

The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, September 20, 1855.

Volume 12, Number 38.

Select Poetry.

A Mother's Love.

BY OLIVER WATKINS.

A mother's love—no one can tell,
It makes the breast with feeling swell,
Its deeper far than ocean sea,
And breathes the soul of purity.
It is a calm, a lowly ray,
That e'er in darkness shall decay,
Nor time, nor space, can chill the flame
Through cold neglect it will burn the same.
Compared with it hath no perfume;
It is purer than the lover's sigh,
More lovely than the rainbow dye,
And nought on earth with it can vie.
Memory brings in bold relief,
A mother's love, a mother's grief;
It is when I took my last farewell,
Ah! then a mother's breast I swell—
Around her son her arms she threw,
And would not, could not, say adieu,
Then looking to heaven in silent prayer
She gave me to the Almighty's care.
Mother, I seem to love thee more,
As I thy virtues ponder o'er,
May I pursue thy bright career,
And be like thee a shining light,
And serve my God with fear.

Fearless and Free.

Unfurling our banner we fling to the breeze
An ensign unshackled by midnight decrees;
We shun not the glare of the day's hallowed light,
Which is ever unveiled to those in the right.
We call to our standard the fearless and free
Who firm in the right, can ne'er bend the knee
At the shrine of the bigot, or treat with derision
The cry of the exile—the child of oppression.
We "stoop not to conquer," we scorn it with pride,
That a son of Columbia should e'er be denied
The right of a freeman, to honors of State,
Bequeathed unto all—the good and the great.
We fight not for honors, or mystical creeds,
But aim at the right, in words or in deeds;
And battle for freedom, of action—of thought—
Unfettered, unflinching, unvanquished, unshook.

Communications.

Human Hiss—Why so Many?

BY E. A. WESTON.

A large portion of all that is taken into the stomach passes out of the system through the pores of the skin, by perspiration. This process in its ordinary exercise is called insensible perspiration. When it is augmented so as to amount to sweating, it is styled sensible. It is in this way that excessive heat in the body is removed, by the evaporation of the water of which the perspired matter in large part consists. It is thus that not only much unneeded and refuse matter passes off, but that much which has been used and which is required to give place to new material makes its exit from the system. We are not the same persons we were. The human body is constantly being changed and renewed, so that of the matter which composes it, now, not a particle should be retained at a certain period hence. This period is usually thought to be about seven years. If perspiration is stopped from any cause, the waste and effete matter which ought to be carried off through this channel is retained to clog and derange and sicken the system, and we say we have "caught cold." The constrictive effects of cold will contract these pores and check perspiration. But probably this is, in general, only the apparent cause, the real one being an enfeebled state of the system, and especially of the skin. How important, then, that the skin should be kept in a healthy vigorous condition. The clothing is apt to absorb this perspired matter and confine it about and upon the surface of the body to be reabsorbed by it. This is pernicious—poisonous. This matter, like air once breathed, has performed its office and should be removed. Hence the absolute necessity of absolute cleanliness and frequent change of wearing apparel. Yet, how few are aware of this necessity any further than neatness and decency of appearance require it.

The feather-bed is one of the curses of the age. Aside from its own appropriate disease-producing properties, it has another equally as bad. The sleeper sinks into it, and to perspiration there is no possibility of escape. It is arrested in its effort to flee, and is forced back upon the absorbent powers of the body. This robe sleep of its best refreshing powers. The victim rises and requires a stimulant, a glass of "biters," a cup of tea or coffee to shake off a yawning languidness and lassitude. For these reasons (and more, of which account) clothing should not be tight about the person. Habitually bind a dozen layers of cotton batting about the lower regions of the spine, and what but harm could ensue? Wear a soft, heavy, impermeable covering on the head and why not the head-ache? Finish the feet in shoes so as to stop circulation as well as perspiration, and then seal them hermetically, with gunnells, and they ought to be cold and have "corns." Shave the beard so that it shall not protect the throat, and then encase the neck in stocks and cravats, so that it will be shielded against bullets externally, but why complain if the bronchitis ravages within?

fit to furnish the male of mankind with a beard. Why? For a purpose or a mockery? Many assume to rectify his works, in this as in a thousand other respects, and strive to render his appearance baby-faced and effeminate. But says a coxswain, "if the female needs no beard why does the male?" Sure enough. Who knows best? Why do not the little male birds pull off their crests or their different-colored feathers and aim at semblance with their mates? Poor things! They have no reason—they do not know enough! Not having, and removing are two quite different things. Suppose man had been made with but eight fingers. What would be the difference between that and an attempt to snare himself so now by cutting off the other two? The beard has vitality. It cannot be cut at the root without injury. This has been demonstrated again and again. But 'tis self-evident. If the All-wise made a mistake, it is too late for us to correct it with impunity by any barbarous customs.

We wash our hands and faces, daily, and consider them unclean if we do not. But how much more do those portions of the body need ablation, whose perspiration is clogged and impeded by clothing? Bathe the whole surface of the body every day! not with warm water. That tends to remove a kind of varnish which helps constitute the texture of the skin. Besides it is far less invigorating than cold.

At every inspiration the chest expands, and the pericardium is depressed, and the cavity of the thorax is enlarged to give the lungs a chance to be inflated. Where is the female who can take a full breath? Most think they can—some even suppose so, the utmost tuition of drilling, whole-bone, thread and wire to the contrary notwithstanding. A few can. Heaven increase the number! Why thus invite pulmonary decay and other frightful maladies! All for the sake of securing "pretty shapes" or in other words miserable wasp-waisted, crooked-backed, flat-chested deformity. Some men cannot breathe. They have not the pitiable base excuse, that "fashion" compels them. We need pure air. But we must use it, or suffer.

Imagine half a dozen pounds of skirting suspended about the most delicate portion of the frame, to drag out the life of the wearer! or a pair of pants similarly supported by tightness above the hips! The vital organs cramped and compressed in the performance of their functions! Nature seems to have been sufficiently provident in her efforts to protect them. She has shielded the brain with a fortification of bones curiously and strongly joined together. She has surrounded the heart and lungs with ribs, but these are made sometimes almost to collapse.

The lower viscera have been left more exposed, to favor locomotion, agility, &c., but if they had been enveloped by a wall of bone, in front, probably man's ingenuity would have devised some method of attack! Evidently, the shoulders should bear all burdens of dress. But dress should never be burdensome.

Miscellaneous.

Light and Shade.

OR, CONTENTMENT THE FRUIT OF RESIGNATION.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Casper Fontaine, the son of a naturalized Frenchman, and a mechanic in one of the New England cities, married, when he became of age, a sweet young creature of eighteen summers. They were both beautiful, in high health, energetic and true hearted. "A lovely sight, indeed!" handsome couple, whispered one and another in the gaping crowd that, on such occasions, generally fills the house of ceremony; and they were not meaningless remarks.

As the two appeared at church, on the next Sabbath; she with her kirtle of pure white, and her sweet innocent face just glimmering through her snowy veil, and he with his brown home-spun (which his mother, good woman, had made with her own hands) fitting his tall and really elegant figure; everybody wished them a long life of happiness.

Not one of Casper's rivals hated him; none of them that forgave Lucia in his heart for preferring one so obviously superior in all respects, although each would have run a gamut (so they said, at last) for the prize of that fair maid, which though the fingers were hooped neither with jewels nor gold, was as pretty a hand as one would wish to see.

Both, then, were happy, and what is better, both were resolved, come what would, to keep happy. To be sure, each had faults of which the other was aware time and petty trials would discover.

settlement, where Casper had determined to make his fortune. Their cottage was situated back on a pleasant road, encircled by pleasant trees; a very paradise around it for verdure, a very gem of nootness within; and a very Eden where the angels of love and harmony held its inmates in their holy keeping. Casper prospered even more than his heart had desired. He began to increase in wealth, his lands were fruitful; he was honored with titles; and the villagers doffed their hats as they met him, and paid him that true homage which the great by nature always command. But it brought no change to him, save that, if possible, he was more devoted to his Creator, kinder, and yet more gentle, to his family, as one by one, new ties bound him to earth.

"Casper," said his mother, when he left her to tread an untrodden path, "what ever you do, whatever you become, bear a lowly heart, my son; for they in whose souls spring the violet humility are always blessed. Remember, Casper, these are your mother's parting words: be lowly in spirit."

And he was a son worthy of such a parent. A few years passed, and two beautiful children blessed his lot, making his home vocal with their merry music. Lucia was dearly idolized by those who know her well; and even those who could not aspire to her companionship, felt her influence through the sphere she threw around others.

Casper's wealth rapidly increased, and he lived now in the "squire's mansion," a large, handsome framed building, situated on a beautiful knoll, and commanding a glorious prospect of mountain, vale, and river. Furnished with tasteful elegance, it was a rare retreat for choice spirits; for those whose souls were kindled at the altar of genius. Attached to this was a fine conservatory, filled with brilliant plants and flowers, about whose mingled hues sang the mocking-bird and the golden thrush.

He became a preacher of righteousness, and again, the hearts of his parents rejoiced. But alas! Death has been envious of the great and the good from the beginning. The brighter and more shining the light, the more eagerly his pale lips blew out the flame.

Again his unerring shaft sped upon its fatal mission and the son, too, wearied with constant thought and mental toil, laid his head upon the maternal bosom, never to lift it again in life.

"Lovely in their lives," murmured the doubly-bereaved and desolate ones, as they turned from the silent church yard towards the almost deserted home, "lovely in their lives, and in their deaths not divided. We made them our idols; they were gently loved from our arms, and He hath our jewels in his keeping."

The tomb-door closed, and with lingering steps they tottered away, while the good old minister walked by their side, comforting them with many a well-chosen and tender word.

PART SECOND.
"Ah! now the fancies know what it is to suffer!" cried the envious. "Now their pride will come down; now behold their boasted cheerfulness!" But ah! how many a true heart bled for them! and what tears ran down their furrowed cheeks; and their clasped hands were held towards Heaven, and fervent supplications were lifted to the Throne of God for the suffering.

"Whom have we now to love?" they exclaimed, as they passed the threshold of their stately home, and saw the splendor mockingly but dimly shining through tears. How spread the anguish of loneliness over their mourning souls, as they murmured again, "Whom have we now to love?" "God and each other," yet more devotedly, more tenderly than before.

And they grew sweetly resigned as years sped on. They forgot not the poor; they ministered to the stricken; they blessed little children. Happiness had again spread her shining wings above them, when a speculation in which Casper had invested largely fell to the ground, and carried with it nearly all the possessions of the good old man. It had been deemed so secure, that Casper Fontaine stood boldsman for several parties involved; but for that he would have retained a competence.

One little cottage the only one left of his money (for Casper was honorable to the payment of the last farthing,) was neatly, yet scantily furnished; and thither the aged pair proceeded. They would not accept the many pecuniary gifts which many, who loved, and revered them, were anxious to bestow upon the venerable "head of the town."

"Our Father intends to draw us nearer himself, by loosening and sweeping away all earthly props," said Casper, while a benign smile still played over his noble features. "It is well; let us bow in sweet submission to His gracious will. We still have each other."

"Yes, we shall have each other," echoed his wife, on whose yet lovely face his patient smile was reflected.

To toil with his own hands, the old now went. His weekly wages, and the little he had saved from the wreck of his property, enabled them to live frugally, yet with comfort.

mountains that lifted themselves in solemn grandeur towards Heaven.

In the cottage of Casper Fontaine the working bench stood before a cheerful fire, and the great family Bible, that had descended through many generations laid with huge covers open, and the heavy clasps fallen upon the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

Their strong affection centred more entirely upon the only one left them now, the son of their declining years.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

Thought was very busy with him; he was reviewing the pages of the past, that, sometimes luminous, at others covered as with a thick veil, were slowly unveiled before his mind's eye. There was no record of crime there; so the old man's face wore a cheerful but subdued expression. Suddenly he looked up. The calm, clear eye of his wife met his own glance, and he started from his reverie.

"Lucia, my love, we are getting very old," he said.

"That was what I was just thinking of, my husband," she replied, "while I endeavored to call back the feelings with which I first heard you call me wife, but I found them already in my bosom, and they have been there ever since that day, increasing in depth and strength as we draw nearer to the grave. It tore my heart to part with our lovely and only Casper, but it would have broken it had I been called to lay you in the grave, my husband. How white your locks are!" she continued, fondly stroking them back from his lofty, yet mild brow, but to my mind they are more beautiful, curling in pale waves upon your shoulders, than when they fell over a ruddy cheek in ringlets of jet."

"Those were happy days, murmured Casper, partly to himself.

"And are we not happy now, Oh my husband?"

"Happy while we are together, too happy," he whispered back, as the quick tears sprang to his eyes, "there is only one thing that mars my present enjoyment, and I fear, that I distrust the goodness which has led us from joy to joy."

"What is it, Casper?"

"The fear that I may be taken, and you may be left; you alone in your old age, with nearer than friends and acquaintances."

Lucia was silent for a moment. "Let us put our trust in God," she at length exclaimed, "if I am left, Casper, it cannot be long."

"And then we shall be reunited in eternity," whispered Casper.

Lucia moved among her servants their superior, yet equal, if I may use terms so contradictory. They venerated her as a mistress, while they loved her with a touching love, as if she had been a sister. Lucia indeed, governed well. Guided by her perfect will all things took the shape and sound of harmony. Her household might be likened to a sweet and golden harp, on which she was the rare and always faultless performer. No harsh notes, no jarring discord, discomposed the order of her governing system. Gentleness was her wand of love, gentleness her rod of correction. Smiles in the sunshine of her presence seemed playing over even inanimate things, and the goodness and purity of her lovely spirit bound all together as with a mystic chain. Even the "stranger within their gates" was drawn into the charmed circle, and left it loving and wondering.

Oh! the beautiful order in families where hearts are truly united, and "pure religion and undefiled before the Father" cements the bond of union. Stay thy ruthless hand, fierce reformer! Pause before a scene like this, where angels in human form, linked to Heaven by virtues stronger than adamant, make of home the ark of safety, the abiding-place of love. All may be thus, if they will but listen to the dictates of conscience, and cultivate with assiduous care, the tenant of this frail tabernacle, the soul. So may we make our Heaven; and woe to us, though it is in our power, if we create for ourselves condemnation.

Certainly some were envious. Is it not always the case? Some, who by bad thrift, and minds unequal to cope with those adversities that prove men, as fire purifies gold, said that it was no wonder they were happy loving, good, and all that. "But, let the squire come down, they croaked; let him be pinched with poverty, or lose, even, the elegancies of life to which he has been accustomed, then where will be his constant happiness, his serenity of mind, which he boasts, never forsake him? Our word for it, with the things that were. Or let trouble, sorb and bitter trouble, come upon him, believe us, he will change like all others."

And, alas! sore trouble did come; came in awful guise; fell like a thick cloud, charged with ruin, upon the happy household. Their only and beautiful daughter was sought for in marriage by a young man of good family, and one every way worthy of her. They gave him their child, with many, but happy tears, and kissed her pure brow, as she stood upon their threshold, in all the loveliness of a timid bride, just leaving the dear halls of her father for another and a distant home. She was fragile and lily-like in her beauty, but her health had been perfect from infancy. A few short months sped swiftly by, and the gentle girl returned; returned, alas! to die in the arms of her parents. They laid her down with her eyes heavy with sorrow. They saw the young husband who had loved her with intense devotion,

mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

Their strong affection centred more entirely upon the only one left them now, the son of their declining years.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

Their strong affection centred more entirely upon the only one left them now, the son of their declining years.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

Their strong affection centred more entirely upon the only one left them now, the son of their declining years.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

The bright promise died his manhood gave, nor was it unfaithful in the fulfillment. Daringly the strong intellect shot heavenward, like an eagle panting for the atmosphere of the upper skies. The death of his sweet sister chastened his aspiring soul, spiritualized his lofty thought; and as he gazed down in mourning like a stricken child that refuses comfort. She was the first as yet, the only occupant of their family tomb. Crushed, indeed, were their spirits, as those only can tell who started back paralyzed with the first stern glance of Death. But they knew he had no power over that fair creature beyond the portals of the invisible home; and though their smiles were less frequent, and sadder, yet did they grow holier by this great affliction. The silver chord loosened from her gentle spirit, seemed restored in their bosoms, binding their bleeding hearts together, and they lived on.

"Oh! neighbor," she faintly moaned, "I believe you find us very near death; but what ever you do, don't separate us, will you? Let us be together to the last as we have been through life. Don't let them separate us, will you?"

The warm tears rushed to the farmer's eyes.

No, no! Mrs. Fontaine, do not fear," he half sobbed as he left the apartment.

A Physician was summoned. He shook his head. There was a malignant fever; they were very old, they might go at any moment. He advised their being removed to different beds; but Lucia would not for a moment listen to it.

"No, no! let us die on the same couch; I cannot be parted from him now, even for a moment. We shall not survive each other."

Before noon of the next day, both slept the sleep that in this world, knows no waking. Casper died first. He had blessed his wife before departing. Lucia, with her failing, trembling hand, closed his eyes, and then calmly composing her own limbs, awaited the time of the Eternal.

Two coffins, side by side; two meek, placid brows, met the eager eyes of many who had assembled to behold the solemn scene.

How mournful that both should be taken, sighed one.

Could he have listened to the glad burst of rejoicing with which, hand in hand, they entered Heaven, clothed in eternal youth, blessing the almighty for a reunion which was to last forever and ever, he would have said, "How sweet and beautiful that they thus lie down and sleep together!"

They are resting quietly, Casper and his Lucia, in an ancient church-yard, beneath the sleeping boughs of a waving willow tree. But above them a snowy monument has been erected, whereon their virtues are emblazoned in golden letters; a tribute of love and reverence paid them by the inhabitants of the town they had so long benefited; and go to-day into the humblest cottage or the loftiest mansion there, and you will hear the story of the good and virtuous couple, Casper and Lucia Fontaine.

Scene in a New York Court.

The following is an extract from the Tribune's report of the trial of a western man for being intoxicated, since the passage of the Maine Law, in New York.

"Mr. Sappington, where did you purchase your liquor?"

"That's only one place that I know of to get it."

"Where's that?"

"At the whiskey shops and taverns of course."

"What I wish to know is the particular shop or store or hotel where you purchased your liquor?"

"You're too much for me that, Judge. That's about as many bar-rooms in York as that's customers."

"At how many places did you drink?"

"I drunk at a heap of 'em, but before that I drunk wost, or twisy out of a bottle that I brgt with me from Ellensy."

A Stricken Fold.

A day or two ago we saw a woman passing along the streets with a little coffin—a plain homely coffin—under her arm. She was poorly clad—there was nothing in her appearance to attract attention—but seeing the tears streaming down her face, our sympathies went out towards her, and in thought we accompanied her to her home, and saw what was there to be seen.

It was a broken, desolate home that we saw. The only star that had ever shone in its firmament had gone down in the night of Death—and there were clouds and darkness, shrouding with a thick mantle, the homely altar where from the household god had fallen. The Day had waned, and the night had come—what wonder that Hope, which had sung sweet songs to the mother's heart, had hushed its melodies?—That the bow of Promise that had spanned her path had faded out—that the bloom that was gathering around her lonely life had decayed, leaving only dreariness and desolation on all within and without!

There was great joy in that humble home when first the babe wandered down into his earth. In its coming it sprinkled flowers along all its path, and around the mother's heart, it twined such garlands as never the angels twined around the Tooba-boughs. It was a ray from Heaven—a jewel dropped from the Upper Treasury into the mother's lap, and she cherished and guarded it, tenderly and hopefully, fancying continually that she saw shining hands stretching out from the Future, with crowns for her only precious one. But at last the babe—the darling visitant—on morning saw the upper gates ajar, and loosening the mother's clasp, it stole out towards them, angels from within beckoning it continually. And now the little pilgrim has put off its sandals on the Holy Threshold, and the mother sits weeping all alone, within the broken fold, where now there is only a vacant chair and a little grave yawning wide mouth beside it!

Beautiful Extract.

There is an even-tide in human life a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them—you have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you to those hours when