THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,
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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. 19. | MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1862. | NO. 18.

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 or delivered.

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. B. M'COLLUM.....O. 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. jal 58 tf

DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine.—Great Bend, Pa.; Office, corner of Main at 4 Elizabeth-sts, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. ap56 tf

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. HEAD.
DRS. OLMSTEAD & HEAD,
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 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 27th, 1860.

SOUTHWORTH & VADAKIN,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Head-stones, Tomb-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also dealers in Marbelized Slate for Mant'es, Centre-Tables, &c.
*** Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. 1oc4 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. Ballard'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 2th, 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. 0c25 tf

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug 1f

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 1f

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

P. E. BRUSH, M. D.,
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY, AT
Springville,
Will attend to the duties of his profession promptly.
Office at S. 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 1m J. H. SMITH.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETTS 1st July 1860, $1,441,819.27.
LIABILITIES, " " $3,068.68.

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 returns 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

DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Tuttle's Hotel.
New Milford, July 17, 1861

ABEL TURRELL
HAS for sale, Metallic Oil, for Sewing Machines, Hook & Witch Oil, Bed Bug, Rutland Mouse Poison, Homœopathic Remedies, Fund's Extract, and a great variety of Liniments, Salves, Pills, and Plasters, and an endless variety of Patent Medicines.

PATIENCE.

A gentle angel wendeth,
Throughout this world of wo,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below,
Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim;
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us thro' this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand;
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

She sobers into sadness
Thy grief's excessive smart,
And steeps in peace the madness
And tumult of the heart;
The darkest hour she maketh
As bright as sun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,
But pours in healing balm;
Thy longing she derides not,
But makes devout and calm;
And when in stormy seasons
Thou askest murmuring, why?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But smiling, points on high.

To every doubt and question
She cares not to reply;
Bear on, is her suggestion,
Thy resting place is nigh,
Thus by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend,
Not overmuch she talketh,
But thinks, O happy end!

WATER.

One Paul Denton, a methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a Barbecue, with better liquor than was ever furnished.—When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your Riverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbacue, but better liquor. Where is it?"

"There!" answered the Missionary, in tones of thunder; and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "There is the liquor, which, God, the eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the simmering Still, over smoldy fires choked with murderous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play. There God brews it—and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain top, where the granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem till the trees seem all turned into living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph-zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drop of the earth, whose woof is the sun-beam of heaven, all decked with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of reflection. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder, no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths—no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friend, would you exchange it for the "demon of Alcohol?"

Air, Sunshine & Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on first entering the service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room where the books were kept opened in a back yard, surrounded by high walls, so that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever afterwards.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when, accidentally, a window glass of the family room was broken in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupeytren, the Napoleon of physic, was called in. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone, the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and all her complaints vanished.

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows spindly, pale and scraggling, if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical names in France of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine never should be occupied as family rooms or chambers, or as libraries or studies.—Such apartments are only fit for stowage, or purposes which never require a person to remain in them over a few minutes at a time; and every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family room and the chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Returning to their First Love.

For several days the office of Governor Johnson in the Capitol has been thronged with Secession men and women from the city and adjacent country, earnestly interceding for their sons who now are or have been in the rebel army, and expressing the utmost willingness and even anxiety to take the oath of allegiance to the good old government, and faithfully discharge the duties of law-abiding and loyal citizens. Some of these distressed parents, for whom we feel the greatest sympathy, say that their sons were virtually forced into the rebel service by taunts and menaces, others that their pride led them to volunteer lest they should be subject to the degradation of a draft, and others from various malign influences so hard to be resisted by the thoughtless adventurers, and ambitious young men.

Many instances of the most affecting nature could be adduced, but we forbear to intrude upon the sanctity of private grief. God forbid that we should utter one word that should cause to bleed afresh those wounds, which a parent's heart only can know, and which so many fathers and mothers throughout Tennessee feel in this hour of the nation's deep affliction. The improvement in the state of the public mind is most gratifying, and will be hailed with rapture by every patriotic heart.

The work of restoration progresses most cheeringly. The spell of treason is broken, and the demon of enchantment lies powerless at the feet of our country's genius.

In addition to the above, the same paper records with great satisfaction that a "large number of native Tennesseeans, men of intelligence, character, and influence," have applied to Governor Johnson for authority to raise troops for the Union army, and give assurance that a much larger number of natives of the State will volunteer in the Union army than ever got into the rebel army, either by volunteering or the draft.—*Nashville Union.*

QUEER COURTSHIPS.

Not being completely terrified by the late fearful threat of the exasperated Southern Confederacy to invade their State with an invincible army, the people of the State of Ohio are sufficiently collected to attend to their domestic affairs; and we note by their later journals that "marrying and giving in marriage" is still one of their institutions. Occasionally, too, a little romance is permitted in that vicinity—and we find among the newest records the case of a nice young man and an eligible young woman, whose adventures in Cleveland are worth repeating.

The fair one herein concerned is a ripe, glowing, pert young woman, who has been visiting Western friends sometime past, and started on her return to her home in Rochester, in this State, on Tuesday morning last. Unfortunately her money was all gone by the time she reached Cleveland, and there she stood, in a railroad depot in that city, the other day, hardly knowing what to do. Having no acquaintances in Cleveland, and wishing to go forward as soon as possible, she stated her case to one of the clerks, and asked to see the Superintendant of the Lake Shore Road, hoping that the latter would be gallant enough to give her a pass.—Whilst the young lady was telling her story, a spruce young man entered the depot, and, hearing what she said, was polite enough to tender his services as knight errant. With an elaboration of language redolent of good society, he told her that, if she would wait till the next train, and dine with him in the meantime, he would see her safely to the paternal roof at Rochester, regardless of expense. Such kindness to a stranger might have melted a harder heart than the maiden's, and she consented with tearful gratitude. The twain dined together at a restaurant, and what the substance of their post-prandial conversation was, we can only judge by what followed. They returned to the depot just before the next train started for the east, and, having hastily retreated to a retired corner of the waiting room, sent a messenger in search of a police justice!—In a short space of time the magistrate and his clerk made their appearance, and then and there were the acquaintances of an hour solemnly joined together in holy wedlock, their courtship being the shortest one on record. The affable clerk took the part of the usual "stern parient" in giving the bride away, and blessed them decently at the conclusion of the service. In another moment the happy pair were on the train, the whistle shrieked, and away they went, due east.

Another refreshing little love affair must be related before we have done with romantic Cleveland. One day last week, a well known firm doing business in Water street, in that city, was drawn upon by a customer living in Youngstown for a wife! The party sending this remarkable draft is a respectable and phlegmatic dutch gentleman, of middle age, who wanted a help-mate, hadn't time to go courting, and took this meritorious method of procuring one per order. The water street firm make it a point to never disappoint a customer; and so the senior member made a journey to the nearest intelligence office, in pursuit of the article in latest demand. He was enabled to find a bouncing Dutch crinoline, who spoke English without serious breakage, and had no great objections to wedlock. She consented to be lodged in a hotel until her expected arrived—that event taking place on Wednesday last. The Dutch gentleman was highly pleased with the fraulein, a clergyman was called, and the marriage was accomplished in short metre. Whether the firm aforesaid exacted any special fee, or charged a percentage on the value of the article they had selected, the local reporters are unable to say. The Dutch gentleman carried home his bride to Youngstown in triumph, and will probably find her equal to the average of wifedom.

An Elopement Case.

According to the dictum of that wide-awake sheet, the Lyons *Republican*, the village of Savannah, in Wayne county, N. York, was last week the scene of a blustering episode of romance. On Friday, the train brought thither a rather seedy individual, named Tuttle, and a pretty young lady, who passed for his wife, both of whom put up at the hotel, and made themselves at home. A certain mystery in their actions was rather unexpectedly cleared up at a later hour, when the train from the East brought a rather exasperated individual, who at once repaired to the same hotel, and commenced asking, in a very nervous manner, if a female of such and such a description was stopping there. The description happened to exactly suit the appearance of Mr. Tuttle's *compagnon de voyage*, and as the new comer was able to describe, also, with great nicety, the baggage brought by that lady, the keeper of the house felt justified in saying that the young lady was indeed in the house.—Then came the tale which hung thereby. The nervous gentleman gave his name as Strickland; stated that he was from Cato, Cayuga county, and affirmed that the woman he was in pursuit of was his runaway wife. This developement created a decided sensation throughout the institution, and the Cayuga personage, in obedience to his urgent request, was quietly conducted to the apartment of his weaker half.—She was alone. Tuttle having gone out on some business, and the meeting between the husband and wife was equal to the palmy days of the drama. The foolish woman made no attempt to deny that she had eloped with the seedy Tuttle, but solemnly averred that the latter had induced her to do so by giving her "love powders." Whether the husband believed this ridiculous nonsense or not, he seemed disposed to forgive her; but vowed direst vengeance on the rascally Tuttle. The latter was confronted in a grocery store near by, and, of course, ignored the "love powders" altogether. Mrs. Strickland had told him, he said, that she lived very unhappily with her husband, who did'nt treat her as a wife, and had given her promises to go where, and act as she pleased. He (Tuttle) had no desire to meddle with their matrimonial matters without the mutual consent of both parties, which he supposed he had obtained. On the strength of this explanation, Mr. Strickland concluded to give up his vengeful purpose, and take his wife back again. The reconciled couple took the next day's train for home, where, it is to be hoped, they will remain.

ALL ARE SINNERS BUT OURSELVES.—Old parson W——, of Bristol county, Mass., relates the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons to the old, to young men, to young women, and to *sinners*. At his first sermon his house was full—but not one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every young lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. At the fourth, address to sinners, not a solitary individual was there, except the sexton and organist.—"So," said the parson, "I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbor scolded, no one cared to be spoken of himself."

CHINESE MOURNING.—Among the curious customs of the Chinese, not the least noteworthy is their mourning for the dead Yesterday, during the general rejoicing of the race, we witnessed a portion of this strange ceremony. A man habited in a long robe, with a square cap on his head, came out of a dwelling with a bell in one hand and three wax tapers in the other. Planting the tapers in the earth he lighted them, and then commenced ringing the bell, when twelve more clothed in long white robes and with common ropes wound round their bodies, came out bent nearly to the earth, and each led by an attendant. The last comers ranged themselves around the tapers and commenced crying and lamenting for the dead of the past year, continuing the performance for minutes regardless of the crowd around them, and then returned in the same order to the house.—*San Francisco Paper.*

☞ In Venango county is a queer chap by the name of Tom Barton; who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is glib of tongue, and had been a great liar, but who lately reformed and was baptized in the river. It was bitter cold winter day, and a hole was cut in the ice to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up out the water Tom kindly asked: "Ain't it t-t-terrible c-c-cold, Jim?" "O no, not at all," said Jim. "D-d-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom, "he l-l-lies yet!"

A JOLLY JUDGE.—A judge in Wisconsin, who had tried a suit for the recovery of a liquor bill, the defence to which was that the liquors sold were of a very inferior quality, charged the jury in the following sensible language:—"Gentlemen of the Jury—Pure, unadultered liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and as far as the experience of the court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor, or what is worse, a drugged article, cannot be tolerated, gentlemen; and if dealers from below, will send up into this country, so blessed with the smiles of a benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to be, in this court, gentlemen of the Jury, they cannot recover." The verdict was of course for the defendant.

About Twigs and Their Early Bending.

Valter, my boy, it's a funny thing—about the twig, we mean.

"I don't twig it!"

Vell my boy—it is this; just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. No matter whether it be a wooden twig or a meat one; a sprig of shelalah or a sprig of humanity. As you plant the corn so will it grow, and it be hooves people to plant straight. Now can you tell us, Valter, my boy how a father—a fond and dear father can expect his children to be amiable in their disposition, when he is as cross as the gable end of a saw horse whenever the house is graced with his presence? If the father swears, can he exect his son to refrain from the use of profanity? If he is cross and peevish; finding fault with everything and everybody, how can he expect the twiglets of his family to do different? Leaning against the shrub will warp the tree, my boy. If the father keeps late hours, and frequents places like Cæsar's wife—beyond suspicion, how can he blame the son for following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor? If the father cannot control his temper, is it right my boy, to whip the child for learning his daily lesson but too well? Little twigs see things very close. While the large tree is looking over its neighbors; over stumps, rocks creeks, valleys and houses, the twig is looking close along the ground, twisting and bending about by every breeze and peeking into the little brooks, angels and crevices, and under the leaves, stones and bunches of flowers—observing a thousand things its loftier parent never thinks to observe. If the father is a sloven, can the child be else, till new ideas be born within him? If the father, on entering the house, throws his hat, coat, muffler, boots and bundle in different directions, careless of the labor he makes for others, how can the child be chided for doing the same?

If the father be a church member and, as is too often the case, succeeds in over reaching his neighbor, and boasts of it at the table—and the tea table is a funny place, my boy—how can he expect his child to learn honesty or to respect professors of religion? Whatever the parent does is right in the eyes of the child, yes folks wonder why their children show certain traits of character as years settle upon them. The mother expects her daughter to be a lady some day, but forgets to set an example. At the table or by the fireside, she indulges in uncalled for remarks of neighbors, or throws out insinuations against the character of those as good as herself, and then expects her child to be a lady? If the mother be untidy in her dress—allows dust and dirt to accumulate on tops of stands and behind doors, how can she blame the daughter for falling into the same habit? If she washes the dishes in cold or luke warm water, without soap, wipes them with a slowsy rag, and sits them away so greasy that you can draw Solomon's temple, or the epitaph of a baby in the grease on write them with a fork tine, how in the name of faith can she expect her daughter to be neat? All these little things tell. These little twigs are great institutions, my boy and the wind which sways the tree will affect the bush.—Such is the law of nature my boy. Yet folks never see it as they should. If the mother is a discreet and sensible woman, the daughter will be the same. If not, don't take chances on them my boy. If the father is a gentleman, the son will be very apt to be much the same sort of a person, and take pride in honoring the author of his being.

There are a thousand little things, my boy, which will make the boy into a loafer or a man. There are a thousand little acts at home, the influence of which will never die. As the shadow reflects the image of the subject, either lesser or greater, so will children reflect the education of home, and the lessons taught by the fireside, or when kneeling by the side of a loved mother, last till we are no more.—If a child is governed by kind words, so will its life give evidence. If home is made pleasant, the boy will have its sacred protection. If everything around the family circle is built loose and cross grained, nothing but the power of God, or great ambition, will spring the boy back into the upright man. No one is fit to govern himself till he has been governed—no one can govern others till he can govern himself. And my boy, it is the short lessons which we remember the longest. The home influenes are seldom forgotten, and the lessons for good or evil which you and us received in years agone, when the mind was more susceptible than now, will make or damn us my boy. Parents cannot be too careful of the little ones given them. Their home lessons cannot be too good.

If the parent thinks its own perfect child how much must the child think of its parent, and how perfect in its eyes must be all that parent does—how cherished the teachings, how indelible the picture the eyes of youth looked upon as correct.—Yes, Valter my boy, the twig is easily bent—but to straighten it is quite another and more difficult matter, and as some of our readers are so easy to take hints, will leave the subject with them.

Wanted! Wanted!! a Party Name!

The Chambersburg *Times* informs us that in Franklin county one person offers himself as a candidate for a county office "subject to the decision of the Republican Union nominating convention." Another offers himself for nomination "at the next convention of the People's party," and a third presents his claims "subject to the decision of the Administration convention.' If these candidates had only waited patiently until after the first of May next, at which time the State Committee of the People's party meets at Philadelphia, they would have discovered the name of the party to which they belong. Until the leaders give the signal, it is only a matter of painful conjecture among the rank and file as to what name they must answer to, or what creed they will have to nominally endorse. Let all Republicans wait with patience until a guide is laid down, before they commit themselves to any name, and an awkward state of affairs may be thereby avoided.

A FRENCH AMAZON.

Towards the end of 1806, on a fine autumnal morning, Napoleon was reviewing his troops, decorated with the laurels of Egypt, Germany and Italy, and he had already passed the fronts of several regiments, whose danger and fatigues in the field of battle he had so often witnessed and shared at the 6th hussars, so remarkable for its splendid appearance. His eagle eye soon perceiving a volunteer who was carncoling out of his rank, he immediately exclaimed:

"Why is this hussar not in his place? Sir," added he to the colonel, "how is it that in a regiment which I frequently quote as a model, such a want of discipline is permitted in my presence? Let the soldier be put in arrest for eight days."

"Sire," replied the colonel, "permit me to appeal against this severe sentence, and to solicit pardon for my volunteer; you would interrogate him."

"Very well," said the emperor, "be it so; let him approach."

The hussar came forward on a gallop, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Your name?"

"My emperor, my name is Duconda Laborde, but the regiment call me Breton Double."

"For what reason did you presume to quit the ranks?"

"I never entered into them, merely following the regiment as a volunteer, and not wishing to form a part until your majesty considered me worthy of that honor."

"How long have you been attached to the regiment?"

"Eight years?"

"What has induced you to join the service?"

"Love of my country and my husband from whom I was desirous never to be separated."

"What! you a woman?"

"Yes, sire, and you have never had in the regiment an arm more devoted than mine?"

"What is the name of your husband?"

"Poncet."

"From what country do you come?"

"Angouleme."

"Your age?"

"Thirty three."

"Have you any children?"

"One son."

"How is he employed?"

"As trumpeter to the 11th dragons."

"Do you understand the evolution of the regiment?"

"Yes sire, and the sword exercise."

"I am very anxious to witness this," said the emperor, who listened to Breton Double with increased interest. "Col. let a troop advance and let the brave Breton join the ranks."

The colonel directed the movements, which were executed by Breton Double with so much ardor and precision, that the emperor was delighted and surprised at witnessing a woman manage her horse with the vigor and courage of an old campaigner.

"I am satisfied with your zeal and ability," said the emperor, "and appoint you regimental quarter master; take this towards your dress," at the same time placing a Napoleon in her hand, and ordering twenty five additional to be given her. "Go and rejoin your squadron, we shall meet again."

Breton Double expressed her grateful thanks to the emperor, and lost no time in taking the position to which by her new rank, she became entitled, amidst the congratulations and cheers of the numerous witnesses of the scene. The 6th hussars shortly afterwards joined the corps of the army in Prussia, and at the battle of Eylau afforded Breton Double an opportunity of distinguishing herself. The action had continued more than two hours, when Breton Double, who had been sent to the right wing with an order rejoined her corps, and perceiving that the troop were surrounded by a large body of Russians, courageously dashed through the enemy, sword in hand, killed the commander, relieved her countrymen, and returned to the camp, proudly displaying the sash of the vanquished officer.

The emperor having been informed of this gallant feat directed a golden medal to be presented to her, which was received by our heroine with grateful and religious respect. Subsequently, in Prussia at the commencement of an action, she had the misfortune to be wounded by a musket ball in the right hip; instead however, of returning to the camp, she continued to assault the enemy with increased vigor, out of revenge for the pain she was enduring from the wound; but she was again struck by a bullet under the right arm. Notwithstanding this, she refused to quit the field, bound up her wounds with her handkerchief to stop the bleeding, hung her arm in a sling, passed the rein of her bridle over her neck, and changing her saber from her right to her left hand, rushed like a furious hyena into the enemy's ranks. After killing and disabling several men, she was immediately carried in triumph to the emperor. Napoleon recognizing Breton Double, was affected at such devotion and bravery; he took from his own breast the cross of honor, and placed it on hers, directed she should forthwith have her wounds examined and attention paid to her by surgeons. From that period, until 1814 Breton Double did not quit her regiment, performing eminent services in the campaign, sometimes as a courageous soldier, and at other times entering into the enemy's lines in female attire, either as a huckster or peasant, in which latter capacity she often obtained information that was highly important and advantageous to the French troops.

At Waterloo she paid her last tribute to the glory of France, in the military service of which she had passed seventeen years; during that engagement her leg was broken by a musket ball, and Poncet her husband, then a captain, died at her side, enthusiastically believing the eagle was still victorious. Her leg was amputated on the field of slaughter, and Breton Double, respected and admired by her late enemies was conducted to Dublin, where she was obliged to undergo a second amputation above the knee. After passing six years in this country, everywhere honored and hospitably treated she returned to France on the death of Louis xviii, furnished with certificates from the French consul in Dublin and the embassador in London. From her long absence, it was concluded that she had been killed at Waterloo, and in consequence the name of this woman, so worthy of the Legion of Honor, was not retained in this list of members. She eventually obtained from Charles x, a pension of 280 francs; but the revolution of July, so beneficial to others, did but add to the misfortunes of Breton Double, who was deprived of the means of subsistence granted to her by the king. Services such as hers could not however, in justice be passed over unrewarded; and in 1833 or '34 the widow Poncet was informed that the Minister of war was in expectation of being enabled to satisfy all the demands she had on her country for her long and faithful services by readmitting her to the order of the Cross of Honor, and by bestowing on her the pension of a wounded quarter master and also the widow of a captain.

The following sentiment, which she so often uttered under her trials, will manifest the character of this extraordinary and noble minded woman: "Although my fortune is humble my heart is elevated." The son of Breton Double obtained high rank in the dragoons, and accompanied the emperor to Elba.—*Incidents of the French Revolution.*

A Remarkable Rescue.

At Boston on Saturday last, four small boys, from five to ten years of age visited the seashore on the Northerly side of Savni Hill, Dorchester, and heedlessly stepped upon a piece of floating ice. The tide was then on the ebb and floated the boys off some seventy or eighty rods from the shore into deep water, before their perilous condition was discovered. The alarm being given, several of the neighbors ran to the beach, but on their arrival they found the boys to far off to be rescued without a boat, and there was no boat near enough to be made available in season to save them. The little piece of ice on which they stood—being not more than five or six feet square—was rocking by the force of the water and the uneven balancing of the boys' weight upon it.

In this emergency, Mr. Joseph S. Hillard—father of one of the youngest boys arrived upon the beach just in time to see two of the smallest slip from their position on the ice into the water. With admirable presence of mind and equal fortitude, he threw off his coat, and with a stable door taken from its hinges for the purpose, he pushed it before him, and swam to their relief. While on his way he directed the two boys who were still standing upon the ice to extend a stick which they had—it being only a small rattan—to the boys who were in the water to catch hold upon. In this way one little fellow, probably five or six years of age, grasped at it, and was therefore able to regain his position on the ice.

The stick was then extended to the other and he caught hold upon it and and was drawn partly out of the water, when losing his hold, he fell back again. This was Mr. Hillard's son. Let the reader imagine this thrilling scene—this terrible trial to that father's affectionate heart in witnessing his little son, only six years of age, sinking the second time into the water under such painful circumstances.

But Mr. H. was equal to the crisis; still he cautioned and counseled the boys, while swimming to their rescue—telling them to keep perfectly quiet, and again to reach out their stick to his little boy, which they did; and again the poor, chilled, and almost exhausted child grasped it, and was thus sustained with only neck and head above water until reached by his father. Mr. H. then, by means of the door and the piece of ice, kept these boys out of water some half an hour or more, when a boat was obtained and took them all safe to land.

It seems almost miraculous that any of these boys were saved, when the depth of water and distance from the shore, and and the small piece of ice on which they were are taken into consideration.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—About 32,000 gallons of Chinese sugar cane molasses were made last year by Messrs, Mears & Gimble, of Galesburg, Illinois. In sending a sample of it to the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, they wrote as follows:—"The manufacture of molasses from the Chinese and African cane is no longer an experiment in the West, but an established fact (a majority of farmers making a sufficient quantity for home consumption) and will before many years enter largely into our agricultural products, and when science, with experiment, develop the proper process, we will make as good sugar as can be made from Southern cane. We have not as yet succeeded in making sugar except at too great an expense for profit, but our experiments have satisfied us it can and will be done. The sample sent us is made in the following manner: The raw juice is heated to boiling point in order to coagulate it; we then use about one peck of pure native clay, which we mix well with the hot juice, (about 100 gallons) agitating it well; let it remain about half an hour and all the pulp will settle to the bottom of the vessel, leaving the juice almost as clear as water; It is then drawn off and evaporated until it is the proper thickness for good molasses."

— There was a grand shelling business done at Pea Ridge.

— General Pillow, on announcing the command at Fort Donelson, prescribed as his battle cry, "Liberty or Death." He showed a decided disinclination to death, however; and as for liberty, he was so enamoured of it that he ran away between two days for its dear sake.

☞ Sportsmen will do well to bear in mind that it is against the law to kill blue birds, swallows, robins, or any other insectiverous birds at any season. The penalty for violating this law is five dollars for every offence.