hope he'd tend morally, though there's a great difference in shop-keepers, and the moral tenderness in some seems a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal more. A shop keeper is one that you should put confidence into, but I've always noticed sometimes that the smilingest of them is the deceivingest. One told me the other day that a dress would wash like a piece of white, and it did, just like it, for all the color washed out."

The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banque this toast was given:
"WOMAN"—without her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed:
"Woman—without her man, is a brute."