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Select Poetry.

For the Democrat.

To E. W.

BY CORA.

Lift your head, thou child all careworn,
Cheer thy sad and desponding heart,
Tears in shining star-bright garlands,
Gloomy clouds will soon depart.
Dark is this cold world, and dreary,
Full of obstacles thy way:
Child of labor, tired and weary,
Time will bring a brighter day.
Thou art young, but yet the spoiler,
Marked thee early for his prey:
Traces of the foul destroyer
Deepens on thy brow each day.
Few may help, or praise or heed thee
But let nothing daunt thy ken:
For thou knowest the future needs thee,
Be to earth a treasured gem.
Spring with healing wings may bless thee,
Sitting then up thy drooping frame:
Zephyrs of the south arena thee,
Free thy spirit, cease thy pain.
Chained within a mine of feeling,
Many a gem of richest worth:
Where the key, unlock the sealing,
Let the deep, deep fountains forth.
Never mind the public slander,
Nor his sayings hard and rough,
You'll outlive them all with labor,
If your made of sterling stuff.

Miscellaneous.

MARRYING A CLERK, OR, The Mercantile Angel.

BY WARREN T. ASHTON.

CHAPTER I.

The contemptible little jackanapes! he had the audacity to ask me to play whist with him!" exclaimed Sophia to her sister. "And why should he not, sister?" said Mary Danvers, calmly. "Why should he not? Did he think I would demean myself by playing whist with a clerk—one of my father's servants?" and Sophia tossed her head in disdain. "I can see no impropriety in your associating with him, Sophia. He is certainly a handsome, intelligent and well-behaved young man." "Behave well enough for aught I know; but only think of it—a clerk in a drawing room! For my part, I wonder how father could ever think of such a thing as admitting him into the family." "I supposed it was because he liked the looks of him." "What will Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert say when he finds us associating with poor clerks—the trash of counting rooms?" "It matters little to me what he thinks; he is a conceited puppy, and I wonder that you can endure his presence," replied Mary smartly. "But he is the leader of the ton, Mary," said Sophia, astonished at the plebeian notions of her sister. "He is a perfect firk for all that, and infinitely inferior in all that constitutes a man, to Mr. Harlowe, whom you so much affect to despise." The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Danvers. "How could you bring that horrible clerk into the house papa?" said Sophia, as the merchant prince seated himself by the blazing grate. "Horrible clerk! pray what is the matter with him?" asked Mr. Danvers, evincing some surprise at the plain speech of his daughter. "Why, he is a clerk." "But a respectable young man?" "Respectable enough, but not fashionable, papa." "I was once a clerk, Sophia; I commenced by sweeping out a store and carrying bundles about the city." "How absurd you talk, papa." "But Mr. Harlowe is a very estimable young man; I am confident you will find him very agreeable company." "I shall have nothing to say to him," replied Sophia, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Beware, Sophia; there is an old proverb, you know, about entertaining angels unwares." Sophia laughed heartily at the idea of a poor clerk being an angel. "Oh, like him very much; we are already fast friends," replied Mary, and a slight blush seemed to emphasize the remark. "Just like her, papa! I should not wonder if she got head over heels in love with your mercantile angel!" "She said so at the picnic about that, remember Mr. Danvers smiling." "Pooh, Sophia, who said a word about falling in love. Can't a body be civil to a young gentleman without being in love with him?" "The pretty Mary blushed as she spoke in good earnest—so palpably blushed that her cheeks began to glow. The affair was something more than a mistake." "But pray, papa, when does your new part-

ner arrive?" asked Sophia. "If all the accounts I have heard of his wit, gallantry and personal attractions are true, I shall certainly set my cap for him." "He will appear one of these days," replied Mr. Danvers. "I hope you will not keep this stupid clerk in the house after he comes." "I certainly shall." "But papa, we shall lose caste if we do, it is really abominable." "Small loss, my child; if we are dependent upon the apes and puppies of fashionable life for our position in society, the sooner we lose it the better for our own self respect," said Mr. Danvers. "You are absurd, papa." "Now Sophia, you have given me a lesson let me give you one. The idol you worship is more senseless than those of the Fœgee Islands. Fashionable society is as hollow as a brass pan; place no reliance upon it. The fops and fools who follow in your train are as soulless as they are brainless." "I wish Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert could hear you say so!" "Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert was a journeyman barber in New Orleans less than a year ago. I had the honor of being shaved by him last winter when I was there." "Oh, horrid, papa! why have you not exposed him?" "Why should I, my child? He is a good fellow, amiable person, and, according to your statement, as fashionable a man as Mr. Finstock, whose great-grand father was Governor of the State." "Is it possible that Mr. Fitzherbert was a barber?" exclaimed Sophia, horrified at the appalling truth. "Nothing else, my child." "An impostor!" added Mary. "Just so, probably he is trying to obtain a rich wife." "It is abominable! I declare! one hardly knows nowadays, who is respectable and who is not," said Sophia. "Therefore, my child, we ought not to speak so disparagingly of persons in humble life, as you have done to night." "Pooh, a clerk!" "At this moment Mr. Harlowe, the new clerk entered the room, and as Sophia would have expressed, had the impudence to seat himself by the side of Mary Danvers, who appeared not all averse to this close proximity with him. Frederick Harlowe was, as Mary had said, a handsome, intelligent and agreeable young man. And Sophia, if she could have forgiven him for being a clerk, would have forgiven his society quite as highly as did her sister. With her father's permission, Mary accepted an invitation from Frederick to attend Albin's last concert. They had scarcely left the house before Mr. Fitzherbert was ushered into the sitting room. This gentleman an exquisite of the first water. In his personal appearance, he certainly was sufficiently well endowed to challenge the admiration of the fairer sex; but unfortunately, he was sadly lacking in that necessary element in a man of sense—brains. Sophia could scarcely refrain from expressing the contempt she felt for the journeyman barber, in "Muffin." The leader of the "ton" in her estimation, was a ruined man. The dandy, as a matter of courtesy, inquired for Mary, and was informed that she had gone to the concert with Mr. Harlowe. "With Mr. Harlowe—a clerk!" said the ex-journeyman barber, with a sneer as he twisted up the long rat-tail of his moustache. "A very worthy young man," replied Mr. Danvers. "No doubt of it, saw, but a clerk—aw!" "Pray, was you never a clerk, Mr. Fitzherbert?" "I was." "A clerk! no law; never." "Did I not meet you in New Orleans last winter?" The dandy started up like a parched pea from a hot pan. "I have a faint recollection of having met you in a barber shop there," continued the merchant, tormenting him. "A very likely, saw. I patronize the bar-shaws." "And now I think of it, you wore a little white apron, and if I mistake not, I had the pleasure of being shaved by you in person." "Quite a mistake saw, I assure you." Suddenly Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert, whose real name was John Smike, remembered an imperative engagement, and hastened to take his leave. "He was seen to enter the cars for New York on the following day, and nothing has been heard of him since." CHAPTER II. Of course the reader understands that Frederick Harlowe and Mary are deeply, irrevocably in love with each other by this time. The poor clerk has won his way to the heart of the fair girl and the poor thing has been captivated by the manly attractions, the noble soul of him who offers incense before her shrine. By the world it would be deemed a very wicked thing for a poor clerk to fall in love with the daughter of his aristocratic employer. Some people would say it was ungrateful in him thus to spurn away the affections of a confiding girl, when his position and prospects did not warrant his assuming to be her husband. The question is still open to the reader.

He may debate them to his entire satisfaction; Mr. Danvers, either because he was more sensible than the majority of the aristocratic merchants of the day, or for some other equally potent reason, neglected to make any fuss about the matter, and suffered the clerk to woo and win his daughter, without even remonstrating against the base wickedness of the act. But Sophia was deeply grieved by her sister's folly, as she deemed it, and used all the arguments in the range of her shallow sophistry to dissuade her from the folly and madness of wedding a clerk. Mary was obstinate. The only excuse she offered in palliation of flagrant misdemeanor, was that that she loved him, and if she loved him, and if she loved a scoundrel, she would cling to him with the last breath she was permitted to draw. "A ring!" exclaimed Sophia, one day when matters appeared to have taken a decided turn. "Well I suppose you are engaged?" "We are, Sophia," replied Mary with face radiant with happiness. "And you intend to be married?" "Certainly we do—that is the end of an engagement." "My conscience to think that the daughter of a merchant prince should become the wife of a poor insignificant clerk." "Nothing very alarming about it, Sophia; it would be half so ridiculous as another daughter of a merchant prince becoming the wife of an ex-journeyman barber! I believe Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert was your beau ideal of what a fashionable husband ought to be." "The impostor!" "I am at least sure that Frederick is not an impostor—a humbug, one who would not be likely to assume the character of a clerk." "Perhaps not. But pray, sis, when do you intend to become the wife of this counting-room cherub?" "The day has not been fixed yet—in the spring probably." "And may I ask what you intend to do with yourself? His salary is only a thousand dollars a year." "We can get along very well on that sum." "Yes I suppose so; and live in some ten footer in a dark alley?" "We intend to live out of town, in a nice little cottage." "Y-e-e-a nice little cottage!" bawled Sophia, in derision. "O sis, I will show you how to live when I get married. None of your nice little cottages for me. But I wonder when the new partner is coming?" "Papa told me this morning that he had deferred the arrangement till next spring, and that the gentleman would attend to his business at the South, as heretofore." "How provoking! I have been reserving my affections on purpose for him; I mean to make a conquest of him in just one month!" "How foolish you talk, Sophy; one would think you had entirely forgotten your maiden delicacy." "Pooh! I'm jesting, sis between us—and Sophia relapsed into a reverie, while we are almost sure, related to the aforesaid new partner, who was not only a nice young man, but was to put fifty thousand dollars into the concern when he became a partner. The winter passed away and spring came. Frederick and Mary were to be married in a few days. Mr. Danvers to the infinite chagrin of Sophia had readily consented to the match. The proud sister, thought in the natural goodness of her heart she would have had a little opposition to save appearances. The bridal day came, and after the ceremony had been performed, the happy party started for their new residence in the suburbs. Sophia, who acted as bridesmaid, was to accompany them. "That is the cottage," exclaimed the bride. "That—a cottage? why, Mary, it is a palace!" replied Sophia, in utter astonishment, for she never had interest even in her sister's affairs, to go and see her proposed residence. The carriage stopped before the door, which was half hidden behind a vine-clad portico, and the party alighted. The place was a perfect paradise, and many were the eulogiums lavished upon it by the bewildered Sophia. "You cannot think how surprised I was when I first beheld it," said Mary, when she and Sophia were alone. "It seems more like a dream of fairy land than reality. But Frederick is so very odd about these things." "I should think he was! Why sis, it will certainly ruin him, a poor clerk, on a thousand dollars salary!" "Well, he knows best; he says the rent is nothing." "Nothing indeed; but it will eat up his poor pittance." "Well I have given him a lesson on extravagance but he only laughed in my face, and said he knew what he was about." "But here are Frederick and father; I am sure papa has been scolding him for his recklessness." "He does not look as though the scolding had produced a very powerful effect," said Mary, as she saw her husband's smiling countenance. "What a beautiful house!" exclaimed So-

phie, as Frederick Harlowe joined the little group. "A fit nest for my pretty bird," replied the husband gaily, as he chuckled his blushing wife under the chin. "I should think your thousand dollars a year, would have to suffer some," said Sophia, bluntly. "O, your father has been very good as to elevate me a peg, so that I can well afford to incur the expenses." "Yes my child," interposed Mr. Danvers, "you know I said something about entertaining an angel unaware. Sophia, Mr. Frederick Harlowe is the new partner!" "What an abominable cheat, papa; I'll warrant you told Mary of it in the beginning, and she has been busy-until she has done," said Sophia, with an abundant good humor. "Nay, sis, knew nothing of it till a few days before his marriage. This was all Mr. Harlowe's whim. He must explain it for himself." Mr. Harlowe did attempt to explain his motive in entering the family, but it was a lame explanation. Probably the reader, who readily penetrates the secret thoughts of the hero of our story, has already divined his motive. He wanted a wife and had the sense to seek for genuine goodness in preference to name and position. From the United States Review. A Yankee Pedagogue's Ordeal. BY RICHARD DOD, B. L., E. S., Q. C., ETC. I HAD once the honor to act as the knight of the bichen rool. But an ordeal had to be passed—the fiery, trying ordeal of an examination. The time was appointed, and I, my employer, I found assembled the honorable Court of Judgement, ready to fulfill their august duties. Let me, reader, in language of bravado, describe the dignified committee, of consequential looks. The Presbyterian clergyman, wearing the deep solemnity of the Sabbath time—the Baptist, looking knowingly from beneath his specs, ready to immerse me in a sea of perplexities—the Methodist, whose sanctimonious brow seemed heavy with ponderous thought—the corpulent Doctor, whose apothecary's shop in his pocket, grunting at every step—the learned Esquire, versed in the blind abstractions of the old Lindsay Murray, and the abbreviations. Last of all, the village Lawyer, who seemed to hold himself in spelling book apothecaries. The room was thronged with spectators, to see the master go it, as they said. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Baptist divine. The conclusion of "off hand ejaculations in these words: 'Kidd heaven, bless thy young servant in instructing, if he passes examination' to which the brother Methodist responded 'Amen.' I concluded, in my own bosom, that a failure should equally demand a blessing. The Presbyterian clergyman commenced the examination, with questions from the old John Rogers Primer. 'Sir,' said he, 'when did sin come into the world?' 'When God gave free will to man,' I replied. 'Relate the fall of Siser—the death of Saul?' 'I declined doing so.' 'How so, sir?' said he. 'Why, sir, I replied, 'I am not on examination for admission to the ministry.' 'It matters not,' rejoined the clergyman; 'you should understand the principles of divinity, so that you could satisfy the inquiring mind, at request. Divinity should go hand in hand with science, and when the mind becomes learned, it will also be good. Science bows her lowly brow only to religion?' 'That's my mind,' said the Baptist. 'I am perfectly accord with your views, brother added the Methodist. 'Come, gentlemen, proceed, proceed; don't waste the night with ethics,' said the Doctor. The Baptist brother, after arranging his dignity in the form of a white cravat commenced. 'Sir,' said he, 'what is language?' 'The telegraph of the mind,' I replied. 'Incorrect, sir, incorrect; 'tis the utterance of articulate sounds; and I wish you would confine yourself to the text books.' I was on the point of informing him that it would be an approximation toward the better if he would take his own request for heart and stick to the text. 'But,' continued he, 'what are ideas?' 'Thoughts, journeying to do reverence to God,' I answered. 'Too Utopian for my comprehension,' replied he. I was then delivered over to the Methodist divine. Said he on a high key, 'what does A. M. stand for? D. D. F. L. F. ect, ect.' As I was about to answer, a little red haired urchin, suiting the words to a quick departure, exclaimed: 'Mr. Presbyter, in this enlightened era so little reverence is paid to reverend station. The minister felt quite abashed at so sudden an interrogatory, and gave way to Colonel. Humph, sir, define important questions, to impress upon your mind the necessity of 'instructing' your pupils in the principles of physiology,' continued the M. D. I sat in silence, wondering what relation physics had in school teaching. Mr. Danvers concluded that they bore about this manner relation as salvation. phie, as Frederick Harlowe joined the little group. "A fit nest for my pretty bird," replied the husband gaily, as he chuckled his blushing wife under the chin. "I should think your thousand dollars a year, would have to suffer some," said Sophia, bluntly. "O, your father has been very good as to elevate me a peg, so that I can well afford to incur the expenses." "Yes my child," interposed Mr. Danvers, "you know I said something about entertaining an angel unaware. Sophia, Mr. Frederick Harlowe is the new partner!" "What an abominable cheat, papa; I'll warrant you told Mary of it in the beginning, and she has been busy-until she has done," said Sophia, with an abundant good humor. "Nay, sis, knew nothing of it till a few days before his marriage. This was all Mr. Harlowe's whim. He must explain it for himself." Mr. Harlowe did attempt to explain his motive in entering the family, but it was a lame explanation. Probably the reader, who readily penetrates the secret thoughts of the hero of our story, has already divined his motive. He wanted a wife and had the sense to seek for genuine goodness in preference to name and position.

The venerable Esquire, feeling the dignity of his honorable title, was requested to continue the cross examination. Commencing at the preface of Murry's Grammar, with much pomposity, he ceased not until he had interrogated me on its every principle. Such was his zeal in Syntax, that he leaped the "Finitis" into a grammatical world of his own. The Esquire closed his examination by asking me to define a period, and to call up and see his "gals!" The village pedagogue, full of legal consequence said, "Sir, who concocted the Master Declaration of Independence? Who annihilated nullification in this glorious Union? Who was the immortal Blackstone, that connected laws for the universe and Great Britain? I should have concluded, that 'our lawyer' was an M. C., had I not been otherwise informed. The examination had been completed, the legal examiners having retired into an adjoining apartment to deliberate. During their absence, whisperings arose among the crowd. "Wonder if he'll pass?" they gave him a hand "up," he'll go it," dang him, he's got the real Simon-pure grit! Soon the committee returned, a perfect phalanx of law, gospel, and medicine. The reverend Presbyterian acted as chairman, or rather as the oracle of the tribunal of brains. Said he, "Sir, after much consideration and deliberation, we have concluded to award you a certificate; should you not succeed as an instructor, we shall feel compelled, *ex officio*, to discharge you from the position we have conferred upon you." "Humph! humph! one question more, one question more," said the Doctor, with a medical squint. "Were a child to disobey, would you chastise him?" "Indeed, sir, I would," I replied. "Blast ye, you wouldn't me, growled an urchin in the corner. "Humph! humph! shut up, sir, shut up, or I'll physic you," replied the doctor gruffly. "Come on, you can't catch me," you old puffly pill-peddler, rejoined Precocuity, taking a hasty departure. "But," added the Reverend Methodist, "I suppose you will open your school with prayer?" The question was a stumper, as the Hoosier says; but I thought I should be regarded as a heterodox, if I refused to answer; so I replied that prayers among little urchins in the school room would be answered by paper wads, instead of a blessing. "Yes, yes! humph!" added the Doctor, "the amen would be the echo of a popgun." "Yes," continued the legal gentleman, "praying in school to diminutive children is like proclaiming glad tidings of salvation to squalling infants in the tabernacle. I, sir, have seen ministers look reverential anathemas at infants in the sanctuary." "Well, well," said the Esquire, "it's getting late rather guess we had better adjourn." "Let us implore God's blessing," said the Methodist divine. I will give his *verbatim*, for the benefit of such twofold functionalities. "Kind Heaven, we thank thee for this pleasing interview with thy young servant; give him wisdom from thy bounty to discharge every duty in the great drama of thought; make him instrumental in giving moral tone to the harp of life, for spheres of usefulness and honor; and when life's weary pilgrimage is o'er, receive us at thy glorious banquet in Heaven." At the conclusion of this elegant offering, each arose and bestowed on me friendly congratulations. All were anxious that I should find opportunity to give them a visit for each was blessed with loving daughters, except the legal gentleman who was to postpone for Cupid to assail. After passing the evening adieu, I took my departure with the district committee, my employer. We soon reached his residence, on a bleak and barren hill, where sunbeams were ever chilled by cold northern blasts. On entering, the committee introduced me to his wife. She raised not her eyes, nor even bowed the compliments of the evening, but sat cold and gloomy, fulfilling matrimonial duty—rooking oridle! At last she said, turning to her beloved consort; "what on earth did you bring the school master home for—say I didn't tell you that there was nothing in the house to eat, but codfish and turnips? and as for being tormented to death, as long as I have got children to send to school, I won't go there! I am discouraged, so I—be still, humph! O, d-d-d-d-d!" I continued silent, "I'll box your ears," addressing the jewel. I could not conceive how such a little delicate structure of humanity could manufacture such thunder. The music of a scolding woman and squalling baby should be introduced as the sub-base in nocturnal cat orchestra. A tornado, followed by a score of thunder storms and five respectable earthquakes multiplied by the numerical comparison, to that good woman. This modern Amazon, continued to scold, scold, and inferno to brawl, brawl, till I could endure the agony no longer. "Said I, Good woman, what a life you lead, is decidedly the prettiest child I ever saw. Why, woman, is it so? You are a fortune teller, are you? You give like a jester, indeed, like your own self. Do you think, sir, said she, smiling just drawing on her cheek. "Certainly I do, my dear," said I. "I think it looks like mother," said the woman, the smile complete. "Shan't I rock the cradle," said I, "I love to rock cradle."

"You may, sir, if you please," rejoined the lady while I prepare you some refreshments; and her cheeks were radiant with smiles. Baby enclums will quell the torrid discharge of a scold's patent battery. That baby looks like you, my dear, provided wonderfully for me. The soft soot banner is unfurled. It rules the heart, it rules the world. Who would tear that banner down? And write on woman's cheek a frown? I would cheerfully, respond to pedagogue generally, that they lay aside his *Academy*, and inform their minds in relation to the 'live' baby parlance. A pedagogue well versed in the infant vocabulary will be dearly loved by dearly beloved mothers. "Little darlin', cille shugie, ma-ma's baby" Babies are the pedagogue's refuge in hour of need. God bless the pedagogue! "Yankee in a Coal Screen. In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh Canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length is made at the chute which runs from a station on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of many sizes is shot, by shouppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article. A few months since, a Yankee, quite inquisitive, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivance. He particularly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load, and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another. Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount upon the full car about to make the descent. "Going to slide!" inquired he. "Yes; going to chute; won't you go?" "Well, I guess I'll stop a bit, and see how you do it." The car swiftly descended, and ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely. "Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station house. "Oh, yes, continually," was the vagabond answer. "You know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they have orders for 'family coal,' we always send down a married man with every car of that kind, and to let 'em know." "Well, now, du tell," uttered the eastern man. The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus the more did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way, something that he could tell to his hum. Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent. "That beats sliding down hill, don't it?" "I suppose it does." "You couldn't let a fuller go down, could you?" "Why, do you think you could jump off a jumper—jumping does me good. I once jumped off a haymow thirty feet high, and it made me so supple that I am given in to be the best dancer in the mill town." "Well, get on, and take care of yourself." Suddenly, the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the delivery so great that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was not in a position to jump; he had to hold on; and running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden clink about the bolt, and with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper. "Murder! get out! stop the cars!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself alighting down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder, stop the cars! I'll be killed!" But the motive power of the "cars" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant, and too much conversed with laughter to yield assistance. In the screen he slid, landing on the top, as he felt himself revolving with the wheel, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom. Around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of the coal dust, rattled through from all the chambers. He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation, but was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be completed, the next time he reached the bottom, he was shot out of the scupper into the boat. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but getting out of his awkward predicament, he rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and surveying his disreputable and begrimed, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he "raised his voice, to know at what quality of extraneous he had been delivered—when, smothering his remarks of a hat over his eyes, he stamped off uttering 'brooks and arrows by the way'!" A Cry of Corra—Henry Ward Beecher has a "reveling report" of what good coffee is. He writes thus—"Breakfast is ready."

A most useful and salutary custom is that of breakfast. One may work with the brain without breakfast, but not with the heart. The brain must be taken out of your system, and the heart out of your eyes. A cup of coffee—real coffee—home brewed, home ground, home made, that comes to you as dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden bronze as you temper it with cream, from its thick, thick, tenderly yellow, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy nor frothing on the Java; such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty blueberries, and will exercise them all. Voluntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savor fills his senses with pleasure—for no coffee can be good in the mouth, that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils. Scene in a New York Court. The following is an extract from the *Press*—a report of the trial of a western man for being drunk, since the passage of the "Maine Law in New York." "Mr. Sappington, where did you purchase your liquor?" "I think, only one place I know of to get it." "Where's that?" "At the whisky shops and taverns of course." "What I wish to know is, the particular shop, or store, or hotel, where you purchased the liquor?" "You're too much for me, Judge. There's about as many bar-rooms in York as there's customers." "At how many places did you drink?" "I drunk at a heap of 'em—but before that I drunk wunst or twice out of a bottle that I brought with me from Ellensy." "Where did you purchase the liquor that you had in your bottle?" "In Tarry, Judge. When I squeezed all I could out of that, I started out among the bar-rooms." "What kind of liquor did you drink?" "Corn-juba, Judge. I never drunk any other kind." "I should have drunk that but I was most powerful weak. I was right smart sick for a day or two after I got home. I thought a little rum would warm my stomach. But what's the use of askin' all these questions?" "The reason is, that by law a person found drunk is obliged to state where he procured his liquor, if he knows." "Well, I don't know, reckon you're got through with me now." "Not quite, sir. You are fined ten dollars." "Judge, do you call that ar' doin' the clean thing on the sgar, with strangers?" "That, Mr. Sappington, is the law." "Then, I must lose an X." "Yes or imprisoned ten days." Mr. Sappington here handed the Judge an envelope. "I s'pose that'll answer, won't it?" "It is all right, sir. You are now free, and I hope this will be a lesson to you." "I reckon, Judge, the indictment for the population in the West, to emigrate to York State, isn't much?" "Positively not, Mr. Sappington." Mr. Sappington opened the gate and passed outside the bar. He then suddenly stopped and said—"Judge, if there is any law against chewin tobacco, I hope you won't fine me more than four bits a chew." Mr. Sappington then made his exit. There being no further business, the Court took a recess. Drunk. The editor of the *Media Free Press*, evidently has no very favorable opinion of Dan Kirk. In reply to a "put" for the town, written by a brother quill, the *Free Press* discards itself thus: "Let the editor of the 'Gazette' say one night at one of the Dan Kirk hotels he had a regular Dan Kirk meal, sleep on a Dan Kirk bed with Dan Kirk flax and Dan Kirk bed bugs, and pay a Dan Kirk board bill to a Dan Kirk hotel keeper—then after his breakfast has been digested let him take a stroll thro' Dan Kirk streets, among 'deserted' Dan Kirk Silianties, wade through Dan Kirk mud, look at the poor, wretched Dan Kirk Dutch and Irishmen, come in contact with Dan Kirk grabsters—and, after he has thus gone the rounds and seen Dan Kirk 'as the law is let him come home and write a Dan Kirk 'put'." Our opinion is, he would not surpass in his link and write with a better pen than any of the Dan Kirk neighbors, and if you do not agree with us, the Dan Kirk is the most God-forsaken corner of the State of this side of the Cape of Good Hope we will retract and acknowledge the justice of your rebuke." BEARD LACROSS.—We clip the following paragraph from the *Philadelphia Ledger*, trusting to see something of the kind here in Lancaster: "Some eight or ten leagues for the reduction of the price to consumers, of provisions have been, or are, in a state of formation in our city. Some of them have originated by the election of officers and the 'feeding' of the poor, to enable individuals to subsist. At first the proposed object of these leagues was to purchase flour and retail it at cost price. The profit on sales made at cost price, was to be used to purchase other goods not subscribed, will, it is supposed, yield a sufficient profit to pay all incidental expenses. If these establishments are as successful as their friends anticipate, the saving to consumers will be quite large, and, at the same time, the purchase from first hands will have a tendency to reduce the same articles sold by those not connected with these leagues. At present families pay enormous prices for meat, potatoes, butter and other articles which sell, but at a short distance from the city, at one-third or one-half the price demanded for them in this market."