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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, JULY 25, 1861. | NO. 29.

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

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball CARDS Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and despatch.

Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. HUNTING COOPER.....HENRY DRINKER.
WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS,—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turnpike-st.

J. R. M'COLLUM.....D. W. SEARLE.
McCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

HENRY B. McKEAN,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law.—TOWANDA, Pa. Office in the Union Block. je3 58 tf

DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine.—Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main and Elizabeth-sts, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. ap56 tf

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,—Montrose, Pa. Office over Wilsons' Store; Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.

DR. WILLIAM. W. WHEATON,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST.
—WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON,—
Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, recently of Binghamton, N. Y. tender their professional services to all who appreciate the "Reformed Practice of Physic," careful and skillful operations on Teeth; with the most scientific and approved styles of plate work. Teeth extracted without pain and all work warranted.
Jackson, June 14th, 1860. y*

DR. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.
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. my 7 3m.

DR. N. Y. LEET,
Physician and Surgeon: Friendsville, Pa. Office opposite the Tavern 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, this 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, y.

SOUTHWORTH & VADAKIN,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Headstones, Tooth-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also Dealers in Marblized Slate for Mantles, Centre-Tables, &c.
☞ Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. ap1 y*

WM. A. SNOW,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—Great Bend, Pa. Office on Main street, opposite the Western House. ap4

JOHN SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop over I. N. Tallard's Grocery, on Main-street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance—pledging himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.
Montrose, Pa., July 9th, 1860.—tf.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phœnix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. jan '60

JOHN GROVES,
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.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Joslyn's store, Montrose, Pa. o225 tf

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. je2 y

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug tf

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

HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
YANKEE NOTIONS
—AND—
FANCY GOODS.
WM. HAYDEN,
JOHN HAYDEN,
TRACY HAYDEN,
GEORGE HAYDEN,
NEW MILFORD, PA.

P. E. BRUSH, M. D.,
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY, AT
Springville,
Will attend to the duties of his profession promptly.
Office at D. Lathrop's Hotel.

AT SMITH'S!
NEW MILFORD, PA.,
IS THE PLACE, TO BUY YOUR
HARNESSES,
CHEAP FOR CASH,
AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.
nov5 4m J. H. SMITH.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETTS 1st July' 1860, $1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, " " 42,068.68.
J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McGee, As't " A. F. Wilmarth, Vice "
Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned, at his office, one door above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
nov29 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

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.

Dandelion Coffee,
A HEALTHY beverage. One pound of this Coffee will make as much as two pounds of other Coffee. For sale by ABEL TURRELL.

MEDICAL CARD.
E. F. WILMOT, M. D., Graduate of the Allopathic and Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine, would return his sincere thanks to the people of Gt. Bend and vicinity, for the very liberal patronage with which they have favored him, and he hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public confidence. Great Bend, January 22d, 1861.

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides!
Sheep Pelts, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, & Shop on Main Street.
Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. KEELER

Kerosene, Camphene & Fluid.
THE purest and best kinds to be found in any market, constantly on hand and for sale at TURRELL'S.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

☞ It has oft been our pleasure to quote, and to hear quoted, at DEMOCRATIC meetings, the appended National and patriotic lines. In these troublous times their true ring finds a welcome echo in every UNION heart. They will be better appreciated the oftener they are read, and we know of nothing that excels them.—ED. DEM.

Sail on! sail on! O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, grand and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
And all its hopes for future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Masters laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

The Tribune's Disunionism.

From the N. Y. World.

The *Tribune*, which has always been unsurpassed for coarse vigor and virulence, is doing great mischief to the cause of the Union by hounding on Gen. Scott to make a rush and precipitate attack on the rebels, and trying to poison the public mind against him and the Administration because they will not hazard defeat by virtually surrendering to Mr. Greeley the direction of the war. The truth is, the conductors of the *Tribune* are at heart disunionists, and have been for the last eight years. In the spring of 1854, or thereabouts, that paper published a long and a very noticeable series of editorial articles, running through several months, and fortified by a great array of statistics, aiming to prove that the Union is not a blessing to the North, but a disadvantage. It went so far as to compute, arithmetically, the precise amount of pecuniary loss entailed annually on every inhabitant of the Free States by the continuance of the Union—which it ciphered up to be a sum that would look formidable if collected annually by a taxgatherer. These deliberate and elaborate articles, so shocking to all the patriotic traditions handed down to us by the fathers of the republic, naturally attracted wide attention at the time. The *Tribune* has neither retracted their views nor acknowledged the inaccuracy of their statistics from that day to this. On the contrary, there is no labor which it has performed with such zeal and gusto, and with such a profusion of clumsy ridicule, as that of scoffing at every public man or political party that expressed any fears of the dissolution of the Union. In the well-stocked arsenal of abusive epithets and ribaldry which has always been the *Tribune's* chief controversial resource, there is no one which it has seemed to consider as so damaging, or as making the person pelted with it quite so ridiculous, as "Union-saver." These attempts, pursued through long years with remarkable tenacity of purpose, to make every man who cared for the preservation of the Union an object of derision, very naturally culminated in the early part of last winter, in the advocacy, by the *Tribune*, of the right of the Southern States to secede and set up for themselves, in articles wherein it quoted from the Declaration of Independence in support of this right. Its deadly enmity to Mr. Seward, led it in the latter part of the winter, when it supposed he was aiming to bring about a peaceful settlement of the controversy, to make a sudden somersault, and try to damage that statesman by turning against him the patriotic public popular sentiment which called for a vigorous dealing with the rebellion. In pursuance of this design the *Tribune* found it convenient to disguise for a while its inveterate hostility to the Union, but a disease that is so deeply seated will break out. It has now for a long time been the *Tribune's* daily business, either by open attacks or cowardly insinuations, to weaken the Administration and the Commanding General, and drive them into hazarding a battle before they are prepared, in order that the defeat of our army may afford it a pretext for again advocating secession, as it did last winter. The readers of that sheet cannot have failed to notice the frequent cropping out, during the last few weeks, of the idea that, if we do not whip the rebel army in the first battle or two we ought immediately to recognize their independence; and this idea has been constantly put forward in the articles in which that sheet has urged a battle before the greatest military commander of the age tho't it would be safe. The *Tribune* wishes the Union forces to be beaten, and is therefore hounding on Gen. Scott to fight before he is ready. It has already given notice that, if we lose the first battle, it goes for Southern independence. The following extracts are from its yesterday's issue:

"The simple question to be decided is: are northern men the equals of southern? or, are they poltroons who will run at the sight of a line of advancing bayonets?—And one fair battle will settle this conclusively. There is no need of a long war; no chance for it, unless policy and craft will so have it. Let fifty thousand defenders of the Union beat as many rebels in fair battle, and the war will be substantially ended. There will remain skirmishes, and a few cowardly shots at sentinels, but assassination is not war.

"If, as we rejoice to hear, Gen. Scott is now ready to try conclusions with Jeff. Davis and Beauregard, the war is near its end. We say this in no boastful spirit—we concede the possibility of the rebels proving the stronger party: but if they do let us frankly own it, and promptly arrest the wanton effusion of blood. And if they cannot keep the field against us they will do likewise."

One would suppose a journal that thinks the fate of the Union hangs on the success of a single battle, would wish the federal army to enter that battle strong in numbers and with the best foot forward. But no! the *Tribune* insists that Gen. Scott shall rush a set of raw levies, that have never stood fire, into concealed traps and masked batteries of the enemy, before he has taken the precautions necessary for the success of a campaign in an enemies country, in order that our patriot soldiers may be ignominiously beaten, and its long cherished enmity to the Union may be gratified in its final dissolution.—And it wishes this result to be reached 'forthwith.' The following extract shows how ready it is to give up the Union without a second trial, if the rebels beat us in the battle which it wishes to be fought, contrary to the judgment of the highest military authority:

"In short, we believe the patriotic soldiers are to-day able and eager to whip the rebels, and we want to see them allowed to try. If they are not able to brush the traitors in a fair, stand up fight, our pride revolts at the idea of slowly starving them into submission, or whipping them by virtue of money borrowed in Europe. We say, challenge them to meet the patriotic volunteers in a fair fight; if they quail they are ruined; if they fight and are beaten, they must give it up; while, if they beat us, we ought to do same. Let us have this matter settled forthwith, so that our brave men may quit soldiering and return to more profitable vocations. It does seem to us that to let the rebels remain in force for months within a day's march of Washington is the next thing to acknowldgeing their independence, and that we should either chase them away or own that we are unable."

We submit that, in the light of this expose, we are justified in asserting that the *Tribune* is a more dangerous enemy to the Union than the army of Jeff. Davis, the arch rebel.

A Contented Farmer's Wife.

Mrs. Content Rogers was a sunny sort of a body, as you could see by a glance at her front yard and windows. There was a honey-suckle trained on each side of the door, a flower border running the whole length of the house, where the crocuses and snow-drops hailed the first genial days of spring, and jonquils, pinks, violets, lilies, roses and asters lavished their blossoms all summer long.

The fence was picketed and painted white, indicative of the tidy housewife within. The windows had green blinds, but they were kept joyously opened, as if the sun and friends were both heartily welcomed to the best room, where Content Rogers was the presiding genius.—I have sometimes thought that these strongly marked traits of character run in the blood, and that a croaker or a jolly woman was quite as much indebted to her constitution as to her training for her peculiar developement. Certain it is, that this woman came rightfully by her charteristic hopefulness and contentment. Her maiden name was Goodenough, her father was called Waitstill, and her mother Hope. The last child, (the twelfth, by the way,) was named Content, as filling the measure of their happiness. Patience, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Temperance were cherished female names in the family, that had been handed down for many generations. By a sort of manifest destiny, which seems to be as strongly believed in by the moderns as by the ancients, she had married Content Rogers, and settled in this neat white farm house.

Content took me for a belated beggar, as I called quite early at the door. "Poor old man, you look tired and hungry," said she; "come in and breakfast, we are just at the table."

I found Content Rogers at the morning meal, with a goodly row of children upon each side of the table, of all ages from two to twenty. He had been expecting me but not quite so early in the day. The whole group was orderly, for the whole family was so much given to hospitality that an unexpected guest was no novelty in the household.

"Pray, how do you manage," said I, "to support so large a family farming? They say it is a very poor business."

"Well, my wife can tell you more about that than I can. I keep the farm going out of doors, and she keeps the family going in doors. I never find any difficulty in keeping the grain bins and meal chests well filled, and the larder well stored, and somehow there has always been enough to eat and drink ever since we began housekeeping, and that is twenty-two years ago this spring."

"But who says that farming is a poor business?" asked Content, with a surprised look, as if she had never taken that view of it.

"Why one of your townswomen by the name of Grimes," said I.

"Oh, yes, I have seen her; she lives up in the other parish, and haven't much acquaintance with her. But I thought the Grimes were rich and happy. They are sending their sons to college, and their daughters go away to school. Perhaps they feel a little above their business, which always makes things go hard."

"But don't you find it hard to feed so many mouths, and to keep so many children looking tidy?" I asked.

"Well, I am busy most of the time," said Content, smiling, "but I never tho't it hard. I do not know what we are to live for, if not to make others comfortable and happy. I have always found so many things to be thankful for, that I never found time to fret at the little worries of life. We named our first child Thankful, and somehow a blessing has seemed to follow us ever since. We have not had to wait till fall for a thanksgiving, for we have one about every month of the year. Before I got over feeling glad for one thing, I always notice that another came. When the children were sick I always felt bad, but they were never sick long, and when they got running round again, I always forgot the past. They made us a good deal of care when they were young, but they save us a great deal more, as we need their services. It is a great comfort sir, to have good children, and ours are the best in the world.

"But does farming pay?"

"That depends upon what you mean by paying," she continued. "It pays us abundantly. We are happy in our work, and have no longings for the pleasures which others enjoy. If a man is only contented, I suppose it makes very little difference whether he has a thousand or a million of dollars. We have a snug, comfortable house, all paid for, and our worldly substance is increasing every year. I suppose we enjoy it as much as a king does his palace and his kingdom. We are able to have a good variety of books and papers for ourselves and our children to read, so that we are learning something every day. I suppose we enjoy them quite as much as if we had nothing else to do but to read them. Our children are in a fair way to make useful men and women. The children of the richest men will not make any thing more, and many of them will fail of this.

"If our business makes us happy, we think it pays quite as well as any business that does not make those happy who follow it, even though it gives them more money. But farming pays well enough in money, not less than in worldly comfort. Our means grow with our wants, and what can any reasonable being ask more? The farm has grown larger, the soil deeper and richer, the cattle have increased and grown sleek and handsome, the pile of milk pans is higher and brighter, father says, since Thankful has been old enough to scour them. The garden is full of fruits and vegetables, and the grain bins are never empty."

I left, fully persuaded that Content Rogers had found the philosopher's stone, if I had not found a farmer's wife.

Matrimonial Infelicities.

"By the by, my dear," I said to my wife as I drew on my gloves preparatory to going down town the other morning, "I very nearly forgot to tell you that I have asked three or four friends to dine with me to-day."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed my wife "that you have asked them to come home with you to dinner?"

"I certainly do not mean to say anything else," I answered. "Where should they dine with me if not at my own table I should like to know?"

"Why I thought," she replied, "you had perhaps asked them to take dinner with you at the 'Maison Doree,' of which I hear you talk."

"I don't see why," I replied, "you should think any such thing. The fact is you thing a great deal too much. If you would do more and think less my home would be much pleasanter than it is."

"I am sure," said my wife, "I do much more than I am able to and how I am going to prepare dinner for your company to-day I do not know. I wish my dear, you would not invite gentlemen to dine with you unlets you let me know it at least the day before. I am not always prepared to entertain company at a few hours, notice and to-day especially it is very inconvenient."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed "I should really like to know when it has ever been convenient. I do not remember, during the many years of our marriage of once inviting a friend to dinner with me but you declared it to be inconvenient. Now if there be one word I dislike more than another it is the word incovenient."

"Well my dear," she said "I will do the best I can; but I regret extremely that you selected this day."

"Why this day more than any other?" I asked.

"Because it is washing-day and it will be almost impossible to prepare a handsome dinner and do the washing at the same time."

"Well, let the washing go then," I said "who cares! I suppose it will keep till to-morrow, won't it?"

"But the servant has already commenced it," she answered.

"Then tell her to stop if you want her to assist you in getting dinner," I said. "I suppose she can let the clothes soak, can't she?"

"I presume she will be obliged to," my wife replied; "but she will be terribly cross about it and I dare say before the dinner is ready she will drive me distracted."

"Well if she don't like it," I said, "tell her to go. I wouldn't be ruled by servants any way."

"I don't see that sending her away will help me in the least," she replied, "as in that case I should have the dinner to prepare alone besides a prospect of doing the washing to morrow."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed "you know very well that you will not have to do any such thing; but you like to say so just to make me think that you will have a terrible time getting dinner for five or six persons."

"Five or six!" exclaimed my wife; "I thought you said three or four."

"Well now I say," I added "five or six and if that isn't satisfactory I'll make it seven or eight. I am sure I am not particular."

"It will make very little difference to me," my wife replied whether a dozen come. I will see that everything you provide for the dinner is properly prepared and placed on the table; but for more than that I cannot answer."

"Well you certainly are a pretty wife," I said "if you expect that I am going to neglect my business down town by stopping at the market to select the materials of a dinner. I think if I give you money to purchase whatever is necessary you will attend to that part of the matter yourself."

"Now my dear," my wife answered, "it will be utterly impossible for me to go to market and also attend to making pastry, and overseeing the cleaning of the silver, the sweeping of the parlors, and a hundred other little matters of which you have no idea. No you get from market whatever you wish and also see that it is sent home. It is now nearly ten o'clock and this dinner which to be properly prepared ought to have my undivided attention for two days must be gotten up in six or seven hours."

"Good gracious!" "I exclaimed what a fuss you are making about a little dinner. One would think that we never dined at all. Why all you have to do is to cook a trifle more meat and vegetables than usual. It don't seem much of a task to me."

"Very well," said my wife "just send home from the market the trifle more and vegetables which you think will suffice, and I will attend to having them cooked."

"Very well" I said "I will try to remember to stop at the market; but if the meat and vegetables don't come in an hour or so you had better send or go yourself to see about them. You know well enough my dear that if there be one thing I dislike doing more than another it is going to market. Let dinner be ready precisely at six o'clock and set the table for six persons besides ourselves."

"Stop, my dear," my wife cried, "you have not told me what you intend to have for dinner."

"Yes I have," I replied; meat and vegatables."

"But what kind of meat persisted my wife, and what vegetables?" Will you have fish and soup? and strawberries and jellies? and pies and tarts? and what wine will you have put on the ice?"

"I declare," I said "your questions will drive me crazy. Get the dinner to suit yourself. Have fish and soup, and all the other things you asked about; but don't trouble me with kitchen matters. Talk to the cook, if you wish to consult some one, and let me rest in peace."

Again I said good-by, and went toward the door.

"Suppose, before you go," said my amiable spouse, "you give me some money, for I shall be obliged to use considerable in getting this dinner. Every dinner costs money, and such a one as will satisfy you cannot be prepared for nothing."

"You are certainly," I said "the most unfortunate woman I ever met. I really have done nothing for a month past but give you money. Well, how much do you want? Come, don't keep me standing here forever, while you add up on your fingers. Can't you say at once how much you require, and be done with it?"

"I was trying," she replied, "to calculate the sum necessary; but——"

"Don't, for gracious sake," I interrupted, have any "buts" in your answer.—There, take those bills," I added, placing some bank notes into her hands, "use what are necessary, and with the remainder buy the summer silk for which you have been teasing me for days past."

My wife examined the bills, smiled sadly, and shaking her head, said:

"There is barely sufficient here to pay for the dinner."

"It is all I have," I said, "to spare at present, and if it be not sufficient to pay for both dinner and silk dress, why I am afraid you will have to do without the dress."

"I wish," said my wife, "you were not going to give this dinner. It will cost a great deal of money, and I have no doubt but that the anxiety and care I shall have to undergo in attending to it will make me ill."

"Oh, yes," I cried, "that is just the way you women always talk. If you don't have money with which to buy silks and laces whenever you fancy to have them, why you immediately declare yourselves to be ill. I have seen too much of that kind of thing since I was married to be greatly effected by it. I suppose your head aches now, dosn't it, love?"

"Yes, it does," she replied, "and how I am going to keep up through the day I don't know. It is not at all probable I shall be able to be present at the dinner, and how you will get along without me I can't possibly imagine."

"Oh, we'll manage well enough," I replied; don't give yourself any uneasiness on that account. Keep cool, my love and get the dinner upon the table, and I'll see to the rest."

My Wife sighed.

"I will do the best I can," she said; "but, oh, I do wish you had not invited your friends to day. I want the dinner to look and taste as nice as it is possible for any to be; but the time I have to prepare it in is so short that I doubt if I can do justice to it."

It was evident to me that my wife really feared the dinner might prove a failure. So, after a moment's hesitation, I said:

"My dear, is the money I have just given you sufficient to buy your summer silk?"

My wife brightened up immediately:

"Oh, yes," she answered, "more than enough."

"Very well, then," I replied, "use it for that purpose, and let the dinner go."

"No!" she said, "you and your friends would be disappointed. The dinner will be ready at six o'clock."

"Confound the dinner," said I, "I won't give it at all. It has already caused me more trouble than it is worth. Besides you are not well enough to see to it, and I'll tell my friends that you are ill."

"But that will be scarcely true," she said; "although I am not well, I am far from being ill."

"Never heed that," I said; "my mind is made up. So you need not think any more about dinner. I have decided to dine at the 'Maison Doree' with my friends, so that they will not be disappointed after all."

"Except," said my wife, smiling, "in not having me to preside at the table."

"True, my dear," I replied; "but then we will toast you in a goblet of the 'Flower of Nectar.'" And we did so.

Finished Piece of Workmanship.

In perusing the narrative of McClellan's triumphant career in Western Virginia the uppermost impression left on our mind is that it is a thing completely done. It is a finished piece of work. It stands before us perfect and entire wanting nothing; like a statue or picture just leaving the creative hand of the artist and embodying his whole idea. McClellan set out to accomplish a certain definite object. With that precise object in view he gathers his forces and plans his campaign. On wardhe moves and neither wood mountain or stream checks his march. He presses forward from skirmish to skirmish but nothing decoys or diverts or forces him from the enemy. Outpost after outpost camp after camp gives way; the main body falls back and is at last put to an ignominious and disgraceful retreat. He remains master of the field and reports that he has filled his mission. There is something satisfactory in contemplating what might be called a piece of finished military workmanship by a master hand. It is one thing done. It is besides a poetic retribution for it commemorates the quarter day after the bombardment of Sumter.

The Crusader's Temptation.
OR, THE ENCHANTRESS OF THE OLD TOWER.

Arthur Templeton, a young and noble knight, was proceeding on a special mission from the camp of the returning Crusaders to the Count Fontenay's castle, some twelve miles distant. He had been entrusted by one Baron Rodney, the commander of the Christian host, with a letter to the Baron, and ordered to proceed in advance of the army, that the old Count might make preparations for the reception of his old comrade and particular friend.

The young crusader had already proceeded several miles in advance of the crusaders, and two-thirds of the distance he had yet to traverse. He was near his native village, which even lay beside the rout he was called upon to pass, and it was very natural that his thoughts should revert to the friends and relatives he expected to meet, after his two years of strife and wandering in the holy land.—He was a brave and most honorable young knight, but was not returning with the honors he had expressed the hope of winning, when, two years before, he bade adieu to the idol of his heart, the gentle maid Edith Brenneth.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, as he rode along, "how dear Edith will receive me, when she knows that I am the same poor knight I was two years ago? Her stern old father said I never should have his daughter unless I returned powerful and honored—alas for his resolution! I can only tell them that the Baron Rodney has spared no pains to keep me in the background, and I suspect even that he has prevented all knowledge of my meritorious service from reaching the village. Faith! what if my suspicion should prove true—that the Baron himself is in love with Edith? Guess I'll call up my faithful squire and consult him again on the subject."

He reined in his horse, looking behind him, and waited till his followers rode in view, then he beckoned him to hasten.—The man put spurs to his somewhat jaded steed, and soon reached his master's side, when the question that had risen in Arthur's thoughts was only discussed. The squire, who was a middle-aged, quiet sort of an individual, did not venture to express any decided opinion, but allowed the knight to think and reason as he pleased.

Suddenly, upon passing an old tower, a short distance in advance of his squire, the crusader was startled at seeing three beautiful young girls, who were seated on the green sward near the foot of the ruined edifice, with a repast of choice delicacies and wines before them, which they were enjoying in the noontide shade. No sooner did their eyes rest upon the knight than they started up, hastening towards him, and causing him to rein in his steed.

"Sir knight," cried one of the gay beauties, in the sweetest of tones, "will you not come and join us in our pleasant repast? We can refresh you a little, give your jaded beast some fresh grass, and thereafter you can proceed so much more rapidly that you will lose no time by accepting our cheer."

"Fair maiden, I am charged with a message, and cannot delay—"

"Nay, but you will arrive full as soon. Do not turn a deaf ear to our appeals, for, as a true knight, thou shouldst be ready to hear the wrongs we have to narrate to thee!"

"Faith, I will tarry for a few moments, if so be that you will excuse my dust-covered attire. It were a difficult thing for mortal man to resist the invitation of such charming fairies as yourselves!"

"Flattering knight! if you think thus of our attractions, what will you say to those of our mistress, the fair lady Edith?"

"Edith!" queried the knight, looking from one to the other of the maids, as if equally bewildered by his eyes and his thoughts. Dismounting, he led the horse to a pile of newly cut grass, indicated to him by one of the girls, and then attended them to their rustic board. The servant, on riding up, and seeing his master thus engaged, lost no time in baiting his own steed, and then threw himself at length on the green sward under the trees, where he lay motionless, while the crusade partook of the dainties spread before him, and answered the questions showered upon him by his charming hostesses.

"You spoke of your mistress," said the knight, as he arose—"is she near?"

"She is on yonder tower."

The quick eye of Arthur caught a glimpse of a white dress, as the wind blew out its long train from behind one of the raised corners of the old battlements of the tower, but he could not see the face, nor even the figure of the wearer.

"You will certainly go and pay your devoirs, sir knight?" pleaded one of the girls, with her most bewitching smile.

The knight hesitated; but the mention of the name of Edith had caused him so much curiosity, that he finally concluded to gratify it, saying to himself:

"It will require but a moment, and then I will hurry on my way."

"But you must proceed to the tower alone," said one of the girls. "The ascent is easy and direct; you cannot miss the way to the spot where our lady is standing."

—The knight bowed, promising to come back in a moment and take his leave of the girls, and then went to the tower. After some difficulty, he made his way to the battlement, but no signs of any woman was seen, and all his search, in the shades of twilight, which had now commenced casting their shadows around him, was fruitless.

"I am tricked," he finally muttered. "I will instantly return and leave this evil spot. Ah, my head! how it whirls! and how obscure and thick are my thoughts becoming! Those girls were certainly fairies, and they have drugged or poisoned the wine!"

He made his way back to the spot where he had left the three maidens; but a single glance showed him that they were gone with every vestige of their late presence. He then perceived the absence of his horse. Alarmed, he commenced calling his squire. Receiving no answer, he proceeded to the spot where he had seen his squire dismount, and found that his man and the horse he had ridden were also missing. Still, he called till he felt himself confused and half insensible, and then he resolved on proceeding afoot.

But everywhere seemed strange to his vision, and it was not long before his sight grew so indistinct that he did not know where he was going. Finally, he sank down, in a troubled sleep, and slumbered several hours, although it seemed to him but a moment. On recovering his senses, he found that the green sward was no longer beneath him, nor the bright sky above him; he was in a splendidly furnished apartment, and lying in a soft and refreshing bed.

"Where am I? he murmured, looking around; his eyes speedily rested on an open letter, which lay upon the coverlid within his reach. He instantly seized it recognizing it as the sealed document with which he had been entrusted by Baron Rodney, and read as follows:

"TO THE COUNT FRONTENAY—On receipt of this, by Arthur Templeton, knight you will please cause the bearer to be put out of the way, as I am fearful lest he trouble me in my proposed union with the Lady Edith Brenneth. From your old friend and servant,

THE BARON RODNEY.

"P. S.—Can you accomodate me and a few retainers at your castle for the coming night?"

"And so," soliloquized Arthur, "this is the sort of message I was desired to carry to the count. Whoever may be these maidens, they have evidently shown me a great favor in thus preventing me from bearing this letter to its destination."

A soft step beside the bed caused the knight to start and turn his face in that direction. He beheld the object of his long cherished affection, Edith Brenneth, who clasped him in her arms, and showered repeated kisses on his cheeks and lips.

"Oh, my Edith!" said the knight. "Is it indeed you?"

"Yes, dear Arthur," and there were tears of joy in her eyes "My maids gave you too much of the drug; they almost poisoned you; but you feel better?"

"Almost well, dearest, and your presence will soon effect a perfect cure. But was it you who laid this little plot to prevent me from falling a victim to Baron Rodney?"

"Yes."

"But how did you know that the Baron had such a murderous design?"

"By my father."

"Your father! And pray, have you learned from the same source that I have won none of those honors and rewards I was led to expect?"

"No, no; but I have learned from him all your noble and generous deeds—of your bravery and discretion—of those honors you have earned, but which the Baron Rodney has prevented you from receiving!"

"Is it possible that your father is aware of all this?"

"None better. He has faithfully reported to me all your movements, since the day you left our native village for the holy land."

"And how has he been able to gather all these accounts?"

"He shall tell you himself."

The door opened, and the crusader's squire made his appearance, at the same instant that sounds of a fierce combat were heard proceeding from the neighboring wood.

"What is that?" asked Arthur of the squire.

"A fight between the Baron Rodney and Count Fontenay. While your message was retained, I sent a challenge to the Count, which invited him to meet the Baron in deadly conflict. The Count has eagerly complied, and the two forces have just met not far from the tower, I have only to say, that I hope and expect the two wretches will destroy each other?"

The young knight, on arising and passing to the window, saw he was within a room in the red tower, whither he had gone to find Edith. Wondering at all he had endured during the last few hours, he continued several moments looking out upon the strugge between the Count's retainers and the crusaders. When he at last turned to his squire for some information, he saw that the stern old Count of Brenneth had taken his place in the room. Startled and anxious, he cast himself at the nobleman's feet.

"Arise, my son, and kneel no more, save when we shall all bow together, including your Edith, and worship the true God!"

A suspicion suddenly took possession of the young knight's heart—one which caused his face to flush and his form to tremble.

"Is it possible?" he cried. "Blind that I was, not to see it sooner! For two years, Count Brenneth, have you attended me as my faithful squire!"

"True, my son, because I discovered that my Edith was greatly attached, to you, and wished to know whether you were worthy or not. Now I am satisfied, and so is your king, who from this time forth makes you the Baron of Templeton: Not a word, my boy; salute your beloved and may you both be happy, and none the less so because your enemies are dead!"

He pointed, as he spoke, to several of his servants, who were bringing the dead bodies of the Count Fontenay and the Baron Rodney down the road. The lovers were married the next day, and the Count of Brenneth returned to his own castle, from which he had temporarily fled to avoid the attack of Count Fontenay who had laid a plot to abduct the Lady Edith. There a happy and honorable life awaited them all, and the crusader was well satisfied with the result of his temptation, as it had given him the gentle enchantress of the old tower.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The number of fugitive slaves now inside the Federal lines at Fortress Monroe and vicinity is estimated at six hundred. An attempt was made at first to keep a record of the fugitives, but it was found to be impossible, their numbers increased so rapidly.