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Select Poetry.

The Best Estate.
BY CHAS. SWAIN.
The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs no fortune to be great,
While there is coin surpassing gold.
No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means—
A narrow heart is always poor.
Stern fate the greatest still enthral,
And misery hath its high compeers;
For sorrow enters palace halls,
And queens are not exempt from tears.
The princely robe and beggar's coat,
The sceptre and sword, the plume and plow
Are, in the grave, of equal note—
Men live but in the eternal "Now!"
Still disappointment tracks the proud,
The bravest "death defeat may fall";
The high, the rich, the courtly crowd,
Find there's a calamity for all.
'Tis not the house that honor makes—
True honor is the thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes—
It is the spirit makes the shrine!
So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind,
And not till death consented part
With that which friend to friend doth bind.
What's uttered from the life within,
Is heard not from the life without;
There's always something to begin
'Tis life in faith and life in doubt.
But grasp the truth—though bleak appears
The rugged path her steps have trod;
She'll be thy friend in other spheres—
Companion in the world of God.
Thus dwelling with the wise and good—
The rich in thought, the great in soul—
Man's mission may be understood,
And part prove equal to the whole.
We know not half we may possess,
Nor what awaits, nor what attends;
We're richer far than we may guess,
Rich as eternity extends.
The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs no fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIANITY—ISLAMISM.

In the reign of Octavius Caesar, master of Rome, then mistress of the world, there appeared, in a small and obscure province of the Roman Empire, a man of humble birth, yet lineally descended from the Kings of Judaea; born in the stable of an inn, yet born of a virgin, and announced to the world by the voice of angels as the Saviour of mankind. The result of his appearance upon earth was then declared by a multitude of the heavenly host to be, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man."

This man was the mediator of a new covenant between God and men. He was the founder of a new religion.

He proclaimed, by a special revelation from Heaven, the immortality of the human soul, and a future state of retribution, and the responsibility of man hereafter, for the deeds done in the body.

And He declared, that the enjoyment of felicity in the world hereafter would be the reward of the practice of benevolence here. His whole law was resolvable into the precept of love; peace on earth—good will to man, was the earthly object of his mission; and the authoritative demonstration of the immortality of man was that which constituted the more than earthly tribute of glory in the highest.

Such was the doctrine destined, by its intrinsic power, to subdue the masters of the world. Such was the kingdom founded upon a rock, against which He declared, the gates of hell should not prevail.

But, by what means, to what extent, thro' what vicissitudes, against what obstructions, and within the compass of what time, the Christian dispensation is to have its entire sway upon the moral and religious condition of the human family, it is not within the purview of Divine Providence to reveal. The prediction, that the gates of hell should not prevail, was a prophecy no less clear than that the gates of hell should be armed against it. That it should make its way against all the powers of earth, as well as against Beelzebub, the prince of devils, was with equal explicitness announced. Persecution, suffering, and death were freely held out, as the destiny of those who should devote themselves to preach the Gospel of glad tidings to man. The Lord of glory was himself a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. So little in harmony were his doctrines and their first-fruits, that he expressly warned his disciples that he came not to send peace on earth; but a sword; and the first pledge of the universal triumph of the religion of Jesus was over the unsocial passions of his disciples. It elevated the standard of the human character in the scale of existence. The Christian was taught, that the end of his being on earth was the salvation of his soul hereafter. Compounded of never-dying spirit, and of perishable matter; he was taught to subdue his earthly passions; to purify his spirit by repentance; to give his immortal

part entire control over the lusts of the flesh; to overcome the world of his own vices, and to sacrifice the earthly pleasures of sense to the spiritual joys of eternity. On the Christian spirit of morals, man is an immortal spirit, confined for a short space of time in an earthly tabernacle. Kindness to his fellow-mortals embraces the whole compass of his duties upon earth, and the whole promise of happiness to his spirit hereafter. The essence of this doctrine is, to exalt the spiritual over the brutal part of his nature.

Such was the doctrine of Jesus. But in revealing this system of morals to man, it was not the design of Providence to change his nature. It left him as he had been created—left him with all the passions and propensities of his degenerate condition since the fall. It was consistent with the Divine purpose, that the operation of this system should be long protracted; that it should be perverted by heresies and schisms; that it should be encumbered with the most portentous and incredible absurdities; that it should be for centuries oppressed and persecuted; and that after having overcome principalities and powers, and, in defiance of Roman despotism, seized itself upon the throne of the Caesars, it should encounter the shock of a vile and sordid imposture. It was consistent with the Divine purpose, that by the operation of this system, all these should be slowly and gradually overcome.

In the seventh century of the Christian era a wandering Arab, of the lineage of Hagar, the Egyptian, combining the powers of transcendent genius with the preternatural energy of a fanatic and the fraudulent spirit of an impostor, proclaimed himself as a messenger from Heaven, and spread desolation and delusion over an extensive portion of the earth. Adopting, from the sublime conception of the Mosaic law, the doctrine of one omnipotent God, he connected indissolubly with it the audacious falsehood, that he was himself his prophet and apostle. Adopting, from the new revelation of Jesus, the faith and hope of immortal life, and of future retribution, he humbled it to the dust by adapting all the rewards and sanctions of his religion to the gratification of the sexual passion. He poisoned the sources of human felicity at its fountain, by degrading the condition of the female sex, and the allowance of polygamy; and he declared undistinguishing and exterminating war as a part of his religion against all the rest of mankind. The essence of his doctrine was violence and lust; to exalt the brutal over the spiritual part of human nature.

Between these two religions, thus contrasted in their characters, a war of more than twelve hundred years has already raged. That war is yet flagrant; nor can it cease but by the extinction of that imposture, which has been permitted by Providence to prolong the degeneracy of man. While the merciless and dissolute are encouraged to furnish motives to human action, there never can be peace on earth and good will toward man. The hand of Ishmael will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.

For a period of a thousand years the imposture of Mohammed was permitted to triumph. The infidelity of the last age sprung to the conclusion that this triumph was never to be reversed; and the short-sighted historian of Rome's decline and fall, sneering alike at the imposture of the pseudo-prophet and at the gospel of eternal truth, after affirming that Mohammed, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, had erected his throne on the ruins of Christianity and of Rome, regards the event as a revolution which had impressed a new and lasting character on the nations of the globe.

In the frozen regions of the north, on the very borders of the frigid zone, the descendants of the Scythians and the Sarmatians of former ages, whence issued in swarms the barbarian conquerors of imperial Rome, a nation has arisen, at once of European and Asiatic origin, but bowing at the name of Jesus, retaining the rites of the primitive Grecian Church, believing in the divine inspiration, and the indispensable moral and religious obligations of the sermon on the mount, and of the parables of the good Samaritan and of the prodigal son.

It is this which constitutes them Christians. They believe in the three persons in the God-head; they believe in the real presence of the Eucharist and the atoning blood of Christ, and that faith without works is dead; that Christ crucified is the power of God and the wisdom of God; that there abideth faith hope, and charity, and that the greatest of these is charity.

The government of this nation is an absolute military monarchy, with a permanent armed force little short of a million of men, and with a discretionary power in the sovereign to summon to his service, for offensive or defensive war, a population of near ten millions of able-bodied men, ready to march at his summons, and to stand or fall by his banner, with the inflexible spirit of martyrdom. This gigantic power has been maintaining for a long succession of ages. Many centuries have elapsed since the conversion of the Slavonian race to the Christian faith; but it is in modern times only that they have been numbered among the European families; and since the accession of the house of Romanoff, or, more properly, since the sublime conceptions and creative energies of Peter the Great, that they have formed a part of the political system of Europe.

From time immemorial they have been in a state of war with the Tartars, and with their

successors the Ottoman conquerors of Constantinople. It would be a repetition to trace the causes of each renewal of hostilities during a succession of several centuries. The precept of the Koran is, perpetual war against all who deny that Mohammed is the prophet of God. The vanquished may purchase their lives by the payment of tribute; the victors may be appeased by a false and delusive promise of peace; and the faithful follower of the prophet may submit to the imperious necessities of defeat; but the command to propagate the Moslem creed by the sword is always obligatory when it can be effective. The commands of the prophet may be performed alike by fraud and force.

That the sovereigns of Russia, since the time of Peter the Great, have occasionally indulged the just, and wise, and humane sentiment, that at some future day this execrable imposture of Mohammed, with its sword and its Koran, should be expelled at least from Europe, is not to be doubted. That this sentiment was felt by Catherine the Second, the name of Constantine, given by her direction to the second of her grandsons, was received as no insignificant indication at the time. The guide-post in the Crimea, "This is the road to Constantinople," was not less intelligible; but this sentiment has been more loudly and more generally spread in the heart of the Russian people than in that of their monarchs. In the people it has been a sentiment of justice, of humanity, of Christian sympathy, perhaps of national ambition. In the imperial breast it has been shackled and trammelled by considerations of policy, by the jealousies of envy and rival Christian neighbors, and by a sentiment of respect to that most specious fraud, the necessity of a "balance of power."

But events have swept away that hollow sham; and the Czar (deceased) found himself on the brink of an abyss, his own people behind him goading him on, the finger of Destiny raised to beckon him across, the wings of Faith outspread to sustain his flight, and nothing on the other side to oppose his passage, save the half-disciplined barbarians of an ignorant and worn-out despotism, and the contingent possibility of resistance from that Lilliputian nephew, whose Brobdignagian uncle, the Russian empire but then in its infancy, sent back with shattered cohorts and a ruined fame.

The Emperor took the leap; an unexpected and abnormal alliance between France and England for awhile retarded, and may yet awhile retard, the final but inevitable success of Russian arms. That eventual success is in store for Russia, none but the most purblind adorer of red-tape can question. The empire of the Porte, old and exhausted and exhausted; that of the Czar still in its earliest years of manhood, progressive, expansive and with a boundless ambition in the hearts of its inhabitants—what special providence of Mohammed can overweigh such odds?

* Of Mohammedan good-faith we have had memorable examples ourselves. When our gallant Doctor had chastised the pirate of Algiers, it had been concluded, "The arrival of Channey with a squadron before Algiers silenced the fraudulent claim of the Bey, and he signed a new treaty, in which it was abandoned, but he disclaimed to execute his intentions. "My power," said he, "has been wrested from my hands; draw ye the treaty at your pleasure, and I will sign it; but beware of the moment when I shall recover my power, for with that moment your treaty shall be waste-paper." He avowed what Mohammedans have always pretended, and what he would without scruple have practised himself.

Such has been the uniform character of the Ottoman Porte towards their Russian neighbors; and such is the spirit which governs the hearts of men, to whom violence and treachery are taught as principles of religion.

At a recent dinner-party in the Fifth Avenue, a literary gentleman proposed the following conundrum:

"Why are most people who eat turkeys like babies?"

No Reply.

"Because they are fond of the breast!"

At this answer, two middle-aged maids fainted right off, five married ladies fell into fits of convulsive convulsions, and the perpetrator of the pun was expelled from the party for hatching so foul a joke.

Never ask a lady for her heart and hand just before dinner. An empty stomach is a poor basis on which to seek divinity, sunshine and prospective plaudits. The chances are, if you violate this rule, that, instead of a rose tinted, delicate yes, you will receive a startling, burning, big no. Beware.

EXTRAORDINARY FERTILITY.—A married woman, in Potomac, a few days ago, was safely delivered of three children at a single birth. Considering that her husband had been absent in California for the last two years, the result is a physiological phenomenon. But we suppose the wife was often reminded of him by mail.

Charles Lamb hit the hydropathists when he said, "Water was as old as the deluge, only the first great application killed more than it cured."

Popular—split in Know-Nothing Conventions.

FONTANELLE.
The Omaha Chief.
A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat at Wolfe River, Kansas Territory, writing under date of August 4th, gives the following account of the death of a celebrated Indian Chief—who seems to have been worthy to be classed with Uncas, King-Phillip and Tecumseh:—

Logan Fontanelle, chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux. Logan was a noble fellow, and in his last mortal conflict, he dispatched several of the enemy to the spirit land before, to herald the coming of his own brave soul. He fought long, desperately, and with great effect, but numbers finally overcame him, and his life departed through an hundred wounds. He died a martyr for his people, and his name should be carved upon fame's brightest tablet.

He was on his annual hunt, with his nation. A number of his lodges were pitched upon the plains near Loup Fork. As a young warrior one day rode around the adjacent hills, he espied a powerful band of Sioux encamped along a stream in a sequestered vale. He hastened to inform Logan of the proximity and power of their natural foe. Logan ordered his people to pack immediately, and proceed in a straight line with all speed for home, while he would remain behind, and divert the Sioux by false camp fires, and other devices, from a direct pursuit of them. This was about twilight. The people got under way as soon as possible, but not too soon; for scarcely had they turned a high land when several Sioux warriors came in sight and discovered the place of their recent encampment. They examined it and found Omahas had been there, and then they returned to notify their chief, and bring an adequate force to pursue and slaughter them. Logan, from a hiding place, saw and knew that no time was to be lost in drawing their attention from the trail, which they would soon discover and follow, and mounting his horse, he dashed away at full speed across the prairie, at right angles with the route his tribe had taken, and struck a fire about eight miles distant, on an eminence where the Sioux could distinctly see it. He had hardly done so before a powerful band were upon the spot that he and his people had so lately left, and who without stopping to distinguish the trail, started for the fire which they saw rising against the clear, blue sky, and where they expected to another moment to intrude their hands in the gore of their unguarded victims. But Logan had not been unwary. As soon as the fire was lighted, he again mounted and rode on eight or ten miles further, and kindled another fire just as they reached the first. This rather bewildered them. They dismounted and examined the ground. Logan anticipating this, had trotted and walked his horse around it, so as to make the appearance on the grass of the treading of a dozen horses; and this drew them into the belief that a small body had lingered behind and kindled this fire, and then gone on to where they could see the new fire burning; and so they followed with renewed avidity. The same thing happened as before. Logan had gone on, and another fire had met their astonished gaze, while the same sort of foot-prints were about the one around which they were now gathered. Their suspicions were now awakened. They examined the ground more closely, both far and near, and discovered that a solitary horse had deceived them, and they knew that it was for the sole purpose of leading them off from the pursuit of the party whose encampment they had discovered.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches, and understood their object, and knew that his only chance of safety was in his immediate flight towards his home; and he further knew that by the time they could retrace their way to their place of starting, and find the trail that his own people had taken, they would be beyond the reach of danger.

The Sioux in the meanwhile, also divided into smaller bands, the largest of which was to return and pursue the Omahas, and the others to endeavor to capture the man who had misled them. They knew that he must be an Omaha, and that he would either go further and kindle another fire, or start for his nation in a straight line; and therefore one party went on a little further, and the other spread out towards the Omaha country, for the purpose of intercepting him. Logan pressed forward as rapidly as his judicious steed could bear him, until he thought he had entirely eluded them; but as the day dawned to his horror and dismay, he saw his pursuers close upon his track. He turned his course for a ravine, which he distinguished at a distance, covered with trees and undergrowth. He succeeded in reaching it, and just within its verge he met an Indian girl dipping water from a spring. She was startled, and about to cry for help, when he hastily assured her that he needed protection and assistance. With the true instinct of noble woman, she appreciated his situation in an instant, and all her sympathies were with him. She directed him to dismount and go to a small natural bower to which she pointed him, in the verge of the woods, while she would mount his horse and lead his pursuers away. He obeyed her, and she mounted his horse and dashed on in a serpentine way through the woods, leaving marks along the bushes by which she could be traced. The pursuers soon followed. When she had got some distance down the branch, she rode in

to the water and followed its descending course, for a few steps, making her horse touch his sides and then leave foot-prints in that direction, and then turned up the bed of the stream and rode above the place which she entered it, without leaving a trace, and back to where Logan was concealed. She told him to mount and speed away while his pursuers were going in a contrary direction down the ravine. He did so, and got a long distance out of sight, and again thought himself out of danger, when in a valley just in front of him, he saw fifty braves coming up the hill and meeting him. They were some of those who were returning from the pursuit of his people. He changed his direction and tried to escape, but his poor horse was too much exhausted to bear him with sufficient speed. With savage yells they plunged their bows in their horses' sides and gained upon him. As the foremost approached within good shooting distance, Logan turned suddenly and sent a bullet through his brain. Then, leaping as he galloped on, he soon after made another bid the dust; and then another, and another, until four were strewn along the plain. Just then, however, as he was again reloading, his horse stumbled and fell, and the band rushed upon him before he had well recovered from the shock. He was shot with bullets and arrows, gashed with tomahawks, and pierced with lances; notwithstanding all which, he rose amid his foes and with his clubbed rifle and hunting-knife, he poked around him five prostrate bodies, and fell with his back upon their corpses and expired, still fighting.

He was scalped, and hundreds of warriors hold a great war-dance over him.

Thus Logan Fontanelle departed, and his noble spirit was followed to the spirit land by the sighs and lamentations of his nation, and the sympathies and aspirations of the brave of every land.

The Early Life of Sir Isaac Newton.
Men of great bearing and talents, whom all people admire and praise, are found to be more modest than persons not so wise, and good. Sir Isaac Newton was one of these great, and at the same time modest men. When a little boy at school he surprised everybody by the curious little machines which he made with his own hands. He had a number of saws, hammers, and other tools, which he used very skillfully. A windmill being put up near the place where he lived, he frequently went to look at it, and prying into every part of it, till he became thoroughly acquainted with it, and the way in which it moved. He then began with his knife and saws, and hammer, and made a small windmill, exactly like the large one; it was very neat and curious piece of workmanship. He sometimes set it on the house top, that the wind might turn it round. He also contrived to cause a mouse to turn his mill. This little animal being put inside a hollow wheel, its endeavors to get forward turned the wheel and set the machine in motion. There was also some corn placed about the wheel and when the mouse tried to get at the corn it made the wheel round. Having got an old box from a friend, Isaac made it into a water clock—that is a clock driven by a small fall of water. It is very much like our common clocks, and about four feet high. At the top was a dial plate, with figures of the hours. The hour hand was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping upon it. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with plenty of water. It pointed out the hour so well, that the people of the house would go to see what time it was by it. It was kept in the house as a curiosity long after Isaac went to college. The room in which he lodged was full of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all neatly made upon the wall with charcoal. When Isaac grew a little older and went to college, he had a great desire to know something about the air, the water the tides, and the sun moon and stars. One day when he was sitting alone in the garden, an apple happened to fall to the ground. He then began to ask himself, "What is the cause of the apple falling down? Is it from some power or force in the apple itself, or is the power in the earth, which draws the apple down? When he had long thought upon this subject, he found out that it was the earth, that attracted or drew the apple down, and that this power of attraction is one of the laws of nature. By it, loose objects are retained upon the surface of the earth, instead of flying abroad through space. You have learned, that this earth is a globe, which turns over, day after day. It is attraction, which gives weight to objects; hence it is sometimes called gravitation, which means nearly the same as weight. Isaac Newton also discovered that all objects whatever have an attraction for each other, and always in proportion to their size and the distance at which they are placed. Thus the moon, though a large globe, is under the attraction of the earth, and the planets are under the attraction of the sun. And it is by attraction they are all made to keep their proper distances from one another. These discoveries were justly considered as the most important ever made; and for his having made them, reflecting men will venerate the name of Newton. He was also the first who showed that every ray of light from the sun consists of several different colors; and he made known many other curious and wonderful things which were never known before.

He was of a mild and equal temper, and was seldom or never seen in a passion. He had a little dog which he called Diamond. He was one day called out of his study, where all his papers and writings were lying upon a table. His dog Diamond happened to jump upon the table, and overturned a lighted candle, which set fire to all his papers, and consumed them in a few moments. In this way Newton lost the labor of many years. But when he came into the study, and saw what had happened, he did not strike the little dog, but only said, "Ah Diamond, Diamond, thou little knave! the mischief thou hast done!"

Though Isaac Newton was a very wise and learned man, he was not proud of his learning, but was very meek and humble. He was kind to all, even to the poorest and meanest man. Though he was wiser than most other men, yet he said, a little before he died that all his knowledge was nothing when compared with what he had yet to learn. He was sometimes so much engaged in thinking, that his dinner was often three hours ready for him before he could be brought to the table. He died in the year 1727, at the age of eighty-five.

The Bigler Brothers.
It will be seen by the news from California, that the Know Nothings of that State have elected their entire ticket. John Bigler, the present Governor, who, as a legislator and a Chief Magistrate, has performed signal services in shaping the policy and directing the infant steps of the young and flourishing Commonwealth—who had repeatedly defied the menaces of the gamblers, and spurned the insolent demands of the money changers and speculators—who had so often by the judicious use of the veto power, protected her coffers against schemes of loss and prodigal legislation, has fallen at the hands of the Know Nothing Order, as did his brother in this State, under similar circumstances, a year since.

We are not, it is true, entirely unprepared for this result; for events in Atlantic States had admonished us of the power of this Society Order, in a first contrast, as instanced in our City and State. Its first blows have been its most effectual; and we venture the prediction now, that it has gained its last triumph in California, as all agree it has in Pennsylvania.

There is something touchingly interesting in the career of the Bigler Brothers; and we cannot refrain from a brief reference to the most prominent features in the lives of both on this occasion. They are Pennsylvanians by birth, Protestant in their religious belief, and printers by profession. They commenced the career of manhood without pecuniary means or influential friends, and were active politicians in boyhood. Practical, sense, sound judgment, great energy, industry, strict integrity, constant devotion to study, and fair speaking ability, are the leading characteristics of both. The California brother had a much longer editorial career than he of Pennsylvania. By the year 1850 both had performed valuable services in the Legislature of their respective States. In 1851, the elder, John, was elected Governor of the youngest State in the Union, almost on the shores of the Pacific. Within a few days of the same time, the younger, WILLIAM, reached the same high trust in their native state on the Atlantic. In a terrible struggle against all the elements of opposition to the Democracy in 1851 the latter was triumphantly sustained. In 1854, with all parties acknowledging the soundness of his general policy as governor, and his personal devotion to what he deemed to be right, he was stricken down by the Know-Nothing Order in a distinct contest for the constitutional rights of the State, and civil and religious liberty of the people. The former had triumphed in a first and second contest, and in 1853 had maintained himself, with the entire press of the State united against him, and the combined influence of a band of reckless speculators who designed to prostrate the government to their base purposes. At a subsequent session of the Legislature, he signed a bill to suppress the vice of gambling in the face of threats of violence to his person. He also vetoed the famous ESTELL bill, and many other measures calculated to entail an immense debt upon the State, and thus exacted from all parties the meed of praise due a good and faithful servant. In the late contest, as in the case of his brother of Pennsylvania, all parties conceded to his administration peculiar merits, and to himself honesty and purity of purpose. Standing on the Constitutional rights of the State, and the citizens of each irrespective of nativity or of religious persuasion, as a distinct Platform, with scarcely a sentence from the press against him, he was made the victim of the midnight raid, headed by H. S. FORT, H. MARSHALL, BAILEY PENTON, and others. His opponent, JOHNSON, was elected by about 4000 votes. As the Pennsylvania Bigler defeated the Pennsylvania JOHNSON, in 1851, so the California JOHNSON in turn worsted the California Bigler in 1855.

On what theater the brothers will appear next we know not; but we are mistaken in the general impulses of the Democracy of both states, if either should be permitted to live long without witnessing a signal vindication of his character and principles, against the unjust proscription of the Know-Nothing dynasty.—Pennsylvanian.

Pure Benevolence, is a flower of rare beauty.

Hints for the Fire-Side.
The happiest hours of our lives, perhaps, are spent at a table. The humblest fare with the society of a few friends whom we esteem, or whom we have not met for years, becomes the nucleus of a world of enjoyment—even the very badness of the food is sometimes, on such an occasion, the source of contented mirth and drollery; but bad manners can never please. The heart dislikes them more than the palate dislikes sour bread or weak ale. Good manners will strengthen the ale and sweeten the bread. Moreover, good manners are of far more importance at home than abroad. It is usual for most people to put on their best manners for strangers. This is wrong. Our best manners should be worn every day at our own firesides. Let strangers be contented with something less refined.—What is it that alienates husband from wife, wife from husband, parent from child, child from parent, and makes brothers and sisters quarrel, and ultimately dislike each other? If you trace these evils to the real source, you will probably find it some apparent trifles, which is first disapproved of, then hated, and hated the more, because, in attempting to correct it, it is the more persisted in.—Wherever there is a want of will to please, an indifference to the feeling of our comrades, and a satisfaction in doing that which we have found to annoy them, there is the beginning of the domestic strife; brother parts with brother, and finds another companion—sister becomes alien from sister—wife sets up an interest of her own, and plots against her husband—and reunion becomes impossible by the train of offences which follow in quick succession. We do not affirm that such evil is to be prevented merely by correction of bad habits for which we have alluded, for they are merely a peculiar class of bad habits and form only a part of the whole system of rudeness which are nothing more or less than good manners, which we enjoy. Love and friendship can only last while good manners last. The lover and mistress show their best to one another. They do not put on their common attire when they meet, but array themselves in their charms; and what charms are more beautiful or more bewitching than those of good behavior? When they begin to cool, they begin to neglect the rules of etiquette. The lover divests himself of his civility, and therefore of his dignity and beauty—the spell is broken. The mistress finds it gives way, and frets and loses her regard for him. She now cares not what he thinks of her. She will be satisfied with her own. She does so. He makes another discovery—she sees a deformity; another breakage takes place, the illusion vanishes, and the two parties, once so devoted, so polite, are now rude—vulgar, and even coarse to each other.—N. Y. Leader.

Sarcastic Sentence.
Old Elias Keyes, formerly first Judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow convicted of stealing a pair of boots from Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor:—

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you; and how dare you pair poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots! Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you are tried. Now, you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation that you have stole them in that large town of Windsor, and from the great Gen. Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail and may God give you something to eat!"

"Ma, I want a sled. I do want a sled. Can't I have a sled, Ma?" "Certainly, my son, I suppose so. Ask your father."

"I don't like to ask him, ma." "Why, what nonsense. Ask him." "No, ma—you ask him—you've known him the longest!"

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?"

"No. But we pay for the best and ought to have it."

"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is only saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

"The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward."