THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1864. | VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 46.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown. Montrose, March 1, '64.—tf

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, etc., New Milford, Pa. April 21, 1864.

A. LATHROP, H. C. TYLER, J. P. W. RILEY.
LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the very
Lowest Prices,
Lathrops Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1863. y.

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

PETER HAY,
Licensed Auctioneer,
Auburn Four Corners, Pa.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. feb1
Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq'a co. Penn'a. Jan. '64,

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's. July 30, 1863. 1y

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Mch 24, 1863.—1y.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Dewitt'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

FIRE INSURANCE.
THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA
AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Has Established an Agency in Montrose.
The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.
CASH CAPITAL PAID IN..........$500,000.
ASSETS OVER..........$1,200,000.
THE rates are as low as those of any good company in New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among the first for honor and integrity.
CHARLES PLATT, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, '63. BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS 1st Jan. 1864, $3,286,270.27.
LIABILITIES, " " 75,803.32.
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, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
nov19 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

DR. WM. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST,—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

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.

CHARLES HOLES,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler's store, Montrose, Pa. sept tf

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

C. S. GILBERT,
Auctioneer,
Legalized according to Act of Congress.
Address, Great Bend, Pa.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
OFFICE, Post, Cooper & Co's old Banking House.—Surgery in particular. References 20 years experience. Boards at the Keystone Hotel. Montrose, May, 1863.

R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
MONTROSE, Penn'a.
OFFICE on Main Street. Particular attention given to Conveyancing. dec10 '63 ctf

NOTICE!
THE subscriber hereby respectfully gives notice that he has taken License to auctioneer in the County of Susquehanna, and offers his services to the public—Terms reasonable; and all calls will be promptly attended to.
Choconut, March 3, 1863. LUTHER ELDRED.

Wooing by the Australian Blacks.

Courtship, as the precursor to marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife he usually obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers around the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corroborees. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war club) he stuns the object of his "affections," drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph.

Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night; then quite naked and carrying only their long jag spears, they crawl stealthily through the bushes until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of these leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts the barb point amongst her thick flowing locks; turning turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither screams nor faints; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so like a sensible woman she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently, she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their chivalrous exploit.—Chambers' Journal.

Married on Horseback.

A wedding took place at Sherwood, in Illinois, recently, the contracting parties being Mr. Josiah W. Crandall and Miss Helen B. Hurst. The ceremony was performed in front of the officiating clergyman's residence, and the bride and three bridesmaids dressed and mounted *en cavalier.* The bride's costume consisted of a deep blue cloth dress-coat, deep blue cassimere pants, buff cassimere vest, black dress hat, choker collar, black neck tie, ruffled shirt-bosom, and buff kid gloves—plain flat gilt buttons of a rich quality on the coat and vest. The bridesmaids were dressed precisely like the bride, excepting only that they wore plain shirt-bosoms and lavender colored gloves. The novelty of the ceremony attracted a large crowd of the neighbors. After the ceremony was over, the bridal party rode to the residence of Mr. Crandall's mother, where the formal wedding feast took place. The bride and bridesmaids wore their riding suits during the whole day.

Who'll Have the Money?

The following reminds me of a scene I once witnessed on a Mississippi steamer. There was, as is usual, a large party engaged at play in the cabin—very high play—stimulated by strong drink; and a dispute arose as to the rightful winner of the pool. The discussion was very violent and the language used of the strongest, and intimations were exchanged that when once on shore the matter should be determined by an appeal to something besides words—when suddenly an immensely large man—so tall that he towered a head above his fellows—arose and drawing himself up to his full height cried out—"I'll have none of this! Here's how it's to be"—and he struck the table with his fist a blow that made it resound. "All the gentlemen in this cabin have revolvers and bowie knives; let us put out all the lights and see who'll have the money!" It is needless to say how quick the proposal scattered the company.

John Randolph and the Dandy.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was in a tavern, lying on a sofa, waiting for a stage to come to the door. A dandified chap came into the room with a whip in hand, just come from a drive, and standing at a mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him:

"Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir! stage, I've nothing to do with it sir," said the fop.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I thought you were the driver," said Randolph.

☞ Some esteem it sweet to die for one's country; others regard it sweeter to live for the country; but many of our loyal men hold it sweetest to live upon their country.

CAPT. SPEKE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

At the earliest possible moment after camp had been pitched, a hunt was set on foot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants were soon making our way to "the patch." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed, and after a long delay, we were about to bag a hippopotamus, when an attendant perched in a tree about half a mile distant began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming of the latter.

We are not long delayed, for presently a long column of animals from the elephant to the hoodo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river.—Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McCall shot a fine young buffalo, while Capt. G. was equally successful with a hoodoo, and several spears cast by our attendants stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward immediately after firing in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel.—At the moment of my doing so a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing around, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous. My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose head and neck projecting some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly towards me; and as he flashed from his position like a thunder-bolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could have reached, the folds of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp, I fell seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange indescribable scuffle ensued.

In the midst of this strife I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what a vividness the thought shot across my mind that this second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble companion.—At last, after being whirled about for several second, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that I saw Captain Grant leveling his rifle towards me, while standing beside and behind him were the blacks in every conceivable attitude of most intense excitement and suspense.

But in a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between him and which I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that it was like iron in harness.

As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror possessed me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire, and strike the reptile, it would in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as this idea came to me I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living and that my life depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered to him if I had dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few inches of mine, and the winking of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after lightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Thus he paused. The next iron-like band was the one that held me prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed on which it lay, and such a mishap bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and saw them gazing as though petrified with astonishment.

I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eye watching for the least sign of life in its prey. Now and then the serpent loosened its hold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more, until half an inch separated my arm and its mottled skin.—I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk.

Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely and the next one was easing.—Should I dash away or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome, and sinking down I remained in a half conscious state several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies.

I shuddered as I looked upon the effect of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes, and saplings, and, in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet and a half in extreme length, while around the thickest portion of his body, the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

Aggregate Labor of Mankind.

Along with the compassion that is excited by listening to a tale of want there is apt to arise, at that time, a feeling of astonishment that such a thing should be in a land like this. Perhaps, however, the true wonder is that want is not universal, One half of the race die before they have contributed an iota to the world's sustenance or their own. One half of those who survive the period of childhood are women, who do not, as a general thing, contribute directly to the production of wealth. Of the men, many are old, many are sick, many are lazy, many are idle, many are wasteful, many are parasites.—Those who do work and live to the age of threescore years and ten, spend one third of their lives in bed, one-twentieth at the table, one-sixth in recreation. Much of what they succeed in producing is swept away by fire and flood. During half of the year nature sleeps. One harvest in five proves a failure. Only a fraction of the earth's surface is capable of cultivation. A large part of the general labor is absorbed in the production of luxuries, in repairing the damages of war, in preparing for future conflicts, in the transportation of produce, and in journeys. Probably not more than one-tenth of the whole amount of human force is expended in earning the world's daily bread. The standing marvel, therefore, of society is, not that any should suffer want, but that there should be any who do not.

One of Lamb's Best.

Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that the time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers and the right hand gracefully waving just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

A WHEELBARROW BET.—Another odd bet on the presidential election was paid recently in New York City, the loser appearing on the third avenue with a wheel barrow, in which was seated the winner, and thus the two proceeded up town.

The loser in this bet is an ex-conductor on the avenue railroad, and by keeping the wheel of his barrow on the track rail, he appeared to get along with comparative ease. The couple attracted considerable attention and curiosity, and numerous drinks of ale and beer were sent out to the unfortunate wheeler, while the other man didn't get a drop.

☞ A lady whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to do for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet?" "O," replied the censorious lady, "Christians must draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers."

WHY I RAN AWAY.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with a little more than friendship pretty Helen Graham, our oldest girl at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment, that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit the spark in my bosom, and blew into consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the green-eyed monster perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford, where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across as we accustomed to, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus we carried our pretty passenger over the brook.

Just as we were in the middle of the water (which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves) a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was like as not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my coat.

No flames can burn so quick or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I had wished Donald at the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

"You need na hand sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa. I can carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half o' ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone our queen interposed with the admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's fire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of physical courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite shore it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections.—The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to Helen. With the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealously had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before, that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt this pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly for a minute. But alas! in the very deepest part of the stream I trod on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested, I suppose on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bringing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the accusing silence of Helen.—Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, by bearing her in his arms a long way on our homeward path. As we approached her home, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to better results than generally ailed such irregularities. I went to Edinburg, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, and, in short, everything but married.

One evening while at a ball at Glasgow, my attention was taken by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty, high-toned expression, indicated a mind of extraordinary power. I was introduced, but Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something; there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

We became well acquainted that evening, and I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been well educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was acting as governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence, but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never before conversed with any lady. Her questions about the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and she possessed a large store of useful information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned upon the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl while crossing a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room, laughed, and at her request, proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion, she remarked—

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered, and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do your readers, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married, and Helen and I made our bridal trip to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or small farmer by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough and I was about to give him a sixpence when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style—

"Hey, Donald, man dinna ye ken your old friends?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our friends.

Different men start in life in different ways; I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

The Value of Accuracy.

It is the result of every day's experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of the human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little then we may make an end the sooner." Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed to us, "it is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate can not be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation and trouble.

Fourteen Great Mistakes.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and of wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyments of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for Time, and that when any moment may launch us into Eternity.

—Andrew J. Smith, of Mauch Chunk, route agent on the Beaver Meadow Rail Road, has been arrested for robbing the mails, and held to answer.

—The citizens of New Haven and of other parts of New England have lately been extensively victimized by a young gentleman of good address, who has deceived them into purchasing, for amounts ranging from $10 to $3000, the right to manufacture soap by a new method, without the use of grease.