

The Montrose Democrat.

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CARRIERS' ADDRESS.

I was getting cold and weary, for the wind howled loud and dreary
And the draught along the doorsill shook my carpet on the floor.
In my arm-chair I was napping, when I heard a kind of tapping,
Or in other words, a tapping, tapping at my chamber door.
"It is Kitty, with the scuttle" said I, "at my chamber door,
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, 'twas the last night in December,
When I poked, each dying ember glimmered—dinner had been done,
"I may wait here till to-morrow" I had said, in rage and sorrow,
"Ere I hear her from the kitchen knocking on the upper floor,
From the far back-building kitchen mounting to the upper floor,
Tapping at my chamber door!"

And the rustling—sad, uncertain—of my worsted window curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with a feeling that I never felt before;
And, astonished at the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"It is but Kitty, with the scuttle, tapping at my chamber door—
Kitty, with a fresh-filled scuttle tapping at my chamber door—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
"Kitty" said I, "can't you come in without knocking at the door?
I was on the point of napping when you came with your tapping,
What's the use of standing tapping, tapping at my chamber door?
But as Kitty made no answer, here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more."

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Wondering if indeed 'twas Kitty I heard tapping there before;
But the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token;
When I called out "Kitty! Kitty!" all was stiller than before;
But an echo down the staircase, whispered "Kitty" over and over—
Merely this, and nothing more."

Back into my chamber turning, from my grate so dimly burning,
Kitty's face I saw plain as my own, as if she stood before;
"One would think" said I, "I was something tapping at my window
lattice."

But the wind alone there is, for I've heard the sound before;
Still, I'll raise the sash a moment and through it without explore,
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In that step came an old acquaintance of some pleasant days of yore;
Not the least obtrusive made he, not a moment stopped or stayed
he.

But with mien of lord or lady strode across my chamber floor,
Took a seat upon the ottoman this side my chamber door,
Sat, and gazed, and nothing more.

Then this ancient friend beguiling, my last spirits into smiling,
From the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore,
"You'd look better shorn and shaven" he said, "I'm no craven,
You remind me of a raven, ereaking there beside my door—"
But he shook his head and muttered, through his beard that swept
the floor,
"Nevermore, ah, nevermore!"

I was glad to have persuaded him at least to speak out plainly,
Though his answer little meaning—a little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no human being
The unpleasant to behold a friend beside one's chamber door,
Seated on the velvet ottoman beside one's chamber door,
Groaning, growling, grunting, or
cursing.

But my guest, still sitting lonely in that distant nook, spake only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Not another word he uttered, and somewhat abashed I started,
Just above my breath I muttered, "It is half past ten or more;
Will you judge here, and take breakfast, as you've often done before?
But he answered "nevermore!"

Started at the stillness broken by reply so hoarsely spoken,
"It" said I, "that word you utter, sir, your only stock and store!
Of other are you master?—has unmerciful Disaster
Chained your tongue that once went faster, that you mutter 'over
and over,"

As if the dirge of hope, that melancholy burden bore,
Nevermore—oh nevermore!"

But his strangeness still beguiling my vexation into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of that beside the door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ancient friend of yore,
What this silent, singular, bearded, sad, eccentric friend of yore,
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
To my guest, whose eyes, cold glancing, froze my bosom's inmost
core,

This, and more I sat divining, while he leant, in stately reclining,
On the cushions velvet lining by the lamp-light gilded o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining by the lamp-light gilded o'er,
He shall press, oh nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer,
And a sound as if of footfalls tinkled on my chamber floor;
"Ancient friend," I cried, "Heaven left thee! To my hearth kind
Heaven sent thee."

Just a year ago, content thee!—bide here with me as of yore,
We've had pleasant times together!—bide here with me as of yore."
But he answered "Nevermore!"

"If," said I, "thou bringest me evil, neither angel quite nor devil,
But a thing of blended nature, formed to grovel or to soar—
I will welcome thee undaunted, minding me of joys enchanted,
In this home by memory haunted, thou hast brought me oft before.
Speak and plainly tell thee earnest, as thou often hast before—
But he whispered "Nevermore!"

"Hush," said I, "that word of evil! Tell me, is it spirit or devil,
Waves the curtains at my window and breaths light past my door?
'Tis as if some sorrow-laden spirit, or demon, gloomily maiden
Sighing for the shades of Aiden—lightly tread my chamber floor,
For the saintly shades of Aiden—lightly tread my chamber floor,
Weeping sadly, "Nevermore!"

"Is that word our sign of parting?" shrieked I, as my guest, upstart-
ing,
Paler, grayer, colder, sterner, grimly strode across the floor;
"Not a single lock in token that some bitter words I've spoken,
And some promises I've broken are forgiven! Speak once more!
Mark, the bell strikes twelve! 'Tis midnight. Tarry with me, I
implore."
Then he shouted "Nevermore!"

Oh, his voice, never fitting, when I'm sitting, when I'm sitting,
On the violet velvet cushions, piled beside my chamber door,
Stands with dim eyes full of dreaming turned upon me in the gleam-
ing
Of the golden lamp-light streaming soft across my chamber floor—
When I whisper "I have wronged thee—come again!" still as be-
fore,
Sad he answers "Nevermore!"

Miscellaneous.

A Wonderful Escape—1777.

On the banks of the beautiful Mohawk, where the town of Rome now stands, stood, during the Revolution, a strong fortification, erected, in communication between the Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario, and to protect the Indian trade. At the opening of the contest between the colonies and the mother country, Fort Stanwix was almost in ruins. Situated as it was at that time, on the extreme outskirts of the white settlements, it was an important post, yet it was not until the spring of 1777, that it was repaired by Gen. Schuyler in whose name it was then christened.

Early in the spring of that year, Thayer, de la Roche, or Brant, the chief Sachem of the Six Nations, made his appearance in the valley of the Mohawk, with a large body of warriors, and from his own confessions it became evident that the Indians had been induced by the British to take up the hatchet in their contest, and that the settlements in that beautiful region of the country would be the object of the assault. Congress saw the necessity of protecting the northern and western frontiers, and Gen. Schuyler was directed to repair Fort Stanwix, and erect others, should he deem it necessary. Col. Dayton was detached by Schuyler to Fort Stanwix. It was while he was engaged, in connection with the Tryon County militia, that the incident I am about to relate occurred.

The commandant of one of the companies of militia was Captain Gregg, a young man of noble address, and possessed of an excellent education, which, in connection with his temperate habits and high disposition, enabled him to pass through with life, an ordeal which many never passed through before.

Notwithstanding the immediate vicinity of the troops, the Indians in small parties were constantly watching for opportunities to cut off stragglers from the garrison, and even children were not exempt from death by the tomahawk and scalping knife.

Ignorant of the danger, and deeming the few who had been taken the ancient and tried of frontiersmen, Gregg started from the fort one morning in company with three comrades, for the purpose of shooting game. One of his comrades was a boy about thirteen, by the name of Wilson, who, from the fear that they might meet with Indians, was sent back to the fort. He lived to become captain in the American army, and at the surrender of Cornwallis was appointed to receive the colors of the various British regiments.

Gregg and the two soldiers, relieved of the care of the boy, proceeded to the neighboring woods, where they entered with zest upon the pursuit of game. They had been thus engaged but a short time when, simultaneously, the crack of three rifles, sounding almost as if they brought them all dead, the two soldiers were killed outright and Gregg received a ball which passed through his left arm, and he fell to the ground, seriously and dangerously wounded. Raising himself on his arm, he looked around for his comrades and saw an Indian in the act of scalping one of them, another bearing off in triumph the scalping trophy of the second, while, at the same moment, he made this discovery the leaves parted, and a third red-skin warrior, with face smeared with his war paint, his head locked with feathers, and his tomahawk raised, rushed upon him. He succeeded in dodging the first blow, aimed at his head, which took effect in his back, inflicting a deep wound. The second and third were more sure, and fell with crushing force on the fore part of his head, and he sank into insensibility.

How long he remained in that condition he was unable to tell, but when he awoke to consciousness, he was suffering intense acute pain in his head, and found that his dog—a small Scotch terrier that had accompanied him—was licking his wounds. He drove him off, and for the sake of easing the smarting of his wounds, he, after incredible exertion, and fainting twice on the way, managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions, upon which he laid his head, and here he expected to die. His faithful dog meantime, exhibiting a sympathy almost human, and by whining, barking, and licking his wounds, endeavored in his way to show his desire to relieve his master's sufferings. Instead of this, however he added interest to his pain by irritating and inflaming, instead of soothing his head. Hoping to rid himself of the animal, and die in peace, he said to him: "If you think so much of me why don't you go for help?" As if endowed with reason for the occasion, the dog seemed to understand him, and started off toward the fort. At the distance of a mile in that direction he came upon two men who were fighting. Running up to them, he caught them by their clothes with his teeth, pulling and tugging at their garments, and then running in the direction of the woods, looking back to see if they followed him. Their first feeling was one of fear; thinking perhaps that the animal was mad, and it was some little time before they seemed to understand the dog's desire that they should follow him. They did so, and now the faithful terrier, having fairly and completely surrounded the dog, he, as if by magic, turned towards the shore, carrying many of the boys with them in the rush. On a later beach, they would all at once have been stranded; but this was so steep and rocky, that after two or three minutes' delay, during which the boats and whales were all mixed up together in one of fighting, struggling wars, only one third of them were killed, and the remainder reached deep water again. This real sport was, however, over, and what followed was merely a sickening, though useful, piece of butchery in which we took no part. Those which were not taken, having lost their leader, were not returned, but rolled, groaning in the bay, quite blinded in their own blood, and thus fell victims in detail to their pursuers.—When a whale is sufficiently wounded and exhausted to be manageable, a boat is run alongside, and one of the men strikes a hook into the blubber, attached to a strong rope, by means of which the rest of the crew hold their boat fast to it, while a knife, stuck deep in behind the head, soon terminates its sufferings. Others, on shore, hook and dipatch the whales which get aground in the same manner. After the haul was completely broken up and separated, we landed, and from a commanding cliff, viewed with advantage the strange spectacles below. The

and, perceiving life in the Captain, they immediately proceeded to form a ladder to convey him to the fort. This they did by cutting two long poles, and laying boughs upon them, upon which they carefully laid his immense form, and after hiding the bodies of the others by the side of a decayed trunk until they could return for them, they started for the fort. Dr. Thatcher, in his journal says: "He was a most frightful spectacle. The whole of his scalp was removed; in two places, on the fore part of his head, the tomahawk had penetrated his skull; there was a wound on his back with a sharp instrument, besides a wound in his arm with a musket ball."

Of course no hopes were entertained of his recovery, but contrary to all human expectations, he rallied, and although, during the period of many months he was stretched upon an invalid's couch, he suffered a hundred deaths, yet he did finally recover, and lived a convincing witness of the lability of the savage red man. His dog, by whose means his life had been preserved, was ever after his dearest and most cherished friend.

Capture of Whales in Westman-shava Bay, Faroe Islands.

It was a most curious sight, and the scenery was well calculated to set it off to advantage. The bay is about three miles long, by three quarters of a mile broad, and surrounded by steep rugged mountains, which looked particularly gloomy in the somber twilight. Between the whales and the outlet to the sea, fully sixty boats were collected together, with crews of six or eight men each, who were lying lazily on either side, while about a hundred natives on either side were employed in dragging a line of ropes, some five hundred yards long, across the bay. This net is only used in Westman-shava, where there are no sloping shoals upon which to drive the whales; it is, of course, not intended to catch them in, for no net could be made sufficiently strong; but it is supposed to retard their escape when they attempt to get out to sea. The boats were the ordinary ones in common use; the only difference observable in them being that they had long lances stuck upright, like masts, at the stem and stern, and attached to the benches by several fathoms of rope.

More boats came dropping in, for some time after our arrival, until, at eleven o'clock we counted the number up to ninety; so that, including the men on shore, not fewer than eight hundred must have been present—all of them dressed in the rusty-brown jackets and black knee-breeches of the country, with as much uniformity as a regiment of soldiers. The net was drawn further and further up the bay, great care being taken to avoid frightening the whales, which were now quietly before it, or rolled about at their ease, evidently quite unconscious of danger.

When matters seemed approaching to a crisis, our party, consisting of five, as we got into a boat and stood in the bows, with a lance in our hands ready for action, and the fray commenced. Half the boats remained outside the net to support the bows, and the remainder, about fifty in number, including ours, closed round their prey, and drove them by shouting and throwing, towards the shore the animals tamely submitting, until they got close to it. They then turned, evidently in great alarm, and bore down upon us, looking most formidable, and surrounded by a great crew, which their impetus carried with them. Not knowing how the boats would behave, we were awaiting the charge with no small misgivings, under an assurance of great calmness. The natives, on the other hand, became frantic with excitement, yelling like maniacs, splashing the water with their spears, and seeming about to throw themselves into it in their intense desire to head them back. All their efforts, however, were to no purpose. The whole herd broke through our ranks, though they were severely speared in passing. Many of the boats were lifted half out of the water in the great surge, which the cries of the boats' crews, mingled with the loud howling of the whales, made a wild and not inappropriate chorus, which rang through the surrounding hills. When clear of us, the animals continued their career at the same rapid pace, and came in contact with the net, which they carried back, as well as all the line of boats supporting it, and in a few seconds escaped, either under or through it, leaving a few of their number entangled in its folds, lashing the water up twenty and thirty feet high, in their desperate struggles to disengage themselves. In the end, they all got away, and swam half a mile out to sea, when they dived under the water, and remained nearly a minute out of sight. We then pulled after them as hard as we could. The scene resembled an enormous regatta, with a head of whales as the turning buoy; and by dint of stones and shouts they were headed back, again speared, and again broke through all the barriers opposed to them.

This operation was repeated three times. At last, most wounded and harassed, they were forced into a narrow part of the bay. All their enemies pressed round them at once, and the animals, either wild with fear, or completely bewildered as to the direction of the sea, dashed towards the shore, carrying many of the boys with them in the rush. On a later beach, they would all at once have been stranded; but this was so steep and rocky, that after two or three minutes' delay, during which the boats and whales were all mixed up together in one of fighting, struggling wars, only one third of them were killed, and the remainder reached deep water again. This real sport was, however, over, and what followed was merely a sickening, though useful, piece of butchery in which we took no part. Those which were not taken, having lost their leader, were not returned, but rolled, groaning in the bay, quite blinded in their own blood, and thus fell victims in detail to their pursuers.—When a whale is sufficiently wounded and exhausted to be manageable, a boat is run alongside, and one of the men strikes a hook into the blubber, attached to a strong rope, by means of which the rest of the crew hold their boat fast to it, while a knife, stuck deep in behind the head, soon terminates its sufferings. Others, on shore, hook and dipatch the whales which get aground in the same manner. After the haul was completely broken up and separated, we landed, and from a commanding cliff, viewed with advantage the strange spectacles below. The

by was, without exaggeration, red with blood, and some boats were towing lead weights on shore, others were spearing the few remaining, living ones; while all round the beach, men, up to their necks in water, were actively engaged in the great work of slaughter. Occasionally the boatmen would hook one more lively than they supposed it to be, which would tow their boat rapidly about, or break away from them, or lash up clouds of water in its agony. Not a single fish escaped. The few that had an opportunity of doing so, returned in search of their leader, and shared the fate of their companions; and in two hours from the commencement the whole two hundred and twelve were destroyed.—Cruise of the yacht Maria, 1854.

could be induced to convey a letter to his employers, who, all the time, were suspecting his honesty, and preparing to advertise him in the newspapers. Upon the receipt of the letter it did not take them long to discover that they had been sold most brilliantly, and upon their appearance at the hospital, it did not take the doctor long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied, upon his arrival at the hospital, that he had been sold most sorrowfully indeed. And here, we think, we will end the story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the past three or four days with many a hearty laugh.

Avoid Slang Words.

"There is no sill," says the author of the behavior book, "in speaking so many slang words, but in calling a man a 'putt' or 'gentleman' or 'gentle' in saying 'a man whose dress is old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'joking,' when she tells of having engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since, but happily now is going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'last night I was joking with Mr. Bull,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to palk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance.

We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and have nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute, coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang.—Where do they pick it up? From low newspapers or from vulgar light novels, not from low companions. We have heard of one of those ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was pinned on drunk—also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head.—When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, she was brought to the scratch. Sometimes, 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist, 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true when at parties, she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of having always lived in society.—The Ladies' paper.

Death of Red Jacket.

It was taken suddenly ill in the Council House, of cholera morbus, where he had gone that day, dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments. When he returned, he said to his wife, 'I am sick; I could not stay till the Council had finished. I shall never recover.' He then took off all his rich costume, and laid it carefully away; reclined himself upon his couch, and did not rise again till morning, or speak, except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him medicine, which he patiently took, but said, 'I will do no more good; I shall die.' The next day he called her to him, and requested her, and the little girl he loved so much to sit beside him, and listen to his parting words.

"I am going to die," he said; "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. You have loved me. You have always prepared my food and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I left you on account of your new religion, and am convinced that it is a good religion, and has made you a better woman, and will give you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I intend to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have often told her—not to go in the streets with strangers, or associate with improper persons. She must stay with her mother, and grow up a respectable woman.

"And then I am dead it will be noised about through the world, they will hear of it across the great waters, and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator is dead.' And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. Do not let them.—Clothe me in my simplest dress—put on my leggings and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long about my neck, and let me lie upon my bosom.—Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with pagan rites, nor with the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I do not wish to be among pale faces. I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do you give a feast according to the customs of the Indians. Whenever my friends chose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin, to serfrit at my funeral feast!"

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon the couch, and did not rise again. He lived several days but was most of the time in a stupor, or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterwards would unconsciously mutter, "I do not hate him; he thinks I hate him, but I do not. I would not hurt him." The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but did not return until he was dead. When the messenger told him Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, "Very well; the Great Spirit will order as he sees best, whether I live or die; I am unity or not to speak to him. Do you give me water, and let me see the Great Spirit, and try to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction.

looking at me." Then he would get up and walk into a stupor.

The wife and daughter were very anxious to whom he spoke passing such a long time in blessing; but as his last words were, "I wish to be buried with my people," they were obliged to bury him as he wished. They were buried in the little church-yard where the poor attendant died; they were his favorite place, and they loved and honored their mother, and their mother had taught them to love their pillow and rested their head. At his feet stood his wife and daughter, and now aged and Christian men, and a little girl, whose heart had been broken upon his withered and trembling form. His last words were, "Where is the mission-ry?" and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish; his ears caught his hurried breathing—his arms relaxed their hold—she looked up, and he was gone.

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of this request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly heeded. The funeral took place in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of his own people—aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

The Loan-Office Window.

The pawn-broker is an "institution" in every large city of the world, and his window is a curiosity. He is called "my uncle" by needy and seedy young gentlemen who are fond of making a show, and whose only means of raising the where-withal occasionally is a visit to their obliging financial relative. But needy and seedy nephews are not "my uncle's" only customers. He has many others, ranging from the highest circles of aristocratic pride to those who are but one remove above beggary; and well does he know how to accommodate himself to their ever-varying peculiarities. A keen, shrewd, calculating man is "my uncle," and "posited within"; for, instead of the prosaic title of "pawnbroker's shop," he has changed the name of his shop to "The Loan Office," and he assumes the benevolent duty of making loans to the needy "for accommodation." Truly, an accommodating man is "my uncle."

On a favorite street of this good city of ours a loan office has for some time flourished, and as we have passed it almost every day for quite a number of years, our eyes have become familiar with its show-window. This window is one of the most expressive of its kind. Every article seen through it is full of mysterious eloquence, which conveys a world of meaning.

We have often stood by it, to "read" as from an open book, the stories which the various articles on deposit had to impart, to contrast these with one another, and to speculate concerning the circumstances of the parties who deposited them.

Perhaps it may not be so to others, but to us every article in pawn individualizes itself, and becomes extremely suggestive of its past associations. There are, for instance, a number of watches in the window; all of which mark a different hour and tell a different tale.

That large, heavy "gold lover" with the full, expressive face, belonged once to a plain, solid, substantial old gentleman. You can read much in its honest countenance. There is no trickery or tinsel about it; no brazen attempt at imposition—no humbug. While he lived, the old gentleman paid his debts honestly, but sickness and misfortune left him, at his death, but little of this world's goods. Years passed away—the widowed partner of his youthful joys became helpless and bed-ridden, and an only daughter was left to the support of her old age. And what could she do to earn money, when a helpless mother demanded her undivided care and attention. Everything of value about the house, except the old, honest, full-faced watch, had long since been sold; and that watch the fond daughter determined never to part with; but necessity knows no law. A mother's wants must be provided for; the chill winds of autumn caused her to shiver, and she looks piteously, first at her daughter, and then at

"The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire." And the daughter, poor thing, knows well enough the meaning of the mute appeal. There is a tear in her eye, as she takes the old watch from his hiding place. She kisses it, while the memories of other days crowd thick upon her, and places it fondly in her bosom.

It is a wearisome journey to the Loan Office, though the poor depositor knows but too well the way. She has been there often enough; perhaps too often, for the place has to her an extremely repulsive and inglorious sort of look. She knows that the dear old watch will be slandered and cheapened by the man of loans, and it will sting her to the heart to hear his hippocry of long-drawn-out such a subject. Yet, go she must.

At length, summing up all the energy she can command, she enters.

"And how much do you expect on this old-fashioned turnip?" asked the inquisitor. The poor girl could scarcely command her utterance, but at length she managed to say—"Forty dollars, if you please, sir—cost four hundred."

"Forty dollars! ha! ha! ha!"—laughed the man of loans, "forty dollars for such an old thing as this? You must be joking. Half the amount would be a large advance; I can't afford it; business is business, my dear."

And thus, degrading the watch, wagging the ready tongue of the stern keeper of the shop, till the poor girl, with an almost bursting heart, exclaimed—"Well, give me what you will, but as much as you can, for its the last thing I have to pawn, and my poor sick mother is so much in want."

Greatly and deliberately the lender on pledge counted out twenty-five dollars, and laying it down beside him, proceeded as deliberately to examine the "turnip" of the watch.

At length he remarked, "Why, this has been a pretty good old clock; in my day, but she's very old and sadly out of repair. I did think I'd be able to let you have twenty-five dollars on her, but it'll cost three dollars to place her in running order, and