

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miseries of an Editor, or Recollections of the "Crabtown Clarion."

The editor has just returned from a tour. During his absence a drunken compositor has been employed a half day.

Scene.—Sanctum: Editor is discovered seated on his tripod, inditing a political "crusher."

Editor (read).—Who is Jeremiah Jones? Nobody knows. Who is? No where! Good for what! Nothing!—a mere bug!—an earwig!—what's more chance of heaven lost in the dead body of some saint! Beaks! That's mysterious enough; rather too mild perhaps, but I can heighten the effect with an exclamation. What's the now?

(The door is flung violently open, a straggler rushes in, bearing in one hand a copy of the "Crabtown Clarion," and in the other a huge family umbrella; a la battering ram.)

Stranger (furiously).—You're the editor eh?

Editor (blandly).—Sometimes, Sir—Take a seat.

Stranger.—D—n your overtures, sir! From God—ah—a respectable sir, don't stir sir; shaking the umbrella meanly, you shall hear me through, sir, and then stir a wing himself out by a touch, and drop confiditely upon a flogging! I am just married, sir—not a fortnight since—and on the happy day there the umbrella quivered sympathetically. I forwarded you a notice of the same. Though I have hitherto been above poverty, thank Heaven, I added in a moment of weakness an humble verse of my own composition, fitting I thought to the occasion. Here's the correct version, sir, (repeats from memory.)

MARXER.—In Goshen, Feb. 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

Love is the union of two hearts;

That health is soft melody,

Time with its ravages imparts

No bitter fusion to its ecstasy.

Not much, still, poetry, still rhyme!

Next week I got your paper, carried to my Euphemia; we opened it and turned our eyes to the marriage lis. Blood and thunder! what do we see? An abusive, atrocious, d—ble—but no sir, I am cool, (unhappily giving the lie in every rib; I am cool, sir. Here's your informal sheet. Hear what it says, sir and tremble! (Opens the paper and reads.)

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What do you think of that, sir? (umbrella raised!) Donkey, eh? Piffing, is it?

My poetry eh? It has unnered me—driven me mad. I can't take a walk but

that the small boys, mere infants, sir, ringing the hideous chimes in my ears. Some

unravel has altered the name on my sign to suit your cursed orthography. Don't apologize—I won't listen to any thing. My

house just painted, is scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems; and all owing to you. You're enraged, sir, don't move on your life. You, the destroyer of my happiness, my life is my Ephemera.

With that foul name, the last string of moderation snapped. He advanced a step—struck an attitude, and then the editor, was almost said. But no; just as the family umbrella was midway in the blow, the door opened, and some visitor entered.

The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses! Visions of an action for assault and battery, with big damages and costs, rose in his mind, and the umbrella dropped harmlessly to the floor. The lawyer tripped over the man. He turned on his heel, and strode out of the room, muttering at the word, Failed this time—one thing left—legal law catch it.

Our editor, accustomed to such scenes, soon collects his thoughts, and returned with zeal freshened and scaled whetted by the little incident, to the dissection of Hon. Jeremiah Jones, whose dissecta membra were, before another sunrise to be scattered over three columns and a half page.

Plaindealer.

How to be Beautiful.

Venus, the embodiment of female beauty, was anciently represented as having arisen from the sea. This is another way of saying that cleanliness is necessary to beauty.

A hand left unwashed for a few days becomes ugly and repulsive. If one can conceive of a face left unwashed for a week, we must imagine very far from beautiful.

A freshly washed face looks more handsome than at any other time. But is vain to wash the few square inches of skin we have in sight, if the vastly larger area we cover with our dress is left, from day to day, and week to week, uncleansed from its constantly accumulating impurities. The health, and consequently the clearness and freshness of the skin, require that every square inch may prove, should be in the best condition and that cannot be if a single pore left unlogged with the impure matter which is continually passing from the system. But the action of water, seems to be more important even than its first office of cleansing it from impurities. The rain bathes the lovely rose-bush, washes it from the dust; but it also refreshes and vivifies every leaf and petal. So a cold bath not only cleanses the skin from its impurities, but gives it tone, strength and smoothness, like a rose just washed by a shower.

Bathing, in all countries where beauty has been esteemed, and health is the fountain of beauty, has been considered the first necessity of life. I have known ladies, jaded, distressed, miserable, and looking as truly as they felt, become fresh, and rosy, bright, and healthy, after a few months of systematic bathing—thorough purification and renovation of the skin, with a confident increase of vitality, strength, grace of action and expression. This is such a remarkable effect of the water cure, which consists mainly in a certain regular and prescribed series of bathtubs, that ladies would resort to it for the improvement of their looks, if the recovery of their health were not necessary concomitant.

THE DEMOCRAT.

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