George A. Chase, Unblisher,

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, January 24, 1858.

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Select Poetry.

of sign with For the Montrose Democrat. The Year's Inst Sunset. Refugent Orb! In dazzling robes descending To thy bright mansion in the western skies, On the expiring year with Time in vain con-

Thou never more will rise. Its midnight knell we soon shall hear, The hour which closes its career on lightning pinion flies. Then, glorious Orb, illume and cheer The dying moments of the year.

Creation's morn beheld thy radiance cheering; Thy light has beamed on every age and clime: Undimmed thou rollest on-to countless worlds appearing

With majesty sublime. And often thy departing my Has ushered in thy twilight grev, Which stern resistless Time Shed o'er the last, expiring, day Of years forever passed away.

Bright Orb of day! Another year is sinking Deep in the ocean of eternity; With feeble strength, the shadowy past 'tis link-

With ages vet to be. Time presses on-ah! must thou go? Must nature lose thy radiant glow ! Can she no longer see Thy farewell beams which gently throw O'er the old year a bright halo ! St. Joseph's College. Pa.

Miscellaneous.

Battle of Beunington. BY RICHARD EVERETT.

war. Redeemed by his friends for one hun-freport, says that the forces were within a few pastor, who is four times her age. What dred and three dollars, he joined Rogers' yards of each other, and the roaring of shall I do?" the French and Indian difficulty. When the thumler!" The Hessians and British regulars to Providence," said I. news came to his quiet home, that American accustomed to hard fought fields, Ifeld their "I don't know," he replied, shaking his that iron hand!" blood had been spilt upon the green at Lex- ground stubbornly and bravely. For more head, doubtfully; "mother is far from being ington, he rallied his countrymen, and hur- than two hours the battle hung in an even well, and one can't trust to nurses entirely, ence, and I had leisure the rest of the evenried on to Boston, with eight hundred brave scale. At length Baum ordered a charge; Frank, too, has studied himself almost sick, ling to inspect the admirable sewing of her soul's eye, with the freshness, the clearness, mountaineers. He presented himself before at that instant he fell, mortally wounded, hoping to get the prize. I'm half sick my- unfinished work, the perfect order, the re- the vividness of reality. The home of my the American commander on the eve of the and his men charging forward broke their self, what with anxiety about her, and the freshing neatness of everything in her room. battle of Bunker Hill, and receiving a Colo- ranks in such a manner that the Americans pressing demands of business; besides, how The delicate little sketches of her own hung nel's commission, instantly hurried to the en- succeeded, after a fierce hand to hand con-

with the account of that battle. The magnificent army of Gen. Burgovne, acted as scouts and flanking parties."

New Hampshire, through the exertions, chief-Assembly. Stark had served for a long period as General but at that time was at home. a private citizen. But at the call of his countrymen he again took the field. The two regiments were soon raised, and with them, as senior officer, Stark hastened to oppose the the British army. At that time the Vermont called the Berkshire Regiment, under Col. Warner.

On arriving near Bennington, Stark sent forward Col. Gregg with a small force to ge-connoiter, but that officer soon returned with information that a strong force of British. Hessians, and Indians, was rapidly approaching. Upon this intelligence Stark resolved to stand his ground and give battle. Messengers were sent at once to the Berkshire milihis to burry on, and the patriots were directed to see that their weapons were in good order. This was on the fourteenth of August, 1777. During the day, Baum and his army appeared, and learning that the militia were collecting in front of his route, the commander ordered his army to halt and throw up entrenchments. An express was also sent to

Gen. Burgoyne for reinforcements. The 15th was dull and rainy. Both armies up all day and night between the militia and the 15th, a party of Berkshire militia came into the American camp. At the head of new bouncis on rainy Sundays. deld, and that worthy gentleman appeared full of zeal to meet the enemy. Some time shooting

go at it now, while it is dark and rainy?' ters on the bills,

"No, not just at this moment," said the Then, said the General, if the Lord shall once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again.

This satisfied the preacher, and he went out to cheer up his flock with the good news. Day dawned, bright and warm, on the 16th. All nature, invigorated by the August rain, glared with beauty and freshness. Before sunrise, the Americans were in motion, while from the British entrenchments, the sound of bugles and the roll of drums told that Baum's | was their only child, and almost a beauty. forces were ready for action. Stark early arranged his plan of attack. Col. Nichols, with three hundred men, was sent out to attack up in general, her face, form and manners the British rear; Col. Herrick with three hundred men, marched against the right flank, but was ordered to join Nicholas before making his assault general. With about three hundred men, Colonels Hubbard and the following his assault general. With about pesceive that Anna Hope was an only daughter to be proud of. Stickney were sent against the entrenched front, while Stark, with a small reserve, wait ed to operate whenever occasion offered .-It must be remembered that the American forces were militia, while Baum's was made up of well-disciplined, well-armed, and experienced soldiers. Many of the patriots were armed with fowling pieces, and there were whole companies without a bayonet. They

had no artillery. Gen. Stark waited impatiently until the roar of musketry proclaimed that the different detachments had commenced their attack, and then forming his small batallion, he made his memorable speech Boys! there's the mend him, pressing his iron hand upon poor enemy, and we must beat them, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night-forward!'-His soldiers, with enthusiastic shouts, rushed upon the Hessians defenses, and the battle became general. The Hessians dragoons, dismounted, met the Americans with stern bravery. The two cannons, loaded with grape and canister, swept the hillside with dreadful

Stark's white horse fell in less than ten ninutes after his gallant rider came under fire, but on foot, with his hat in one hand and his saber in the other, he kepts at the head with distinction through the guns was like a continuous clap of flict, in entering the entrenchments,

Throughout the battle of Bunker Hill. Stark shouted to his men, Forward, boys; Stark and his New Hampshire men nobly charge them home! and his troops maddensustained the honor of the patriot cause, and ed by the conflict, swept the hill with irre- that it will do her good, and perhaps cure in a lady's possession. to troops exceeded in bravery the militia re- sistable valor. They pushed forward without giment of Col. John Stark. In the spring of discipline or order, seizing the artillery, and 1776, he went to Canada. At the battle of gave chase to the flying memy. The field home on the evening of that very day, and ing in the balance we trenton, he commanded the right wing of being won, plunder became the object of the for more than six months I heard nothing felt commendation. Washington's army. He was at Princeton, militia. The guns, sabres, stores, and equip more from Anna Hope. Bennington, and several other severe battles, ments of the defeated foe were being gathered always sustaining his reputation as a brave, up, when Breyman, with five hundred men. honorable, sterling patriot, and an able Gen- suddenly appeared upon the field. He had eral. He was a great fovorite of Gen. Wash- been sent by Burgoyne to reinforce Baum, return to my native city, on the wings of ington, and very popular in the army. On but the heavy rains had prevented his men hope, away to Hope Cottage I flew, eager to the 8th of May. 1822, aged 93 years he was from marching at a rapid rate. The flying see and to hear the result of my advice. gathered to his fathers, and his remains retroops rallied instantly, and joined the new Spring had blushed into summer, and the sent:

pose upon the banks of the beautiful Merriarray, which speedily assumed an order of beautiful home of my friends was embowered Jac mac, beneath a monument of granite, which battle, and began to press the scattered for in vines, trees, and roses. Great was their bears the inscription—'Major-General Stark.' ces of the patriots. This was a critical periHaving given a very brief sketch of the od. Stark put forth every effort to rally his own at meeting with my little friend, Anna. celebrated officer who led our patriot militia men, but they were exhausted and scattered, For in hereye shone a mild light that upon the field of Bennington, we will proceed and nearly out of amunition. It seemed as made her sweet face radient. The spiteful if the fortune of the day was in the royal snap was gone. I looked in vain for the laughter he began to skip, hop and dance. hands; when, from the edge of a strip of for- green dress, the shirt-bosom, the standing Jack was drunk. Next day, when they went which invaded the States in 1777, having be- est, half a mile off, came a loud and genuine dicket, the mannish air,—all were missing; come straitened for provisions and stores, the American cheer. Stark beheld, emerging and in their stead modest attire, neatly and take the poor monkey out of his box, he was toyal commander ordered a halt, and sent from the wood, the Berkshire regiment under becomingly worn. Even her curly hair had not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay, Col. Baum, a Hessian officer, to scour the Col. Warner. This body of men, also delay- lost its determined twist, and looked softer Col. Baum, a Hessian officer, to scour the country for supplies. Baum took a strong ed by the rain, after a forced march, had just and glossier. Her whole demeaner was mainmaster. Afraid to disobey, he came walking force of British infantry, two pieces of artiller, and a squadron of heavy German dragoons. A great body of Indians, hired and captain of the foremost company, and order bent with deference to the opinion of the do that he had the headache.'

Samed by the British, followed his force, or ed him to read his men to the charge at aged pastor.'

Having left him some days once. But the Captain coolly asked, 'Wher's Stark, on the intelligence of Burguoyne's the Col! I want to see Col. Warner, before Her mother gazed on her daughter with geninvasion, was offered the command of one of I more. The Col. was sent for, and the retwo regiments of troops which were raised in doudtable Captain, drawing himself up, said with the nasal twang peculiar to the Purily, of John Langdon, Speaker of the General tans of old, 'Naow, Kernel, what d've want me to dew! Drive those red-coats from the hill youder, was the answer. Wal, it shall pleased with the convention.

without a moment's hesitation. Said an eye witness, afterwards the last we Would you like to hear how?" and her bright saw of Warners regiment for balf an hour, eyes twinkled at me so mischievously. militia were enrolled into an organization was when they entered the smoke and fire about half way up the hill. Stark, with a more surprised than edified. In spite of new portion of his rallied troops, supported the philosophy, it shocked me to hear women Berkshire men, and the royal forces were de- speaking so boldly upon such themes, before feated after a close contest. A portion of a mixed assemblage. But I had begun to

officers were taken prisoners, among the lat- pretty comfortable about it, and was just sitter Col. Baum, who soon died of Lie wounds, ting down in my hotel to affix my signisture men, killed, and a large number wounded, me from my father. I had been gone a week, Of the Americans, about one hundred were and little thought I what the household had killed and the same number wounded. The passed through in that short time. It brought spoils consisted of four pieces of cannon, sev- me news of my mother's alarming illness, and eral hundred stand of excellent muskets, two my youngest brother's attack of some nainful

hundred and fifty dragoons swords, eight disease. My father was alone with his troubbrass drums, and four wagons laden with le. stores, clothing and ammunition. and discouraged his army, while it enlivened My mother's and, reproving eye and wasted

the Indians, and the latter suffered so severe his brave troops for their great victory, and the fellow, at the clasp of a woman's arms,

Misenable Prople - Young ladies with

ANNA HUPE. A Story for Young Ladies.

> "My dear M., come to us, and see if you can do anything with our Anna. She is cra-zy to attend the Waman's Rights Convent-

So I wrote a Boston friend, who had been school-mate of mine. Her husband was a merchant in rather easy circumstances. Anna She had pretty hair, that curled luxuriantly; were calculated to arrest attention, even to please eminently. Add to these advantages,

The following day found me at the cottage of my early friend. The dew sparkled on the little lawn in front; the roses blushed and hrew out delicious perfume.

I saw, as Anna's mother had told me, that the child was " Woman's Rights' crazy. Ridicule, argument, persuasion, all were useless. She launched out in full tide her whole theme-woman, her degradation, her lecting his business, as he was obliged to do, wrongs, her eminent qualifications, her evilin order to help at home; and dear little dent superiority. In vain I cited case after Charley, who had studied with great success case to prove my side of the argument. All would not do. Man was a tyrant, a human tiger, with nothing but brute force to recomwoman. Woman was great I; man, little u. Nothing could be done with the girl. She shook her early head, snapped her bright

eves, set her little lips-together, and thrust a new idea into my brain. The witch was pretty, and strove to throw into her small person all the aignity and masculinity she could assume. She, no doubt, felt her slender shoulders equal to the burden of a small world.

"What shall I do?" asked her father, in despair. "I wish she had never got these foolish notions in her head. She is continu-John Stark, the hero of Bennington, was a foot, arged their way up the little hill. Brave her arms and ankles, trying to prove that native of New Hampshire. At an early age parson Allen, with a clubbed musket, was she has enormous strength. She reads works he enlisted in a company of rangers, participated in several conflicts with the savages, and at last fell into their hands, a prisoner of was a volcano of fire. Stark, in his official me extremely by contradicting our venerable

travelling to New York alone?" "Never fear, but what she will take care of herself," replied I; "something tells me lings, and engravings, that I have ever seen her of her foolish whim."

PART SECOND.

One delightful morning, the second of my

Her father gave me a triumphant glance. tle affection, and something between a tear ing, he eyed the glasses with a manifest terand a smile sprang to her eyes.

In the evening Auna was alone with me, and I ventured to ask, how she had been

be done, said the Captain, and issuing the Don't agention it," she answered, blush-necessary orders, he led his men to the charge, ing a little "I have entirely recovered from the silly mania that possessed me then .-"Well, I went to the convention, and was

them escaped, but seven hundred men and get somewhat accustomed to it, and to feel The British lost two hundred and seven to some resolutions, when a letter was handed

"I need not say how I hurried home, for-This victory, severely crippled Burgoyne, getting all my new 'rights and privileges. the Americans from one extent of the counform smote me to the heart; and, for the
try to the other. It taught the British troops first time, I felt how much I had neglected
flour. The principal lemon gardens were alto respect the American militia, and it was a duty in leaving her, an invalid, to battle continued their preparations while waiting brilliant precursor to the victories of Sarato-for reinforcements. Skinnishing was kept ga and Benis Hights. Congress soled thanks to Gen, Stark and relieved him of his burden; and the dear litthat a great portion of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the war with replication of the savage force took measures to push on the savage force took measures to

"I can never perfectly describe to you A city sportsman at the finish of one day's from Ireland, and unless under the supervis-Very well, replied Stark, do you want to A star actress with her name in small let- and disfigured with soot and ashes. I could be a swell learned this cherished sister must dis and it on the yoke. They soon give up and a few woman's better instincts always on twit the hardly keep from crying.

"The week's wash stood about in tubs and baskets, on chairs, and the floor. The kitchen had a horrid smell of burnt and uncooked food. Through the open windows came pouring the sun upon little heaps of dust and bits of cinders, an unwashed hearth, and a denlorable stove. In the closets were dishes of damp and mouldy bread, pieces of ment

covered with flies. The sight was absolutely sickening. "The parlor was littered with papers and toys, and the furniture white with dust. To crown the confusion, company had been here -one of those week, thoughtless kind of women, who never know what to do in such bright eyes, a delicate complexion. To sum a case, but to stay the day out, fret and worrv the sick, eat, drink, sit down with folded hands, and go away to wonder, "What kind

of carcless folks do live in the world!

"Her two children had broken the case of my guitar, snapped off all its strings, quar-relled with my little brother, and given him the whooping cough.
"I went to the bed-rooms next; everything was in like disorder. My poor father had slept what little he could, on a mess of bed-

clothes, and lumps of feathers. "But all this fuss and confusion was not the worst of it. My father, who could ill afford it, lost fifteen bundred dollars by negup to the very period of my departure, failed to receive the medal, for which he had been working a whole year, because he had been obliged to stay at home and nurse little Franky. I felt as if I could never forgive myself,or cease to regret that my father's letter was delayed four days behind its time; but I went resolutely to work; and in the course of time, everything was put to rights in our neglected household; and that's the shut out from the mind, familiar faces, long kind of rights I've been working at ever since,"

expressive eves. She looked absolutely beautiful to me then; and I was about to commend her for her improvement, when the identical Biddy, much improved, looked in at the door with "Af you plase, Miss Ann, Mr. Harris is here, and wants to know will you be coming

"Ah, Anna!" said I, laughing at her eloquent blush, and catching her hand as she came towards me, "confess that one of these tured on the outward-eye. Is this vision all for hours at their harpsiebord; what a won-claimed for it by its proprietor is destined horrid men, these walking ligers, these tyrants, has had something to do with your nection with the physical world! Is altere melting for earth; she was wanted among warlike purposes now in "Let her go to the convention, and trust sudden conversion. Anna, don't give no communion on earth with kindred spirits up your liberty, you know the pressure of from the better land? I do not know. What

The merry girl ran laughing from my preswill it look to And a young thing, like her, up against the wall; several quite beautiful poems, elegantly written, in her portifolio. and the choicest collection of books, draw-

These indicated her gentle taste and feminine refinement; but they weighed as nothing in the balance with her mother's heart-

"Anna is a treaure; she is all I could wish -all a perfect woman could be." And who could wish to be more!

A Tetotal Monkey. Dr. Gnthrie relates an amusing anecdote of a reasonable monkey, which we must pre-

Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course to his head. Amid their roars of with the intention of repeating the fun, to

Having left him some days to get well. and resume his gavety, they at length carried him off to the old scene of revel. On enterror, skulking behind the chair: and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook the whip at him. Jack astride

on the ridgepole, grinned defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this disciple of Temperance; he ducked his head and slipped over to the back of the house; upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid of the fire than the fire-water, the monkey leaned at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into a flue, held on by his forepaws. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whiskey. -N. Y. Quarterly.

DREADFUL HURRICANE IN SICILY.-A letter to a mercantile house in Boston, under date of Mesina, Nov. 16th, states that on the morning of the 13th of that month, there was a dreadful hurricane in Sicily, accompanied by heavier rains than ever before experienced in the country. Whole villages were entirely destroyed and swept into the sea, a gratitude and gladness. I have had some large number of lives was lost. So many so destroyed.

A RUSSIAN SCHEME TO BURN LONDON-A correspondent of the Paris Press writing

LAMBS FOR THE BUTCHER. - Where lambs

of cheap materials as of dear ones.

The Reason Why. Why does Kate look so pale, mother ? Why are her arms so small? Why does she never smile, mother? Why do her cyclids full ?

Why does she walk alone, mother ? As if she had no friend? Why does she sigh so oft, mother ? If she is so near her end?

Why does she breathe so quick, mother? And start as if it shocked her. To hear the quiet rap, mother, Of Smith, the village doctor?

Why does he come so oft, mother? Can he prolong her days, By leaving pills and gifts, mother, And singing love-sick lays?

Twas but the other night, mother, When Kate lay near my heart, She urged me to be good, mother, And said we soon must part. She said she was to go, mother,

Away from home and me, And leave papa and you, mother, To dwell near by the sea. Is it on Jordan's stormy banks, mother,

Where she is to be carried?" "Shut up, shut np, you little brat-She's going to be MARRIED!"

WA ERELT

A Story for the Little Ones. It is twilight, and I am alone. Now com efore me forms that I love. I am no longer alone. Though the busy bustling world is missed from earth, hover near me, and look upshe added, with the tears, overbrimming her on me. My sister I see her glad smiles, hear her acceuts of love, converse with her, as in early days, ere her spirit departed. O this still, serious, solemn hour of twilight! I bless my heavenly Father for the associations which cluster around it, for the thoughts of the past which it calls up, for the images of the loved and lost ones which it reveals.

My sister! The snows of two winters have fallen upon her grave, and yet her form appears as distinctly, almost, as if it were pic-

childhood was in the country. The mansion where we dwelt was nestled amid a thousand rural charms.

They have all left their images in my affections; and she, that sister, is associated closely with each one of them. We climb turned with the tendrils of his heart; his voice fie suitable for footmen with a range of one. ed the highest hills together, in the summer time, and meadows, and forests after wild-

The influence of a kind and amiable sister over a brother, in childhood and early youth, is exceedingly desirable. It softens, polishes, humanizes him. Many a time when my impulsive and rougher spirit has been on the point of committing some petty act of mischief, has the gentle voice of my sister dissuaded me from it.

I remember that one bright and beautiful day in autumn, when I was bent on playing the truant from school, and had settled my I sometimes experience when I sit musing loaded and discharged ten times. They carwhole plan of operations, even—I blush to alone. and made me tear the note I was penning into save me from ever cherishing such guilty

thoughts again. In our wanderings through the forest, separated only by a meadow and a narrow brook from our dwelling, we one day found a sparrow's nest, with three or four little sparrows in it, too young to fly. The old birds left the nest as we approached, and hovered around, not far off, showing a great deal of tain evening party, a haughty young beauty ove for their offspring, and evidently not a turned to a student who stood near her, and little afraid that they were soon to be child- saidless. Both my sister and myself looked upon this scene for some minutes with some interest. We examined the nest, and admired the curiosity to see him. Do you bring him skill and ingenuity which the birds had displayed in making it. How nicely it was

braided together. There were coarse straws and sticks on the outside of it, on the inside there were fine hairs, and little bits of cotton and wool, and thistle down, curiously and beautifully interwoven. It was a charming piece of workmanship, that little sparrow's nest. Well, as with an affected yawn. stood there looking at it, I thought it would be a fine thing to take those little sparrows her to defer the introduction till a more fahome with us, nest and all. I had never had vorable time, repeating the answer he had any tame bir is; and I did not doubt that I could soon make the little sparrows so tame that they would come and liop upon my shoulder when I called them.

Forgetting every kind and generous feeling in this one selfish desire, I was about to climb the tree, and secure the helpless sparrows. when my sister made such an appeal to my better feelings, that my arm was entirely unnerved. I did not violate the peace of that happy family, but left them chiruping their gratitude and gladness. I have had some ed him from head to foot, and then waiving ders tied to his tail. Whether Flynn gave such temptation. That plea has secured the the back of her hand toward him, drawled up the money without getting a shellah to happiness of many a forest warbler. I owe Outmuch of the good-will I have cherished toward birds to the tenderness with which she always treated them. I never could harm one of the dear little things since.

rather than by design, however. The robin should be watered, was busy as he could be picking currants in some other way. a sweet eleep. When I saw him slumbering in his cradle, I left my mother with the nurse, and made a hurried visit over the house.

Duke Constantine some time since proposed to arm and equip the whole fleet of Cronstantine some other way.

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Since the since proposed to arm and equip the way and truth from being neterly fighten him away. The stone lift the poor fighten him away. The stone lift the poor fighten him away. picket troops and endeavor to eapture or de- fellow, however, strange enough, I always one-half of the whole world, in the form of money and war. Let him be grateful for before daylight he called on General Stark, A printer who publishes a paper for nothand said, General, the people of Berkshire county have often been called out, without being allowed to fight, and if you don't give them a chance, they have resolved never to turn out again.

LAMBS FOR THE BUTCHER.—Where lambs to of my mother, was a very little service. Not a floor was avery. Biddy was cutting some raw, red slices of half-cooked beef, for the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired out, without then dropped as early as March; and into leave my mind for the eatire of succulent food—as carrots, turnips, they have resolved never to turn out again.

LAMBS FOR THE BUTCHER.—Where lambs thered a few moments, gasped for breath a few become oxygen and hydrogen gases.

A printer who publishes a paper for noth- some raw, red slices of half-cooked beef, for the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired out, without the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments, gasped for breath a few become oxygen and hydrogen gases.

A printer who publishes a paper for noth- some raw, red slices of half-cooked beef, for moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair.

A smoking nephew or a visit to an anti- dimension of the end of the image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I wept a long time about the tragic nffair. The image of the dying retired a few moments and died. I went a long time about the tragic nffair.

A young doctor who has just killed his first in scalding varies of the west with good tered a few moments, gasped for breath a few become oxygen and hydrogen gases.

rived. Yet her end was calm and peaceful. Her sun went down while it was yet day. But it went down unclouded. "I am weary, brother," said she, "let me sleep." She did sleep—slept the long sleep of death, and her

tired spirit found repose.

My sister, how like a flood do the thoughts of her kind and loving heart; of her deep, warm, active piety; of her cheerful, patient, trustful spirit; of her happy frame, while sinking under the influence of disease—how do these thoughts, and such as these rush in-to my mind, as I muse on the past at this calm hour of twilight-

"In the still hour of thought when we are free To leave the real world for things which seem." "For things which seem," but are they seeming only i

Music.

O! for the eloquence of an angel's tongue when we approach this them? Music sweet, soul-subduing melody; charmer, at whose approach the evil passions of our na-ture fly like unboly birds from the face of beauty, paled but not corrupted by death!
Gentle spirit, guarding with its holy wings
the purer portals of the heart, touching the the purer portals of the heart, touching the innocent lips of childhood, till from their ruby lips fall pearls fit to shine in the crown of a Peri; enriching womanhood with a gift that twice enhances its loveliness.

to listen in that hour to the melting strains of heaven's own choir. I think my angel child that fifty long years ago was carried from his mother's bosom to the churchyard, will bring his little harp and sing to me tendealy; I remember how often I would find him with his blue eyes beaming upwards as he lisped,
"Jesus blessed the little children,"

Took them in his loving arms." I think my beautiful Mary, she who died in the bright blossoming of youth; she out impropriety; and they are never separawhose face looks out from yonder wealth of ted except at needlework." curls that golden the mute canvas; I think she will bring her harp down to brigten the last moments of her old father. She was ever fond of music, and to please me, would sit the harpers up there; and so they called her most efficacious and terrible fire arms is exmysteries hang over the spirit world!

My sister! The scenes through which we passed together are spread out before the would have blessed him, had you beheld him and can be fired ten times per minute. It is breaking the bread of life to the little flock, not complicated in structure is easily cleaned that hung with awe and rapture on his in- and suffers no injury from wet weather. spired lips. I seem to see him now; his Mr. Sharpe is now preparing models for broad brow, his full, meek eye, his uplifted four new species of his weapon namely 1 A hand; you might have read a sermon from small pocket pistol calculated to three a his face, my gentle minister boy! And he minnie ball one hundred yards a cavalry ple loved music; it was a necessity of his nature, tol, with a range of five hundred yards a riwas liquid with it; I know John will come mile; and a large gun to throw a two ounce down and sing to me. And there is anothball, or a small shell, one mile and a half, or er I think will come—nay! I am sure she as far as a man or horse can be seen to adwill be here. Ten years ago, within this very vantage. With this latter weapon, Mr. S. den room, the spirit of my wife passed to her Savior's bosom. Could I tell you how lovely, how self-denying, how meek, how angelic she was! but I cannot; words can never paint her was! but I cannot; words can never paint her virtues ! they would seem shadows still. For range. This rifle in the hands of a good forty long years she was my other self-my marksman, is equal to ten muskets; bayonets better-oh! how far better self. She will be and all, for, place a man six rods distant with with me there, she is often with me now; I a musket and bayonet, and before he cast know it by that sweet inflow of emotion that bring the basonet, into use, the rifle can be

say it—the writing of a false apology to the village schoolmaster, that gentle girl leaning lovingly on my shoulder, and pleading as an angel might have done, to heed the voice of conscience, and do right, won me sent the village church. It may be because my ear - Did she love music? With her whole con-cience, and do right, won me, sent the village church. It may be because my ear fare unequalled in the world crimson current of shape through my face, is dull, but I never hear melody now like that. And she taught all my little ones to to a thousand fragments, while I asked God tune their tender voices; we had a nest of birds then!

I am glad I am old; my life has been a

THE BELLE AND THE STUDENT.—At a cerespent on the sod, was at a little road side ain evening party, a haughty young beauty inn about fifteen miles from Dublin. Have

here and introduce him to me.' The student went in search of his friend. and at length found him lounging on the

'Come, L-,' said he, 'my beautiful Cousin Catharine wishes to be introduced to . Well, trot her out, John, drawled L-

John returned to his cousin and advised received. The beauty bit her lips, but the next mo-

ment she said-ntroduced.

After some delay, L—was led up and in. The brindle pup took a look and he introduced.

the ceremony of introduction performed ._ made a plunge. She caught the brindle pup Agreeably surprised by the beauty and com- by the nose. manding appearance of Catherine, L made a profoundly low bow; but instead of the door. When last seen he was rubbing returning it, she raised her eveglass, survey. towards Dublin as if he had eight tin eithers

Trot him off, John, that's enough !

WATER FOR SHEEP .- Unless sheep have access to succulent food or clean snow, water I remember once having killed a robin is indispensable. Constant access to a brook this undoubted achievement of her car, that with a stone. I did it through carelessness or spring is beat, but in default of this they it is she—she far more than he, and she too should be watered, at least once a day, in often in despite of him who has kept Chris-

thought, for I was a very indifferent marks, water. These gases, united, form water, was I this that almost every great soul that man, and he fell down from the bushes; that ter may be, decomposed, and it will again forward or lifted up the race has been fur-

was a sadder day when the dreaded hour ar- trial will complete ly break them of the babit. tyranical diplomacy of man. Let him cheep-

Separating the Sexes in School.

On this point Mr. Stow. a celebrated Glas-On this point Mr. Stow, a calebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:
"The youth of both sexes of our fleotish peasantry have been educated fogether, and as a whole the Scota are the most several papers on the face of the globe. Education in England is given separately, and we know never heard from practical men that and benefit has arisen from this arrangement.—Some influential individuals there moura over the popular prejudice on this point. In Debulin a large number of the girls term out baddly who have been educated alone till they attain the age of maturity, than those whe attain the age of maturity, than these who have been otherwise brought up—the separation of the sexes has been found to be positively injurious. In France the separation of the sexes in youth is productive of fearful evils. It is stated by the best authority, that of those girls educated in the schools of convents, apart from boys, the great majority go wrong within a month after being let loose upon society, and meeting the other sex.—They cannot, it said, resist the slightest compliment or flatery. The senaration is intend-

pliment or flatery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral, but this time that twice enhances its loveliness.

"When I die," said a white-haired sage, bring me music. Let it ring without in wild, rich, yet solemn strains. Let it float within, aye! even by my bed-side, and on its soft unseen radiance I will wing my way from this to the celestial world. And yet I trust to listen in that hour to the melting strains.

The boys morally as high without girls. The boys morally elevate the boys and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this, girls themselves are morally side vated by the presence of boys and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of t girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in school with girls are more positively intel-

lectual by the softening influence of the female character. "In the Normal Seminary at Glosses the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls from the age of two and three years of age, to four-teen and fifteen have been trained in the same

Sharps Biffes.

This recently invented weapon, if it possess one half-of the power and capacity

ry balls with great precision and force. Mr.

An American Rat Dog. Last summer, Bob L crossed the At-lantic to spend a little time and a good deal of money in looking at the women and woning, partaken of a supper of bacon sud eggs said—
Cousin John, I understand your eccentie on the floor. The first one to notice the tric friend L——is here. I have a great critter, was Mr. Flynn, who kept the house. 'And what do you call that !

> 'A what!' An American rat dog. Musha, go long—and do you call such & spalpeen a dog ?... I do indeed, and he is worthy of his

That is an American rat dog!

Will be fight f Yes sir, not only fight, but will whip any eight pound dog in Ireland. Will you hold the ten shillings on that ?

'I will. Enough said—Barney get the brindle pup we bought of Sheridan yesterday, and les Well, never fear; I shall insist on being Barney done as was desired. The brindle

The brindle pup gave one yell and put for

act as umpire, will be known when the ment

steamer arives: Man's Duty to Woman.

Let him learn to be graceful to woman for nushed for each noble deed, and inspired