Daniel Schaeffer

READING GAZETTE & DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.--TERMS: $1,50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. LAWRENCE GETZ, EDITOR.] SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1863. [VOL. XXIV—NO. 35.—WHOLE NO. 1999.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office, North-West corner of Penn and Fifth street, adjoining the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,50 *a year, payable in advance.*
1,00 for six months, in advance.
To CLUBS: Four copies for $5, in advance.
Ten copies for 12, "
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE.

	1t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	1y.
½ Square, 5 lines, or less,	50	50	75	2,00	3,00	5,00
1 " 10 "	50	1,00	1,25	3,00	5,00	8,00
2 " 20 "	1,00	2,00	2,50	5,00	8,00	15,00
3 " 30 "	1,50	3,00	3,75	7,50	12,00	20,00

[Larger Advertisements in proportion.]

Executors' and Administrators' Notices, 6 insertions $2,00
Auditors' Notices and Legal Notices, 3 " 1,50
Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cts. a line for one insertion.

Marriage notices 25 cents each. Deaths will be published gratuitously.

All Obituary Notices, Resolutions of Beneficial and other Private Associations, will be charged for, as advertisements, at the above rates.

Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects, one half the above rates.

All advertising will be considered payable in cash, on the first insertion.

Yearly advertisers shall have the privilege (if desired) of renewing their advertisements *every three weeks*—but *not oftener.* Any additional renewals, or advertising exceeding the amount contracted for, will be charged *extra* at one-half the rates above specified for transient advertisements.

Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices.* Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable, and our Work speaks for itself.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS,

Including PARCHMENT and PAPER DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BONDS, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, LEASES, and a variety of JUSTICES' BLANKS, kept constantly for sale, or printed to order.

HUNTER'S IODINE SARSAPARILLA

BLOOD AND SKIN. CURES GUARANTEED. POSITIVELY CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE

Convincing Testimony.

READING, May 6th, 1863.

Messrs. R. P. HUNTER & Co.—This will certify that I have suffered greatly from impurities of the blood, manifested in a Chronic Ulcer of my leg for the last eight years. I tried the following medicines, viz: 24 bottles Bach's American Compound, 2 boxes Coggswell's Medical Salt, 22 bottles Dr. Oakeley's Sarsaparilla 18 bottles Swaim's Panacea, besides others, and can truly say that I derived no perceptible benefit from their use. I wish here to bear testimony to the superior excellence of your Iodine Sarsaparilla. From its use I now enjoy a good degree of health and am able to go on with my business as usual. Seeing the great benefit I received from your Iodine Sarsaparilla many of my friends have tried it and have not been disappointed.

Yours, very truly,
SAMUEL LESSIG,
Agricultural Implement Maker,
Corner of 4th and Washington Streets.

UPPER MILFORD TOWNSHIP, BUCKS Co.,
March 11, 1863.

Messrs. R. P. HUNTER & Co.—I have been most sorely afflicted for 19 years with large Ulcers on one of my legs. They caused me great pain nearly all the time. I expended at least two hundred dollars for medicines without receiving any benefit whatever. I bought two bottles of your Iodine Sarsaparilla from your agent, (Dr. Hess,) and after using them I found that I was getting better. I continued using the Sarsaparilla until I had used seven bottles altogether. The sores being healed I consider myself perfectly cured. I now enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life.

Yours, very truly,
JOHN WALT.

READING, June 6, 1863.

Messrs. R. P. HUNTER & Co.

I take great pleasure in testifying to the perfect success of your Iodine Sarsaparilla in my family. My two children, aged respectively 1 and 4 years, were severely affected with Scald Head most of the time from infancy. During that period the best medical advice was unavailing. I used two bottles, and they produced a thorough and perfect cure in both cases. The Sarsaparilla was given last winter, and they are now as healthy children as can be seen anywhere.

Yours, very truly,
J. A. DALPE.

Sold by R. P. HUNTER & CO., No. 321 Penn Street, Reading. [nov 28

1852

WM. W. HARDING,

MANUFACTURER OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. For sale Wholesale and Retail.

Photographic Albums! Photographic Albums!

The largest and most beautiful assortment in the city. Turkey morocco, also, relevio, antique bindings.
No. 326 CHESTNUT STREET,
nov 28] Below Fourth, south side, Philadelphia

HARDING'S BIBLES AND PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

WE HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HARDING'S BIBLES AND PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

WHICH WE OFFER AT FAIR PRICES.

PURCHASERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR advantage to call early, while the assortment is complete.

STRICKLAND & BRO.,
dec 5-1mo] 535 Penn Street, Reading, Pa.

Richmond Prisoners! Richmond Prisoners!!

THE DEPARTMENT. AT WASHINGTON has decided to pay to the

WIVES AND FAMILIES

Of Officers or Soldiers now confined as Prisoners of War,

The amount of pay that may be due.

WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD, Esq., Bounty and Pension Agent, has all the necessary forms prepared expressly for the purpose; and for a speedy collection of claims, call on
nov 21-tf] WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD.

TO MY FRIENDS AND CLIENTS.

AS I SHALL NECESSARILY BE ABSENT from the County during the session of Congress, I have made arrangements with JOHN W. RYON, Esq. of Pottsville, to take charge of my legal business. My office will be kept open as heretofore, and those of my friends and clients having legal business may depend upon its receiving prompt and efficient attention. Mr. Ryon is a gentleman of extensive legal learning and long experience at the bar. I have full confidence in his ability, integrity and industry, and I therefore cheerfully commend the interests of my clients and friends to his care and attention. Mr. F. W. CONRAD will also remain in my office.

Respectfully,
MYER STROUSE.
POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 21, 1863. [nov21-3mo*

GET THE BEST!

THE HOLY BIBLE -HARDING'S EDITIONS. Family, Pulpit and Pocket BIBLES, in beautiful styles of Turkey morocco and antique bindings. A new edition, arranged for photographic portraits of families.
WILLIAM W. HARDING, Publisher,
nov 26] No. 323 Chestnut St., below 4th, Phila

GRAINS! (MALT.)

GRIANS CAN CONSTANTLY BE HAD AT LAUER S BREWERY, corner o Third and Chestnut streets.
F. LAUER.
December 7, 1861-tf

TO SPORTSMEN!

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PLACE TO buy Guns, Powder, Shot, Caps, &c., is at
GEO. LERCH & CO.,
Oct 17] 504 Market Square, Reading, Pa.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSTON HAS DISCOVERED THE most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates, with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life and Marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understand the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street.

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diploma hangs in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometime with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

THESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depressions of Spirits, Evil Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin-bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury,* ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of many Unlearned and worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your own galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
May 23—1y

JUST PUBLISHED.

A SPLENDID STEEL PLATE MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING OF

Major-General George B. McClellan,

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

Size of Picture, 19½ by 24 inches.

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING WAS MADE from life, to order of the publisher, by the celebrated Artist, C. Schussele, Esq., (who is the only one the General ever sat to.) It represents him on his celebrated horse Daniel Webster, (*presented to him by the citizens of Cincinnati,*) taking an observation of the field, in the latter part of the day, as the Rebels were falling back. In the foreground are seen the desolations of the battle—broken guns, shattered trees, &c. In the distance, amongst the smoke and dust, are staff officers, artillery, cavalry and infantry. The whole picture is an admirable composition, and displays the rare genius of the Artist.

Price of the Engraving, Single copy, $3 00
Two copies, 5 00 } To one add's.
Three " 6 00 }

Sent by mail. post-paid.

Persons acting as Agents and ordering one copy at three dollars, can have subsequent ones at two dollars each Travelling Canvassers ordering largely, will be supplied on liberal terms. Address
JOHN DAINTY,
nov 28] Publisher, 17 South Sixth St., Philada.

CLOTHING.

PERSONS IN WANT OF CLOTHING, EITHER Ready-made or made to order, will do well to call on

LEVI, EINSTEIN & CO.,

No. 619 Penn Street, above 6th, Reading, where will be found the largest stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

ever opened in Reading.

A good, comfortable suit for $8 00.
Good all wool Cassimere Pants for $3 00. Other goods in proportion.

As we manufacture all our Clothing, persons can rely upon it that every article is well made and no "slop shop" work, such as is generally found in Clothing Stores.

Having secured the services of Mr. OWEN KRESSLY, formerly of Philadelphia, and Mr. Jacob Ebling, who has had 25 years experience in the tailoring business throughout the country, we are prepared to take measures for Garments which we warrant to be of the latest style and finish.

All goods cut at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. [nov 28-3mo.

500 New Shape Hoop Skirts.

OF THE BEST QUALITY, JUST OPENED and for sale at low prices.
A. M. HART,
oct 17] East Market Square.

Poetry.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

FROM LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

* * * * *

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low:
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies.
It crowned the somber clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

THE STUDENT.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

THE MUSICIAN.

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Stromkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the hight;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of old, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast,
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivaled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

THE GUESTS' GOOD-NIGHT.

The hour was late; the fire burned low,
The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,
And near the story's end a deep
Sonorous sound at times was heard,
As when the distant bagpipes blow.
At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,
As one awaking from a swound,
And, gazing anxiously around,
Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes, and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."
Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor light;
While from the windows, here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off the village clock struck one.

Tales and Sketches.

From Chambers's Journal, for October.

KITTY CLARK'S WILL.

I.

A complimentary and (in their way) sympathizing throng were assembled in the room where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying now, there was no doubt. The wolf, so often cried causelessly during the few preceding years of her long life, was at last growling at the door. From this attack it was certain she would not recover.

She herself was aware of it. The hand of Time, which was crushing her into the grave, which had stolen from her all the vigor of life, leaving her like a dry and sapless tree, had not quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit which for seventy years she had possessed. She well knew she was dying. It was understood that she had made a will, which was lodged in the hands of Mr. Crooks, who, as merchant, postmaster, and member of the council,* was undoubtedly the proper person to have charge of a document of such importance. Great curiosity was felt, and many now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from her, or those who nursed her, some intelligence as to what that will contained. But she had made no confidants; and, as evening drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stupor, from which she only awoke by sudden starts, when she would utter a groan of pain, or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

* The scene of this story is laid in Canada.

Very strange, to unaccustomed eyes, would have been the scene, lit up by the red glow of the fire of bark and pine-wood blazing on the broad hearth; for, though the season was May, the night air was chill, and the rough log walls by no means forbade its entrance. In one corner was the bed, where lay the invalid, uncurtained and unscreened; while on and around it were the two or three women at present in office as nurses, one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon and phial, while a third supported the pillows on her arm. Filling the rest of the room, were about a dozen female figures, among whom the seven ages of woman might have been sought and found, from the infant in the cradle to the crone of threescore and ten. There was the child creeping on the floor, in charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the fireside, a young mother fondling her first born with exultant pride, as she talked to the sedate matron who watched the gruel simmering on the glowing coals; while the old women compared notes as to the death-beds they had attended and the funerals they had seen. The men were mostly gathered in the "stoop" outside, but the masculine element was not entirely wanting within; it was represented by old Silas Doyle, who had "the gift of grace," and had come to pray with the invalid; and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning over the shoulder of pretty Amaryllis Dollman, who looked up in his face with such a languishing expression in her great soft eyes. Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have aided her by any means in their power, but their sympathy did not in the least prevent their attending to their own affairs; nor did any seem to remember that as she was now, so they all in their turn must be. The peculiar hum of many voices speaking low sounded in the room, while over all the red fire shed a lurid light, and cast fantastic shadows on the smoky walls.

Now and then, the creaking door would open, and give entrance to some fresh visitor, and the crazy floor would rock under even a careful tread, as the new comer advanced to the bed, held the candle so as to throw the light on the sick woman's face, and made audible remarks on her appearance, and the change for the worse perceptible since the last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done and put away; this accounted for the unusual gathering, where there were generally only those who were needed or had nothing to do at home; but all were now free to make inquiries and to indulge, at a common rendezvous, in a little friendly chat. Kitty's was not the only sick room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was almost given over, and was, moreover, a very interesting case, as she was delirious; the interest was therefore somewhat divided, but Kitty's was the favorite resort. Abel Blunt lived in a substantial house with various rooms, and only a privileged few were admitted to the presence of the invalid; but Kitty Clark's one-roomed shanty, where the visitor had nothing to do but to open the door and walk in, gave free access to all.

II.

Let us listen to some of the scraps of conversation, and learn how matters stand in Crocksville, such having been the name given the place when it arrived at the dignity of possessing a post office, and received a name at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who is whispering in low tones to Amaryila: "So you think there's no chance he'll change his mind, Am'rilly dear?"

"Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry Robert till he had a farm of his own, and he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while."

"I s'pose we must; but it's awful hard to have patience."

"Well, we're both young, and we can afford it. Besides, you'll have time to consider whether you'll change your mind. Better before than after."

The reply to this woman-like and aggravating speech is lost in the remark of Bella Jones: "I guess she won't get over it this time."

"It's hard to say," replied Mrs. Jackson, to whom she had spoken. "My mother used to have just such turns, and she lived to be ninety."

"I wonder who she's left the farm to," pursued Miss Jones.

"Neither you nor me, I guess. It'll be sure to go to some one as don't want it. Crocks 'll get it, I shouldn't wonder, because he's rich already."

"How's Abel Blunt's wife to day?" asked Mrs. Sands, interrupting Mrs. Jackson's sarcastic observations.

"Awful bad. They had two doctors there to-day."

"She's violent, I heard," said another. "They had to shave her head, to keep her from tearing out her hair."

"I heard 'twas rheumatic fever; but it don't seem like it."

"No," said Mrs. Sands, "'taint that. They give her too much opium, and it set her kind o' wild."

"My opinion is," said Silas Doyle, joining in from his seat at the bed-head, "that she's under conviction. Her symptoms is all that way."

"Anyhow, she's in awful suffering," said Mrs. Sands.

"Ah!" rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, "it's a blessed thing to be under conviction of sin."

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been sceptical as to the blessedness of Mrs Blunt's condition, but no one present expressed a doubt on the point. As if roused by the sounds familiar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred, and muttered some words, of which "Help me, save me," were alone audible.

"She's been that way all day," whispered Mrs. Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs. Sands, "praying whenever she was sensible or in most pain."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Sands. "Well, I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she *is* called away. She's always been a professor."

"Profession and practice don't always go together," muttered Mrs. Jones over the gruel saucepan.

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs. Green bent down to listen. "Her mind's running on the Scriptures; she's saying something about Jephthah's daughter."

Mrs. Jones and another woman exchanged glances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. "Ah!" said Mrs. Jones, "'taint the Scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jephthah's daughter."

"What else?" said rosy little Mrs. Blake, a new comer to Crocksville, restraining a sudden leap of her infant towards the blaze.

Mrs Jones looked up. "Did you never hear?" she asked in a low tone.

"Do tell! I never heard a mention of anything."

Mrs. Jones lowered her voice to a solemn whisper, and began her tale.

III.

"There ain't many left here that remembers what happened over thirty years ago; I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or so, and one of the first things I remember is old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here, in this shanty; I don't believe there's been a morsel done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down. She was always a queer sort o' body. I've heard my mother say that if you went in when she was setting the table, she'd clear the things right off again, and pretend she was washing up the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her; and if her man or the boys (she had two then) come in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone, she was that cur'ous and secret. Sam Clark, her husband, was a shiftless sort o'man; not that he wasn't fond enough o' money, or didn't try to make it, but he wasn't fond o' hard work, and had a turn for tradin' and speculatin', and when a man's that way, instead o' stickin' to his work regular, the money goes faster than it comes. They never got on. They worked this land on shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the boys was big enough to leave home, and then they went off to work on their own hook.

"Well, of course, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependin' on peddlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular—the grocery peddler, and the dry goods peddler, the tinman (he carried hardware mostly too,) and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal oftener, and their stocks was twice as good. They was always a familiar sort o' men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going away.

"I recollect one of them, by the name of Jephthah Murney. He came from Williamsburg, and dealt in jewelry and such like trash. I didn't think it trash, in those days, though; and I believe the girls thought more of Jephthah's visits than any one else's, and spent most of their savings with him. He was a foolish kind o' man; if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know just how much, and what he was going to do with it, and so on, as if he wasn't quite wise. 'You'd better quit that habit you've got of talking of your money, Jephthah,' says my mother to him one day, 'or you'll chance on some one who'll save you the trouble of carrying it.' But Jephthah only laughed, and went on just the same.

"He came the last time in January, thirty-two years ago. I mind it well, for there'd been an awful snow-storm, that had kept me for two days and nights over at old Uncle Jake Fitcher's. When I came home on the third evening, mother told me Jephthah had been there. Well I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckoning on a pair of gold ear rings he'd got, ever since his last visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy them; but mother comforted me. 'You can get 'em in the morning,' says she, 'for Jephthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's to night, 'count 'o the drifts bein' so bad.' Well, she kept talking of Jephthah: 'He'll be robbed some day, as sure as life,' says she. 'I never heard a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in his right mind. He told me to day he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land and leave peddling. But he'll be robbed first, if there's a ha'porth of roguery left in the world.'

"Well, the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind of noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said, 'come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an everlasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woollen rags."

Here Mrs. Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in the last words had made Mrs. Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

IV.

"Well, I looked round," continued Mrs. Jones, "but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah." "Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs. Clark?" says I. "That's more'n I can tell you," says she; "he quit here this morning at daylight." I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him any nearer; so I said I'd have to wait till he came round next time. "When Jephthah Murney comes round again, you'll get ear rings for nothing," says Kitty: "he's going to quit peddling, and buy a farm." "Yes," says I; "he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday." "Well," says she, "he didn't say here how much he had, only just what I tell you." I didn't stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; she kept fussin' round; but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh filled off, and the place red up as if it was afternoon.

"I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jephthah Murney? His horse and cutter was found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; but he was never seen or heard of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; but they stuck to their story; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found that could show they made away with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the States. Maybe he did; but it's allays been my opinion, and a good many others' too, that if he did hook the money, he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's. I don't know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, fresh-washed floor, and the awful suffocatin' smell.

"It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl about twelve years old. All he had was on him and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back as a bound-girl. She was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a scared look in her eyes, but she grew out of that; and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, so Andrew made no objection to the match, and she made a good wife for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on that way with Am'rilly Dollman."

"That'll be a match some day, I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Blake.

"'Twould have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own; but while he lives with his father, old Dollman won't allow it."

"And so nothing was ever heard of the peddler?"

"Not a word. The Clarks got on better some for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been; and they bought this farm. But then everything went wrong; the two boys died—one was killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which wasn't long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him but herself. Since he died, she has lived alone, and shared the land. It's good land, and I should think she must have saved money. I wonder who she's left it to."

"Young Martin, perhaps."

"I guess not. She always had a sing'lar dislike to his mother. May be, her conscience told her why. No; it's more likely to be Am'rilly Dollman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it."

"Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so as one of them gets it," remarked Mrs. Blake.

A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened her eyes, and raised herself, unaided, on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed round on the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; then she broke out into a laugh, harsh and loud: "Aha!" she cried in a shrill voice, "they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and down cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!" and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. "My! ain't that awful?" said Bella Jones; while pretty Amaryllis shrunk, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in their charge. She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

"She'll go off that way," said Mrs. Green. "She may linger awhile, but she'll sleep her life out so. And now, as it's getting late, I think I'll clear out."

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a most dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

V.

No one was surprised the next morning to hear that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature. "She just went out like the snuff of a candle," Mrs. Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and was arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, "which," as she had once observed, "was the convenientest dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral;" the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crocks's hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but to discuss them; but Mr. Crocks said, "that, 'cordin' to rule, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral," and announced his intention of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality; however, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, "just for an hour or two," the next afternoon to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more "in her ashes honored" than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked: "It was 'mazin' what folks would do for the sake of curiosity: there was old Jim White who had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner." As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or herself to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been "not quite right," no one could tell on what unlikely person her favor might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr. Crocks opened that important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in charge for his daughter Amaryllis till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly: the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and the money in an old leathern purse in the cupboard, amounting to about fifteen dollars, were Amaryllis's at once, unconditionally; the house itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amaryllis had always been thought rather a favorite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. "She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm." Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him; and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed; he had expected nothing, and was not disappointed. Some congratulated Amaryllis, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dollman went forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, and to decide which were to be sown with barley and which with wheat.

VI.

It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr. Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amaryllis or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amaryllis endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance "that, as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then"— But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amaryllis was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr. Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence. Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his "man" worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of the axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet what for a moment made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped a paper parcel, addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked "Jephthah Murney," part of a peddler's stock of old-fashioned jewelry, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered: the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, could never be known. Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death, and that of her sons', had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her life's savings were contained in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked, "Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother." Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put on the farm.

1,500,000 DEMOCRATS IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* gives some figures to show that with all the frauds, all the appliances of corruption, and all the intimidations of power, civil and military, nearly *one million and a half of Democrats* marched to the polls at the late elections, and recorded their votes against the policy of the Administration. Those who think that the Democratic organization is now powerless, will be instructed by perusing the following table of the votes as given at the State elections in 1863:

	Dem. votes.
Maine	51,000
New Hampshire	40,000
Vermont	12,000
Connecticut	40,000
Rhode Island	10,000
Massachusetts	35,000
Total for New England	188,000
New York	284,000
New Jersey	60,000
Pennsylvania	253,000
Ohio	187,000
Indiana	125,000
Illinois	140,000
Michigan	60,000
Wisconsin	60,000
Iowa	55,000
Minnesota	12,000
California	50,000
Oregon	6,000
Kansas	8,000
Grand Total	1,488,000

So in the free States alone there are *one million and a half of Democrats* at the close of 1863. What a glorious figure! This is 100,000 more votes than Mr. Douglas got in all the States—Northern and Southern—in 1860. What Democrat can be discouraged at such good progress under the terrible pressure of the last three years? Only think of it—nearly 200,000 Democrats in New England, which we have been in-