VOLUME 11

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1865.

NUMBER 49.

Business Directory.

Dr. A. D. TEWKSBURY. spent one year as Surgeon in the United States has again located at Auburn Centre, and will attend entre, Pa., June 26, ISGL-1 yp Dr. C. J. DRINKER, DHYSIOIAN AND SUBGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with Dr. Conn. over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store, Public Ave nue seidence with Joseph D. Drinker, Montrose, Sept. 54th, 1856.

DR E. L. BLAKESLEE, OR. D. MAND SUBGEON, has located at Brocklyn, Su-quebanns County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls in which be may be invoced. Office at L. M. Baidwin's. Brocklyn, July 10, 1883,—yt.

DR. E. L. GARDNER. PHYSICIAN AND SUEGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Scarle's Hotel.

Montrose, June 3, 1865.-11 GROVES & REYNOLDS,

FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Grandler's Store, Public Avenue.
Vontrose, June 12, 1865. DR. CHARLES DECKER,

JOHN BEAUMONT, WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old wind known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made hower when the work is brought. Jesup, March 20, 1889.

Dr. G. Z. DIMOCK, DHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office of these street, opposite the Expunctions Office, Boards a prie a Hotel Montrose, Pubruary 6th, 1865,-1yp

C. M. CRANDALL anuf ACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wood-wheels, Wheel-brads, Cockers a, St., &c., Wood-turning done to order, and center manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' on Building, up stairs.

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC, B. S. BESTILLE 1, OLL, ACCEPTAGE & C., for any MARES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any Tasks 1, the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certeric schwiledged before him do not require the certificate of the Court.

Montrose, Jan. 2, 1855.—tf. DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

TSIOIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Of the office of Pr Lees. Boards at J. Hosford's, exceptile, July 27, 1864.—If E. W. SMITH.

A TTOKNET & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Clair A Agent Office over Lea's Drug store.
Susquenanta Depot January 25, 1884. H. BURRITT,

D EALER in Simple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware 10n, Storet Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hate Cape, Frex, buffalo Robes, Groories, Previsions, &c. New Millard, Pa., April II., 1864.-41 S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

BILLINGS STROUD, Direct and Liffe Insurance Agent. Office in Lath Food building, and end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown, Moutner, February I, 1864.—4!

J. D. VAIL, M. D., HOMEOPATRIC PHYRICIAN, has permanently located named in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to a chilarhe profession with which he may be shoved. Office and iteratives we also in 60 cmr House, near Bentley & Fitch's. Wattrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN, TTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PER SION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully pred. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vall, in W. H. d's building, below Sociales. Herol. lding, below Searle's Hotel.

6, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb17yl 1865.

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON, KERP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTION ENTERS. By strict state of the state of the particle of the

Dr. CALVIN C. HALSEY, DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SUB 4 GRON for PENSIONERS. Office overthe store of J. Lyon 4 San. Public Avenue Boards at Mr. Etheridge's. 4 Subseq. October, 1839.-41 D. A. BALDWIN.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay A Agent, Great Bend, Susquehama County, Pa. Great Send, August 10, 1866-19 BOYD & WEBSTER.

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pips, Tin, Copper, and Shee line Ware; size, Window Sach, Panel Doors, Window Side, Lank Pips Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials in shop south of Seari's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near th Sinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all allocation for Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Chetrodist Church.

Montroom, Pa., January 1, 1864.-Lf

DR. WILLIAM W. SERVICE OF THE STREET OF THE BARRIES OF THE STREET OF THE DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH, E. J. ROGERS.

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAG-LI UNS, CARRIAGES, SELIGHS, &c., in the excite of Workmanchip and of the best materials, in we will know mind of E. H. ROGERS, a few rook east bearle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to ra-the calls of all who want anything in his line.

DE. JOHN W. COBB DATSICIAN and SUEGEON, respectfully tenders his rise title citizens of Susynchanna County. He will give testion to the surgical and medical treatment of diseases in and fast, and the consulted relative to surgical government of the surgical and the country of the surgical survey of the surgical survey of the surgical survey. The survey of the surgical survey of the survey of the survey of J. S. Tabell's Hotel. I survey Sung, County, Pa., June 21, Tabell's Hotel.

BALDWIN & ALLEN, D RALERS in FLOUR, Sait, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Landies, Glover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES 127 as Sugar, Moinses, Styrpe, Tes and Longe. West side o Prince Avenue, one door below J. Ethersige.

2 across, January 1, 1864-44

F R WERKS. DEACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; size Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with mainteen and dispatch. Two doors above Scarle's Hotel, k entrose, January 1, 1841-19

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP. A TTORNETS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in hanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzorne C Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMPERLIN. DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW...
Office over the Shore formerly occupied by Post Brothers
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1850.

J. LYONS & SON, D ZALERS IN DBY GOODS, Grocerica Crockery, Handware-ta Intware, Books, Melodeons, Pinnos, and all kinds of Musi-ta Instruments, Shoct Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Bind of vasiness in all its branches. J. Lyons, Gontroe, January I, 1664. 7. A. Eross.

ABEL TURRELL.

J. E. LEER IN DERUGE ANDICANNES CHEMICALE.
Prints, Oth. Dyestiffe, Vernibus, Window Change
Low. Graceric, Grockery, Glacoware, Wall-Paper, Jury
Fracey Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Ractuments, True 26,
1008ts, Brushes, &c.,—and Agent for all of the most popular
Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1651.

C. O. FORDHAM,

I ANUFACTURER of BOOTE & SHOES, Montrose, Pa.

Shop over Dewitt's Store. All there of work made

Vol. and repairing does nearly. Work does when prom
jet and repairing does nearly. Work does when prom
jet and repairing does nearly.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, DEALER In BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Find-lum, on Main st. third door below Searle's Hotel, L. Work made to order, and regalting done neatly, Woutrose, Pan, December 12, 1860.

L H. BURNS, A TTORNEY AT LAW. Office with Will opposite Scarle's Hotel. Pension and Both or repared. Collections promptly made. Rectrose, Nov. 21, 1864—18.

B. R. LYONS & CO. DEALERS in DEY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOEL Ladies' Guiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window P. Palnts, Olis, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenus.

Montrose. January 1, 1864. at? READ, WATROUS & FOSTER. D EALERS IN DRY GOODS, Dross, Medicines, Paints, Oll Groceries, Hardware, Jrockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jew Jules Spoons, Perfamery, &c., Brick Block, Monitones.

J. Bald. A WATROYS X. C. FOFTEM MONITONE, January 1, 1264

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANU.
Inclure. Keeps contantly on hand all
limits of Castraw Fynantys, or fur.
Chied at short notice, Shop and Ware Ecoms foct of Main St.
Montrose, Pa., March 5, 1868-41 WILLIAM W. SMITH,

PHILANDER LINES. oga. Ere long he talked with her, not seriously but in PASHIONABLE TATIOB: Brick Block, over Wattons & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.

RE-UNION:

An end at last! The echoes of the war— The weary war beyond the western waves-Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star— Beacons above a hundred thousand graves. The graves of heroes who have won the fight,
Who in the storming of the stubborn town
Have rung the marriage peals of might and right,
And scaled the cliffs and cast the dragon down. Pmans of armies thrill across the sta,
Till Europe answers—"Let the struggle cease,
The bloody page is turned; the next may be
The ways of pleasantness and paths of peace!"

A golden morn—a dawn of better things— The olive branch—clasping of hands again— A noble lesson read to conquering kings— A sky that tempests had not scourged in vain. This from America we hoped and him Who ruled her "in the spirit of his creed." Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim, As history records her darkest deed?

The pilot of this people through the strife, With his strong purpose turning scorn to praise, E'en at the close of hattle ret, of life, And fair inheritance of quiet days!

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just, He showed how elemency should temper power, And dying left to future time in trust The memory of his brief victorious hour. O'ermastered by the irony of fate, The last and greatest martyr of his cause; Slain like Achilles at the Scæan gate, He saw the end and fixed the purer laws.

May these endure, and, as his work, attest The glory of his honest heart and hand— The simplest, and the bravest, and the best The Moscs and the Cromwell of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite, Awe stricken by the universal gloom, See his name lustrous in Death's sable night, And offer tardy tribute at his tomb.

But we who have been with him all the while,
Who knew his worth and loved him long ago,
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isin
There is no room at last for Lincoln's foe. -An English Paper NEVER MORE NIGHT THAN DAY.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray, Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run; But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun. We are old folks now, my darling,

Our heads are growing gray; But taking the year all round, my dear, You will always find a May! We have had our May, my darling, And our roses, long ago; And the time of the year is coming, n For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way. A God of the night, my darling, Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads to life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

TEN YEARS.

BY MARY CHIEF. William Britton registered his name among the urrivals at Seratogs and sat down in the pation willight, half discontented with himself for being here. Many men find themselevs in similar places there. Many men find themselevs in similar places in a similar mood; and, as in this case; the motive power that brings them there is found in the lovely creature who travels with a dozen tranks, said creature being a fashionable woman.

While he waited and meditated, one of these creatures fluttered in; for the quick, birdlike motions, and the soft swayings of delicate white tabrics were more like flutterings than decided movements.

nents.

The white robes ceased their swaying at the arm

hair where William Britton sat, and a soft white hair, where William Britton sat, and a soft whit and fell on his broader paim. Then a low voice

the voice.
"I beg your pardon, but—" he began.
At the first word, the little hand started from the
broad palm, and the plaintive tone was quick with tright.
"It beg your pardon," she echoed. "I thought you were my cousin Will.
"It is my name. I would I were cousin to that value."

"It is my name. I would I were cousin to that volce."

The gallant speech drove the woman away. She begged another hasty pardon, and William Briton heard the sound of floating garments as ahe flitted up the broad stairway.

A moment later another white-robed figure dashed in upon the lone mem's quiet.

"Isn't Saratoga charming?" exclaimed a quick, lively voice. "Such beautiful dresses and delightful men, and lovely women, and such music? And oh the hops! I would be content to remain here forever. My willing soul would stay

In such a frame as this And sing and dance itself away To everlasting bliss."

There was no mistaking that fashionable woman There was no heresy in that doctrine. It was pure y worldly. The voice belonged to Clara Ipswich he motive power that brought William Britton to

the motive power that brought William Britton to Saratoga.

"What a butterfly it is!" he said, half fondly and half reproachfully, as he looked down on the bright face and scarlet roses, all revealed by the brilliant gaelight that dispelled dreams and mysteries and errors with the darkness.

"And oh what an owl, with all his wisdom and solumity," she retorted, langhing; but she stooped down and kissed his forehead.

In vain William Britton studied the faces in the parlor that night, seeking in that gay throng some mark of discontent, some spirit IVI at ease, some soul mastisfied with the kind and degree of happiness Saratoga offered. She who brought him there mingled with the gay, eclipsed by none cave the tail, slight girl in garnet, whose beaming face was the brightest thing in all the room. He was with the dancers, too, hieling studies 'neath his smiles and great thoughts under pleasant chat.

He was an odd man. Even Clara Ipswich admitted that, lover though he was and husband was to be, it was a odd she thought to think of other things. He was an odd man. Even Clara Ipswich admitted that, lover though he was not-husband was to be, It was so odd she thought to think of other things than dress sod dance and show at Saratoga.
Under the careless smile, William Britton studied the slight girl in garnet. How her dark eys flashed? How the color came and went upon her brunette cheek! How she talked. And now laughter rippled from her lips until he called her in his mind Minnehaha-laughing water. What a spontanetty of life! What an exuberance of gladness! Was she conscious of a sou? Did she think of a heresfier? Did she know that like was struggle, combat, vie-

d she know that life was struggle, combat, vic he looked, he listened and caught the chat of or dowagers at his side.
"Sayte is looking her best to-night," said one
dy to the other.
"Yes," was the pleased rejoinder, "Garnet be-"Your piece is doing you honor, certainly," con-used the first speaker. "Her engagement must

"Your niece is doing you honor, certainly," continued the first speaker. "Her engagement must be very gratifying."

"It is. I may tell you, Mrs. Jenkins, it has taken a great load off my mind," was the confidential response. "Sayte is not like other women of our set. You would never dream the thoughts of that girl dhe is one of the kind who make missionaries and martyrs, and marty beneath their position, and do ridiculous things from duty. I can't understand her atall. I think she is something of a mystery to David Harper. Nobody can interpret her thoroughly but her cousin Will Tompkins. You know him, you have heard him lecture. He is very clerer. Many a time I have quaked for fear they would marry; but she is engaged to David Harper now, and there is an end of trouble, for with her a promise once given is a prymise forever. He is wealthy and of good family, and has a fine position in society, and it puts an end to all her nousense about congentality and kinship, of spirit. I have not seen her in such a gay mood for months. Her cousin, Will Tompkins, came to-night, and she has been as happy as a bird ever since. Something happened to ver her. It was about her dreas, and she came up stairs and divexted herself of her beautiful mull and arrayed herself in garnet. Such a whim! I think she was annoyed to find so many others clad in with."

Will Britton smiled. Ah, he understood. By his own nature he understood that girl. In spite of garnet dress he recognized the unsatisfied soul, the longing, aspiring woman who had wearied of Baratoga.

IN THE SEA.

pervous mouth, content that there was a deep soul hidden under sil.

She smilled to see him coming on the following morning, and her eye lit up with pleasure when in the evening dance they met. It was nature, nothing more, and the unity and harmony of like and like. more, and the unity and harmony of like and like.

Sayte Ingalla's aunt, rich in her jewels and rare old
point, looked on and smiled as the days and nights
wore on. She was glad that Sayte and David were
not foolish and exclusive after the manner of some
engagements. Mr. Britton was a very elever man,
and it showed good taste in Sayte to appreciate him
so thoroughly. She had no solicitude. Ther were
both engaged. It was so delightful for Sayte to
remain content when she had feared uneasiness for
days. Only Will Tompkins sighed, and one night
he did more.

he did more.

It was after a Shakespearean reading, when the poet's wondrous words, rendered by a man of genius and rare elecutionary powers, had thrilled the heart of those who could appreciate. Clara Ipswich rawned as abe talked of it. Notbing but a dance could drive her dullness away. David Harper, too, begged for a dance. William Britton crossed over to Savita Insulis.

to Sayte Ingalls.
"I think you have been in the clouds to-night," he said. "We touch earth so suddenly as to experience a shock at the suggestion of willzes, polkas, redowas. Let us go out beneath the starlight."
Will Tempkins frowned, then he turned to Sayte ingalls. "You will not go out to night. The air is jamp." amp."
She laughed at him.
"Oh, nonsense, Will! I must breathe another at-"Oh, nonsense, Will: I must breathe snother to the sphere than this." She took William Britton's arm and went out. On the stillness and beauty of that hour! Oh the depth of emotion that thrilled either heart! They taked ot new things. Thoughts which had never found expression in the ballroom at Saratoga, nor spake in language either understood. In that hour the unity of their inner life stood ali revealed, soul spake to soul, and like rushing currents flowed together.

Whither:
Oh, Clars Ispwich!
Oh, David Harper!
As great rocks sever flowing currents, those names one between their lives and loves.
Standing just above Sayte Ingalis, looking down into her eyes, now glowing soft and beautiful, William Britton said: "Methinks there is an error, and you belong to

We needs must love the highest when we see it Not Launcelot but another." She did not answer but sank down on the seat and burled her head in her hands; while William Britton paced hurriedly to and tro. Minutes fled and the struggle went on. Sayte Ingalis ended it first—raising her head and calling in a cold, altered

ne: "Mr. Britton."

"Mr. Britton."

He came and stood before her.

"Let us return to the house," she said.

"And is this the end?" he asked.

"The end," she answered. "There were no end of trouble otherwise."

The dancers were still tripping to the sound of merry music when the wanderers returned.

Will Tompkins smiled and then he sighed. He smiled that they had conquered; he sighed for suffering manhood and womanhood.

Ten years and the heroism of America's men and women was a proven thing, proven by three years service on the battle fields, in camp and hospital. These were the places to find such men as William Britton; and where men dare to go, women of like spirit do not shrink to follow.

Kneeling by a wounded man one day, he heard a

where men care to go, women of like spirit do not shrink to follow.

Knoeling by a wounded man one day, he heard a voice near by. That voice! It brought to him a memory of Saratoga, a robe of white, a garnet silk, soft thrilling words, a bowed head, and a sad adden. What a place for shoe memories! And what a place for shoe memories! And what a place for Byte Ingalis, a Saratoga belie! But it was she William Britton, looking down on the bent form clad in mourning, met the old bright eyes and nervous mouth.

"I could not stay home. There was nothing to keep me, and there was suffering here," she said, in explanation of her presence.

It was a development of the old spirit that her aunt said made missionaries and martyrs.

"David Harper?"

William Britton spoke his name reverently, as he glanced at the widow's cap.

glanced at the widow's cap.
"He died a year ago," she answered, "and Clara?"
"Clara Ipswich Britton was written on a marble five years ago."
I need not tell you more. There are a few whos discipline of suffering is over ere the silver cord loosed or the golden bowl is broken.

JENNIES ELOPEMENT. Oh! Jennie Gray was young and fair,

Which gently toyed around a rare and beautiful throat, and a bust of symmetry. Full many a lover, I wean, sighed and replaced, and cursed cruel fate that they had not been one of Jennie's curls instead of a man; for strange to tell, nothing flavoring of masculinity has ever encircled Jenie's neck. If her lovers had only been eurls, they could—

Upon her breast find couch of ease, Or wander with her 'mong the trees, And kies her cheek with every breeze. John Henry was a lover bold, The' minus of silver and gold.

And Jennie's heart once so cold, was melted by the first glance of his lovellest eyes was melted by the first glance of his lovelies eyes. She likenced him her vestal imagination, to Apollo, because he had red hair, to Orpheus, because he was a swert singer, and played the fiddle; and to Adonis, because he was a youth of fair proportions and comely to look upon. She sighed when the beloved object of her heart's adoration was not near, like the wind through an oak-tree-squirrel-hole. Her cruel father had sworn by the rod and mass, if he caught him with Jennie.

That he would creep behind him sly,
And let his heavy peg-hoot fly
At him a la posteriori. Jennie bewaited his high decree, But vowed that wedded she would bo-"By thunder I should like to see

the old man hinder me from getting married when I leel like it," was the deflant exchamation. "Why don't you feel like it then?" said John

Henry.

"Because I dew," was the reply.

"Let's 'lope, my cinnamon, sassafras, mapl sugar, corn stalk, beet, my paragon of sweetness, was his gallant rejoinder.

"Gosh, I'll dew it, John Henry," said she. Great was the joy of the enamored swain she consented, and he fairly screamed,

"Here's my hose, jump on astride, And tew the Parson's we will ride, And have the knot all firmly tried." Upon the steed she sprang amain, John Henry seized the guiding rein, And fast they scampered o'er the plain

And tast they scampered o'er the plant towards the parronage, some miles distant. The ol man, Grey, got wind of the afiair, mounted a flet courser and gave instant pursuit after the disordity pair. Being mounted on a switter horse, and no quite so much to carry, Mr. Grey soon came ight of the fleeting party. Putting spurs to histeed, be soon had the satisfaction of overtaking them Seizing John Henry's horse by the bridle, he cried

In a voice of anger loud and high, That shook the nuts from trees hard by, That she must go back hum, or die! He seized her roughly by the waist, And drew her from her bean in haste, And on his prancing steed he placed her, nenacing the while her lover with summary pu itement. As he was in the act of mounting befo her, old Boreas—the north wind—feeling sorry is the weeping maiden, blew a flerce blast to sign his displeasure, which sent the old man's had flyi far down the road. He rushed after his hat, a they whipped up their steeds and left him. "Come back, come back," the old man cried.

But Jennie haughtily replied—
"I will, pap—when the knot is tied."

Ere long he talked with her, not seriously but in the gay badinage appropriate to the place. He sayache has given many a young man the inter-miles ilked her well, and watched the sparkling eyes and fever.

My chum, Tom Hawse, did not long remain in Valparaiso after he was discharged from the ship Cumberland. His nautical nose led him back to

Vaiparaiso direr no was discharged from the saip Cumberland. His nautical nose led: him back to the water.

He shipped in a Chillan vessel, bound to the Sandwich Islanda. The craft was a becutiful one—a trim little brig—with masts that were round and tapering, like the unlifted arms of a Belle, and a bow as gracefully moulded as the bosom of a swan. Her well-proportioned hull seemed scarcely to touch the water when, with swelling sails, she glidded on her course like a white-winged bird as it skims along the grass of the trairie. Tom was delighted with the brig. The crew, however, did not please him. There were four men in the forecastle besides himself, as dirty and disagreeable a set as he ever encountered. Seven of them wore Chillian and the rest were Kanakas. They would swear and wrangle from morning till light, making so much noise that Tom found it impossible to steep in the daytime when it was his watch below.

On a certain occasion he remonstrated, when one, a big, burly fellow, with a monstrous head, and with shoulders like those of a giant, started to his feet, and drawing a knife, ordered the complainant to lie down ages in.

"Me will cut your throat if you make objection!"

and drawing a knile, ordered the complainant to lie down again.

"Me will cut your throat if you make objection!" he added, brandishing his knile with a threatening air, as he witnessed the angry flash that gleamed in Tom's eyes.

The bullying manner of the glant quickly roused. The bullying manner of the giant quickly roused the ire of the American, and obeging a sudden inpulse, he dashed the knile from the grasp of the owner with a blow upon the wrist. Lesping from his bunk almost at the same moment, he threw himself upon the person of the burly Chilian with a force which sent him heavily backwards. As he fell to the deck his temple came in contact with the edge of an oak chest and he lost his consciousness.

When his countrymen playth his motionless for

edge of an oak chest and he lost his consciousness.

When his countrymen beheld his motionless figure, they levelled a perfect torrent of yells and execrations against the American; and hardly had he regained his feet when they rushed toward him in a body, with the intention of avenging their shipmate. Tom, however picked a handspike from the deck, and awinging it about with a will, contrived to keep his antagonists at bay.

Nevertheless, he would soon have been overpowered had it not been for the interference of the captain and his mates, who, attracted by the uproar, arrived upon the spot at the very moment when two men had succeeded in wrenching the handspike from the grasp of the young sallor.

As Tom was the best scaman in the foretopmast shroads, the officers took the part of our hero, and As a following the best stock the part of our hero, and ordered the Chillians to disperse. The men obeyed reluctantly, casting many dark glances upon Toin, and breathing low murtered threats and executions

and breathing low muttered threats and execrations against him.

In the meantime, the giant having recovered his senses, had risen to his feet and commenced washing his head in cold water. Although he did not say a word to Hawser, not even look toward him, there was a certain expression in his eyes which warned the American to be on his guard. He believed that his late antagonist would adopt some secret plan of revence, would await an opportunity to attack him while he was unprepared for defence—to strike him from behind or to the dark.

As day after day passed away, however, and the

strike him from behind or is the dark.

As day after day passed away, however, and the Chilians did not attempt to interfere with him, Tom came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken, and as a natural consequence he became less watchful. One morning while the vessel was within a few hundred yards of the place of her destination, she was brought to a "stand still" by a dead caim.

The surface of the sea was like a pollabed mirror. Not a ripple upon the water, not a cloud in the sky. The sun's heat was intense, the plicia started from the deck-planks, and the melted tar glistened upon the shrouds. The men who had been in the habit of going bare-footed were compelled to wear shoes upon this occasion, otherwise the heated planks would have blistered their feet.

The distance between the two men and their vessel was becoming greater every moment. The built of the brig, as the American could perceive when he threw an occasional giance behind him, secured to settle lower in the water every moment. His arms and legs ached with quertion. He felt that his strength was gradually pussing away. But his resolution stoutly refused sympathy with these warnings of approaching weakness. The porpoise-like blowing of the giant in his wake still continued, and presently he thought the noise sounded nearer than before. He turned his head and perceived, to his surprise,

n him. Yes, in spite of his utmost efforts, his follower was rapidly lessening the distance between them.

Nearer and nearer he came, every moment, and at length Tom could hear him puffing close upon his

Nearer and nearer he came, every moment, and at length Tom could hear him puffing close upon his heets.

At the same moment a fearful sight broke upon his view—a long black fin cleaving the smooth surface of the water like a knife.

It was approaching him steadily and steathily from an opposite direction, and already it was not more than forty tathoms in front of him.

His blood ran cold in his veins.

The fin was that of a shark.

Before he could utter a word, however, he felt a pair of hands graap his ankies under the water.—
These hands pulled him ber-aith the surface, and the next moment ascended to his throat. They grasped it, they pre-sed upon it like a vice. He struggied vainly to release himself. The terrible pressure caused his mouth to open. The salt water rushed into it, he feit that he was strungling, that he could live but a few minutes longer. A horrible pain was in his head, a leaden weight seemed to have been placed upon his brato.

Opposite to him, whilst his eyeballs were forced almost from their sockets by the great agony he shiftered, he could see the dim outlines of the Chillian's face looking into the blue depths of the sea, like the face of some hideous monsterfof the deep. The eyes were of a duil greenish hue, and the dark skin seemed covered with a multitude of little fins. This appearance was caused by the disordered state of his vision.

In a few minutes both of the men arose for an instant above the surface of the water. But Tom

bis vision.

In a few minutes both of the men arose for an instant above the surface of the water. But Tom knew it not. A yellowish vapor seemed to float before his eyes and onscure his sight. Now he could not even see the face of the man whose hands were upon his throat. Palling consciousness seemed to convert that hand into a fiery serpsut, twisting its tolds about his neck.

The yellowish vapor turned into a blood red col. tolds about his neck.

The yellowish vapor turned into a blood red color, then suddenly grew darker, while a swarm of locusts seemed to buzz in his brain. The men were

custs seemed to buzz in his brain. The men were again under water.

The terrible serpent! How tightly its folds were clasped about his neck! Agony—tearful agony! Would he never die?

Ah! what did it mean? The sorpent suddenly unwound itself from his throat. The dark vapor grew lighter, the locusts flew away from his brain, he felt himself ascending.

Suddenly he scemed to stop! The vapor was passing from before him. A sweet feeling of relief entered his bosom. He arose to the surface of the sea, and breathed a monthful of fresh air. Before he sank again consciousness rushed into his brain, and gave him back his natural sight, sense, and feeling.

He moved his hands, and keep himself aftoat. His He moved his hands and keep himself affoat. His

MODERS ECONOMY OF TIME.—The Scientific American thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

COTTON—One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men chuld have done in the same time in 1729, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out his first patent.

FLOUR—One man can make as much flour in a day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

LACE—One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

LACE—One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

LOOKING-GLASSES—It once required six months to put quicksilver on glass; now it needs about 40 minutes.

ENGINES—The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty two thousand horses.

EFOA young and sancy Miss, just from Saratogs, agaged has given many a young man the inter-matters.

Seven.—It now requires only as many days to fine sugar as it did months thirty years ago.

LOOKING-GLASSES—It once required six months to put quicksilver on glass; now it needs about 40 minutes.

EROUNES—The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty two thousand horses.

In a few moments, however, he was gratified to observe a boat shoot from the side of the brig. It approached rapidly and he was soon picked up.—
The officers had feared that his companion and himself would not be able to get back to the vessel after the exertion of swimming off to so greaf a distance, and had therefore sent the boat for them. The reader can imagine the feelings of the crew when Tom had made them acquainted with the facts we have just related.

They were all more or less superstitious, and the terrible fate of the giant, together with the fact that he had been attacked by the shark while engaged in an attempt to take the life of our hero, inspired them with feelings of awe toward the latter, so that he remained unmolésted by them the remainder of the voyage.

THE FACTORY GIRL. A SENSIBLE LOVE STORY.

In a sweet, rural valley, nestled among the hills of Massachusetts, stards a pleasant village, with a picturesque millipond and factory. Several summers uso this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently traveling artists; is their chile occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for without a bit of pretension, both young men had a certain dignity of manner that made them looked up to, and many a pretty factory girl, as she trippled to her work cast back a look over the resounder if she met off of pretension, both young men had a certain dirpity of manner that made them looked up to, and
many a pretty factory girl, as she trippled to her
work, cast back a look over her shoulder, if she met
either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the village was unusually
intelligent, and the temales were remarkable for
loveliness, there was one famed beyond all the reat
in both mind and person, sweet Edith Mather. She
was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived
with an aged aunt whom she chreft supported by
her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with
every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind,
that even those who at first envied, learned at last
to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom
we shall name Lovell, soon becsme interested in
this sweet creature; at least if looks, tones, and
constant seeking of her presence were any proof,
he was thus interested.

One day he and his friend had clambered up some
rocks on the steep hillside, from which the village

One day he and his friend had clambered up some rocks on the steep hilliside, from which the village was overlooked, and as they ast there the bell of the factory rang, and the green was unmediately covered with the girls employed in it, wending their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith Mather. "Is she not beautiful? Where can you show me a person so sylphilike," eaid Lovell, with undiaguised enthusiasm. His companion made no reply for a moment, but then abruptly remarked.

"I think it is time we left this 'village."
"Why?" asked Lovell, in a tone of surprise.
"Because if we do not, you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her triends, and you are too honorable to hold out hope.

riends, and you are too honoruble to hold out hopes ou never intend to fulfil."
"Hold out hopes I never intend to fulfil!"
"Yes—for you don't think of marrying the girl lo you?"

"Yes—for you don't think or marrying the gird of you?"

"To be sure."

"To be sure."

"The dewe you do," said his companion, starting to his feet in markected astonishment.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, for a thousand reasons. She's only a factory girl, a lady of neither birth nor education, but a simple country lass, very good in her way, only no match for Fred Lovel!. Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town! No—no—it will never do. Shake off this love fit; pack up your trank, and let us be off to-morrow.

The surface of the sea was like a pollabed mirror, Not a ripple upon the water, not a cloud in the sky. The sun's heat was intense, the pitch started from the deck planks, and the melted tar glistened upon this occasion, otherwise the heated planks would have blistered their teet.

1 Tresculty the captain and fils mates were seen to make preparations for swimming. In a short time sky, were seen dulying from the bulwarks, or rolling about inxuriously in the water.

The men decided to follow their example. Tour Hawser was a good diver and an excellent Swimmer. Mounting to the fore-topsail vard he ran to the weather end, and sprang into th'sea.

Ho was followed by the Chilian giant, and then striking out simulationably, both men swam away from the brig.

"A race! a race!" shouted the rest of the crew. Tom glanced toward the giant, and the latter returned the glance which said plainly, "I challenge you."

Resolving not to be outdone by his burly ship mate, the American varied himself with said that he was soon enabled to pass the other.

He could now hear the Chilian blowing like a porpoise behind him, and as long as that noise as litted his cars he continued his course; for, although he was already a long distance from the brig, he determined that he would not be the first to turn. The glant seemed to have form the brig, he determined that he would not be the first to turn. The glant seemed to have formed the same resolution, and followed his companion boldly. He was a good swimmer, and had Tom watched him closely, he would have perceived that he did not value to the crew of the particle of the right kind; but promise which we will satisfied that the American valued the same resolution, and followed his companion boldly. He was a good swimmer, and had Tom watched him closely, he would have perceived that he did not value he was already a long distance from the brig, he determined that he would not be the first to turn. The glant seemed to have formed the first to the rest of the crew. The distance from the brig, h

in manner. In short, I do not know where I could make a better choice."
"How? when she has no accomplishments."
"She can sing with untaught grace, and as for jabbering French, I don't know how that would make he better. She would soon learn, too, with her quick parts. Besides I care not to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments." ing only supericial accomplishments."

"But he family! Recollect who your grandfather was."

"But who was hers? a worthy divine poor, I warrant, but estimable. Besides I am above the cant you talk of. I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns that 'worth makes the man,' and the only degradation I acknowledge is that of crime."

"Well if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinancy to say no more. But faith! Lovell, if you had a guardian and I was he I would take you from this place to morrow. You'd thank me for it when you recovered your senses."

This conversation here ceased; and directly the two friends retraced their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey.

"I am going back to town," he said. "I am tired of rurdizing. The fit for that is over, and I am afraid if I stay I shall be a solish as you."

Bo the two parted, for Lovell remained behind;—and in less than a week, it was known everywhere in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious ing only superficial accomplishments."
"But her family! Recollect who your grandfathe in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said, when he told his affection, "we may be happy."

Edith answered with a look of her bright oyes so tender, confiding, and evoquent, that Lovell adored her from that moment more than ever.

In a tortnight they were married, when Lovell took his bride to see his relations in the city from whence he came. Edith's parting with her Aunt was sorrowful, but it was made in expectation of speedily returning. Arriving at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut street. She was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting his wife to a light, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxony carpet, rosewood furniture, costly curtains and gilded mirrors reaching from celling to floor.

"Whose house is this? Have you relatives living thus?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, it is now yours," said her hus-

thus?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, it is now yours." said her husband. "I am not a poor artist, but a man rich in wordly goods, yet richest of all in you."

Several years have passed since then, and Edith hav fuilfilled all her husband foretold of her. She has made the best of wives, and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in. Loveli's friend married a silly fashionable woman, and no greater coutrast in happiness exists than between these two former friends.

A handsome cottage, filled with all the appliances of luxury, has been crected in Edith's native town, and thither, every summer, she and her husband repair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installed nd thither, every summer, she and her husban epair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installe

mistress of this pretty retreat.

A Parallel.—From New York State we have it that immediately after the delivery of the Democratic Convention, a Copperhead met a Republican friend:

Copperhead —You see we have nominated three Republicans on our ticket. What do you think of that?

Republican — You was a way to be a work of the convention of the that?

Republican — I can see but one parallel in modern history.

Copperhead. — What is that?

Republican. — The effort of Lee to arm the negroes in the last days of the Confederacy.

Part Converhead.

Exit Copperhead.

BLUE GENTIAN.

Gentian! in your fringed cup, Fold my heart's best secret up; Kindly take it, gentian blue, Smile;—I know a smile like you. I know one with eyes as blue, Clear as heaven, and deep and true; Well I love their bright, calm light; You shall see their smile to-night. You shall bloom beneath their heaven, Softest glances shall be given To your beauty, gentian rare; Will they read my secret there? Tell my secret, if you will, Gazing in those depths so still; Tell it softly, gentian blue, Low and softly—"One loves you."

-Springfield Republica

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND. First, William the Norman! then William his son, Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John Next, Henry the Third! Edwards one, two and three; And again, after Richard, three Henries we see; Two Edwards, third Richard, if I rightly guess; Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bees; Then Jamle (Scotsman,)then Charles whom they slew, Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too. Next James the Second ascended the throne; Then good William and Mary together came on; Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William past, God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

HON. OHARLES MINER.

At the commencement of the present century, there appeared upon the stage of active life in the valley of Wyoming two young men, who at a later period were destined to leave an impression upon its scientific and illterary listory above all competitors. The one, a young gentleman of taste, refinement, education, and wealth, possesed a mind fitted to deal with abstruse and difficult subjects, to dive down in the bowels of the earth, and to draw from their hidden mysteries a knowledge of its treasures of untold wealth and utility. The other, with less taste for abstruse and occult, but with still enough to keep pace with his companion and friend, possessed a fertile brain, a brilliant imagination, a ready pen great powers of thought, a thorough knowledge of mankind, and an energy and will which never wavered until age and infirmity had bound the strong man in their chains, and rendered him helpless as the cradled infant.

The one was Jacob Cist, the other was Charles

the cradled infant.

The one was Jacob Cist, the other was Charles Miner. The former has long since gone to his rest, cut down in the hey day of life and in the midst of his usefulness, and his fame is now scarcely remembered, save by his own immediate family, his now aged associates who still survive, or by him who is antiquarian enough to pore over the early newspaper literature of the valley. Yet he was a useful and talented man, and all his prophecies have been fulfilled.

and talented man, and all his prophecies have ocen fulfilled.

The latter has just been gathered to his fathers, full of years and honors, an old man, with the snows of more than eighty winters settled upon his head. To the generations that have gone, and to the generation that is fast passing away, these associated names were like household words for all that was original, or suggrestive of thought. Sometimes looked upon as visionaries, whose imaginations were constantly painting unreal scenes upon the glowing canvas—sometimes laughed at, or commiserated with, as mad men whose brains had been turned by an endeavor to work out impossibilities—but more frequently thought and spoken of as men of sound common sense, who looked far into the future with prophetic eyes, battling for truth, clearing away the rubbish over which ignorance stumbled, and leading their heaves and readers onward and upward to a highest readers. rubbish over which ignorance stumbled, and leading their hearns and readers ouward and upward to a higher knowledge which they alone possessed.

When such men die their worth should be recorded in a more than ordinary manner. They were the ploneers of society, and of science, and we their descendants, who havegathered from their mouths and writings, words of wisdom, which have helped to fit us educated men for the higher duties of life, should turn aside, and pay a proper tribute to their memory.

propers of society and of science, and we their descendants, who havegathered from their mouths and writings, words of wisdom, which have helped to fit us educated men for the higher duties of life, should turn aside, and pay a proper tribute to their memory.

Charies Miner was born on the first day of February, 1780, in the town of Norwich, Ct., where he passed the early years of his age, he removed as a Connecticut claimant, to woming valley, and settled in Wilkesbarre, oldowing his brother Asher, who had emigrated syear or two earlier. From 1799, to 1801, Mr. Miner was engaged upon the family claim in Snaquehanna county, near what is now Hopottom Stallen, on the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, then a deep, dark, impenstrable wilderness, which claim he consmaring sugar, and doing duty as a man should whose future life depended upon his own exertions. Many a night, I have heard him say, he lay chilled to the bone on his rough bed, the snow driving through the childs of the rude cabin and the winter winds whattling around him. "In 1801," says Mr. Pearce, in his "Annals of Luzerne," "Asher Miner established the Chilks of the rude cabin and the winter winds whattling around him. "In 1801," says Mr. Pearce, in his "Annals of Luzerne," "Asher Miner established the childs of the rude cabin and the winter winds and the vinter winds and the winter winds. The press on which the 'Federalist' was printed was sheet of very moderate dimendons, for two reams of its paper were placed in an ordinary bag and carried on horse-back from the paper-mill at Allentown to Wilkesbare, and this was done once in two weeks. The press on which the 'Federalist' was printed was brought from Norwich, Ct., on a sled by Charles Miner and S. Howard. In 1802, Charles Miner and S. Howard.

The state of the proper will be will be supported to the hands of I. A. Chapman, Esq."

From such small beginnings, unsaled and aimost alone, arcset the his

ly described by Mr. Pearce, in his "Annals of Luzerne."

It was during his connection with the "Gleaner" that Mr. Miner first entered public life. In 1807 he was elected to serve in the Legislature with Nathan Beach; in 1893 with Benjamin Dorrance, the Assembly then convening at Lancaster; and again in 1813 with Colonel Dorrance, the Legislature at Harrisburg. There he advocated, and I may say, almost originated that scheme for internal improvement, which, at a later period, through the instrumentality of Geo. Denison and Garrick Mallory, terminated in the North Branch (of the Busquehanna) Canal. That Mr. Miner's abilities as a writer and thinker were not confined to his own town and county, we find in an invitation extended from Philadelphia in 1816, to take charge of a paper entitled the "True American." He accepted this invitation and remained its editor for one year. In 1817 he removed his family to West Chester, Chester county, Pennsylvania, and established the "Village Record," a paper which he carried on with unusual ability, and which remains to this day as a lasting monument to his memory.

In 1824 Mr. Miner was elected as a Representative in Congress from Chester county, and re-elected in Congress from Chester county, and I well from the park on the old hat immediately, without congress from Chester county, and I well from the park on the old hat from the park on the old hat from the form, and the case is memory. In 1824 Mr. Miner was elected as a Representativ

gentleman of the House, to carry out his views upon the subjects of Internal Improvement, the Tarriff, and a United States Sank. His intercourse with Mr. Webster, too, then in the Senate, and almost at the zenith of his fame as an orator and a Statesman, was familiar and pleasant. They were all men of like tastes, like opinions, and like talents in their different spheres, and the friendships, commenced at that period, were continued in after years by letter, and closed only when Webster and Clay were laid in the grave. His own party was not alone in his praise. The leaders of the Democracy honored his shillites. I recollect while visiting Ex-President Tyler in the summer of 1850, one day in conversation, inding that I was a resident of Wyoming valley, he asked if I was acquainted with Charles Miner, and upon answering in the affirmative, gave me a history of his career in Congress, told me of his wonderful powers in writing, of his urbanity and politeness as a gentleman, and summed up by saying that he was the most able man he had ever met with from Pennsylvania.

At the close of his Congressional life, Mr. Miner returned to West Chester, and continued to edit the "Village Record" until 1832 when he determined, from deafness and increasing age, once more to seek a refuge in the valley where bis literary career had commenced, in the midst of whose beautiful secency and quiet people he had plamed his wing for a loftler flight, and where he had ever hoped to pass the evening of his days in reat and prosperity. Here then he came, laying aside editorial honors, and political preferments, at the age of fity-two, to enjoy the conforts of his own fireade, to entertain with munificence the friends who gathered around him at the "Retreat," and to receive with every mark of politicness the passing stranger who having heard of Charles Miner as one of the celebrities of Wyoming, had turned aside from his course to shake him by the hand. But even in his retirement his busy mind must find something to work upon, and bis read

bis ready pen some object upon which to expens the biergies.

This was found in collecting and dotting down the recollections of the early settlers, whom time and good fortune had preserved from the messacre, the Fort, or the common destroyer, and having done this, weaving in his own experiences and knowledge of the whilst in present for the resear at Historyes. this, weaving in his own experiences and knowledge of the subject, in preparing for the press a "History of Wyoming," which appeared in 1845. This was the last great effort of his life, and it was well done. He still continued to send communications to different newspapers upon various subjects. He still continued to awaken new interest in the subject of our coal fields, to impress upon the public the necessity of internal improvements, to lay out distinct routes for railroads and canals; and in all these he had but one aim—the advancement of Wyoming in wealth and importance. In 1863 these communications ceased. Age had done its work. The mind

routes for railroads and canals, and in all these he had but one aim—the advancement of Wyoming in wealth and importance. In 1863 these communications ceased. Age had done its work. The mind still labored on, unclouded and servne, but the hand which for so many years had done its duty in amusing or instructing, in advising or correcting, which had spoken upon the paper in thunder tones of reproof, or in the sweet accents of compliment, bocame paralyzed forever.

Mr. Miner in youth and in sge, was the perfect gentleman, a true type of what is termed a gentleman of the old school. He was casy and winning to his manners, scrupulously neat and precise in his dress, with ruffled shirt and white cravat, fond of his glass of wine when taken with a friend, kind of heart, courteous in demeanor to all who approached him, open and generous in purse even to his own detriment, a great admirer of female beauty and worth, and a lover of all those nobler qualities which help to make up the true and honest man. In conversation he was peculiarly agreeable. No tongue more eloquent than his, so smooth its compliment, so poished its language. And I doubt if either male or female ever left his presence without a feeling of self-satisfaction and of pleasure for the interview.

His earthly career has closed. With the burthen of more than eighty veare upon his shoulders he

terview.

His earthly career has closed. With the burthen of more than eighty years upon his shoulders he sank to rest calmly as an infant on its mother's breast, without a struggle or sigh. He has gone to join that throng of Heroes and Statesmen and Ontors by whom he was surrounded during a long and active life, and to unite with those whom he beat loved on earth, his wife and children, at the mercy seat of his God. He has bett shind a life worthy of imitation, and in his death we have no regrets.

E. B. M.

IMPROMPTUS. One day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to acquaint him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the docter, "I am too happliy engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that harshould go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend. But as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate: when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam looked when from the garden drivan:

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven;
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go I'm loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both,
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Ben Johnson having been invited to dine at the Falcon Tavern, where he was already deeply in debt, the landlord promised to wipe out the score if he would tell him what God, the Devil, the world, and the landlord bimself would be the best pleased with. To which the ready poet promptly replied:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin; The devil is best pleased when they persist therein; The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine; And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine. Burns, going into church one Surday, and inding it difficult to procure a seat, was kindly invited by a young lady into her pew. The sermon being upon the terrors of the law, and the preacher being particularly severe in his denunciation of sinners, the lady who was very attentive, became much gitated. Burns, on perceiving it, wrote with his pencil, on the blank leaf of her Bible, the following:

Fair maid, you need not take the hint, Nor idle texts pursue; 'Twas only sinners that he meant, Not angels such as you.

Not angels such as you.

One evening at the King's Arms, Dumfries, Burns was called from a party of friends to see an Imperinent coxcomb in the form of an English commercial traveler, who patronizingly invited the Agraham Pougham to a glass of wine at his table. Entering into conversation with the condescending stranger, Burns soon saw what sort of person he had to deal with. When about to leave the room, the poet was urged to give a specimen of his facility in imprompting the conceited traveler, he instantly penned and handed him the following stanza—after which he abruptly departed:

In seventeen hundred and forty-nine, Satan took stuff to make a swine, And cuist it in a corner; But willly he changed his plan, Sbaped into something like a man, And ca & it Androw Horner. Dr. Johnson's definition of a note of admiration (1) nade on the moment, is very neat: I see—I see—I know not what; I see a dash above a dot,

Presenting to my contemplation A perfect point of admiration! An old gontieman, named Gould, having married a young lady of nineteen, thus addressed his friend, Dr. G., at the wedding festival: So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old, A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould!

To which the doctor replied: A girl of pineteen may love Gould, it is true, But believe me, dear sir, it's Gold without U/ When Percy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballada, he was rather lavish in commendation of their beautiful simplicity. This provoked Dr. Johnson to say one evening, at the teatable of Miss Reynolds, that he could rhyma see well and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation.

well and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation.

Barty Williard, who formerly lived in the northern part of Vermont, was noted for his carcless, vagebond habits, ready wit, and remarkable facility at extempore rhyming. Sitting one day in a village store, among a crowd of idlers who always gathered about him on his arrival, the merchant asked Barty "why he always wore that shocking bad hat." Barty replied that it was simply because he was unable to purchase a new one. "Come," said the merchant, "make me a good rhyme on the old hat immediately, without stopping to think, and Pikgive yon the best easter in the store." Whereupon Barty threw his old tile on the floor, and began: