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Select Poetry.

HOME.

Earth may boast her ruined scenes
Of beauty, rich and rare,
Her hoards of wealth and glittering gems
That sparkle everywhere;
But steeled by fortune's hand alone,
Whichever way I roam,
I find no spot so dear to me
As my old cottage home.

It is not hard to gather friends
Our journeyings to cheer—
Friends for a day, but friends in name
Unlike the near and dear;
The cherished few who cluster round
The old ancestral seat,
Where, tired of all the cares of life,
We rest our weary feet.

The heart will own no intercom
With flattering smile and word,
But turns to a more genial place
Where Love's soft tones are heard;
A mother's smiles are not forgot—
A father's lessons kind—
Such love and kindness we may search
The world in vain to find.

Dear Home! though I may wander far,
And traverse land and sea,
Thou'lt ever be the dearest spot
In this wide world to me.
I'll not forget those cherished friends,
The constant and the true
Who shared my early cares and joys,
Though often fading new.

Miscellaneous.

Fortunes of a Country Girl.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

One day, I will not say how many years ago, for I intend to be very mysterious for a time, with my readers—a young woman stepped from a country wagon which had just arrived at the yard gate of the famous Chelster inn, the Goat and Compasses, a name formed by corrupting the pious original, "God encompasseth us." The young woman seemed about the age of eighteen, and was decently dressed, though in the plainest rustic fashion of the times. She was well formed and well-looking, both form and look giving indications of the truly health consequent upon exposure to sun and air in the country. After stepping from the wagon, which the driver immediately led into the court yard, the girl stopped for a moment in apparent uncertainty whether to go, when the mistress of the inn, who had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and asked her to enter and take rest. The young woman readily obeyed the invitation, and soon, by the kindness of the landlady, found herself the freemate of a nicely ended parlor, wherewithal to refresh herself after a long and tedious journey.

"And so, my poor girl," said the landlady, after having, in return for her kindness, the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and history, "so thou hast come all this way to seek service; and hasten thou not friend but John Hedge, the wagoner—True, he is like to give thee but small help towards getting a place."

"Is service, then, difficult to be had?" asked the young woman, sadly.

"Ah, Mary, good situations, at least, are hard to find. But you have a good heart, child," said the landlady, and as she continued, she looked around with an air of pride and dignity; "thou seest what I have come to myself; I left the country a young thing like thyself, with as little to look to. But tisn't every one for a certain, that must look for such a fortune, and in any case it must be wrought for. I showed myself a good servant, before my good old Jacob, Heaven rest his soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compasses. So mind thee, girl."

The landlady's speech might have gone on a great way for the dame loved well the sound of her own tongue, but for the interruption occasioned by the entrance of a gentleman, when the landlady rose and welcomed him heartily.

"Ah, dame," said the new comer, who was a stout, respectable attired person of middle age, "how sells the good ale? Scarcely a drop left in the cellar, I hope?"

"Enough left to give your worship a draught after your long walk," and she rose to fulfill the promise implied by her words.

"I walked not," was the gentleman's reply; "but took a pair of oars, dame, down the river. Thou knowest I always come to Chelsea myself, to see if thou lookest anything."

"Ah, Sir," replied the landlady, "and it is by that way of doing business that you have made yourself, as all the city says, the richest man in all the Brewer's Corporation, if not in all London itself."

"Well, dame, the better for me if it be so," said the brewer, with a smile; "but let us have the mug, and this quiet, pretty friend of mine shall please us, by tasting with us."

The landlady was not long in procuring a stoop of ale, knowing that her visitor never set an example burlesque to his own interests by countenancing the consumption of foreign spirits.

"Right, hostess," said the brewer, when he had tasted it, "well made and well kept, and that is giving both thee and me our dues. Now, pretty one," said he, filling one of the measure or glasses which had been placed beside the stoop, "wilt thou drink this to thy sweetheart's health?"

The poor country girl to whom this was addressed, declined the proffered civility with a blush; but the landlady exclaimed:

"Come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to get thee a service, if it so please him, than John Hedge, the wagoner."

"The girl has come many a mile," continued the hostess, "to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home."

"To seek service," exclaimed the brewer, "why, then, perhaps it is well met with us, has she brought a character with her, or can you speak for her, dame?"

"She has never yet been from home, Sir, but her face is her character," said the kind hearted lady; "I'll warrant she'll be diligent and trusty."

"Upon thy prophecy, hostess, I will take her into my service; for, but yesterday, my house-keeper was complaining of the want of help, since this deputyship brought me more in the way of entertaining the people of the ward."

Here the healthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city, on the following day—Proud of having done a good action, the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance, to deliver an immense long harangue to the young woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her beneficent words with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and countenance of the girl, a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have indicated the stirring spirit of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture had an end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as housemaid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change which took place in her condition subsequent to that related, was her elevation to the vacant post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly in contact with her master, who found ample means of admiring the propriety of her conduct, as well as her skillful economy and management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness, and being a man of both honorable and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted, and she who but four or five years before left her country-home bare footed, became the wife of one of the richest citizens of London.

For many years Mr. Alesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife lived in happiness and comfort together. He was a man of good family and connections, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast, but on no occasion had he to blush for the partner he had chosen—Her calm, unobtrusive strength, if not dignity of character, conjoined with extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station—And, as time ran on, the respectability of Mr. Alesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an Alderman, and subsequently a sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation, was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of this story must be broken in upon, as far as time is concerned—afterwards the important place which the brewers held in the city called upon him the attention and favor of the King, Charles the First, then anxious to conciliate the good will of the citizens, and the knight received further honor of baronetcy.

Lady Alesbury, in the first year of her married life gave birth to a daughter, who proved to be an only child, a girl around her, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought the inheritance and daughter would become the inheritors of this without a shadow of dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea, upon the foundation of a will made in their favor before the deceased became married. With the wonted firmness, Lady Alesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her daughter's rights. A young lawyer who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose ability she had formed a high opinion, she had fixed upon as a legal assessor of her cause. Edward Hyde was indeed a youth of great ability. Though only twenty years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and the dissipated, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish as well as his own tastes had directed him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and a feeling of anxious diffidence that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Alesbury's case, for certain strong, though unseen and unacknowledged reasons, were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and by a striking exertion of eloquence, and display of legal ability, gained the suit. Two days after, the successful pleader was seated with his two clients.

"There are wide wastes of intellect yet unexplored."

Lady Alesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also tendered a fee—a payment munificent, indeed, for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Alesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted up his chair, changed color, looked at Miss Alesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short, and changed color again. Thinking only of best expressing his gratitude, Lady Alesbury appeared not to notice her visitor's confusion, but arose, saying:

"In token that I hold your services above compensation in money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape." As she spoke thus, she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, which every lady carried in those days, and left the room. What passed during her absence between the parties whom she left together, will be best known by the result. When Lady Alesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, but with her hand within that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's entrance. Explanations of the feeling which the parties entertained for each other ensued, and Lady Alesbury was not long in giving the desired consent.

"Give me leave, however, said she to the lover, to place around your neck the memorial which I intended for you. This chain, it was a superb gold one, was a token of gratitude from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband." Lady Alesbury's calm, serene eyes were filled with tears, as she threw the chain around Edward's neck, saying, "these links were worn on the neck of a worthy and honored man. May thou, my son, attain to still higher honors."

The wish was fulfilled, though not till danger and suffering had tried severely the parties concerned. The son-in-law of Lady Alesbury became an eminent member of the English bar, and also a prominent speaker in the parliament. When Oliver Cromwell brought the king to the scaffold, and established the commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde, for he held a government post, and had been knighted—was too prominent a member of this royalist party to escape the enmity of the new rulers, and was obliged to reside upon this continent, till the restoration. When abroad, he was most esteemed by the exiled prince—afterwards Charles II.—as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was confirmed when the king was restored to his throne. Some years afterwards Hyde was elevated to the peerage, first in the rank of baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon—a title which he made famous in English history.

These events so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which Lady Alesbury passed her days in quiet retirement. She had now had the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and seeing the grand-children she had born to her, mingle as equals with the noblest of the land. But a still more exalted fate awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London in search of service, in a vagoner's van. Her grand-daughter, Anna Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit and beauty had been appointed, while her family stayed abroad, one of the maids of honor to the princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regard of James Duke of York, and brother of Charles II., that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on him a public announcement of this contract, and ere long the grand daughter of Lady Alesbury was openly received as Duchess of York, and sister-in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Alesbury did not long survive this event. But ere she dropped into the grave, at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants' heirs presumptive to the British crown. King Charles had married but had no legitimate issue, and accordingly his brother's family had the prospects and rights of succession—And, in reality, two immediate descendants of the bare-footed country girl did fill the throne. Mary, wife of William III, and queen Ann, both Princesses of illustrious memory.

Such was the fortune of the young woman to whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging too rash a hope, by reference to the lofty position which it had been her fate to attain in life. In one assertion at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right, that success in life must be labored for in one way or another. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the love and esteem of the brewer, the sequel to the country girl's history could not have been such as it is.

"We once saw a young man viewing the sky heavens with a dagger in one hand, and a pistol in the other. We gazed on him sometime in astonishment, and endeavored to attract his attention by jing out a paper which we held in our hands, relating to a young man belonging to that § of the country who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He threw the paper and pistols from his hands and said it is I, of whom you read. I left my home with the intention of putting a pistol to my existence. But on arriving at this spot I was led to consider deeply on the rash act I was about to commit, and those very §s seemed to say young man desist. I now return to my friends, and the cause of this scene shall go with me to my grave."

"There are wide wastes of intellect yet unexplored."

Return of the Kane Expedition.

The Advance left in the Ice—New Land Found—A Bridge of Ice from Greenland to the Continent—An open Sea Found.

The return of Dr. Kane and party from their visit to the Arctic Sea is a gratifying termination of an adventurous undertaking of more than ordinary peril. The expedition started in May, 1853, and had not been heard of since July of the same year.

The expedition succeeded in crossing Melville Bay, and reaching the headland of Smith's Sound, as early as the 6th of August, 1853. Finding the ice to the North completely impenetrable, they were forced to attempt a temporary passage along the coast, where the rapid tides, running at the rate of four miles an hour, with a rise and fall of sixteen feet, had worn a temporary opening—Previous to taking this step, which involved great risk—which was, in fact, equal to a sacrifice of the brig in which Dr. Kane was a Francis metallic life-boat, with a cache of provisions, was concealed as a means of retreat.

The penetration of the pack ice was attended by many obstacles. The vessel grounded with every tide, and but for her extreme strength she would not have been able to sustain the shocks. She was several times on her beam ends, and once on fire from the upsetting of the stores.

Some idea of this peculiar navigation may be formed by a knowledge of the fact of her losing her jib-boom, best bower anchor and bulwarks, besides about 600 fathoms of wrapping line. They were cheered, however, by a small daily progress; and by the 10th of September, 1853, they had succeeded in gaining the northern face of Greenland, at a point never reached before.

Here the young ice froze around the vessel, and compelled them to seek a winter asylum, in which they experienced a degree of cold much below any previous registration. Whiskey froze in November, and for four months in the year the mercury was solid daily. The mean annual temperature, was five degrees below zero. This is the greatest degree of cold ever experienced by man, and their winter quarters were nearer the Pole than ever before occupied.

The scurvy was easily controlled, but the most fearful, as well as the most novel, feature of the winter, was a tetanus, or lockjaw, which defied all treatment. It carried away fifty-seven of the Esquimaux sledges, and was altogether a frightful scourge.

The operations of search were commenced as early as March—the first parties, under the personal charge of Dr. Kane, crossing the ice at a temperature of fifty-seven degrees below zero. The loss of their dogs obliged them, as an alternative, to adopt this early travel. Many of the party were frost-bitten, and underwent an amputation of their toes—It was by means of these efforts that the Expedition succeeded in bringing back its results. The parties were in the field as late as the 10th of July, only ceasing from labor when the winter's darkness rendered it impossible to travel.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

Greenland has been followed by Dr. Kane, and surveyed, with a coast line towards the Atlantic, fronting due North, until a stupendous glacier checked their progress—This mass of ice rose in lofty grandeur to a height of five hundred feet, abutting into the sea. It undoubtedly is the only obstacle to the insularity of Greenland—or, in other words, the only barrier between Greenland and the Atlantic. It is, however, an effectual barrier to all further explorations. This glacier, in spite of the difficulties of falling bergs, was followed out to sea, the party rafting themselves across open water spaces upon masses of ice. In this way they succeeded in traveling eighty miles along its base, and traced it into a new Northern land. (This glacier, we believe, the largest discovered by any navigator.)

THE NEW LAND.

This new land, thus connected to Greenland, by protruding ice, is named Washington. The large bay which intervenes between it and Greenland, bears, we understand, the name of Mr. George Peabody, one of the projectors of the Expedition. This icy feature of the Old and New World is a feature of singular and romantic interest.

The range of the sledge journeys may be understood from the fact that the entire circuit of Smith's Sound has been effected, and its shores completely charted.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

But the real discovery of the expedition is the Open Polar Sea. The channel leading to these waters was entirely free from ice, and this feature was rendered more remarkable by the existence of a zone of solid bed of ice, extending more than one hundred and twenty-five miles to the southward. (This sea verifies the views of Dr. Kane, expressed to the Geographical Society before his departure.) The lashing of the surf against the frozen beach of ice was, we are assured impressive beyond description. Several gentlemen with whom we have conversed, speak of it with wonder and admiration. An area of three thousand square miles was seen, entirely free from ice. This channel has been named after Hon. John P. Kennedy, late Secretary of the Navy, under whose auspices the expedition was taken. The land to the north and west of this channel has been charted as high as 82 deg. 30 min. This is the nearest land to the pole yet discovered. It bears the name of

Mr. Henry Grinnell, the founder of the expedition which bears his name.

THE WRITER OF 1854—55.

The extreme severity of the previous season made evident that the brig could not be liberated before the winter set in. She was fast imprisoned in the centre of a large field of ice. The provisions although abundant, were not calculated to resist scurvy, and the fuel, owing to the emergencies of the winter was deficient in quantity. Under these trying circumstances the Dr. with a party of volunteers, made an attempt to reach the mouth of Lancaster Sound, in hopes of meeting the English expeditions, and thus giving relief to his associates, passed in an open boat over the track of Buffin's travel, riding out a heavy gale. They found an uninterrupted barrier of ice, extending in one horse-shoe from Jones' to Murchison's Sounds, and were forced, after various escapes to return to the brig.

During the winter that ensued, they adopted the habits of the Esquimaux, living upon raw seal-meat, and surrounding themselves with walls of moss. In spite of these precautions, the scurvy advanced with steady progress; but by the aid of a single team of dogs, Dr. Kane succeeded in effecting a communication with the Esquimaux seventy-five miles to the southward, (the coldest drive, according to the Doctor, that he ever had.) By the system of mutual assistance, the Expedition exchanged meat with the Esquimaux, and by organizing a hunt, relieved their party. At one time every man of the Expedition, except Dr. Kane and Mr. Bense, were confined to their bunks with scurvy. Dr. Kane had to cook, cut ice, &c., and Mr. Bense had to do other menial service. By Providential interference, the party escaped without a single death.

ESCAPE TO THE SOUTH.

The great belt of ice made clear that no relief party from the south could reach the party in time to prevent their imprisonment for a third winter, which, with the deficiency of fuel, would have proved most disastrous, if not fatal. Under these circumstances, Dr. Kane wisely determined to abandon his brig, and attempt to descend to the south by a combination of boats and sledges.

In accordance with this view they left the brig on the 17th of May—the temperature at that time being 3 degrees below zero. They crossed a belt of ice 81 miles in diameter, dragging their boats behind them, and carrying four sick comrades, by means of a dog sledge. After a travel of 316 miles, with 31 days of constant exposure, they reached Cape Alexander and embarked in open water—Their guns supplied them with animal food—no provisions being carried in the boats but powdered breadstuffs and tallow. From Cape Alexander they travelled to the southward, sometimes over ice, sometimes through water, shooting eider, duck and seal, and collecting eggs enough to keep the party in good condition. At Cape Fork they burned their spare boats and sledges for fuel, and left the coast. Striking out into the open sea of Melville Bay, then steering for the North Danning settlements of Greenland—Here they providentially landed on the 6th of August, in vigorous health after their travel of 1800 miles, and eighty-one days of constant exposure.

LEAVING THE COAST—FALLING IN WITH HARTSTEIN'S EXPEDITION.

From Opernivik, the largest of their settlements, they took passage in a Danish sailing vessel for England. By a great good fortune, they touched at Disce, where they were met by Capt. Hartstein's Expedition. This last searching expedition had found the ice of Smith's Sound still unbroken, but having communicated with the Esquimaux, had heard of the departure of Dr. Kane and had retraced their steps.

THE DEATHS OF THE EXPEDITION.

The Expedition has to mourn the loss of three of its comrades, two of whom perished of lockjaw, and one from abscess, following upon a frozen extremity. These men may be said to have fallen in the direct discharge of a noble duty. Their names are—Acting Carpenter, Christian Ohlsson; Jefferson Baker, of Philadelphia, and Peter Schubert, volunteers.

Spelling Words more than one Way.

Several years ago, when the country was new, Hon. Nyrum Reynolds, of Wyoming County, N. Y., enjoyed quite a reputation as a successful petitioner. He wasn't very well posted up, either, in "book-learning," or the learning of the law; but relied principally upon his own native tact and shrewdness—his stock of which has not filled him to this day. His great success created quite an active demand for his services. On one occasion he was yitted against a "smart" peer when he was "summoned up"—and every word weighed a pound—The learned council on the other side finds fault with my writin' and spellin', well-dressed limb of the law from a neighboring village, who made considerable sport of a paper which Reynolds had submitted to the court, remarking, among other things, that "all law papers were required to be written in the English language, and that the one under consideration, from its bad spelling and penmanship, ought in fairness to be excluded."

"Gen'lmen of the Jury," said Reynolds when he was "summoned up"—and every word weighed a pound—"The learned council on the other side finds fault with my writin' and spellin', as though the merits of the case depended on such matters! I'm gin' lugging in my own outside affairs, but I will say that a man never was a great fool who can't spell a word more than one way." The jury sympathized with Judge R., and rendered a decision in favor of his client.

The True Nobility of Life.

I shall be governed by circumstances, I do not intend or wish, Anthon, to crowd my boys into the learned professions—If, any among them have particular talent or taste for them, they may follow them. They must decide for themselves in a matter more important to them than any one else. But my boys know that I should be mortified if they selected these professions from the vulgar notion that they were more genteel—a vulgar word that ought to be banished from the American vocabulary—more genteel than the agriculture and the mechanic arts. I have labored hard to convince my boys there is nothing vulgar in the mechanic's profession; no particular reason for envying the lawyer or doctor. They, as much as the farmer or the mechanic, are workmen. And I should like to know what there is particularly elevating in sitting over a table and writing prescribed forms, or in enquiring into the particulars of diseases, and doling out physic for them.

It is certainly a false notion in a democratic republic, that a lawyer has any higher claim to respectability—gentility, if you please—than a tanner, a blacksmith, a painter or a builder. It is the fault of mechanic if he takes the place not assigned to him by the government and institutions of the country. He is of the lower order only when he is self-degraded by the ignorant and coarse manners which are associated with manual labor in counties where society is divided into castes and have, therefore, come to be considered inseparable from it. Rely upon it, it is not so.—The old barriers are down: The time has come, when being mechanics, we may appear on laboring days, as well as holidays, without the sign of our profession. Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility, and these it is which make bright the immortal name to which our children may aspire as others. It will be our own fault, Anthon, if, in our land, society as well as government is not organized upon a new foundation. But we must secure, by our own efforts, the elevations that are now accessible to all—Miss. Seneca.

MULES VS. HORSES.—According to present indications mules will eventually supersede horses in drawing the cars on city railroads. These animals have only one misfortune—the indolent length of their ears—which gives them an asinine appearance, and in this country, debars them from service to the carriage and phaeton. In Mexico, and throughout South America, great attention is paid to enhancing the value and beauty of the mule, and they are invariably used for ladies' riding. The mule there is tenderly used and is patted equally with his equine relative. But we are sorry to say that among us the animal is subjected to indignities, and only used for purposes where labor and not show is required. The reason why the railroad people prefer them to horses are that they will perform the same or a greater amount of work, and can consume about half the grain required by horses. They are very little liable to disease and sprains, and are much longer lived. In fact the mule is only particular about the water he drinks. If it is in the least turbid he cannot be induced, even by suffering, to touch it. A horse rarely lives, in the city, to the age of fifteen; the writer of this article has seen mules in capital condition working in Kentucky, that were more than thirty years old, and with no appearance of declining strength. Most of the mules we see are raised in that State, where great care is taken in their breeding, and many of them are of very large size.

Novel Arithmetic.

An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wished to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker; "what do you think she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"And how much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, Sir."

"Oh, well, then, you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

First class in geography, come up and see what you know, Bill Toole, what is a cape?"

"A thing that mother wears over her shoulders."

"What is a plain?"

"A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards."

"What is a desert?"

"Goodies after dinner."

"That'll do, Bill, I'll give you goodies after school."

Progress of the Iowa Railroad.

The Davenport Courier of the 15th remarks as follows upon the progress of railroads in Iowa:

Railroads are extending their course through the different States, and new villages and cities are springing up along their lines. There is no better of surprise, therefore, that the people are looking anxiously forward to the completion of a road across this state, which will connect the towns upon the Missouri River with the Atlantic cities. That this will be done is beyond a doubt. Yet, whether of the contemplated roads will be finished, first is by no means certain.

The Chicago and New England interests will aid the remotest Northern route, running through Dubuque, and onward to Seargent's Bluff, on the Missouri—New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and nearly all of Illinois, as well as Iowa, and a part of Missouri, all desire an early construction of the road from Mississippi to Fort Des Moines, and thence to Council Bluffs on the Missouri, which is the shortest and most practicable route to the Pacific. The reason why they favor this route are easily given. By building the main track from Fort Des Moines to the Missouri River, all the different branches connected with it, which run through nearly all the cities in this State that lie immediately upon the Mississippi, will be accommodated.

From Lyons, Davenport, Muscatine, Burlington, Keokuk, Madison and Keokuk, we find roads already projected to Fort Des Moines. Then from still further south, comes in the great Northern Missouri Road. Taking all these things into consideration, we are constrained to believe that every one who will take the trouble to examine the geography of this country, will be convinced that the road to Council Bluffs is the one that should be built first, provided the interest of the great majority of the people are justly cared for.

Prayer of Rev. John Chambers.

It is said by those who heard it that the Prayer of the Rev. John Chambers, in Independence Square a few days ago, on the occasion of the Grand Masonic Celebration and procession in Philadelphia, for ferid patriotism and Christian sublimity has never been excelled. We copy the following extract for special benefit of those know-nothing Priests who are urging on the dark, secret and proscriptionist crusade against "the stranger and the exile."

"We beseech thee Omnipotent Jehovah, thou great Architect of the Universe, to protect, guard and perpetuate the Temple of Liberty, in this our happy land. Continue to admit within its portals the stranger and the exile, who approach it with garments dripping with chilly dew of love, and less-favored climes. Cause love and charity to glow and fructify in our hearts for suffering humanity throughout the world."

Women's Right in the Olden Time.

Some of the earliest notices of boxing matches upon record, singularly enough, took place between combatants of the fair sex. In an English journal of 1722, for instance, we find the following gauge of battle (thrown down and accepted):

Challenge.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Cleokewall, having had some words with Hannah Hylford, and requiring satisfaction do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

Answer.—I, Hannah Hylford, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resolution of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favor. She may expect a good thumping!

The half crown in the hands was an ingenious device to prevent scratching!

Patrick's Wardrobe.

At a sale of furniture which took place in a country town, among the lookers on were a few Irish laborers; and upon a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbor:

"Par, I think you should buy that trunk."

"An' what should I do with it?" replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment.

"Put your clothes in it," was his adviser's reply.

Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise, and then with that laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed—"An' you naked?"

A sailor was called upon, to stand as a witness.

"Well, Sir," said the lawyer, do you know the Plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?" Continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you, to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?"

"About the binnacle," said the sailor.

"About the binnacle," said the lawyer, "what do you mean by that?"

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what a binnacle means!"

HALL tells a very good story of an old man living in his neighborhood, who became very desirous of getting married, we suppose he was about twenty-six or seven, that being about as old as they ever get, shog' go, he felt a costly wig and new teeth, but all failed, so he concluded to offer up a prayer to God for that purpose accordingly he went out to the woods one evening about dark, thinking that would be a very appropriate place and time, after praying for some time, he created a while and then raising his voice to a scream and said: "O, Lord, do send me a husband!" This awakened the sympathy of Mr. Owl, and he said "Hoo, hoo." "Any-body, Lord, rather than none."