

# The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

MONTROSE, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 44.

## EMPORIUM

OF

### DRY GOODS !!

No. 63 COURT Street, Binghamton.

Will the people of MONTROSE

and vicinity please read our list of prices

and compare them with the prices that

others charge for the same article?

Good De Laines, for 9 cents per yard.

Fine " " 10 " " "

Beautiful " 11 & 12 " " "

Fine Madder Prints, FAST colors, 6 1/2 cts. p'r y'd.

Best " " " 8 " " "

Best Shilling Prints, 9 y'ds for 88 cts.

French Prints, yard wide, 1s pr yard.

Good Gingham, FAST colors, 8 1/2 cts. " "

Fine " " 9 yards for 94 cents.

Heavy Denims for 7 1/2 cents per yard.

Apron Checks for 9 " " "

Stripe Shirting for 9 " " "

Heavy Tickings, 9 " " "

Fine Shirting for 5 " " "

Heavy Sheetings, yard wide, 6 1/2 " " "

Very Heavy " " 7 " " "

All Wool Flannel 18 1/2 " " "

All Silk & Wool Broche Shawls \$3.

All Wool Double Blanket Shawls 2 1/2.

STEEL SPRING SKIRTS of

all kinds constantly on hand.

A very large assortment of elegant

DRESS SILKS!!

from three Shillings upwards.

Our space will not admit giving

a more complete list of prices, and we

will therefore only add that all Goods

usually kept in a DRY GOODS Store

may be had at Equally Low Rates, at

HALLOCK & COOKE'S

DRY GOODS EMPORIUM,

63 Court Street.

Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 25th. -4w

## THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS, BY

A. J. GERRITSON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING, OPPOSITE THE P. O.

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**Gutenberg, Rosenbaum & Co.,** DEALERS in Ready-made Clothing, Ladies' Dress Goods, Furnishing Goods, etc., etc. Store at No. 24 Dey-st., New-York City, and in Towanda, Montrose, and Susquehanna Depots, Pa.

**L. B. ISBELL,** REPAIRS Clocks, Watches and Jewels, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler & Jessup's block, Montrose, Pa. [oct25th.]

**Drs. Blakeslee & Brush,** HAVE associated themselves for the prosecution of the duties of their profession, and respectfully offer their professional services to the laudable Public. Office at the residence of Dr. Blakeslee, midway between the villages of Dimock and Springville. [oct25th.]

**ISAAC L. HUNT,** IMPORTER and Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Cutlery, Carriage Trimmings, &c., also manufacturer of American Hardware, and proprietor U. S. Malleable Iron Works at Newark, New Jersey, No. 215 Pearl street, near Maiden Lane, New York. [sept8th.]

**HAYDEN BROTHERS,** WHOLESALE Dealers in Buttons, Combs, Suspensives, Threads, Fancy Goods, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Cigars, &c., &c., New Milford, Pa. Merchants and Pedlars, supplied on liberal terms. [oct25th.]

**HENRY B. MCKEAN,** ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW. Office in the Union Block—Towanda, Bradford county, Pa. [oct25th.]

**DR. E. W. WELLS,** HAVING permanently located in **Pennsboro** offers his professional services to all who may require them. Also, keeps constantly on hand a full stock of **Drugs and Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical purposes.** [sept8th.]

**DR. H. SMITH,** SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office opposite the Baptist Church (north side) Montrose. Particular attention will be given to **dentistry.** [oct25th.]

**ABEL TURRELL,** DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Stuffs, Glass-ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., and Agent for all the most popular Patent Medicines, Montrose, Pa. [oct25th.]

**DR. E. F. WILMOT,** GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homoeopathic Colleges of Medicine, Gt. Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main and Elizabeth-sts., nearly opposite the Methodist church. [oct25th.]

**M. C. TYLER,** SPECIAL Partner, with Lawrence, Griggs & Kingbury, manufacturers and jobbers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, & Furs, Umbrellas, Parasols, Ribbons, and all Millinery articles. No. 48, Court-street, New York. [sept8th.]

**Wm. H. Cooper & Co.,** BANKERS, Successors to POST, COOPER & CO., Montrose, Pa. Office one door east from Post's Store, Turnpike Street. WM. HUNTING COOPER. HENRY DRINKER. [oct25th.]

**C. O. FORDHAM,** MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES. Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's Store. All kinds of work made to order and repairing done neatly. [oct25th.]

**WM. W. SMITH & CO.,** CABINET and Chair Manufacturers, foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [oct25th.]

**DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,** PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office over Wilson's store; Lodgings at Searle's Hotel. [oct25th.]

**DR. JOHN W. COBB,** PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office on Public Avenue, opposite Searle's Hotel, Montrose. [oct25th.]

**DR. B. THAYER,** PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Montrose, Pa.—Office in the Farmer's Store. [oct25th.]

**JOHN GROVES,** FASHIONABLE Tailor. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. [oct25th.]

**NEWS OFFICE,** THE New York City Illustrated Newspapers, Magazines, etc., for sale at the Montrose Book Store, by A. N. BULLARD. [oct25th.]

**CHARLES MORRIS,** BARBER, and Hair Dresser. Shop No. 3 in basement of Searle's Hotel, Montrose. [oct25th.]

**MEAT MARKET,** On Public Avenue, near Searle's Hotel. KEEP constantly on hand a good supply of MEATS of all kinds. CASH paid for Beef Cattle, Calves, Sheep, and Lambs. Also for Hides of all kinds. HENSTOCK & HAWLEY. [oct25th.]

**H. GARRATT,** WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER IN FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &c. NEW MILFORD, PA.—Sole Agent, FRATT'S Office. WILL keep constantly on hand the best brands of FLOUR—by the Sack or Hundred Barrels—at the lowest market prices. Also, SALT—by the Single Barrel or Load. All orders from Merchants and Dealers will be promptly attended to. Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelts, Hides, and all Farmers' Produce in their season. [oct25th.]

**TAILORING,** P. REYNOLDS, HAVING returned to Montrose for the purpose of resuming the Tailoring Business, respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to attend to their wants with promptness and fidelity. [oct25th.]

**Latest Fashions** always at hand. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel—corner room to front. [oct25th.]

## SUMMER IS DEAD.

Hush! tell not to the flowers and trees, Whisper it not to the birds and the breeze; Let not the blossoms of crimson and blue Hear the sad tale, though its burden be true, Summer is dead!

Hush! for the sea hath suspended its breath, Fearing to catch the first summons of death, And the bright clouds that are passing away, Pain must drop tears could they hear what you say, Summer is dead.

Aye! though her mantle of glory be still Spread over garden and meadow and hill— Though the rich bloom hath no touch of decay, And the bee toils through the long sunny day, Summer is dead.

Aye! it is ended! From forest and glen, From cities alive with the conflict of men, From the grass at our feet, for the now silent bird, From earth, sea and sky, in our spirits is heard, Summer is dead.

So much of our glory and gladness is left, We sigh not at those of her presence bereft; Her crown and her garlands unfaded are hung, Where they dropped when she said they were hung, Summer is dead.

Her hands are cold; her face is white; No more her pulses come and go; Her eyes are shut to life and light; Fold the white vestures, snow on snow, And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone, To plead for tears with alien eye: A slender cross, of wood alone, Shall say that here a maiden lies. In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

And old gray trees of hugest limb Shall wheel their circling shadows round, To make the scorching sunlight dim That drinks the greenness from the ground And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When'er their boughs the squirrels run, And through their leaves the robins call, And ripening in the autumn sun, The scorns and the chestnuts fall, Doubt not that she will heed them all!

For the morning choir shall sing, Its matins from the branches high, And every minstrel of the spring, And their thrills to the April sky, Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track, Eastward the lengthened shadows pass, 'Tis on the cross, among the trees, Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees Shall find the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dust they seize In leaves and blossoms to the skies, So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask, what maiden lies below? Say only this: a tender bed, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets blow.

**THE FARMER BOY'S SONG.** Let others boast of wealth and fame, Pursue them those that love them, Be mine such wild desires to tame, And raise myself above them. Content may find a resting place Within a lowly cottage, And Love will think it no disgrace To dine with me on postage.

If happiness is what we need, In palace or in hovel, Pray, is it found with greatest speed With scepter or with shovel? I tell you that the Farmer boy Stands in the greatest peril Of roeping in those fields of joy That to the prince are sterile.

Oh yes! oh yes! I love my lot, In the good old days when General Jackson was President, he was making a tour to visit the northern portion of his dominion, and was received at every city and every village by a ceremonious welcome. Committees were appointed; and every man had a little speech of his own to make. It happened that in the city of New York, the arrangement was to have the committee of the city to go to Amboy, and meet the General on the board the steamer, and there welcome him to the hospitality of New York, and escort him to the city, the chairman of the committee was an alderman, distinguished for more soundness in the Democratic faith than for shining talents as an orator, one of the very few persons in our country who are wholly unacquainted to public speaking.

When the committee reached Amboy, the General came on board the boat, and they stepped forward and were presented. The alderman, making a most profound bow, and having prepared himself most elaborately, began: "May I please you excellency?" and then suddenly seemed struck with confusion. He looked around to his brethren for help, but nothing was suggested, and again he began with a profound bow—"May I please your excellency?" and again he stood. The General stood waiting with a bland expression of countenance, and he began in the same way the third time, and when a like result, and then holding out his hand to the President, human nature burst forth: "Hang it all, I have forgotten my whole speech! We're glad to see you, General!" The General shook his hand, and said it was the pleasant as well as the shortest speech he had heard since he had left home.

"Benny dear, you're a dirty face." "Can't help it, man, dad's a black Republican."

## A Tale of Western Life.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forest, there lived upon a branch of the Green river, an old hunter by the name of Slater. His but was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense old forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age.

His elder children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effect of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money for civilization was rapidly approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family was sitting down to the frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not a man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They presented themselves as travellers bound father West, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstances, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance, but Slater, all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feeling. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after a little while the talk dwindle to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After supper was over the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather the twilight was fading, and Slater, in a low whisper, said to Philip, "I saw a man take a look over his shoulder, 'what do you think of these men?' 'I am afraid they are bad ones,' returned the younger boy.

"So I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?" "Yes," "So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scarecrows."

"But we can watch them." "Yes, we will watch them, but don't let them see it." The boys then held some further consultation, and then going to the dog-house, they set the small door aback, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak to their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

His length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed—we may want them. We are as good as men, with the rifles."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quick as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pocket behind the great stove chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the stranger's rifle; and when their father and the strangers returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building, being the old man's sleeping room, and the other room in which the present company sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the boy's bed. There was no partition at the edge of the scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travellers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The boys thought not of sleep, or if they did it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat, by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sack back, and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and lay down.

At first the boys thought this might be thrown to the dogs, to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea flashed through Philip's mind of poison. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed was a dark window, a small square door, and as it was directly over the dog's house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villains, and the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself stoop in haste, and he descended upon the trail. His father's life might be in his hands! The thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without making a sound, and he swung on his hinges without noise. Then he threw off the sheet and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoyed his brother not to move, and then slid noiselessly down. The hounds had found the meat, but they drew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then quietly tied the meat in the sheet. There was a little ladder leading up near the dog-house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the stangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repeat they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. "An hour passed away, and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the door on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, and then Philip crept to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering:

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, "and then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffold) wake up we can take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villains.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but the old one first."

Philip's heart beat with horror. "Down the ladder outside quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down, and start the dogs! Run for the front door, and throw it open—it isn't fastened. Oh, do let me look out for a while while you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down, and the hunter's rifle was ready to be fired. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy here uttered a single word of heart-felt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger.

The villain whose hand was on the latch uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for that instant the outer door was flung open, and the hounds came in number upon the room. With a deep, wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

"Help us! help us, father!" cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murdering robbers! Hold 'em, hold 'em!" the boy continued, clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men on the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, then turned upon the boys. Philip told him all that had transpired. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole meaning truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered, as he clasped them to his bosom, "God bless you for this! Oh, I dreamed not that you had such hearts!"

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence, while a glow of gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notorious; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long ranged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river, I beg they would take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest, park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro. Ask your captain who lives there, and he will tell you, that Philip Slater & Brother, retired from war, have taken up their abode there. They were the Boy-Heroes of whom I have been writing.

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally Bridget for the amusement of her company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie: "Why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indeed, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget, "isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

"The best bed-comforter—a nice gall.

## A Japanese Social Tea-Party.

"We paid a visit to the jolly hostess and fair dames of the inn—one of whom by the way, had said she looked for my return, and had saved a kitten for me, for which I thanked the fair creature, telling her I should take another opportunity for calling for her present."

We pursued our peregrinations through the garden, and suddenly came upon a social party of Japanese ladies and gentlemen at tea in a pretty summer house. We bowed to them on passing, and as we did not wish to intrude upon their privacy, we were about to withdraw; when a young gentleman arose, came towards us, and pressed us to enter and partake of some tea. We gladly acceded to his request; and were soon at ease with our new acquaintances. Small square tables, of lacquered wood, about a foot and a half in height, and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; these supported tea, sweet-meats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty; the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Christian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, and teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the side and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two and the chief object of attraction to the young officer, as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm round her waist and looking lovingly into her eyes.

These were graceful in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover, and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony—at least our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone, a species of white, not altogether so discordant from the Chinese, yet merely barbarous from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavoring to outshout the other. Our elder host were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Gipsy and Mario, and could not endure the finest Japanese singers. Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play while the other danced. The performance was peculiar; she went round the apartments as in a slow walk, making graceful passes with her hand and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing to us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk; a loose tunic, with wide sleeves, was fastened round the waist with parti-colored sash. The married ladies were attired in robes of a fantastic resembling casimere, and of a color of lavender color. After tea they introduced a paper and some light wine. The Japanese tobacco is very mild and without flavor, so we requested that they would permit us to light. Observing instead, according to our custom, that they smoked their own tobacco, they examined our uniform minutely, asking the English name of each part of it, and pronouncing each word separately after us."

[Toussou's Voyage to Japan.

**Serenading a Young Lady.** A friend tells the following: In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence, it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly delighted, and immediately played a waltz, and then a minuet, and then a young lady on the following night. I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived, as I supposed, at the lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of a good old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady, the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I struck up, but the window remained closed, and the boys began to snore."

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up "Old Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flustered.

"Once more, boys," said I, "and she must come." I struck up again—"My love is like the red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humping. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, I'll give up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line, the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys; I knew we could fetch her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and dressing gown.

"Friend," said he, "this was singing of thy home—and, if I recollect right, thou said there was no place like home; and if that be true, why don't thou go to thy home? There is not wanted here—thou nor thy company, Farrell."

We, and our hats, went home!

An old man, smitten with the desire for family glory, sent one of his twelve sons to college to become a doctor. On his return, determined to test his acquisitions, he asked an explanation of the manner in which the vitals were respectively conducted to the stomach. The son, being glibless of anatomical lore, very quietly told him that there was a clapper placed between two pipes leading to the stomach; when a drink it closed the opening in that one appropriated to convey food; and when he ate, for the drink. The old man, after a few extra whiffs of his pipe, allowing the power of a mental struggle, replied: "How must it go when I eat mash and milk?"

We prize the cauliflower for its head, the cabbage for its heart.