THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED TUESDAYS, BY
A. J. Gerritson.
OFFICE ON PUBLIC AVENUE,
THREE DOORS ABOVE SEARLE'S HOTEL.

TERMS.—$1,50 per annum in ADVANCE; otherwise $2 will be charged—and fifty cents per annum added to arrearages, at the option of the Publisher, to pay expense of collection, etc. ADVANCE payment preferred.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1 per square, of ten lines or less, for the first three weeks, and 25 cents for each additional week—pay down.

MERCHANTS, and others, who advertise by the year, will be charged at the following rates, viz.:
For one square, or less, one year, with changes.....$5
Each additional square, at the rate of.....6

No credit given except to those of known responsibility.

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, OCT. 21, 1862. | NO. 42.

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.

FAIR PLAY!

Read and Decide Carefully.

What is it, exactly? First I should take to the Republican office an article, that in my best judgment and conscience I tho't I ought to have published in self-vindication, and over my own signature, and be denied its publication, although giving them full license to make just such comments thereon as to them should seem proper, and then admit into their columns the very next week, just what any body might choose to write under a *fictitious or anonymous* signature? Is this what *my friends* call fair play?

Why not let the article go forth together with the comments, and answer, that the same persons may read both and judge of all together. Are they afraid of the effect? Why? Truth never seeks covert. If I write an untruthful article and do it over my own signature, are they fearful of it if true, and if false, will not *some one* pronounce it so, over his own proper signature. If I am to be met is it not fair play that I should be met not only upon an open but upon the same field, so that I may not only know who my antagonist is, but that those looking on may see and judge for themselves of the contest? Is it fair play that I should be out in the open field under my own colors, and that my antagonist should fire at me in ambuscade, after he had refused the ground that I had tendered to him? It may be fair—I cannot see it exactly in that light. It may be because I am a traitor or turn-coat, and have gone over and am "cheek by jowl" with the enemies of my country. But as to the facts commented upon—and I will reply to "Fair Play" and an "Old Friend and Republican," at the same time

1. In regard to the letter—I now state as I have stated before—and my understanding is now as I have stated before. But suppose we take it according to the recollection of "an old friend and Republican." What is the difference in the pith of the matter? He says Mr. Grow's statement was substantially as follows: "In the spring of 1861, while he was absent in Washington, his brother received a letter from you the contents of which were in substance as stated by you, and that upon his return his brother asked him what reply should be made to the letter, and that he answered, nothing." Now what is the difference, supposing 'old friend and republican' is right? The same offensive charge still remains as set forth by me, and it is so admitted by "old friend and republican." What in the name of common sense is the difference whether he was absent or at home when the letter is received, if he assents to or states the contents of the letter and the statement is false. He further says, "your reply was very severe and bitter, and you complied at the time you chose." So I did, and do I not so state in my article? Did I not say that "I felt the charge very deeply at the time," and that I had felt it not the less keenly since. What charge? Why the very one that "my friend" admits was made. But my friend further says, "In the few remarks subsequently made by Grow he distinctly disavowed all intention of questioning your integrity, your patriotism or your loyalty." I did not hear him say this—nor anything of the kind. Perhaps [illegible] I did not hear in my article, about Rufus D. Clark refusing money offered by him because I owed him, and he could get some of me. Was it in connection with this foolish statement, that he disavowed all intention, &c. But suppose he did say so. Did he say anything about being mistaken in the letter or the charge he had made? My friend does not even claim that he did—not one word of it. According to my friend's statement, it is like one man saying to another, "you are a liar and scoundrel, sir—but I mean no offence, sir. I don't doubt your integrity, sir, but yet what I have said is true, sir." Let the reader draw his own conclusions from my friend's logic, based upon his own statements.

But my friend further says—"But another reason why you think Mr. Grow should be defeated is that you may thereby avenge your personal wrongs. You call upon 8000 republicans to vote down *their party*—their principles and their country, to sustain *you* in the issue which you have thus presented." What does this man mean when he talks about voting down the *principles* of the party? If the principles are *wrong*, they *ought* to be voted down. If right they ought to be sustained. When my friend assumes that it is a *private quarrel* that I ask to be redressed, he assumes what he must in his conscience know to be *untrue*—no such thing exists between us. Is truth or falsehood the principles of the Republican party? If truth, and Mr Grow has told the truth, then sustain it in him. If falsehood, and he has adopted it, then condemn him. It is certainly very queer logic that Mr. Grow can perpetrate a gross wrong upon me, a member of the party, at a *public war meeting*, and that that wrong is all right with the party, and that I am to be denounced as a traitor and a political hypocrite, because I will not silently swallow the insult, and endure the wrong, lest it affect the principles of the party. My very dear friend, may Heaven save you from such logic, if my case was yours.

Mr. Grow stated in his inaugural speech that was published in the Republican of last week that a Government that would not protect its meanest citizen was not worthy to be a government. My friend would not like a party based upon such a principle as that

My friend says that 5,000 men are now in the service, three-fourths of whom are Republicans. I am a little surprised that he should admit that even one-fourth of the number are Democrats, and some of them even from Luzerne county, that are loyal enough to be fighting the battles of their country. I will wager my boots that neither Mr. Grow, nor my friend, whoever he may be will ever be there to fight with them. Not a bit of it. They are needed here to call everybody traitors and hypocrites who don't dance to their music. I have to shoot at my friend in the dark, so that if I hit wrong, I hope he will not take offence, for if he had given me his name, I might then not have made the mistake.

It was a personal quarrel, was it? Who commenced it, and where, supposing it was *such*? Did not Mr. Galusha A. Grow, the third man in the nation, know better than to call a member of his party by name at a WAR meeting convened by men of all parties, (a thoro' Democrat, Judge Tyler, in the chair,) for the purpose of raising bounty money and volunteers, and then he, an invited speaker, commence an attack that called forth a denial "very severe and bitter!" And yet my very dear friend has not a word to say to all this.—He can see all this done without one word of rebuke—nothing wrong in it—and because I (so poor as not to have one single friend, not even my dear 'old friend and Republican' to come forth to protect me,) have to state the facts in my own defence. My friend comes out at once as the volunteer champion of Mr. Grow, and withers me all up for my imprudence in thus doing. I hope I may hereafter be saved from such friends, whoever they may be. I did suppose that friendship meant something; but I think it is a pretty cheap article with some people, when brought into antagonism with party politics, and who are willing to sacrifice a life-long friend because he cannot support his favorite candidate for office, or because from a reason that is controlling with him he may pursue a course that his friend does not approve, even though it be at the expense of self-respect. I think if my friend wanted to do me even handed justice, he could find a little wrong in Mr. G. as well as so much in me.

My friend farther says: "You have long been an active and influential member of the Republican party" (much obliged for the compliment.)—"You have for the last eight years upon numerous occasions before the people of this county as well as adjoining counties, advocated those principles as your earnest and solemn convictions, and you were believed by the people." True as the world. And for whom have I done it? G. A. Grow. And what is my reward? I can hardly write it; my emotions are such, that for the first time I am completely unmanned by them. I am publicly attacked in a mean and insulting manner, by the one for whom I had labored, at a meeting in which my whole heart and soul was engaged, and because my soul abhorred the meanness of such an attack, and because I make the only return for it that would be at all appreciated by the man who made it, I am denounced and reproached by him who claims to be my friend, as a traitor to my principles and my party. If I have a friend on earth who reads the above statement, let him ask the question, why I am not on the stump for Mr. Grow this fall, as I have been for eight years past, and I think neither friend nor foe will be at loss for an answer. It is because I have lost all confidence in the man.

So much for my "Friend and Republican." One word for "Fair Play," and by the by, I think Fair Play ought to have fathered the article of Friend and Republican, for I think that is the fairest article, for it does state *some* facts. I fired a pistol shot, and lo and behold! I am attacked by a masked battery of two big guns, and I suppose I will have to meet them both or surrender.

Fair Play says, "If Mr. Bentley is disposed to make a *personal quarrel out of it* I am willing to let him have all the satisfaction of it to himself." I am most profoundly obliged. If Fair Play had only given me his name or *place of residence*, I would call upon him *personally* and make my most profound bow for his magnanimous generosity. He says that Mr. Frazier informed him that he told me he would publish my letter *after election*. I would have told him the same thing. I told Mr. F. that Mr. Grow would laugh and snap his fingers at me, and that would be only adding insult to injury.

He also says, "We appeal to every man whether it is just or right to attack a man that is confined to his bed by sickness at a time just before election in order to injure him with voters, at a time when he could have no time to reply before the election would be decided." If Mr. Grow is sick I am sorry for it. I would make him a well man in an hour if I could. As to his not having time to reply, Fair Play knows better, and he forgets his name when he says so. My article was published last Monday forenoon. The mail goes to Mr. Grow every day, and is but about three hours in going and returns the same day, and election is not until next Tuesday.—How long would it have taken for him to have sent up my letter or have said that he might have been mistaken? What does Fair Play mean by telling such a *whopper!* Whom does he expect to believe it? He further asks us to compare my speech as reported in the Republican, with my present article and that we will find it "all talk and no cider." Without any boasting, I would like to foot up figures with Fair Play for the last 18 months, and see whether it has been all talk and no cider. When I made that speech, I spoke from my heart; when I denied Mr Grow's statements severely and bitterly, I did it from the heart; and I oppose him as sincerely now as I did either of the above.

Fair Play in speaking of my absence, says that from his *slight* acquaintance he "does not believe he is *easily frightened*"—nor do I either. I think when he (Grow) says a thing he will brave it out right or wrong.

He further says, "my opinion is that in throwing himself into the arms of the Democratic party and deserting the party that is doing its utmost to save the Union, and inking himself cheek by jowl &c.,—that by so doing he is placing himself *below what he attributes* to Mr. Grow." Now as a matter of curiosity I would like to know who it is that wrote this. Begging his pardon and saying to him that I do not mean to impeach his *integrity* in the *least*, yet I must say that he absolutely knows or ought to have known, when he penned the above that he was uttering that which was *untrue*. The Democrat in its editorial upon my article, distinctly stated that I would vote the whole Republican ticket, except Mr. Grow, and he had driven me off by his abusive treatment. Nobody ever heard me say to the contrary. I intend to vote as above, and shall do it whether Fair Play, whoever he may be, wants me to or not. I hope to be a Republican as long as I live or the party lasts. If my friends will only let me vote I never will beg or tease them for any office whatever. So I hope Fair Play will let me remain if he can consistently.

He says in conclusion, "I think that Mr Bentley considerably over-estimates his power to elect or defeat Grow. I think the people can see the "*nigger in the fence*" and will probably know how to vote without being told by those who have personal quarrels to avenge by working against the interests of their country."

A part of the above is true, and a part needs allowance. As to my power, I do not know that I have a bit. I have put no estimate upon it, whatever. Mr. Grow probably estimated it at just *one* vote. It *certainly* will make that difference, if not two. Possibly Mr. Grow over-estimated his strength to do or say what he pleases, it is not for me to say. As to "the Nigger," I have no doubt whatever that there will be one plainly to be seen wherever Mr. Grow is—not that he cares for one of them any more than for the Cannibals of the Fegee Islands, or ever did, but that whenever he makes a speech, on any occasion, he must have one to ride. I don't think he will ever ride one much, or say much about them when he gets done going to Congress. I think the people will know how to vote without being told by any of us.

Finally—Mr. Fair Play says "he has a very high regard personally for Mr. Bentley." It certainly is a little singular that this can be true. He certainly must have forgotten what he had first written, that I had by my conduct placed myself in a lower position than I attributed to Mr. Grow.

I have thus briefly as I could and in haste replied to the two batteries that have been so vigorously opened upon me. I want every voter to read all on both sides. If I am at fault on full hearing condemn me. But I beg of you not to do so without seeing what I have to say. Read the other side as carefully as you do mine. I am sorry that Mr. Frazier finds it necessary to keep me out of the Republican. I find no fault with him. I have always believed him to be my friend and I do not doubt it now. In my judgment it would have been better all around if he had published my article. No good cause ever need fear truth or the light.—My article was published over my own signature. Mr. Grow is able—he has able champions—could not they have answered my feeble effort, in defence of the wrong that I supposed I had suffered at the hands of Mr. Grow?—I am charged with having deserted the Republican party—a party that I have loved and worked for and with. Is it not right that Republicans shall read in their own paper and for themselves a statement of grievances from a member of their own party? Is it unsafe to trust the people and members of the Republican party with light and that through their own Organ? This is not my view. Anything that will not bear discussion and the light, must be wrong, at least suspicious. Now I should be glad to have this published in the Republican, so that it would be read in connection with the attacks upon me, but I cannot and if I have it published I must go elsewhere even at the expense of having 'gone over.'

But it is not my fault. I prepared an article more severe in its nature than the one published, more than a month ago, before Mr. D. was nominated, and I should have had it published, but at that time the commission came for drafting, and I let it pass for the time being—but intended to publish it as soon as I could get time. I modified and had it published.

From the spirit of the attacks upon me, it would seem, that I have become a perfect cast-away—that I have committed an unpardonable sin, that I am a traitor to my country, and to the principles, heretofore so earnestly advocated by me, that I am to suffer the loss of friends, social and political and that I will be a wanderer in all time to come. I hope it will not be so.—I have had I always thought my full share of whole-souled, noble business and political friends. I have enjoyed my associations with them for many years. It certainly will be hard to part with them, but if it must be so I cannot help it—I must say as I have often said about voting for President Lincoln that I should do it again even if I knew all that would follow it. I could do no other way. I must be permitted to say, that both articles to which I am replying contained statements that when the heat of the political contest is over the writers will regret. I do not believe that we are to sacrifice life-long associations, because we take different courses in a heated political contest. If so we had better have no such contests. I repeat that I regret most deeply the present state of things. Call it what you may—a personal quarrel or otherwise, Mr. Grow commenced it in an unkind spirit, at an improper occasion. He has neglected to open any avenue to a reconciliation. I said long ago that I never would support him unless he did, and I cannot do it whatever may be the result.

Mr. Denison is called a traitor, a secessionist, an enemy to the government &c. I have known him for twenty years, have always liked him as a pleasant companionable man. Never heard anything of his politics till recently. It is said that he is the opposite of the Wright faction and that the Wright faction is for sustaining the government &c. These factions have existed for years, and have no reference to the present position of affairs whatever.—I have always supposed the Mr. D. was an honest man. He is supported by men in Luzerne County of the very highest integrity, in every respect and are loyal as any men in the nation, and having no political objects other than sustaining the government and putting down the rebellion.

I do not guess at this, nor do I get it from Mr. Denison. I have it direct and could give the names if necessary—and no man would dare impeach those names.

If I did not believe Mr. D. loyal I would not touch him. Believing him to be loyal & that he would sustain the administration with men, measures and money in putting down the rebellion, I would prefer him to Mr. Grow.

It is an easy thing to call any body that does not agree with us, a traitor. Gen. McClellan has been called a traitor a thousand times. Will any one call him so to-day, since his order in regard to the President's proclamation? Will any one call him so in presence of soldiers? President Lincoln has been called a man without brains even by Republicans. Does that make him so? Some of our most loyal and active democrats here, who support Mr. D. are called secessionists and traitors. Does that make them so?

Is this the way to heal difference in our distracted country? Are the Republicans the only men that want the integrity of our country preserved? The great and distinctive principle of the Republican party, to wit, Free soil, has been passed upon, and is settled forever in this country. I believe the government is safe in the hands of the people. We all want a good government. We all want its integrity preserved. There are undoubtely, mean democrats, and they may support Mr. D., but I believe he has just as much pride and interest in sustaining our government as I have.

If there was less desire for office there would be less rancour in politics. The hearts of the people are a great deal more in union than the harangues of office seekers. If both parties talked and acted patriotism more and political partyism less it would be far better for our country.—Who is there that will dissent from this proposition? And yet by hearing some of Mr Grow's partizans talk we should think unless he was elected everything would go to ruin and that if Mr. D should be elected he would want to sell us all out to Jeff Davis, the first chance he could get. Mr. G. will be in Congress till next year—perhaps he can save the country in the meantime.

I do not believe it will make one spark difference with the prosecution of the war or the ending up of the whole matter whether Mr. G. or Mr. D. is elected. I think the President will be sustained by loyal men of both parties, as he has been notwithstanding Vallandigham, and the few in sympathy with him.

Once for all—who commenced all this trouble among us? G. A. Grow! Who has been responsible for its continuance by refusing the first step to a reconciliation? G. A. Grow! Then do not lay it to my charge. BENJ. S. BENTLEY.

Montrose, Oct. 11th, 1862.

From the Boston Courier.

"TELL GOV. ANDREW."

A letter has just been received in this State, by a distinguished Republican, holding one of the best appointments under the General Government, from his son, an officer in the Army of the Potomac, in which he says, after describing the terrific battles passed through: "Tell Gov. Andrew, if he wants to break up this army, and destroy the nation, to keep on abusing and dapreciating Gen. McClellan. He can do it in no way so effectual."

Another son in the army, and an officer of high rank, praises the generalship of the commander, and closes by saying—"Three cheers for Gen. McClellan." So goes the army.

☞ The subject of first sight was being 'talked over" at the supper table when the lady who presided over "the cups and tea," said that she always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea she found usually a correct one.

"Mamma" said her youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well my dear" said the fond mother 'what do you want."

"I want to know what you thought when you first saw me.

Teachers' Examinations.

The annual examination of Teachers for the several districts of the county, will be held at the following times and places.—Candidates for examination will please notice and *observe* the following particulars:

1. Each examination will commence at 9 o'clock, a.m., and none will be examined who do not come in before half past nine unless the delay be unavoidable.

2. Teachers will present themselves for examination only in the districts in which they expect to teach, or in the townships in which they reside.

3. Persons residing in other counties will not be examined unless they expect to teach in this county.

4. Persons will not be examined who purposely attend one or more places of examination, before expressing a wish to join a class.

5. All persons unless they know they will not teach in the county during the year, are expected to be present for to spection, (as it is my intention not to hold but one examination for the year) but those who do not intend to teach, will not be allowed to join the classes.

6. Each candidate will be sure and bring two sheets of foolscap paper, pen and ink, as no pencil writing will be received, and also a fourth reader of the district where the examination is held.

Directors, and all others interested are invited to be present during the whole time of the examinations.

They will find it a good time to judge of the qualifications of those that offer themselves as teachers, and to contract with their teachers for the winter schools.

Examinations will be held as follows:

Oct. 26th—New Milford and Borough, Boro. School House.
Oct. 28th—Jackson, No. 2 school house.
Oct. 29th Ararat, Church.
Oct. 30th—Thomson, Centre school hous.
Oct. 31st—Susq'a Depot, Harmony, and Oakland, Depot school house.
Nov. 1—Great Bends, Boro school house
Nov. 3—Jessup, Bolles school house.
Nov. 4—Brooklyn, Centre school house.
Nov. 5—Franklin, South " "
Nov. 7—Montrose and Bridgewater, boro.

A. N. BULLARD, Co. Supt.

Montrose, Sept. 22d, 1862.

MARRIED BY COMMAND.

Once upon a time there lived near the fort of Marienburg, in Prussia, a farmer of the name of Reiwal. He had two daughters—charming girls. These two daughters in love, and engaged to be married to two soldiers—one each, of course. Brothers they were, and as strapping fellows as ever Great Frederick could wish to see. It was expected that the regiment in which the brothers served would soon be at the neighboring fortress; and then the marriage would take place.

Charlotte, the younger sister, was sitting on the day in question, busily employed in knitting, while watching her father's goats, when an old gentleman, of noble and majestic carriage, stopped before her. He held a cane in his hand, and wore a military hat and boots, and a great coat with a large cape.

The young shepherdess had never seen this gentleman before, and his presence—she knew not why—inspired her with a feeling of awe. After regarding her for some minutes with an arch smile, he thus addressed her:

"What is your name, my pretty miss?"

"Charlotte Reiwal, at your service?" answered she.

"At my service! Well, I may, perhaps require you. How old are you?"

"Eighteen, at Candlemas."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am shepherdess to my parents, who are farmers in the valley."

"You are not married?"

"Not yet, your lordship."

"Have you a dowry?"

"I do not know."

"Well, here is something towards one; if you will serve me, as you promised to do just now," said he, placing in her unwilling hand a purse containing two hundred gold florins.

So strange did this proceeding appear to the simple and timid shepherdess, that she was quite alarmed; and, believing the fine gentleman to be a sorcerer, his gold seemed to burn her fingers. In the meantime, the stranger, taking a note-book from his pocket, wrote a few words upon a sheet of paper, which he carefully sealed. Then he continued:

"To gain two hundred florins, you have only to carry this to the fort of Marienburg. If you show this seal, all the guards will let you pass. You must ask for Major Keller, the commander, and give the letter into his hands. Do you understand, and promise to do what I have told you?"

Charlotte wished to reply in the negative, but to refuse seemed to her even more difficult than to accept; so that not knowing what to say, she was silent, and the stranger, concluding that her silence gave assent, left her the letter and the purse.

When he was out of sight, the terror-stricken girl ran to her sister, and related her adventure.

Catharine was the very reverse of her timid, gentle sister. She was a fine, independent, spirited girl, who would go through anything to gain her end; she liked nothing better than a mystery, and danger even had a charm for her.

"A commission for Marienburg?" exclaimed she; "it is a God-send. Call him a good angel, rather than a demon, who brought it. Our betrothed, the sergeants Albert and Ludwig Hosten, have been on the march for the fortress the last three days. By these means we may obtain news of them, and perhaps even see them to-day. What a surprise for them, and perhaps even see them to-day. What a surprise for them, and what joy for us!—to say nothing about the two hundred gold florins, which are not to be picked up every day."

Saying these words, she took the purse, and turning the precious letter first to one side and then on the other, she called upon Charlotte, in the name of their betrothed, to go immediately to the fort, while she took care of the goats.

"Never!" replied Charlotte; I shall never have courage. If you like to go in my stead," added she, "I will make over the two hundred florins to you."

"I will accept half," replied Catharine quickly; "we shall thus both have a dowry, and—who knows?—perhaps be married to-morrow."

Letter in hand, Catharine soon reached the fortress, the gates of which were opened to her at the first sight of the seal with serious seal. She was much struck with her, and the deference which was shown to the stranger must have been some great one, and that made up her mind that something important. She examined it again, burning with the letter contained or curiosity to peep into the envelope, but in vain. She should, without knowing it, decipher the contents. "*Sujet de etat*, or a revolution!" exclaimed she. "But, after all, what are secrets of peace and war to me? The great thing is to ascertain if Ludwig and Albert are here."

The commander, a crabbed-looking old soldier, who had grown grey in the service of his king and country, now entered to relieve her suspense. Having eyed her from head to foot, he said:

"One of the fair sex asked for me. It was you, young girl. Here I am. What can I do for you?"

"Is it Major Keller, commander at Marienburg, to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"The same."

"I am commissioned to give this letter into your hands, major," said Catharine, presenting the letter.

"From whom did you receive it?" continued he.

"From a stranger who passed down the road about an hour ago."

"Let me see," said he, starting as he recognized the seal, and taking off his hat he made a military salute.

Catharine was quite astonished to find that the despatch of which she was the bearer, received as much honor as herself.

Having read the letter, Keller burst into a sudden fit of laughter, and then as suddenly grew grave again, and, taking out a double eye-glass, silently regarded her some time.

"Would you like to be a vivandier?" asked the determined major.

"Vivandier? That would depend on the regiment. If it were, for instance, in the third ——."

"What is your dowry?" interrupted the major.

Catharine, thinking the major's question very original, and wondering what he would say next, answered, "Not a large sum—one hundred gold florins; the carriage of the letter which I have given you."

"Well, that is a dowry for a soldier."

"Certainly—especially for a sergeant.—But you have not told me if the fifth company of the third regiment ——"

"Yes, yes; we will see about that. It is a company of picked men, measuring five feet and six inches; and I doubt if your figure——. Permit me, mademoiselle," said he, drawing his sword, and taking her measure with the blade.

"Five feet, at least. Not amiss, not amiss!"

"Major, do you wish to enrol me in the king's army?" exclaimed she.

"It is already done, my darling. I have but to choose the corps, and I think you will belong to the Grenadiers."

"To the Grenadiers! Ah, well! What does it matter? You are joking, commander."

"Joking—with this letter! Stay, there is no longer any mystery; you my read it yourself."

Catharine took the letter from Major Keller's hand, and read as follows:

"Order to Major Keller to choose one of the handsomest men in the regiment, and to marry him to the young girl—the bearer of this dispatch. (Signed,)

"KING FREDERICK II."

"The king! It was the king! Good heavens!"

"The king, himself. Are you not delighted to have made his acquaintance?"

Catharine was stupified, and exclaimed—"To marry me! I will never give my consent!"

"Your consent!" replied Keller, showing her the letter; "of that there is no mention in this order."

Saying these words, he rang the bell, and said to the soldier who answered his summons:

"An order from the king for the chaplain. A marriage to be solemnized in half an hour."

"In half an hour!" cried Catharine.—"It is impossible! It is wilful injury."

"When I say half an hour, perhaps a quarter will suffice. The time to measure eight or ten grenadiers, and to choose one among them of the right proportions," said he, measuring Catharine again with his eye. "About five feet four or six inches. A fair complexion to form a contrast, Mademoiselle," continued he, with a military salute, "I shall be at your service in a few minutes"

Presently Keller returned, holding a paper in his hand.

"I have found your man," said he; "and you are to sign this promise of marriage with him for the chaplain, as the law requires the consent of the parties."

Catharine, recovering from her dejection, exclaimed: "Consent! "Ah! this paper has to be signed? You must have my name? Well, major, I will allow myself to be cut into pieces rather than sign that paper!" added she, standing in an attitude of determination before Major Keller.

"Really, you would make an admirable grenadier," said he. He then read aloud the prose of marriage, as follows:—"We, the undersigned (you will add third name,) and Sergeant Hosten, of the regiment of the grenadiers ——atharine

Hearing the name Hosten changed countenance. "nought she; "Can it be Ludwig Hosten?" then, indeed, fortune heading—"Promise to take each other."

The Major went as man and wife.—March, 1760. There Marienburg, 15th see it is not long.—Mademoiselle this paper? Yes, or no? Will you say? Then we must take No, did assures," said he, as he was a strong pull the bell.

Catharine stopped him, saying, "I beg your pardon, major; I did not quite understand. The name of the intended, if you please?"

"Sergeant Hosten," replied Major Keller.

"Is it possible?"

"And why not? Make yourself easy. He is a brave, handsome fellow, five feet five inches and a half, at least."

Catharine could hardly believe her ears, so providential did this circumstance appear to her; the distress when she had experienced but a few minutes ago was suddenly changed at the mention of this name into ecstacies of joy.

"Well, do you still refuse?" said the major.

"I consent, major, and am ready to sign. Long live King Frederick!"

"All in good time. I was sure of it—I know the sex."

When he had left the room, Keller called Sergeant Hosten.

Albert, (for this was the young sergeant's name,) now entered, making a military salute. On his perceiving the young girl, he exclaimed—"Catharine! the sister of my betrothed! What an unexpected pleasure!"

Albert, my sister's lover! Oh, cruel mistake!" ejaculated Catharine, her dreams of happiness once more vanishing.

"Commander, what are your orders?"

"They are these, Sergeant Hosten. In the king's name you are appointed to marry this young girl."

At the words, "in the king's name," Albert shouldered his arms; but on hearing the words which followed, he suddenly let fall his gun, and stood as if petrified.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander," said Albert,—mechanically.

"A quarter of an hour is given you to become acquainted with each other, and to sign the promise of marriage."

"Pardon—excuse, major," cried Albert. "Doubtless his majesty, a commands it is my duty to—but you understand that in a quarter of an hour——"

"Are you speaking at random?" asked the major, interrupting him.

"No, major, no! But the surprise, the arrangement. Scarcely arrived in the garrison, and to be all at once married! It is like a cannon which goes off before the match has taken light. After all, what charms [illegible] to mademoiselle's hand?"

"Five feet and nearly six inches. She is contented with that."

"What! does mademoiselle consent to this marriage?"

"She asks nothing better."

"That is to say, major," put in Catharine; "permit me——"

"You cried, "long live the king!" and volunteered to sign immediately," interrupted the major.

"I was mistken, commander," replied she. "I thought that it was Ludwig Hosten, my betrothed, and it is Albert Hosten, his brother, who is my sister's affianced husband. You deceived me by telling me that Albert was in the fifth company."

"I was a month ago," replied Albert." I exchanged with my brother. You see, major, it was thus the mistake arose."

"Pooh! pooh! Have done with all these stories. The king's letter is all I care about," exclaimed he, reading it again.—"Order to Major Keller to choose a soldier of the garrison, and to marry him immediately to the young girl who presents this letter to him. Nothing is said there about sister, brother, or lovers. You, my dear, were the bearer of the letter, and you, sergeant, I have chosen. You shall be married. These are my orders. You have lost five minutes," said he, pulling out his watch; "you have only ten left.—Make up matters; I will leave you together until my return."

"One moment, major, and you shall known all," said Catharine, detaining him. "It was not to me, Catharine Reiwel, that the king gave this letter, but to my sister Charlotte Reiwal, whom he met on the road. Charlotte did not dare to come to Marieuburg, so I came in her stead.—Therefore, it is my sister who is to marry Albert; and if you marry me to him, you will surely disobey the king."

"Really, if it were true," said Keller, hesitatingly.

"I am to marry Charlotte, by the orders of his Majesty," said Albert.

"If you doubt my word," continued Catharine, "have Charlotte brought here; she will confirm all I have said."

"Send for Charlotte," supplicated Albert.

"Peace and sign. I shall be back before long," said Major Keller, as he left the room.

For some time Catharine and Albert were silent.

"How are we to get out of this scrape?" at length asked Catharine.

"I would blow up fort Marienburg sooner than marry you!" cried Albert vehemently.

"And I would rather be buried alive than become your wife!" exclaimed Catharine, weeping.

"Poor Catharine! [illegible] our parents betrothed us, who would separate us?" that such a misfortune was we were a-

"And separate us."

bout to be united!" done! It is impossible if we neither what I fear, Albert?

"Do you dispense with our signatures?" That we marry us in spite of ourselves."

"Fie, fie of ourselves!" cried Albert, "foxism of anger. I would sooner in the hair from your head, my good Catharine. That is the least I owe to Charlotte."

"I would sooner scratch out your eyes, my dear Albert," exclaimed Catharin, in an ecstacy of grief. "Ludwig may depend udon me for that."

At this moment Major Keller entered, followed by two soldiers. Albert and Catharine separating suddenly, looked anxiously towards him.

"All in good time," exclimed the major.

"You have agreed at last. I expected as much—I know the fair sex." Then, turning to Albert; he said, in a low voice: "In case of any hesitation on your part, my fine fellow, I have brought you two comrades from the reinforcement, charged to take you before the court martial if you have not signed at the fourth beat of the drum. There is the first," added he, as the drum was heard outside. Albert started at the sound. "You know the discipline," continued the major; "disobedience to the king—penalty of death—shot immediately! Come, Sergeant," added he, pointing to the table, "take the pen! Now for the conjugal [illegible]!"

Catharine, suddenly regaining her self-possession, exclaimed: "He will not sign, major; he does not wish to sign—neither do I! He detests me—I execrate him!—Ask him if it be not so."

Keller was quite puzzled what to make of this sudden change, and said, addressing Albert; "Your betrothed is joking, I imagine?"

Albert answered, timidly: "But she is t my betrothed, command. Charlotte, nor sister, is my betrothed."

heAlways the same [illegible]! I will not stand it any longer, [illegible] Keller." And addressing the soldier "Advance—shoulder arms, present arms. You know the orders; that is enough." The two men, obedient to the command, placed themselves on either side of Albert. Major Keller then addressed the latter in a low tone:

"Pry your court now, and I will aid you as well as I can with my experience of the fair sex; and the drums will serve as a serenade. If, at the second beat, you are not at the feet of your intended—if, at the third, she does not hold out her hand—if, at the fourth you do not both sign, it is evident that you would rather marry a score of balls, and they shall be served to you hot. At these words Albert shuddered, involuntarily. "Twenty balls!" thought he, "and he will do as he says. Good heavens!" "Not a word to the young girl," continued Keller, still speaking in an undertone. "Respect for the feelings of fair ladies. I wish for her free consent. Having said this, Keller twirled his moustache, and stationing himself in front of the young people, took up a newspaper and began to read.

After a short interval the drums were heard, and the major spoke. "Sergeant Albert Hosten," said he, "what are your