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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 18. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1861. NO. 2.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
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NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

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WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON,
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Jackson, June 14th, 1860. 1y*

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J. C. OLMSTEAD.....J. L. READ.
DRS. OLMSTEAD & READ,
WOULD ANNOUNCE to the Public that they have entered into a partnership for the
Practice of MEDICINE & Surgery,
and are prepared to attend to all calls in the line of their profession. Office—the one formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Olmstead, in DUNDAFF. my17 3m.

DR. N. Y. LEET,
Physician and Surgeon, Friendsville, Pa. Office opposite the Jackson House.
DR. LEET gives particular attention to the treatment of diseases of the EAR and EYE; and is confident that his knowledge of, and experience in that branch of practice will enable him to effect a cure in the most difficult cases. For treating diseases of these organs no fee will be charged unless the patient is benefitted by the treatment. [August 30th, 1860.

SOUTHWORTH & VADAKIN,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Headstones, Tomb-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also dealers in Marbleized Slate for Mantles, Centre-Tables, &c.
☞ Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. oc41y*

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JOHN SAUTTER,
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Montrose, Pa., July 12th, 1860.—tf.

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

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REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, MONTROSE, Pa. o:25 tf

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CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—East of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug1 tf

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MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. je21y1

ABEL TURRELL,
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PROF. CHARLES MORRIS,
BARBER and Hair Dresser, Montrose, Pa. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel.

PROF. J. W. WILLIAMS,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER, offers his services to the public, with the guaranty that his work shall be done in the most skillful and artistic manner. ☞ Shop in the north front of the *FRANKLIN HOUSE*, Montrose, Pa. Open on Sundays from 6 a. m. until 2 p. m. July 26, 1860.—tf.

PORTRAITS, PORTRAITS!
NEW ARRANGEMENTS IN THE
BRICK BLOCK.
THE undersigned having taken the Rooms formerly occupied by W. D. DEANS, is now prepared to furnish all who may desire with a good and truthful Portrait.
Being well posted in the production of the various kinds of Pictures of the day, I flatter myself that my work is not excelled by any in this section of the country.
Among the various kinds taken at my Rooms are the
AMBROTYPE, PHOTOGRAPH, MELAINOTYPE, NEILLOGRAPH.
Locket Pictures down to the smallest sized miniature ling. Transferred Ambrotypes—the finest thing out, for sending by Post to any part of the World without extra postage. My Pictures are bold, vigorous, and expressive—not those faint, lifeless shadows, often sold about the country. Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, equally well, except those of young children. No picture need be taken unless perfect satisfaction is given.
In dressing for a picture, avoid light colors—such as blue, purple, scarlet, pink, etc. Most others take well; as green, black, red, snuff, brown, orange, yellow, etc.
☞ Remember that the place to get your "picture" is in the Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's store.
J. B. HAZLETON.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 26th, 1860.

LADIES' ONE PRICE
FANCY FUR STORE!
JOHN FARRIRA, No. 718 ARCH st. between 7th and 8th sts. Philadelphia, (late of 816 Market st.) Importer, Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of
Fancy Furs,
Having removed to my New Store, 718 Arch st. Philadelphia, and being now engaged entirely in the Manufacture and sale of Fancy Furs, which, in accordance with the "one Price Principle," I have marked at the lowest possible prices consistent with a reasonable profit. I would solicit a visit from those in want of Furs for either Ladies', or Children's wear, & an inspection of my selections of those goods, satisfied, as I am, of my ability to please in every desired essential.
☞ Persons at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to call personally, need only name the article, they wish, together with the price, and instructions for sending, and forward the order to my address—money accompanying—to insure a satisfactory compliance with their wishes. [Aug. 30, 1860. 1m

NEW STOVES! NEW STOVES!
H. BURRITT
HAS just received a large stock of new Stoves, for Cooking, Parlor, Office and Shop purposes, for Wood or Coal, with Stove Pipe, Zinc, &c.
His assortment is select and desirable, and will be sold on the most favorable terms for *Cash*, or to *Prompt Six Months Buyers*.
New Milford, Oct. 25th, 1860.

Mill Property
FOR SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale his Mill Property in New Milford, two miles east from the borough. It consists of a GRIST MILL and SAW MILL, with a new Stone Dam nearly completed—30 feet thick at bottom, 17½ feet wide at top, and 19 feet high. This is a very desirable location, both as to business and power. For further information inquire of ARCHIBALD HILL.
New Milford, Nov 1st 1860.—3m*

[From the Louisville Journal.]

DEATH OF THE SEASONS.

LAST night pealed out the dark Death angel's cry—
"Another year is gone!"—and from the sky
A myriad of voices like a river,
Reechoed "Gone, forever and forever;"
The deep roll of the night winds muffled drum
Mourned from the dead whose lips are pale and dumb—
Within whose pulseless and unconscious breast
Reigns the repentless of a dreamless rest.

Scatter sweet flowers on the Seasons' tomb
For oh, they perish in their early bloom—
And o'er their dust this requiem be sung—
"Weep not, for Heaven's best favorites die young."

Oh, Spring was very beautiful and gay,
When April mild and rosy fingered May
Ramble along the many babling brooks
And gather wild flowers in their shady nooks,
And waving them in gladness in the air,
Scattered their fragrant dew-drops everywhere,
Beneath whose silver spray the delicate bloom
Of Flora filled the air with rich perfume.

Slender and gentle and surpassing fair
Was blue-eyed Summer with her golden hair.
Sweet voiced as is the murmur of a dove,
While every look was eloquent with love.
Where blooms the wild rose by the mountain spring,
In whose clear waves the robin dips his wing—
Where blustering berries tempt the longing eyes,
Like the forbidden fruit of Paradise,
And the sweet mocking-bird, in carol gay,
Enchants the listener with his wondrous lay—
There, in the silence of her shady bowers,
The Summer genius passed the dreamy hours,
Death came and laid his hand upon her brow
And in eternal night she sleepeth now.

Next Autumn came in robe of gorgeous dyes
And stately step and melancholy eyes—
In mein and look like discrowned Antonette
A queen—although the Bourbon star had set—
Beholding with a proud, unwavering faith
The scaffold and the officer of death.
Mourning—not her own early doom for she
Knew well the hollowness of majesty.—
But grieving that the beautiful and gay
In her bright train were doomed to pass away.
So Autumn died, but, on her couch of death
Was balmy with the jasmine's odorous breath,
And every wind harp breathed its hollow moan
For the sweet soul that had forever flown.

But lo, whilst mourning for the seasons fled,
A phœnix from the ashes of the dead
Rising in triumph, and the new born year,
Round Time's vast orb begins his swift career.
The rising sunbeams herald his advance
And break on every hill a golden lance:
Heaven-plaits her banners at the eastern gate,
To greet the monarch as he comes in state,
And the loud harps of ocean and of earth,
Resound in strains of revelry and mirth.
Welcome to earth, thou youngest child of Time,
Unwarped by wrong, unspotted by a crime.
Oh, may the blooming vigor of thy youth
Ripen in wisdom, purity and truth,
Spare in thy flight the innocent and gay,
And scatter pleasure's garlands in thy way,
Repress the insolence of lawless might,
And make the wrong submissive to the right;
Uphold the patriot and strike down the hand
That waves the traitor's sword or treason's brand,
And with the hand of charity redress
Each form of human woe and wretchedness,
So that the annals of all coming time
Shall write thee as the Golden Age sublime.

JANUARY FARM WORK.

The season is auspicious to the commencement of improved practice on the farm. If upon a survey of the past year's operations it is evident that there was too much attempted for the amount of capital invested, now is the time to concentrate effort upon a smaller area. Sell off land enough to make your place manageable. Fifty acres well tilled, will bring more profit than double that number only half worked. If fodder be scarce, better better reduce the number of animals than limit their feed below their wants. True economy is rightly using what we possess; let it be the rule in all undertakings. Few special directions are needed this month.

Barns and Stables—Arrange old ones and plan new ones, if to be built, for convenience in threshing, feeding, manure making, etc., and comfort of stock. Keep the barn tidy. Fowls should not be let roost around where they choose. Tools, harness, etc., should be kept in their own places. Allow no manure to accumulate against the sides of sills of buildings.

Cattle—Keep in warm stables, bedded well. Feed regular, with a variety. Roots should be given occasionally. Use currycomb freely. Break steers. Handle the heifers to prepare for milking.

Cellars—Remove decaying vegetables, and cover others if necessary to preserve from frost. Keep out rats and mice, with traps or cats.

Debts—Collect those due as far as may be, pay all practicable. Commence the year square with the world if possible.

(N. B. That means pay the Printer!)

Fencing—Prepare timber when weather allows.

Grain—Examine occasionally to secure from dampness and vermin. That to be for seed guard well.

Horses—Keep warm and covered. In cold weather blanket them when standing after a drive. Keep sharp shod. On cold days warm the bits before harnessing, as it is cruel to skin their mouths with frosty iron. Give them no ice water. Keep them well cleaned, especially feet, legs, etc.

Handle and break colts.

Implements—Put all in repair, and out of the storms. Oil running gear of machinery.

Lumber—Prepare and haul while snow lasts.

Wood—Cut and haul home a supply for a year.—American Agriculturist.

☞ The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Morse. At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of flogging in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and his opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children from unjust punishment from not knowing the facts in the case. "why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," replied the doctor, "it cured you of it, did it not?"

☞ A country couple, newly married, stopped at the Gibson House, in Cincinnati, a few days ago, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, replied, "We want that kind of wine where the corks pop out and liquor boils up like soap-suds."

Wife, (anxiously.)—"What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"

Husband, (with a smile of calm delight) —"Why, my love, she observed rather a good looking man walking with quite an elderly female, that's all. Ahem!"

FREEDOM'S FIRST BEACON;
OR THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE GASPE TENDER.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

IT was the close of a genial Spring day, in 1772, that saw lithe and gladsome Marion Whipple tripping across the verdant fields which then skirted the east shore of the river—near what is now termed the point—milk pail in hand, towards the point pasture, where her father's cows had been feeding on the early grass.

Gaining it she swept the broad panorama of the bay, mapped out before her with a hasty glance, starting as she perceived the tapering, rakish spars of a small schooner, which lay at anchor in the bight, hull down behind the point, when murmuring:

"The Gaspe again. I wonder if I am to be subjected to another persecution by the recreant commander," she proceeded to collect her cows and perform her task, lightening her labor by sweetly warbled song.

She was milking her last cow when a young man in naval undress, indicating an inferior grade, bounded lightly over the low, primitive fence, a few rods distant, and approaching hastily, announced his presence with—

"Ha, ha. Well met, sweet Marion: I have been seeking you, and had almost given up in despair when I detected you here."

The maiden had started at the first word, meeting his eager regard with one in which scorn and terror blended. But her glance was expressive of the last, only as she resumed her task, demanding—

"What now? I thought Warren Comstock and Marion Whipple were to meet as strangers?"

"Patience, sweet Marion. I hoped you had repented your harshness."

"Then you deceived yourself! Harshness!"

"Ay. Or, if it sounds more charming, cruelty. I may have deceived myself, and I am here to learn it—to hear my *final* sentence from your lips."

"I have pronounced it thrice to please you."

"To pain me rather. But you did not mean it, Marion?"

"Excuse me. I hate deception and scorn to practice it."

"Deception! Ha, ha," but pausing in the midst of the hollow laugh, the speaker added: "For the last time, Marion, I am here to sue, to intreat, to implore, to demand the answer my heart craves. I love you madly, wildly—"

"And vainly, Warren Comstock," interrupted the maiden, drawing her lithe figure proudly up. "You have told me all this repeatedly, and I as oft replied to it. What more would you have?"

"Your solemn assertion that the rumor I have heard regarding you is false."

"What rumor?"

"That you have betrothed yourself to my old messmate and cousin, Robert Linzee."

The maiden blushed, and lowered her eyes, but raised them almost instantly demanding—

"And if I did how could it concern you?"

"*You* know full well. Speak, is it so?"

"By what right do you presume to question me?"

"We will not discuss the right."

"Nor will I answer your question, Warren Comstock. 'Tis enough for you that I am not betrothed to *you*," and the maiden having completed her task, raised her pail to depart. But the young officer's hand was on her wrist, and restraining her he hissed—

"'Tis true then. My rebel cousin has succeeded. I am to be sacrificed for the paltry renegade who so traitorously deserted his flag and country when his aid was needed most."

"If by renegade you mean Robert Linzee, you wrong a truer man than yourself, Warren Comstock. 'Tis you, not he, that is traitor to the land of our birth. But unhand me!"

"Not till I learn the truth. Is *he* your choice?"

"What folly! You are not I have told you."

"Then he must be! Let him beware how he crosses my path; and you, Marion, how you trifle with my love. Remember, I have the power to return him, a common sailor, to the service he might have remained in honorably."

"Ah! I understand your threat. But he shall be warned in time."

"Warn him then. You cannot avert my vengeance. So sure as we three live he shall be 'pressed' the first time I catch him within reach of a press-gang."

"You will not dare," said the maiden, starting.

"Will not! Ha, ha. You do not know me, Marion. But you have rejected me. What should prevent my triumph? We are alone! Not a soul within sound of your voice. If I desire to be revenged upon yourself for that rejection, what or who can save you?" when a young man bounded over the stile, exclaiming—

"*I!*" and grasping Marion's arm, with a single blow stretched her assailant at her feet.

"O, thank God you came, Robert," she murmured, nestling close to her protector's side, while the crest-fallen wight, bruised and bleeding, regained his feet.

"Curse you, Robert Linzee. I'll be revenged for this."

"Do, and fully earn the execration of all our relatives. Warren, I am ashamed of you. A king's officer, and claiming to be a gentleman, yet assault a woman. Go before I forget our relationship."

Bah! rebel hound. How generous you are. But wait, my time will come!" and with a muttered curse he left the spot, when the protector resumed—

"I am glad I came to seek you, Marion. I was just in time to hear his threats and aid you. Long as we sailed together I never dreamed that Warren Comstock had such a heart. But come," and raising her milk pail, the young man proceeded to tell her, as they moved on, of his success in obtaining command of a small vessel plying between New York and Providence as a packet, adding; "At last I have a prospect for a livelihood, dear Marion. A few months, and you will be all my own."

"Heaven grant it. But I fear to have you go now, dear Robert. You know his vessel is stationed on the coast."

"He dare not, even if he would, carry his threat into execution. Captains are exempt from 'press,' you know. But here we are," he continued, pausing as they neared a quaint old farm-house, half buried in an orchard. "I must say good-bye here. 'Tis almost high water, and I must sail with the first of ebb."

"But you will go in to see father?"

"I have seen him. I came from the house to seek you. So, good-bye Marion," and kissing her tenderly, he added—"You must keep housed till I return, when we will defy my gallant cousin."

"And you must beware of him."

"O, I have too many friends aboard the old Dart, if I am a rebel, to dread an execution of his threat, even if unprotected by my new rank. So calm your fears for me, dear Marion, and again good-bye," and exchanging a last salute, the pair separated.

* * * * * * *

Warren Comstock and Robert Linzee were—as already stated—cousins, and had been brother midshipman on board the English sloop-of-war Dartmouth for several years, when she was ordered to the North American station, to act as one of a "*Guarda Costa*," and maintain a strict surveillance on all vessels passing up or down Long Island Sound, or into and out of Providence Bay.

The young men were both natives of the Providence Plantations, and of course more or less interested in the prosperity of the young colony. But they viewed their new duties with widely different emotions, Linzee's sympathies being at once enlisted in behalf of his bleeding and oppressed country, and Comstock's in the royal cause.

Prior to their entree into the navy both had formed the acquaintance of Marion Whipple, then a little school-girl, and both manifested a boyish preference for her society, while she regarded both as friends, and as such thought and dreamed of them until their first return from sea, when both laid strong siege to her heart. She was sixteen then—old enough to choose between the two aspirants, but that she found to be impossible. Their claims upon her love were equal, in her estimation at least, and she was reluctant to grieve one by choosing the other, so they departed with equal prospects of eventful success.

Claiming, they obtained leave of absence on their arrival on the station three years later, when the fair Marion met them on the same footing as formerly, bent as ready an ear to the renewal of their respective suits, and suffered anew the same perplexity, until Linzee's patriotism and Comstock's loyalty were made manifest in her presence in a discussion of the absorbing question of the day.

"Then you think your country's wrongs are all ideal, Robert?" she ventured to ask.

"A mere chimera, Marion, and my countrymen the most discontented set of rebels on the surface of the globe to-day. But they will soon tire of their ill-advised opposition to the mother country. If not they may expect no mercy. I for one would show them little."

"Warren Comstock, you cannot be serious?"

"But I am, Marion, and I hope that you are free of this infatuation which seems to have infected my gallant cousin?"

"Gallant indeed! If profound love for my native land, and an earnest desire to behold her relieved from oppression, is infatuation, I am infatuated."

"Why, *you* surely are not a rebel?"

"I trust not. These colonies shelter no rebels, Warren," responded the maiden coldly, and there the subject was dropped. But Marion Whipple's heart had chosen, and when Robert Linzee expressed his determination to leave the service, she hailed the announcement with profound tho' sacred delight, and later, when he pressed his suit, in the guise of a true son of the soil, laid her hand in his, rewarding him tenfold by her simple response—

"Yes, Robert, I will be yours."

And that cheering assurance had nerved the young man to meet manfully the difficulties arising from the crippled state of our commerce—which he found opposed to his success.

But he had succeeded at last in obtaining employment, his cousin being promoted a few weeks previous, and appointed to command the tender Gaspe, employed and manned by the commander of the Dartmouth, to follow vessels of light draught into the shoaler waters of the Sound and Bay.

That separate command had afforded Lieutenant Comstock several opportunities to meet his cousin, and press his suit with Marion. And those opportunities he improved as regarded the last with the result above stated, and passing from her presence, after his last and final attempt, sought his schooner, anchored in the bight now crossed by the Bristol and Providence Railroad, when he weighed and stood down the bay, happily ignorant of the identity of the commander of the small vessel following in his wake.

The Hannah ran the gauntlet of the Dartmouth safely, and at daylight next morning was far beyond her reach. But the return passage was less fortunate.

Warren Comstock had learned the name of her new master, and resolved to consummate his revenge, laid in wait for her in the vicinity of Point Judith, off which the Dartmouth was cruising at the time. The sloop-of-war was well in the offing, and the tender over on the Long Island shore, when the Hannah wasseen gliding up along the coast of the main land, at noon of a sultry June day. The breeze was light, and the wind easterly, favoring both sloop and tender, which instantly crowded all sail, signalizing her to heave to.

But having shipped in New York certain articles which he had reason to believe might be condemned as contraband, Captain Linzee held on his course, regardless of the signals, while the wind backed in South, and freshened as the day wore on, favoring him so much that he ran into the entrance of Newport bay, well in advance of both pursuers.

The sloop then abandoned the chase, signalizing the Gaspe to continue, which signal Lieutenant Comstock was only too eager to obey, when crowding sail he held on, and gradually overhauling the deeply laden packet, opened fire on her with a single gun, eventually crippling her, and leaving his cousin no alternative but submission to a search.

The search resulted, as anticipated by the latter, in a discovery of the contraband wares, when his exhultant captor ordered him aboard the Gaspe, and was in the act of detailing a prize crew to take charge of the Hannah, when the former drifted on a bar and stuck fast.

It was strong ebb at the moment, so that she was immovable ere measures could be adopted for her release, while the Hannah's crew seized upon the opportunity thus afforded to make good their escape to Providence, leaving their Captain in the hands of his exultant captor.

Marion Whipple had crossed the river that day, which she was spending with the widowed mother of her lover, in expection of his return, when tidings of the chase and his capture were spread through the town. Of course she was among the first to hear them, from the lips of the mate of the Hannah, who had sought the widow's residence as soon as he landed.

"And he is a prisoner in the Gaspe, you say?" was her first startled demand.

"Yes, Miss Marion, and as sure of a berth aboard a king's cruiser as I am that they shan't catch me."

"But Warren commands her," chimed in the scarce anxious mother. "He will wink at Robert's escape."

"Guess not ma'am. He seemed too mighty tickled to catch him," rejoined the sailor.

"O, he was. I know he was," said Marion. "Robert must be rescued. The Gaspe had grounded, you say?"

"Sartin, an' I hope she'll bilge afore the tide makes to float her again. But there's little danger o' that I fear. Bristol bar's too soft a bed."

"Can you think of no plan, Silas Linscot?" demanded the anxious maiden.—"My father will aid you."

"I reckon not. Captain Whipple has too much at stake to risk it lightly by open opposition to the king's men."

"But something *must* be done."

"Ay, if we knew what that something was." At that instant an Indian entered, begging food in exchange for some wares, when starting, the speaker continued—"There! if we only had the Boston tea party here."

The maiden caught the idea on the instant. "We can raise one!" she exclaimed.

"We might!" mused the sailor aloud.

"We can. Will you aid me?"

"Sartain. But who'll lead them?"

"You."

"No, no. Hang me if I want to venture first within reach of the Gaspe's metal."

"Are you a coward, Silas?"

"I reckon not Miss Marion. If I can muster men enough to attempt it, I'll make one of the party to convince ye of my courage, but you must find a leader."

"I will."

"Not your father. But he won't go."

"Nor will I ask him."

Marion's purpose was fixed and her resolve taken, but she would explain nothing, and dismissed her auditor to raise a company and bring them to the house, where she assured him they would find a leader.

He obeyed, and aided by the popular or general excitement, and the town drummer, with his instrument, soon had at his beck an assemblage of some two hundred townspeople, whom he led up Westminster street, past the widow's dwelling, where they were startled into obedience by the shrill command to "halt" from its roof. It was from the lips of a seeming Indian, who added, as the swaying crowd paused beneath him:

"My brothers, a secret enterprise is on foot at this moment, having for its object a retaliation of the wrong you now deplore. All who desire to take part therein must meet on the wharf within an hour, in such a garb as this, when they will learn further particulars."

A cheer greeted the announcement, when the speaker disappeared and the crowd dispersed, Silas Linscot seeking the widow's dwelling to be amazed by the appearance of the fearless Marion, in the guise which had concealed her sex and identity while addressing the assemblage. And within the hour she was on the wharf, where her aid had collected some eight boats from the various vessels moored in the vicinity, and having armed them with paving stones, selected a crew of eight men for each, from the crowd of seeming Indians assembled, when their disguised leader briefly informed them of the main object of the enterprise, and gave the signal to depart.

"For Linzee and freedom!," rose thrillingly on the still air as the little fleet swept down the river, stemming the young flood. But that cheer was the only one uttered until they came in view of the stranded tender, which was now nearly upright, and would soon be afloat.

"Now, Miss Marion, what do you propose?" asked Silas Linscot, as he laid his boat momentarily alongside of that steered by the disguised maiden.

"To lay her aboard. What say you?"

"That it's our best plan if we can get anyways handy to her unperceived."

"We must be cautious."

"Ay, and dispose of our force to some better advantage."

"Do so then."

"Not I, Miss Marion. You have commenced and must carry the thing through. I'm content to act under your orders."

"Then take four boats with you and pull for her starboard side. I will——"

"Boats ahoy!" was the hail from the tender at this moment.

"Quick, Silas, we've no time to lose.—Give way all!" exclaimed the brave young Amazon, hurriedly, and at the word the little fleet dashed forward in two divisions.

"Haul off or I'll fire!" shouted the startled lieutenant, as he rushed to the Gaspe's gangway, summoned from the cabin by the sentinel's warning hail.

"Guess you'd better not, master Warren," responded Linscot. "You might hurt friends."

The response came from the officer's pistol in the shape of a bullet, which grazed our heroine's cheek, and trimmed the right whisker of the stalwart Aborigine (? pulling the bow oar of the next boat.

"Whew! Cold lead by Jericho!" exclaimed the man, leaping from the thwart and seizing his musket, the only firearm in the party. "Cuss his ongainly picter, here's to pay him for wasting powder," and with the word he discharged the piece wounding and bringing down the startled Comstock.

His fall created no slight confusion in the tender's crew, who were then subjected to several vollies of stones from the advancing boats. This strange assault did not lessen their panic, and ere they could load or train a single gun to bear upon their assilants, they had gained a footing on the tender's deck, and renewed the assault from that point.

Ten minutes decided the affair, beholding the Gaspe a prize, when the fearless girl ordered the prisoners into the boats, and requested Linscot to land them on Bristol beach.

"You are no Indian or I'm no native," said the prisoner Linzee, approaching the young leader at this moment.

"No. Hist!" and placing her lips to his ear she whispered: "I'm—"

"My Ma—"

"Hist! Dear Robert, be guarded.—But one of this little band of friends knows who or what I am."

"And you have incurred all this risk for me?"

"For you and freedom. But what will we do with our prize?"

"Ha! Yes Ma——, we'll make a beacon of her to guide the gentle goddess to a home on our fair soil," and with the word he dashed below, to the vacant cabin, followed by our heroine.

"But you will permit me to light it Robert," she said, as together they gathered such combustibles as were at hand.

"Most assuredly, my own brave darling. Your hand has been the first raised against the minons of our royal tyrant, and shall place the match to the funeral pile of his oppression," and placing in her hand the cabin lamp, he stood by her side while she consumated the first overt act of resistance to British rule ever attempted in any of the "Old Thirteen."

Ten minutes later the boats in charge of Linscot returned, having landed the distressed Britons, when the little party who had remained on board deserted the burning vessel, which was enveloped in flame, ere an equal period had elapsed, shedding a brilliant gleam over the retiring and exulting victors, who were still less than a mile distant, when she blew up with a terrific roar, awakening the thousand echoes of shore and dale with that knell of the tyrant's sway over the adopted home and descendants of the Pilgrims.

In conclusion we would add the historical fact that "the brave little party and its heroic leader," with her lover, reached Providence in safety, and dispersed to their respective homes, leaving no clue to their individual identity, for a discovery of which the British government offered a reward of one thousand pounds sterling, but in vain. Like their worthy and patriotic brothers who formed the celebrated Boston tea party, they remained undetected, nor was their leader's identity ever suspected outside of the select circle of friends whom her no less patriotic husband was wont to entertain with the tale of freedom's first beacon, when time had silvered his hair and dimmed the lustre of her loving eyes. And by them it was handed down to their descendants, from one of whom we obtained the leading facts, drawing upon our own imagination for the coloring of our sketch, which we believe to be the most graphic and authentic history yet published of the Burning of the Gaspe.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

The Cleaveland Plaindealer proposes, if the Union is dissolved to form from the respective States, five new republics, as follows:

REPUBLIC NO. 1

A Southern Republic with all the Slave States save Delaware and Missouri, the latter in fact and feeling being a Western State and will soon be as free as Ohio, with New-Mexico and the Indian Territory.

The staple productions of this Republic would be cotton, tobacco, sugar and niggers.

REPUBLIC NO. 2.

A Western Republic including the seven North Western States, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska.

The productions of this Republic would be wheat, corn, beef, potatoes and Popular Sovereignty.

REPUBLIC NO. 3

The Central Republic, including New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. The latter named State has elected a Lincolnite to Congress and has not niggers enough to-day to run a respectable hotel.

The production of the Central Republic would be a great variety of cereals, panic makers and politicians.

REPUBLIC NO. 4

The Puritan Republic, including the six New England States.

Productions.—Paupers, Priests and Pumpkin pies.

REPUBLIC NO. 5

The Pacific Republic, including California, Oregon and Washington Territory, with the eventual addition of Sonora and Utah.

Staples.—Gold, Grizzly Bears and Babies.

Here are Republics enough to suit seceders, and when any of the States are dissatisfied with their new Unions all they will have to do will be to raise the flag of disunion and march to a more congenial section *a la Mexicana*.

Hoorah for the American Multiplication table and the new American Republic.

Ah! said a sunday school teacher to a hopeful pupil, ah, Caroline, what would you have been without your kind parents? I suppose mum, answered the girl, deeply affected, that I should have ben a horfan.

REWARD OF HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it and gave half to his boy, "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father. "Your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsal to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father: but break this piece in two, and take you a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it, I shall not. I have abundance and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food that is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son," he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs, but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire. Run!"

"but, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—"

"I will not listen to you, my boy. I bought the loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember him who told us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O! let us share, his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shal never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man "you have made some error, and almost lost your money," and he then showed the baker the gold and told him how it had been found.

"Is it thine," asked the father, "if it is, take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor and—"

"Silence my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from loosing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and the eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David, the flax dresser, told the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town. Now I shall tell the about the gold. A stranger came to my sthop three days ago, and gave me that loaf and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not have the loaf for nothing; I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and it is not small! is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head to the ground while the tears fell from his eyes His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said:

"I shall always, like you, my father, trust God and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

SHARP.—A German who had $300 in gold deposited in one of the Western banks stepped up to the counter the other day and presented his certificate with the demand for specie. He was paid, when he said to the banker:

Vot you gif for gold now, eh?

Five per cent, was the reply.

Oh, yaw, dat ish goot. I sell you deso for goot paper munish.

All right, was the reply, and $315 was counted out and handed over to the late depositor, who quietly took $15 from the roll of notes, and handed back $300, saying: I deposits dat mit you—I sees youre goot. And off he went with his new certificate and $15 premium.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. In a multitude of Counselors there is Wisdom—is rather a questionable axiom in the treatment of diptheria, sore throat, &c. A drowning man will catch at a straw, and a suffering man will swallow the first remedy he thinks will relieve him—the chances are, however both will perish.—Opinions among medical men differ as to the nature and remedy for this inflamatory affection of the throat—fulfilling the maxim touching culinary manipulations.—While doctors are torturing their victims, Holloway's remedies go straight to the disease, the Ointment checks the inflamation of the throat, and the Pills cool the blood and allay the fever. In all diseases of the throat these medicines are equally safe and rapid.

Good firm—good health & good temper.