THE FORT EDWARD LEDGER.

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FORT EDWARD LEDGER

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FORT EDWARD, WASH. CO., N. Y.,
BY
C. B. Conant.

TERMS:
$1 50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Office over Mather's Hardware Store, Main Street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
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Special Notices [illegible] cent. additional.
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All kinds of job work executed with neatness, promptness, and at prices which defy competition.

Business Directory.

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DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, &c., near the Feeder Bridge.

J. [illegible]
HARNESS Maker, [illegible]rwood's Row, near the Grist Mill.

W. GUILFORD,
BOOT AND SHOE Manufacturer, opposite Conant & Co.'s Blacksmith shop.

CENTRAL SALOON,
WING'S Exchange, R. BACKUS, Proprietor.

HOLMAN & Co.,
DEALERS in Gentlemens' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, No. 1, Wing's Exchange

C. E. & S. S. BENNETT,
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE, Three doors [illegible] of Baptist Church.

[illegible] MILLIMAN,
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DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye Materials, Kingsley's Block.

[illegible] WARDS, HUBBEL & Co.,
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B. S. BURNHAM,
DEALER, corner of Mechanic and Seminary street.

GEO. P. CONANT & CO.,
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THAYER & HOLTON,
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DEALERS IN
STOVES, TIN AND HARDWARE.
☞ Lead, Copper and Brass taben in exchange for goods.

GEORGE W. LITTLE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office, opposite of the Post Office.
☞ Residence, Mrs. Dr. J. D. Norton's.

FORT EDWARD *against* THE WORLD! AND MOTT & SON *against* FORT EDWARD!

WHO keep constantly on hand a full and complete assortment of Canada Pine Lumber, dressed and undressed. Framing timber of any length and size required—Doors, Sash, Blinds, Pine Pickets, Lime, Cement, &c.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

J. M. MOTT & SON also keep a large and well selected stock of FLOUR, which they offer at wholesale and retail, at prices defying competition. Merchants, and all Flour dealers, in this and surrounding towns, are particularly invited to call and examine our assortment of FLOUR, before sending orders to Troy or Albany, as we pledge ourselves to supply all parties on as favorable terms (at least) as can be obtained at either of those cities, or elsewhere.
March 28, 1862. mr28:tf

PEACE DECLARED! THE UNION preserved! Having become convinced that the CASH SYSTEM of "Quick Sales and Small Profits," is better than the old way, of "Large Profits and Long Credits," have come to the conclusion to sell for CASH OR READY PAY ONLY, and take this method to inform my old patrons, and the public generally, that I am thankful for past favors, and solicit a continuance of their patronage on the Ready Pay System.

I have just received a large and well selected stock of LUMBER, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, LIME, HAIR, CEMENT, PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, VARNISH, PITCH and OAKUM.

I have also added to my former supply, a large assortment of PAINTERS' and ARTISTS' MATERIALS, all of which will be sold at panic prices.

All kinds of Farm Produce taken at Cash Prices in exchange for goods.

Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Remember the place, near the Feeder Bridge, Fort Edward, N. Y. ☜

Great Improvments in
SEWING MACHINES.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE.

PATENTED FEBRUARY 14TH 1860.

SALESROOM, 510 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THIS Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be *simplicity* and *perfection combined*.

The following are the principal objections urged against sewing-machines:

1. Excessive fatigue to the operator.
2. Liability to get out of order.
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4. Incapacity to sew every discription of material.
5. Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is exempt from all these objections.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK OR SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is emphatically

A Noiseless Machine.

It requires *Fifty Per Cent* less power to drive it than any machine in market. A girl of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injury to the health.

Its strength and *Wonderful Simplicity* of construction render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is *Guaranteed* by the company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this UNRIVALLED MACHINE.

But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of

MERCHANT TAILORS,	CORSET MAKERS,
COACH-MAKERS,	SHIRT MAKERS,
HOOP-SKIRT MAKERS,	GAITER MAKERS,
DRESS MAKERS,	SHOE BINDERS,

VEST AND PANTALOONS MAKERS.

☞ Religious and Charitable Institutions will be liberally dealt with.

PRICE OF MACHINES, COMPLETE:

No. 1, or Family Machine, $15 00; No. 2, Small sized Manufacturing, $60 00; No. 3 large sized Manufacturing, $75 00.

Cabinets in Every Variety.

We want agents for all towns in the United States where agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given, but we make no consignments.

T. J. McArthur & Co.,
4:1y 510 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WOMAN'S FRIEND.
JOHNSON'S FEMALE PILLS!!
Thousands of testimontals have been given, showing that these pills are infallible in correcting, regulating and removing obstructions of every nature.
WARRANTED AS A SAFE AND CERTAIN PREVENTATIVE WITHOUT THE LEAST INJURY TO THE CONSTITUTION.

THESE Pills have been used by the Doctors for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies who have used them, to make the pills public for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent an increase of family where health or circumstances will not permit. Females peculiarly situated, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills as they will certainly produce miscarriage, although their mildness would prevent injury to health. Full and explicit directions accompany each box. Price One Dollar.—Wholesale and retail by W. J. Whitehouse & Co., Kingsley's Block, Fort Edward, N. Y. Ladies sending him $1 will receive a box by return mail, postage paid. The utmost secrecy maintained. ☞ Look out for counterfeits. ☞ The ingredients composing these pills are made known to every agent, and they will tell you the pills are perfectly safe, and do all claimed for them. Be sure you get the genuine article.

J. T. SMITH, Manufacturer,
8:34 Albany, N. Y.

GEORGE BROKAW,
Saddle and Harness Maker.

THANKFUL for past favors, the subscriber still solicits the patronage of the public, and offers all articles in his line of business, such as

Harness of every description,
RIDING SADDLES,
Bridles and Martingales,
HORSE BLANKETS,
HORSE BRUSHES, FLY NETS,
CURRY COMBS,
Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, etc,
and a large assortment of
CARRIAGE WHIPS,
of the best manufacture, which will be kept constantly on hand.

N. B—For good material, style, workmanship, cheapness and durability, I
DEFY COMPETITION.
REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS
punctually attended to.

By close attention to business, and a desire to give general satisfaction to all, I hope to merit a continuation of the patronage which has been so liberally bestowed upon me.

My place of business is located
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF BAPTIST CHURCH.
Fort Edward Aug. 20, 1862. no20:1y

THE WRONG PATH.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Brock Edmunds's strange disappearance had been the theme of our mess, since his departure from the Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess-tent, recreating ourselves with whiskey and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses trampled garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at the Rappahannock, a railway station on the river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our outriders had brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heig-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigswig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz.' and throw up my commission."

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickcahominy song," said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pirre, with a supplicatory grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmare."

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again: "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night. I saw the glare of camp fires reddening the woods and skins; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the "tick, tick, tick" of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencilings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertililty of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

"Leftinant Mintlin!"

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognized a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said:

"The gineral nades ye, sir, immadiately, at his quarters."

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

"There's twenty pages of a report to copy," said Bigswig.

"I'll lend to you my leetle *cheval, mon ami,*" said Saint Pierre; "you take von damn journey!"

"Hadn't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?" said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, re-filled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small, iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short, wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prarie.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!" he said curtly; and as I took one of chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trials, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick, nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh, and saddled!"

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to the Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and slight tremor of my lips followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt sententious way, "since I commonly take my aids into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H———, to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his beard; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

"Am I to lose another aid?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old dry manner; "you are not *a Virginian!*"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good night."

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Camp fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level and unencumbered by the slush and debris that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from the stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eery music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half human through their great windowy eyes; clearings across which the night winds blew dismally; and quaint old stacks and hay-barracks—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way.—And when, at eleven o'clock I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H———,

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly and were off

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy, and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general, I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly.—"Good night."

As a rule, I give no regard to coincidences, I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all its essentials of time, route and object, but the circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was "Crown Point," and that of the previous evening its associate battle of "Ticonderoga." In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and intense interest; I had dreamed fitfully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues. I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics——my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwelcome summons——but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a spectre, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my hollo of "Crown Point," seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of "Ticonderoga" and Brock Edmunds.

"Have you the time, sentry?" I called to the patrol.

"Twelve o'clock, midnight!" said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come, I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him, so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride was over; a strange, weired nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk.—Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud "Woa," and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the prespiration standing like night-dew on my forhead.

I too was lost!!

For more than an hour I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my terror and tremor had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again I had missed my way. In place of the scrub maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave more than the ordinary lonesomeness to the scenery.—Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveller might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness, into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farmhouse or negro hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia resi-

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]