

The Montrose

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

B. D. CHASE & ALVIN DAY, Editors.

Montrose, February 28, 1862.

The Prayer on Bunker Hill.

BY SIR, SICKNESS.

"During the battle of Bunker Hill, a reverend clergyman knelt on the field, with hands raised and grey head uncovered; and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the safety of his compatriots and the deliverance of his country."

"It was an hour of fear and dread—

"High rose the battle cry,

"And round in hoary volumes spread—

"The war cloud to the sky;

"Twas not when in rial strength—

"Contending nations meet,

"Or love of conquest madly hurls—

"A monarch from his seat;

"Yet one was there, unmoed to tread—

"The path of mortal strife;

"Who bared the Skoar's bold head—

"Beside the fount of life;

"Me knelt him where the black smoke wreathed,

"His head was bowed and bare;

"While for a infant man he breathed—

"The agony of prayer.

"The column, red with early morn,

"May tower Bunker's height;

"And proudly tell a race unborn—

"The patriot fathers' might;

"But thou, O patriarch, old and gray,

"Thou prophet of the free,

"Who knelt among the dead, that day—

"What fame shall rise to the?

It is not meet that brass or stone

"Which feel the touch of time,

"Should keep the record of a faith

"That woke the dead sublime,

"We trace it on a table fair,

"Which glows when stars wax pale,

A promise that the good man's prayer

"Shall with his God prevail.

Humorous Sketch.

A Yankee in a Printing Office, OR, JETHRO JUMPER'S MASHED HAT.

By JACK HUMPHRIES.

"Come in," said one of the operatives of the Monmouth Steam Job Printing Office, of the National Clarion of Universal Liberty,

"Come in."

The door slowly opened, and in came the port of the head, hair, hat and shoulders, of a good natured, fair looking, flax head, rarely a missed specimen of mankind, in the raw state.

"Come in," repeated the aforesaid official.

"'El?" was the cautious response of the stranger.

"I say, step in. The door being open let's in the wind, and—"

"Yes sir, blows the paper about, don't you see?"

"Want to know? What's up here any how?"

"What's up?"

"Yes, what's going on?" continued the stranger with a strongly accented Connecticut patois.

"This is a printing office."

"Yeom don't say so?"

"Yes sir; never in one before?"

"Never in one more."

"Aye."

"Wal I reckon not."

"Never."

"Jem-on no! Never in a printin' shop, zekly! in a saw mill, cardin' factory—"

Just look at that!

"Got hurt some. Wal evaile I did, git them two fingers smashed all, to darned fingers, and that are year can see, et al. clean off."

"A severe operation, I guess?"

"Severe operation I guess?"

Caclate it wasn't anything else."

"Ever in a cardin' mill?" asked the stranger.

"Never, I believe."

"Ever in a saw mill?"

"Oh, yes, seen saw mills," said the printer.

"Bin in a cotton mill, I reckon?"

"Never was."

"Never!"

"No."

"Je-reu-lan! Hain't bin round at all, minister. Ought to see a jinuw' cotton mill—one!"

"I have no doubt they are some pumpkins, said the printer."

"Some pumpkins? Shoo-so-so! I'll be darned if they hasn't but what is all this about?"

Type in case."

"Thought them things were bird cages, chuck full of nests."

"Oh, no, sir apartments to distribute the type-in."

"Want to know? What is all this here about?"

"Oh! oh!—take care; that is type set up for books!"

"Sat 'em for books? Gol darn sick books as they set fur?"

"Be careful, sir; see that, now; you, have done mischief there!"

"Mischievous you say! Want to know now, if there da things all fall down in that sort of way, how, on earth do you git em up again?"

"I'll show you, sir! There you see, in A. B. C. &c.—"

"And so fourth?"

"Yes, but be careful! There you go again, You see you have done more damage by touching that matter."

"What matter? Gol darn if I teched no matter. But bilo-o-old on! Now I have done it slure! Hold on to these darn types; they are all tumbling to everlasting smash, sirrin!"

Sure enough by grabbing at a falling type, on a standing galley, the Yankee collapsed about one composite's hard day's work at a flap. The printer had now got enough of this kind of fun, and therefore, wished to cut the business short with the Yankee.

"Sir, have you any business with any one here?"

"Hm? I?"

"Yes."

"No, I guess I haint?"

"Well then he had bet—"

"You see I was putterin' around too see what was goin' on, and I thought I'd rap in here. I don't want to be at 'all curious nor nothing,' but what's the chap as makes the noospoors?"

You mean I suppose, the publishers and editors?"

"A yos'! them's em!"

The printer wished to get rid of the bore, and, doubtless, thinking the editor would be able to hold his own with the Yankee, passed him to the editorial section, where Yankee in his head and bawls out—

"How d're dat!"

"Very well sir!"

"Earth!"

"Comin', sir, and taken seat outside! Now, they say, chits are not civil or polite, but Plato Aristotle Smith was one of the cleverest and most courteous men ever born. He jumped up and at once presented the stranger with the stool chair.

"Oh, you kin keep your cheen!" says the stranger. "I have a darid lit tired veg-

"Vegs might your name be?" kindly interposed the editor.

"What might it be? Ah, rapus, but alant though, Squire, my name is the name of my father."

"And his name was—"

"I believe you know it, sir," says the stranger.

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