VOLUME 11.

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1865.

NUMBER 44

DR. C. J. DRINKER. DHYSICIAN 'NO SURGEON, Montone, Pa. Office with Dr. Come over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store, Public Avenue Sealterre with Joseph D. Frinker.
Montrone, Sep., 2-th., 1858.

DR E. L. BLAKESLEE, DHYSICIAN AND SURGE'N, 1-2 located at Brock'en, San-quba.na rurty, Pa Will attend promptly to all calls with which are may be arrored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's. Brocklyn, July 10, 1255.—y1.

Business Directory.

DR. E. L. GARDNER, DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Board: at Searle's Hotel. | Montrose, June 3, 1865.-11 GROVES & REYNOLDS,

DR. CHARLES DECKER TYPICIAN AND AURODIN, having located in the device, synchrona County, Pa., will alve this work to the may be 'ay sed with principles and only it is the control of the cont

JOHN BEAUMONT, WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dreser, and Manufacturer, at the old wand known as Smith's Carding Machins. Terms made known when the work is brought, Jeany, March 23, 7625.

Dr. G. Z. DIMOCK, SIGIAN and SURGEON, MONTRONE, Pa. Office on ego street, opposite the REFUELIGAN Office. Boards at

C. M. CRANDALL MANUFACTURES of Linen-wheels, Wood wheels, Wheel heads Clock-reels, we, &c. Wood-turning done to order, and n the seates manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres the seater manner. turning cand out dry Building, up stairs. Montrose, January 80th, 1865.-44

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC. B. S. BENTLEY, JR., MOATHOSE, PA.,
MONTHOSE, PA.,
THES Actrowledgment of Deeds Mortgaces, &c., for
State in the United States. Pension Vonchers and Pargines schowledged before him do not require the certificate
fines chowledged before him do not require the certificate
fines court.

Montrose, Jan. 2, 1855.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK. PPYSICIAN and SUBGEON, respectfully tenders his profest stonal services to the citizens of Friendeville and vicinity. Of on the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's, Friendeville, July 27, 1884.-tf

E. W. SMITH A TIORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Lie Agent Office over Lea's Drug store, Suspensons Depot January 23, 1654. H. BURRITT.

D KALER in Staple and Pancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, and Cape, Para, Stoves, Druga, Oila and Painta, Boots and Shoes, Hate and Cape, Para, Buffalo Robes, Grocerics, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864—1

8. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS. NUFACTURERS of Milicastings, Castings of all kind noves, Th and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements al-rain Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. 100e, Pa., February 23, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD. THE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Laid.
Trop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, bur'en at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February L. 1884—47 J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIO PHYSICIAR, has permanently located himself in Montroes, Pa., where he will promptly sitted to all all all and profession with which he may be favored. Office at the decidence went of the Goard House, near Bentley & Fisch's. Montroes, Pebmary 1, 1864—Oct. 22, 1861. A. O. WARREN.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PEA A SIUN CLAIM AGENT. All Pendon Claims carefully pro-pared Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, is W. E bord roulding, below Searle's Botel. Westroot, 7a, Peb. 1, 1884. LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

K 5EF containty on hind a full supply of every variety of SOUCENIES and OON FECTION ENTES. By strict attention to business and fairness, deal, they hope to merit the liberal state of the strict and the

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SUR I GRON for PENNIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyon Son. Public Avenue Boards at Mr. Etheridge's. Montrose, October, 1853.-4 D. A. BALDWIN,

A TORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay A Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa. Great Send, August 10, 1968.—1y BOYD & WEBSTER,

Inn Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Hoors, Wind inst., Lath. Pine Lumber, and all lands of Building Materi in Stop south of scarle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near lethodin Uhurch. Musrasses, Pa., January 1, 1864.-47 DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH.

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SUBGRON DENTIST. Office over the Banking
withing of Cooper & Co. All Dents: Operation.
will be performed in his usual good style and
Mottrose, January 1, 1864—tf E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAG-ONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the bestive of Wykinanahip and of the best materials, is the well known stand of E. H. RUGERS, a few rode est e well known stand of E. H. RUGERS, a few rods axie's flotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to the calls of all who want anything in his tine. street, June 1, 1853. tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB DRINGLAN and MURGEON, respecially tenders his service A t-to-citizens of Susquehanna Gounty. He will a veetyreis arction to the surge of a "modical treatment of cleases of the five and Car, and as we comes tod relative to surgeous operation for of currer at his office over W J & S. II. Mulford Sorre. Residence o Waple street, easy of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel, Multicote, Sun, County, Para, June 23, 1882—4 BALDWIN & ALLEN,

D SALERS in FLOUR, Sait, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grait, Feet Gandier, Glover and Timethy Scot. Also QBOOKRIES tach as Sugar, Molasses, Syrup, Tea and Coffee. West aids o Public Avense, one door below J. Etheridge. Montrose, January 1, 1864-41 DR. G. W. BEACH,

DYSICIAN AND SUBGROY, before remanently locate thinself of problem of the problem

F. B. WEEKS, PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer I Boota, Shora, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing den eith neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Montrose, January 1, 1884-19

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP.

A TTORNETS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susqu-hanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861. ALBERT CHAMBERLIN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over the Store fumerly occupied by Post Brother
Montroee, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Grocerics, Crockery, Hardwan In ware, Book, Neiodents, Planos, and all kinds of Mus cal Inderments, Shoet Music, we. Also carry on the Book Bird by Shoets in all boranches, Hourrose, January I, 1844. 2. L. Trous.

ABEL TURRELL.

DEALER IN DRUGO. MEDICINES, CHEMICALS.
Painta Oils. Drestuffs, Varnishea, Window Glaze,
Liquora, Grocerica, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jew.
197, Fancy Good, Performery, Surgical Instrument, True Es
4. Ulocks, Brushea, de.,—and Agent for all of the most popis Pation Medicines.

O. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOUTS & HEUES, Montrose, Pa.,
No thop over Dewlit's Store. All thinds of work made
order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promact. CHARLES N. STODDARD,

DEALER in BOUTS & SHOEN, Leather and Find ings, on Main at, third door below Searle's Hotel.

N B Work made to order, and repairing done neative. Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

L H. BURNS. A TTOENEY AT LAW. Office with William J Turrell, Fee A opposite Searle's Heirl. Persion and Bounty Claims careful treepared. Collections promptly made. Machines, Roy. 21, 1864.

B. R. LYONS & CO. DEALERS INDEY GOODS, GROCKRIES, BOOTS, SHOTS, Ladies' Galters, Carpera, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Facet, Patons, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.

A. LTOKS, Montrose, January 1, 1864, 4f READ, WATROUS: & FOSTER, D EALERS IN DRY "DODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Ol Groceries, Hardware, Jrockery, Iron, Clocks, Watthes, Jee Iv. duver typons, Partumery, &c., Brick Block, Montroec.

Montrose, January 1, 1664. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MARU.
Inscruer, Keeps constantly on hand all
sinds of Gasner Forestrong, or fur
flashed as short notice. Stop and Ware Rooms foot of Main B
Montrose, Pa. March 8, 1683-44

PHILANDER LINES.

For the Independent Republican REJOICE OH REJOICE!

Rejoice, oh, rejoice, for the struggle is done,
The conflict is ended, the victory won,
The Demon of War from our fair land has passed,
And the Angel of Peace is appearing at iast,
Those callant young heroes, our brave volunteers,
At last have returned amid plaudit and cheers.
The flag of our Union in triumph they bore,
We'll honor them now that the conflict is o'er. Rejoice, oh, rejoice, for the flag of the free Again floats in triumph o'er land and o'er sea; The flag that the traitors would trait in the dust Once more waves in triumph as ever it must; Onr bright starry emblem once more is unfurled, 'Tis a beacou to freemen, a light to the world. Then death to the traitor that dare raise his hand 'Gainst the Bauner of Freedom, the Flag of our Land.

But in your rejoicing, oh, do not forget,
The many sad hearts in our Northern land yet.
There's manystill mourning for frienda that are slain,
For friends who have fallen, nor fallen in vain,
For friends who now reat neath Virginia's cold sod,
'Neath the soil now enriched by patriota' blood!
No more they engage in battle or sirife,
Devotion to country they sealed with their life. Then let your rejoicing be mingled with grief. For the many whose sorrows can find no relief; Eor the many who mourn for friends that are gone; For the mothers now mourning the loss of a son; For the kind loving sisters whose dear brothers fell While gallastly striving the foc to repel; Yea, let your rejoicing be mingled with pain, Repice for our country, but werp for the slain.

BARBARA FRIETOHIE

The following poem, from the pen of the "Quaker Poet of America," is in commemoration of a noble old Union woman, named Barbars Frietchie, who, when the rebels under Stonewall Jackson came into Frederick, Maryland, refused to take down her flag, and although over ninety years of age stood at the window waving the old flag and calling on them to shoot her but not to dishonor the flag. Before she was perceived the head of the column halted and poured a volley at the flag, which riddled the window and tore the flag from its staff, but seizing the scarf itself she bravely held it, until Jackson, seeing the woman and her venerable Jackson seeing the woman and her venerable years, ordered the column forward and pre-vented her being molested by any of the rebel

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green walled by the bills of Maryland. Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree truited deep, Fair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde, On that pleasant morn of the early fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall; Over the mountains winding down, Horse and foot into Frederick town. Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars, Fispped in the morning wind: the sun Of noon looked down, and saw not one Up rose old Barbara Prietchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men hauled down; In her attic-window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet. Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding shead. Under his slouched hat left and right He glanced; the old flag met his sight. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast. "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast. It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash. Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf; She leaned far out on the window sill, And shook it forth with a royal will. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag," she said. A shade of sadners, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came; nobler nature within him sti To life at that woman's deed and word: "Who touches a hair of you gray head Dies like a dog! March on!" he said. All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet: All day long that free fing tost Over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well; And though the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good-night. Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rider raids no more Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier. Over Barbara Frietchie's grave. Flag of Freedom and Union, wave? Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town!

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE THE SPECIAL MAIL AGENT'S STORY.

It is now some two or three years since a young gentleman entered the office of a Special Agent of the Plst Office Department, in one of our large cities, and announced that he had a serious case of mail depredation to report, which he would like to have investigated immediate tv. Being requested to give the particulars of the matter, he produced from his pocket a letter addressed to himself, and post-marked with the name of a small town in the State of Pennsylvania. The envelope hore unmistakable evidence of having been opened and rescaled, and the address was in a lady's handwriting.

"There sir," said he, carefully removing the etter, and handing the envelope to the agent for nepection, "that'ere letter's been robbed by ome post-office thief of twenty-six dollars. Now want you to catch him and put the screws to the more with the loss of the money," (it is singular, by the ray, how sublimely indifferent to pecuniary concludations must recoule are who never these way, how sublimely indifferent to pecuniary considerations most people are who prefer these complaints) "but I'd like to see the rascal

Now the agent having had considerable pro Now, toe agent naving nat considerable previous experience in the investigation of cases of "rifling," was quite sorible that a very necessary preliminary to such investigations was a thorough knowledge of all the circumstances ennected with the affair, and after attentively connected with ene anar, and after attentively ramining the envelope, which was liberally belief with mucilage, he observed:

"Well, sir, I will take a memorandum of your statement, and if it proves to be a 'Post Office

thief, as you say—"
"If it does, sir? Why, who else can it be? lsn't there the envelope to speak for i self—hasn't it evidently been torn open and gummed up-tgain! of course it's a Post Office thief—any one

Probably, sir; but I don't see it just yet. Be

likely to make but slow progress while conducted in this fishion, the agent observed: "My friend, my time is too precious to waste in drawing information from you with a cork screw, and you may as well make up your mind either to give me a clear and unreserved account of this transaction, or to go elsewhere with your grievance. Now, please tell me may Miss Melville sent you (or tried to send you) this money?"

o pay for some broadcloth for a clock."
Thich you were to problem "Which you were to purchase for her?"
"Yes—that is, which I had purchased for

"Oh, I see—the young lady was probably

"On, I see—the young hany was promotly here visiting, and being temporarily out of funds you gallantly forced her to accept a loan—eh?"
"Well, no, not exactly. The fact is, I sent the goods to her by express at her own request."

"And of course, being an old friend—"
"No, not a friend, precisely."
"A relative, then?"
"No."

"No."
"Ah, I see—something 'nearer and dearer?"
"Well, yea," said the youth, with a simper and nervously swinging his hat by the rim, as he gazed incdestly on the floor, "were lov—engaged I mean"

anged I mean"

"Perhaps she forgot to enclose the money."

"No, sir—I've had a letter from her since, and she sucars—I mean she's certain—she put the money in."

"Perhaps, then," said the agent, striving to express his suggestion in the least offensive way, "perhaps she omitted to enclose it."

"Sir, exclaimed the fond lover, roused by this insunation, "what do you mean? There is no doubt whatever, sir, that she sent the money. I would stake my lofe on her honor."

"Oh, very well, sir, excuse me—no offence intended, I'm sure. But you know I haven't the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance. By the way, how long have you known her—a long time I presume."

The young gentleman's embarrassment was visibly increased as he replied, "about six presume."
young gentleman's embarrasment was
increased as he replied, "about six

visibly

visibly increased as he replied, "about six months."

"Met her in Pennsylvania, I suponee?"

"Yes, that is, no—I can't say I did,"

"Why, I can't say exactly—don't know as I have met her at all, to tell the truth."

"Telling the truth seems to be a work of time with you," remarked the agent dryly. "now, if you'll be good enough to give me a little light about what you do know of this young lady whom you have never met, but whom you propose to marry, and on whose honor you are willing to stake your, life, perhaps there may be some prospect of getting at the fac's of this mysterious robbery, otherwise you need waste no more time in this neighborhood."

"Well, if you must have it, here it is: You see, about six months ago, I (just for fun, you know) advertised for a wife, and this young lady happened to advertise for a husband about the same time, and we answered each other

the same time, and we answered each others advertisements. But then she was in earnest—all on the square. Oh, ves," continued he, observing, perhaps, an incredulous smile on the countenance of the agent. "She was all right—wanted a husband in earnest—wanted to the countenance of the agent." one bad. She was situated in this way: she hadn't got no father or mother; and was under the charge of a guardeen—an old fellow about fifty— and she's worth about treenty thousand dollars charge of a guartien—an outeriow about new and she's worth about trently thousand dollars (here his eyes glistened covetously) in her own right, this guartien, he takes and puts her into a boarding school, and intends to force her into marrying him. Ske'd rather have some younger fellow, of course; natural, isn't it? and so she takes and advertises for a husband. So, as I was saying, I answered her advertisment, and she replied to my letter, and so we got up a correspondence. Now, there ain't no humbug about her; I can tell when a gai's in carnest; and I know she's all right by the way she writes. So about two weeks ago she says in a postscript to one of her letters, I wish you would go to Stewart's and get me five yards of black broadclotin, and send it to me by express. I want if for a cloak, and I'll send you the money just as soon as it comes, and don't fail to let me know just how much it is, for I do not want you to be at any expense for me. So I went to Stewart's and got the cloth, and sent it by express, and wrote to her and told her it was twentyand wrote to her and told her it was twentysix dollars, and then she put the money in thiletter, and some darned thief in a post office has
gone and stole it; that's all there is about it."

"Oh, that's all? said the agent, with difficulty
restraining the laughter which this plittid tale
of true love was calculated to provoke. "Well,
sir, there's no doubt that you're a very much
about a fortnight I think I will then be able to
wire you some definite information in regard to

rive you some definite information in regard he matter." "Thank you sir; only put that post office fellow in State Prison, and I'll be satisfied. I don't care about the money; that is, I don't care so much about it; but if you could get i "I shall do everything possible, sir; good

morning."
"Good morning, sir."
Punctual at the expiration of the fortnigh the victim of this heartless "post office robbery presented himself to hear the result of the inves presented miner when the training one or two letters, and availing himself of certain other means at his command, had in the mean time entirely satisfied himself as to the author of the "outrage," and was quite prepared for the visit,
"Good morning. Have you found out who

"I'm glad to hear it; did you get any of ack?"
"Not a cent."

"Well, I suppose he's in State prison by this "Not that I know of but it is not impossible that he may reach that institution one of these day. Here's a letter which will perhaps ex-pain the matter better than I can. I received i a few days since from Penosylvania. aoxious young man recognized at once his Emily's handwriting, and hastened to read the following:

---, Penu., #an. 10, 186-.

Mr—, P. O. Agent:

Dear Sir—I find you have been making some inquirts about that twenty-six dollars I sent (in a torn) to George X Well, you may tell him from that that broadcloth is invested in a first me that that broadcloth is invested in a first class "shamphal" overcoat. You may also tell him that I don't go to bearding school as much as I did—also that I do not belong any more to "the soft sex" though I think he does. You might mention, while you are about it, that when I get that \$20,000 I will send him half of it—in the same way I sait the other. Also tell him "Ever of Thee." Yours truly, EMILY MELVILLE, (Or any other man)

There was a deep silence during the reading of this epistle in the office of the agent, who had considerately turned his back white the unhappy victim was learning of his wasted affection and cash. The silence continued so long that the agent at length turned to offer what little consolation was in his power. But he was spared the task. The hapless young man had noiselessly departed; possibly to take the first train cash was the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the cash was the cas for Pennsylvania, possibly to meditate in soli-tude over the comparative advantage of "love at first sight," and love before sight. Wherever he went, he has not returned.

writer of this letter."

The young man hesitated, and at once his manner became confused and nervous.

"I rather not, if it's all the same, sir. It's a young lady, and there are peculiar circumstances about the case—and—in short, I don't want her name mixed up with it."

"But it will be absolutely necessary, in order to make a proper investigation, that I should know her name. Without it I cannot undertake to do anything in the toatter."

The gentleman still sought for some time to saveld giving the name of his fair, friend, but at last announced it as "Miss Emily Melville." Other questions followed, as to the circumstances which led to the enclosure of, the money, it will be complainant answered in an evasive, shuffling way—evidently striving to converte annual consumption of about 800 lbs. Of fluids, including every variety of beverage, he swallows about 1,500 lbs., and taking the amount of air which he consumes at 800 lbs. It is evalled at which a man receives amounts in the aggregate to more than \$,000 lbs. a year; that is a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his own weight. In view of the present price of provisions these figures are rather startling, but they are indisputable, and only serve to show that a vast amount of fuel is required to keep the human machinery in vigorous operation. WHAT MAN EATS. - The statistics of the know her name. Without it I cannot undertake to do snything in the matter."

The gentleman still sought for some time to avoid giving the name of this fair, friend, but, at least announced it as "Miss Emily Melville." Other questions followed, as to the circumstances which led to the enchance of the money, etc., to which the complainant answered in an evasive, shuffling way—evidently striving to conceal something of which he was secretly and matter the offering of Spring and Summer.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing.

"I cannot play any more—it is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice!—Oh, what would not I give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets where there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right—and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it

my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use!" Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he

said.
"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for P"

"I will play for her," he said, in an excited
tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding.
I will play to her, and she will appreciate it!"
Before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly

but poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard mustc and was tempted to enter. I am a musiian."
The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is youwould like—that is—shall I play

"And where do you hear the must, since you frequent no concerts?"
"I used to hear a lady practice near us when we lived at Bruhl two years During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

"And have you never heard any music?"
"None excepting street music."
"None excepting street music."
She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more but seated himself quietly before the piano, ambegan to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow how grand he would be that night! and I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tones of the instrument heren to grant sweeter and more instrument began to grow sweeter and more

instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tigattly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange drawn, and only feared to wake.—Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brittiant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest on the plane and player. But tion fell strongest on the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been brok-en by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast—his hands rested on his known—he seem d absorbed in meditation. It was thus for

ome time.
At length the young shoemaker rose, and ap-Proaching him eagerly, yet reverently.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile benevotently, indulgently, kindly

"Listen!" he said, and he played the open bars "Listen!" he said, and he prayed the open ours of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and birm!

He rose to go, but we held him back with enreaties. "Play to us once more—only once nore!" He suffered himselt to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his rugged head and massive figure.

"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight,"

"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars—then his hands dropped on the keya, and began playing a sad, and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild elin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude like a dance of sprites upon the sward.—Then came a swift agittle finale—a breathless, herving troubling movement, descriptive of Then came a switt against make—a threatness, harrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried as away upon its rustling wings, and teft us all in emotion and wonder.—

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door;

"farewell to you."
"You will come again?" asked they in one He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl, "Yes

most tenderly, at the lace of the other gift. They yea," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell; I will come soon again."

They followed us in silence more cloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing

"Let us make haste back," said Besthoven,
"that I may write out that sonata while I can use tempthy; it." yet remember it."
We did so, and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so

fondly acquainted. A Southern Candidate's Card. The fol lowing announcement of a candidate was found posted on a tree by the roadside and brought to the editor of the Jackson Mississippian, who gave

the editor of the Jackson Mississippian, who gave it a gratuitous pub is alon:

"ATTENTION, SOVEREIONS!—Allow me thro' this medium to introduce myself to your acquelintance as a candilate for Assessor of Taxes of Hinds county. If any one should be so inquisitive as to ask why a man of my gigantic intellect should fly so low, my answer is this: The Feds, in May, 1864, deprived me of my left wing; therefore, vaniting ambition must stop her flight to a level with my capability. Again, should any one wish to know why I do not have printed bills, I would civilly reply that my pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rustie of a greenback, and would never survive the faintest clink of metallic currency.

It happened at Benn. * One moonlight winter's evening I called on Beethoven for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterwards support with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly.

"Hush!" he said, "what avound is that?—it is from my symphony in F!" he said engerly.—

"Hark, how well it is played!"

It was little, mean dwelling and we paused outside and listened. The player went on, but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing.

The player went on, but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. term—entirety.—*Ed.*]

CHAPTER L

Dated Yarmouth, Sprung of an illustrious lineage, Claude Ver ney was yet a poor man. He was, in fact, com pelled to work for his living, than which, ac greater misfortune can befall one who is born heir to a peerage and with the refined tastes of a

It was one summer eve, when he had just finished a havly repast of the sausage peculiar to Germany, washed down by a large slice of the dumpling which a supercilious Society delights to speak of sneeringly as "plum duff," that our here encountered the fair Averida, the daughter of the noble house of Swivins. He sauga-ter of the noble house of Swivins. Her father was a duke, but the chill hand of penury had induced him to deposit the ducal diamond for a solid consideration, and the child of a line of noble ancestors had lost the ticket. Luckless

Averilda! Averilds!

The glorious nature of Claude could not resist such an appeal. He pressed on her the small change which had been handed to him by the owner of the pie shop. He pressed his suit at the same moment. Darkness chosed around and the lamplighter lit the gas. All was calm, and in that exquisite silence the two young hearts confided their sorrows to each other.

CHAPTER IL There was something so odd in the whole affalt, and something so recentric and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is wretched, and we have no music."

"No music," echoed my friend. "How then does the fraulein—"He paused and colored up, for the girl looked round full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I yest to hear a lady practice near the reader will remember, exchanging confidences in the back parlor of a ham and beef shop. With a profuseness natural to his open character, Aubrey had or dered up three bettles of ginger beer, and while they overflowed the silver tankard, he pledged deep scorn to the health of the Marquis of Toppins, his Amelia's father. That haughty aristocrat happened to be passing on his way to Newgate Market, where he always bought his own sweet-breads.

CHAPTER III.

Second Instalment, Dated Margate.

We left Aubrey and Amelia at the close of the last chapter, as the reader will remember, exchanging confidences in the back parlor of a ham and beef shop. With a profuseness natural to his open character, Aubrey had or dered up three bettles of ginger beer, and while they overflowed the silver tankard, he pledged deep scorn to the health of the Marquis of Toppins, his Amelia's father. That haughty aristocrat happened to be passing on his way to Newgate Market, where he always bought his own sweet-breads.

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For the Viscount to place his hand on the up-per sash of the window and leap into the room was the work of five minutes and thirty-five sec-onds. He had heard his name snoken in terms onds. He had heard his name snoken in terms of contempt by a rufiler seated in an alcove of Ranelagh, and that was enough. He drew his trusty rapler and made towards (name illegible, conjectured to be) Anthony. Emma gave a shrirk, and flung herself between the infuriated young men. Though (name still more illegible; conjectured to be) Anthony was a commoner, the Visconnt insisted on flathing with him; for, as he averred, the youth's septiming to the hand of the woman to whom he (the V.) was betrothed was sufficient to place them on something like an equality. Arrangements were made for a meeting next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Dated Brighton. Dated Brighton.

After the fraces at Lady Boodleby's ball, recorded in the last chapter, our hero met his foon the broad sea beach. The ripples came corting in under the morning light, and the sun rose considerably refreshed by a night's repose.

The Earl of (histus in copy, coupled with a request to fill in name from previous copy; not filled in for various reasons,) was still attired in the white tie and polished boots of last night's festivities. Edward, our disconsolate hero, poor Edward (a query as to correctness of name, not answered for obvious reasons,) was dressed in the height of fashion.

the height of fashion.

They took places; (here followed a promise to send the remainder by the next post.) Note by Master Printer. - In the absence of the Editor, being strictly directed to set up all that comes from the author of the above, I have no choice but to commit the following to print:]

August (some date or other.) Weymouth
My Dear Old Fellow:—I'm in a regular
fix, and can't finish What's his name—you
know, my novel. I left off where some of 'em
were going to fight, and can't finish for fear of
shooting the wrong man, as I'm afraid I've got
into a slight confusion about the hero's name.
But I'm quite sure you'll put it all right for me,
and marry 'em at the eud. He was to marry
her, I know, but I forgot who she was, and an
not very clear who he ought to be. You, how
ever, will see at a glance, and as I have given
you the skeleton of the plot you need only
throw in a few incidents, I feel I can repose or
your judgment. I'll do the same for you som
other time. It's very jo'lly down here, though a
little dull. You won't forget to marry Thingumbob to What's her name, and you can kill off
What you may call him. All right. Ta! Ta!!
Yours jovially, Jack Rapid. Angust (some date or other.) Weymouth

DAD MORTON'S BEST.

Uncle Morton, better know at Hyde's, in Sun bury, Vermont, as "Dad," is a famous story tel er, in both senses of the word, for he not only ler, in both senses of the word, for he not only tells many, but they are generally of the most Munchausenish kind. In fact, he has drawn so long a bow in the way of romance, that, being nearly ninety years of age, he nows repeats histoions as indisputable facts. The following too good to be lost, and I give it verbatim. I wish I could give the matter of fact, on oath manner, in which he impresses its truth. I had manner in which he impresses its truth. I had been talking with the old man on the sensible manners and customs of our torefathers, and their success in doing the business of life, when

he broke out:

"I tell ye, them ancestors of ourn didn't do nothin' half way. But there is an awful falling off sence them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all worked. My work was to the new of the here and chickens (Dad is ferror). take care of the hens and chickens (D take care of the hens and chickens (Dad is famous for his handling of the alphabet.) and I will tell yer how I raised them. You know I'se a very thinking child, always a thinking 'cept when I am asleep. Well, it came on me one night to raise a big lot of chickens from one hen; and I'll tell yer how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept sittin', and in three weeks I heard a little peep. Then I put my car to the spiggot, when the Then I put my ear to the spiggot, when the peoping growed like a swarm of bees. I did not say anything to the folks about the hatchin, not say anything to the longs about the natchin, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next morning I knocked the head out of the barrel, and covered the barn floor two deep all over with little chickens. Now you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true.

Jose Billings on Hens.-Josh Billings talks JOSH BILLINGS ON HENS.—JOSH Billings talks learnedly as follows: "The best time tew sett a hen iz when the hen'z ready. I kant telliyou what the best breed iz, but the shanghigh iz the meanest. It kosts as much to buard one az it duz a should any one wish to know why I do not have princed bills. I would civilly reply that my pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rusting pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rusting pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rusting pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rusting pocket-book would laugh for a week at the rusting pocket-book would never survive the faintest clink of metallic currency.

"I would like very much to call on the dear people, and talk to them fave to face; but to effect this, my little school would have to close, and with it my bread and butter.

"Under these circumstances, I hope to be excussible.

"With high regard, I am yours to command, I will high regard, I am yours to command.

"J. R. Hugher."

"During an examination, a medical stuiced. Fresh beefstake is good fur hours; in the other end down, will keep from 30 tew 40 years, if that are not discussed. "When you pop the question, and such its property to a property of the such its property

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In taugled wood, in mornian glen,
On battle-pisin, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

In many a fevered awamp,
By many a black beyon,
By many a cold and frazen camp,
The weary sentinel cesard his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From weatern plain to occan tide
Am stretched the graves of those who
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home, a heritage to cain,
To galu for me and you?
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue:
They charged—those boys in blue:
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you! For me and you! Good friends, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature, like the saints of old,
While smid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our chi'dren's children still aball say,
"They died for me and von!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

-[The Round Table.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER. "Trifles make up the sum of human things," and it is surprising how readily an experienced eye can read character from the slightest and most insignificant data. Don't you believe it reader? Just allow us to give you a few whispers on the subject—a peep, through our own special opera-glass, at the world around us. When you meet a young man with plenty o bad cologue on his pecket-handkerchief, and a stale odor of cipar smoke in his hair, you may be sure that he was hold enough to contract a very had habit, and not bold enough frankly to take the consequences of it. In cigar ex cologne

be sure that he was hold enough to contract a very had habit, and not hold enough frankly to take the consequences of it. In cigar es, cologne the plaintiff has the best of it.

When you see a woman with her shawl fast ened all awry, and unmended fractures in her gloves, it is a pretty sure index that she readmovels and lies in hed late of a morning. If you happen to be wife-hunting, don't be mieled by her bright eyes and cherry cheeks. A girl who cannot spend time to keep herself looking neat, ought not to be trusted with the care of shirt buttons and cravat-ends, to say nothing of the husband appended to these articles!

When a gentleman hands up your fare in the stage as politely as that of the gorgeously dress ed neighbor, without reference to the fact that you wear called and extron gloves, rest assured that he is lacking in no courtesies to his own wife at home. And if a ladv—no, a woman—accepts his politenessas a mere matter of conressivith no "Thank you," nor acknowledgin smile, then you may conclude that she has entered into society on the bubbles of Petroleum—not on any merits of her own.

When a lady—no, once again—a female—goes to the grocery in a rustling silk dress, and does her morning shopping in diamond ring and a cashmere shawl, it is a sign of one of two things: either she does not know any better, or she has no other place in which to display her finery.

When the "nice young man," who is paying

When the "nice young man," who is paying who particular attention, speaks shortly to his mother, or omits to pay his sisters the little is entions that come so gracefully from man to roman, it is ant to be a sign that his wife mu

uit is gone.

When a lady finds "M scaulav's History" readful bore, and "skips" the historical part of scott's novels, it is not an unfair inference tha or brain is not very fully farnished when a centlemen cannot talk fluently or the great subjects of ancient and modern inter-st, but polkss "charmingly," we may conclud has his brine—such as they are—have all set led down to his agile heels. Now we do no disapprove of dancing, yet we must confess to preference for having the brains a little higher

The When a girl entertains you with spicy ridiculof her gentlemen friends, "showing up" their
various imperfections and weaknesses, take you
hat and go. If you need any comfort, there will
be sufficient in the fact that you will undoubted
by furnish your share of amusement to the next

Put not your faith (speaking from a feminin Put not your faith (speaking from a feminia-tandpoint) in gentlemen that wear diamond-scarf-pins, and spend their leisure time on hotel steps, for it is more than probable they belong to the extensive class of society for whom Satan is popularly supposed "to find some mischie-still" to keep their "idle hands" in occupation Better lavish your smiles on the sturdy young carpenter in shirt-sleeves and overalls, who works by the day; it will be more profitable in the long zin.

When a woman finds Sunday "the longes day in the week," it is a sign that there wa-some woful deficiency in her early religion When a man speaks irreverently of sacre blings, let it suffice as a warning to trust him in no single matter. No matter how brilliant ma-be his talents, how fair his professions, there is false ring to his metal. Don't trust him !—Phre

THE CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.—To the In dependent of last week a correspondent sends the following:

In the Allantic for the current month is a pa

ological Journal

r entitled "Running at the Heads, being ar athentic Account of the Capture of Jefferson Davis."

In it the name of the corporal of company C. 4th Michigan cavalry, who halted, detected, captured, and handed over to his colonel the petitionated arch traitor is written Munyer. Substitute for the g a hard g, and we have the tough Saxon name Muxoen, which belongs to him. Like most brave men, he is doubtless careless of his fame, but it would seem to be anyhody's business to see it is not stabbed by a vagabond yowel.

I am sure you will take pleasure in introduc-

abond vowel.

I am sure you will take pleasure, in introduc-ing him to this countrymen under his true name.

Let me add that he is a stalwart, good-beart Let me add that he is a stalwart, good-hearted, strong-handed boy of the ploneer stock, and that he has gone back to his father's farm, in the township of Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, hung up his sabra, which has shone on many battle-fields and clanked along many hundreds miles of weary march, and betaken himself to the plough and are again, an honest yeoman, everywhere stoutly doing his best.

HOW HE COLD 'EM.

The events we are about to parrate transpired

The events we are about to narrate transpired soveral years since, in a great commercial city that boasted of a noble custom house. A great political revolution had just been consummated, and the guillotine was busy at the public offices carrying out the noble republican principle of "rotation in office," to the infinite satisfaction of the new dynasty, and the infinite dissatisfaction of its opponents. Of course, it was impossible to please everybody. As fast as a vacancy was created it was filled, just as on a hardfought battle-field the void caused by the fall of a solder is instantly filled up by a a comrade, and the column moves on the same as ever.

There were, however, considerably more than ninety-nine in a hundred of disappointed office-seekers. Among the fortunate was a very clever individual of Scotch extraction, whom we shall call McGregor, as a "nom de guerre" who, from his immense personal popularity, secured on the score of his appointment, a host of congratinations from his troop of friends. But the entry that pursues all merit did not spare, poor Mac. Among his self-styled feiends there was scarcely one who did not wish him out of the way for the sake of having a vacancy created. They used to watch his health with tireless solicitude, and he could not sneeze or cough without giving rise to a thousand hopes. He was increasily and he racked his brains in his eudeavor to find some method of getting rid of them.

At length one day he came upon a party of

some method of getting rid of them.
At length one day he came upon a party of them when he was looking much more poorly

"Hullo, Mac! how are you?"
"Not very well, thank you," coughed Mac in piteous key. "I never felt so alim in all my ife.

"Poor fellow!" chorused the entire circle"Hadn't ought to be out." "Go to bed." "Send
for a homeonathist." "No-no-try the water
cure." "Sulphur and molasses!" "steam," "calome!," "glass of brandy!" "mint julep."
Muc smiled—a wan—sad smile, and shook
his head. He beckoned a friend—a particular
triend, "halved heart," out of the group, and
walked away with him.

"Topps," said he, "I'm afraid I'm going to
'create a vacancy."

"Don't say so—you shock me beyond expression!"

create a vacancy."

"Don't say so—you shock me beyond expression!"

"It's a melancholy fact," said Mack. "Topps—Tve made my will—it isn't a very long one—for I've had an expensive family. I wish I could provide for them. Now, Topps—you stand the best chance of getting my place—you might do something for me."

"Anvthing in the world, dear Mac."

"Well, thee, step up with me to the Life insurance office and advance me the money to nay for a polley on five thousand dollars for five years. I'll leave a letter recommending you to the head of our department—you'll be sure to get the place, Topps."

Topps gave in to the proposal, and Mac walked briskly into the insurance office. Even Topps was surprised at the sudden change in his appearance. He didn't look ill at all.

"What an actor you are Mno!" said he.

The insurance eff. cted. Mac felt easier, went home took to his bed. There were a thousand inquiries made daily at his house, and the in-elligence received was of the most encouraging character to the hopes of the office seekers. Fopps lived in Elyslum. One night, learning that Mac was near his end, he benevolently of iered to sit up with him. It would have been un interesting sight to have observed the movements of that Topps in the sick chamber when he was left alone with the sufferer—how comfortably he established himself in the easy chair—how luxuriously he stretched his legs upon a counge—how exquisitely voluntuous, in short, was his whole appearance and arrangement.

"Topps," said the sick man, in an expiring soice, "Heaven will reward you for you kindness to me. When I'm gone—"

"Don't talk of it, Mac."

"When I'm gone see that they bury me derently. The Odd Fellows will do their part—but I want the military out—my old corps—the shot Gun Invincibles—speak to the commander—tell him I want a volley over my grava."

"It shall be done, dear Mac. But are you enly going."

"Shan't I call you wife?"

"On-no—noor woman—she is worn out with

"Shan't I call you wife?" "No-no-poor woman-she is worn out with watching-it will kill her. I may linger through he night-but these are perhaps the last words

shall ever speak. shall ever speak.

Topps looked at the sufferer—he held a candle to his lips—the flame but slightly wayered. "He's a goner!" he exclaimed exultingly, as ne threw himself into the arm chair to muse pon his glorious prospects.
"Topps!" squealed the invalid with difficul-

y-"it's most twelve o'clock-the-soothing nixture."

"It's no go, old fellow," said Topps unfeelingly, "Confound me! if I stir from this chair his night, anyhow. If you don't like it you may

omp it."

A heavy sigh was the only answer. Topps
it asleep and slept like a dogen of his nameakes. In the morning, the sick man was still
slive, but the family physician had no hopes of im. Topps took leave, to prepare his recom-nendations and papers, having first secured the romised letter of his unfortunate friend, and nade sure of obtaining the office to be va-

cated.

The next day Topps and the other aspirants were assembled in high conclave, to compare notes, and speculate upon their chances. When Topps produced the dving recommendation of its friend, a mar of dissatisfaction rose among he office seekers. It was pronounced an unlerhanded affair, and a young man in mixed castalogs and mystophe said. onitations and mustache said:
"No gentleman would be guilty of such a piece of meanners." piece of meanness."
"Do you mean to apply that remark to me, sir?" inquired Topps.
"There is no other individual in the room to

whom it does apply," replied the owner of the quetache. "And I most distinctly and emphati-

ally assert that you, Bernard Topps, are no gentleman."

A blow from Topps was the rejoinder. Musche hit back. The betting was even. Spectaors took sides; and a general row was in progress, when the door opened—and in walked "Good morning, gentlemen."
"Mac alive and out," exclaimed a dozen

"Mac clive and out, extended where voices,
"Pre-cise-ly," was the answer. ""My foot is
on my native heath, and my name is McGregor?
Gentlemen, for your kind solicitude about my
realib, I thank vou. Toppa! I could find it in
my heart to kick sou—but for the insurance
nolicy. Boy! if I should die to morrow, my
family would thank you for being independent. The united faces of the company would have reached a mile. They bolted, mizzled, flew, vamused; all except Tupps, he crawled away, literally double, with his coat hanging down because his legs, like the caudal appendage of a castigated spaniel. We never could find out what became of him, and he is supposed to have been entirely "used up."

As for McGregor he flourished finely for three for years, but at the expiration of that time

As for McGregor he flourished finely for three for four years, but at the expiration of that time was suddenly taken ill of a typhus lever and illed; before his policy of insurance had expired however, so that his family was left comfortably off. He had a grand toneral. The various societies of which he was a member, and who sincerely mourned the loss of an excelent man, were out on the melancholy occasion; with full ranks, while the "Shot Gun Invincibles" numbered eighty-seven pleces. Nicher Topps nor his cronies were among the mourners.