

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., APRIL 26, 1860.

VOLUME XVII, NUMBER 17.

WILLIAM A. SNOW
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, GREAT BRIDGE,
OFFICE ON MAIN-ST., OPPOSITE WESTERN
HOUSE, GREAT BRIDGE, APRIL 4th, 1860.

DRS. L. W. BINGHAM & D. C. ANEY
WOULD announce to the Public that they
have entered into a partnership for the
practice of
MEDICINE & SURGERY,
and are prepared to attend to all calls in the
line of their profession at all hours when not otherwise
engaged by Dr. Bingham. The one formerly
occupied by Dr. Bingham.
N. B. The book accounts of Dr. Bingham must
be immediately settled by notes or otherwise.
L. W. BINGHAM,
New Milford, March 28th, 1860.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS, have removed their
Office to Lathrop's new building, over the
Banking office of Cooper & Co. All Dental
operations will be performed in their usual good
style and warranted.
Montrose, March 24th, 1860.

McCullum & Scario,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS at LAW,
Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new
building, over the Bank.
J. B. MCCULLUM, D. W. SCARIO.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa.
Shop in the Brick Block, over Read & Co's
Store. All work warranted, as fit and finish.

ALFRED HAND,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW,
Montrose, Pa., will attend to all business
entrusted to him, with fidelity and despatch.
He may be found at the office of W. & W. H.
Jenney, Esq.

S. H. Sayre & Brother,
MANUFACTURERS of Sill Castings, and
Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and
Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., November 16th, 1858.

Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co.,
DEALERS in Ready-made Clothing, Ladies'
Dresses, Furnishing Goods, etc., etc.,
Stores at No. 24 Dey-st., New York City, and in
Montrose, and Susquehanna St.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at
short notice, and on reasonable terms. All
work warranted. Shop in Chandler & Jenney's
store, Montrose, Pa. [Seal]

DRS. Blakeslee & Brush,
HAVE associated themselves for the pro-
fession of the duties of their profession, and
respectfully offer their professional services to
the Invalid Public. Office at the residence of
Dr. Blakeslee, midway between the villages of
Dimock and Springville.
J. B. BLAKESLEE, D. E. BRUSH.

HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE Dealers in Buttons, Combs,
Suspenders, Pins, Pencils, Pens, Goods,
Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Gun-
nery, Fishing Tackle, Cigars, &c., &c., New Mil-
ford, Pa. Merchants and Peddlars, supplied on
liberal terms. W. H.

HENRY B. MCKEAN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW,
Office in the Union Block—Towanda, Pa.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Dye-stuffs, Glass-ware, Paints, Oils, Varial
Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jew-
elry, Perfumery, &c.—And Agent for all the
most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, Pa.

DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homoeo-
pathic Colleges of Medicine, G. Bend, Pa. Office,
corner of Main and Third-sts., nearly
opposite the Methodist church.

Wm. H. Cooper & Co.,
BANKERS: Successors to WEST, COOPER
& CO., Montrose, Pa. Office Lathrop's new
building, Turpike Street.
Wm. H. COOPER, HENRY BENTON.

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. J. E.

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET and Chair Manufacturers, foot of
Main Street, Montrose, Pa. aug 17

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office over Wil-
son's Store, Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.

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

DR. R. THAYER,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Montrose, Pa.—
Office in the Farmer's Store.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE Tailor. Shop in the
Baptist Meeting House, on Turpike Street,
Montrose, Pa. aug 17

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

P. REYNOLDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop in basem-
ent of Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.

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

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 and Tallow.
HENSTOCK & HAWLEY.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,
Montrose, Pa.

TESTIMONIALS.
We, the undersigned, certify that we were
insured in Fire Insurance Companies represented
by Mr. Billings Stroud, of Montrose, and that,
having suffered loss by fire, we were insured,
we were severally paid, and we have confidence in the
extent of our claims; and we have confidence in
him as a good and effective agent.
JAS. R. DEWITT, ZEPH COBB,
LATHROP & DEWITT, H. J. WEBB,
J. L. EVANS & SON,
BEN. GLIDDER, LEONARD SEARLE,
Montrose, Pa., November 9, '59.

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I solemnly declare, that I was insured
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From the Montrose Democrat of September
17th, 1857. Re-published by request.
The Burial.

BY S. W. T.
One tranquil day in Spring, ere blue-birds' songs
Were heard, or fields in verdure clothed, I stood
Beside a new-made grave, and saw approach
A train that bore, with solemn step and slow,
A noble youth to his last resting-place.
A father's hope, a mother's joy, the pride
Of loving ones, in death's embrace, lay cold
And still—how cold and still!—the obsequy
Beneath.

The cortege came; and when the man
Of God, with reverence deep, had spoken "earth
To earth, and dust to dust!" and trembling hands
The cherished form were lowering to its chill
Abode, a moan that thrilled each waiting soul,
The awful-silence broke: it came from that
"Poor mother's heart, and told of bitter woe.
Brothers wept; sisters fair made sad lament.
The brave old father, stood unmoved, serene,
And calm, till on the coffin of his boy
The cold clods rattling fell: 'twas then I saw
A tremor slight pass o'er his aged frame—
A tear bedew his furrowed cheek. Strong men
And tender women grieved 'till they saw the anguish
Of their stricken friends.

Touched by the melting scene,
I turned away, and as I left the spot,
In pensive mood, methought a still, small voice
Spoke in my ear: "Thou, too, O man! must die,
And slumber low as he just buried.
From thy sight; thy spirit, too, shall break her
Chains, and mount on pinions free to heaven!
Without delay, in order set thy house,
And be prepared to meet thy God in peace."

Written for the Montrose Democrat.
THE KITCHEN GIRL.

BY S. W. T.

It is the opinion of some persons, she isn't
anybody. Of course not; Kitchen Girls, as
such, never are. They are fit only to live
among pots and kettles; to roast, bake, stew,
wash, iron, scrub, and do all sorts of drudgery
in general. But hasn't she a mind susceptible
of cultivation? Has she no yearnings
for something higher, more spiritual, than
such an ungenial occupation? Very likely;
yet, mind you, she's poor, and works out
for a living. What business has she to
contemplate the beauties of nature and of
art? To gratify the aspirations of an immor-
tal soul? None at all. Why? Why? Reas-
son enough. She's from the ranks of the
working classes, one of the "common people."
It wasn't her good fortune to be born in a
palace—to have a rich father, whose afflu-
ence may have been acquired by fraud, by
grinding the face of the poor. No; she has
no rich friends, and this is one reason why
she isn't respectable, isn't anybody!

The Kitchen Girl is an indispensable re-
quisite in every aristocratic establishment, that
is, an establishment where snobbishness and
caste prevail. She isn't reckoned as good as
the members of her employer's family; why
should she be? She occupies an inferior po-
sition—is a "domestic," a "help," a "ser-
vant," a "menial," a "birding." Is she re-
spected and valued by her master or mistress, it will
do to complain, since she might be turned
away tomorrow, and reports prejudicial to her
character, which all would believe, indiscreetly
put in circulation. The coarse jokes ban-
dered by the young rakes of the family, daily
offered her ear; but what matters it that by
these indignities her maidenly sensibilities
are shocked, and blushes of innocence mantle
her brow, as long as she isn't anything but a
poor Kitchen Girl! She is not a privileged
inmate of the domestic jail. The kitchen is
her peculiar province. Occasionally, perhaps,
when no distinguished guests
are present, the lady is allowed to sit in the din-
ing-room, while the family, if they chance to be
religiously inclined, perform their morning
devotions in the parlor, near by. As if the
incense of hearts pulsating beneath satin and
brocade, would not rise heavenward in the
presence of hard hands and toil-stained cal-
leo! She never is found at table with the
household. Her meals are taken in the kitchen,
with the out-of-door help; catfish they
often are, who, to gratify their rotten souls,
frequently tease her until she leaves their
presence to disgust, and retires to some secret
place, to give vent to outraged feelings in a
flow of tears.

Our subject is an orphan, may be, thrown
out upon the cold charities of the world, with
no sympathizing friend to whom she can
unburden her sorrows, and look for that com-
fort and consolation she so much needs. Per-
adventure a dear mother, once her protectress
and guide, upon whose bosom she has often
pillowed her aching head, is sleeping in some
quiet church-yard. But of what avail is it
that she casts herself on the loved one's grave,
and with streaming eyes and quivering lips,
the story of her wrongs releases to the pass-
ing winds, whose moaning, as they sweep
through the dismal pines, seem like the voice
of fiends mocking her agony. What right
has she to exclaim against injustice and op-
pression! She, a mere animated machine, a
servile tool, a weak, defenceless woman, dare
even in secret, with no ear but Jehovah's to
hear, denounce a single obnoxious feature of
our social system! Nonsense! It is hers to
do, not complain. Her state needs no allevi-
ation. Why not let her remain where she is,
and as she is? Some think that poor and
friendless girls are fit for nothing else but
servants; at least, their conduct, if not their
words, says so most emphatically.

The Kitchen Girl, though from early dawn
till late at night, she plies her task, is never
tired. No, indeed! Coarse, vulgar people,
who earn their bread by sweat of brow, are
not supposed to grow weary or need repose.
Rest would be a luxury; and what need have
the poor of luxury, which, of right, belong
exclusively to the rich, the fashionable, the
somedbodies, the snobs of opprobrium!
Does the Kitchen Girl, artless, uneducated,
a stranger to the wiles and fascinations
of the world, commit an indiscretion, slight
though it be, her fault is instantly caught up
by a thousand-gossiping-tongues, and with-
out extension, heralded abroad with a zeal,
evinced a spirit of malignant exultation in the
tale-bearer, and a reckless crudelity in the
public mind. Were the popular ear closed
against scandalous reports, the occupa-
tion of tale-bearers would be gone, and com-
munity rid of a fruitful source of mischief and
alarm.

Should a poor, unsuspecting Kitchen Girl
be ensnared and ruined, who, think you,
among that class deemed respectable, would
dare extend the hand of friendship to the er-
ring one, commiserate her frailty, relieve her
wants, and shield her from the assaults of
persecution and scorn? How many of her
own sex, who move in "fashionable circles,"
would do this? But what signifies it what
deserve or not! Such wretched outcasts
deserve no sympathy, no commiseration. Not
they—bumble servant-girls, as they are,
who, whether they stand or fall, must work,
work, work, or die. True, Christ, the meek
and lowly Saviour, while on earth, sympathized
with the erring and the fallen; but many of
his professed disciples of the present day,
think too highly of themselves to be discov-
ered performing so Christian-like an office.
With them, the injunctions of Revelation are
nothing; the opinion of the world, every-
thing.

The Color of Flowers Promoted by Charcoal.

A French amateur in the Paris Horticultural
Review, states—"About a year ago, I
made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnifi-
cent growth, and full of buds. I waited for
them to bloom; and I expected roses worthy
of such a noble plant, and of the praise be-
stowed upon it by the vendor. At length,
when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted.
The flowers were of a faded color, and I dis-
covered that I had only a middling multi-
flora, stale colored enough. I, therefore, resolv-
ed to sacrifice it to some experiments which
I had in view. My attention had been cap-
tivated with the effects of charcoal, as related
in some English publications. I then cov-
ered the earth (in the pot in which my rose-
bush was) about half an inch deep, with pul-
verized charcoal. Some days after, I was as-
tonished to see the roses, which I had before
as fine a lively rose color as I could wish.
I determined to repeat the experiment; and,
therefore, when the rose-bush had done flow-
ering, I took of the charcoal, and put fresh
earth in its pot. You may conceive that I
wanted for the next spring impatiently to see
the result of this experiment. When it bloom-
ed, the roses were as at first, pale and discol-
ored, but by applying the charcoal, as be-
fore, they soon resumed their rose-color.
I tried the powdered charcoal, likewise, in
large quantities upon my petunias, and found
that both the white and the violet flowers
were equally sensible to its action. It always
gave a more vivid red to the red or violet col-
ors of the flowers, and the white petals be-
came veined with red or violet tints. The violet
colors (became) covered with irregular spots
of a blueish or almost black tint. Many per-
sons who admired them thought that they
were new varieties from seed. Yellow flowers,
as, I have proved, insensible to the influ-
ence of the charcoal."—Cottage Gardener.

The Prince of Wales a Prisoner.

Considerable amusement has been afforded
at Oxford through the eccentric conduct of a
knight of the plow, named Hedges, known
under the sobriquet of "Lord Chief Justice
Burns." It appears his royal highness the
Prince of Wales, in company with Colonel
Keppel, equerry in waiting, Mr. Herbert Har-
low, private tutor to his royal highness, Earl
Brownlow, Sir Frederick Johnson, Mr.
H. Le Marchant, Esq., H. Chapman, Esq., H.
Taylor, Esq., &c., went out with the South
Oxfordshire hounds recently; but, meeting
with indifferent sport, the royal party, on their
return to Oxford, determined on a ride across
the country. Not being acquainted with the
locality they made their way across the
lands of a farmer, named Barton, and, with-
out being aware of the temper of the owner,
rode into the farm-yard. Farmer
Hedges, with his usual regard for trespassers,
immediately closed his gates on the illustrious
party, and levied a fine of a sovereign for
damages, enforcing the demand with an intima-
tion that none of them should leave until he
had pocketed the amount. The party at
first imagined that when Hedges was acquies-
ced in the names of his royal highness, for
at once have claimed the royal clemency; but
in this they were quite mistaken, for, as
being informed that he was detaining the
future king of England, he remarked, "Prince
or no Prince, I'll have my money." The as-
tonishment of the Prince's retinue may well
be imagined, but being mounted and accom-
panied by stone walls, they were compelled to
yield to the inexorable farmer, who, added to
his selfish disposition, is possessed of a
good nature, and of the temper of the owner,
and was armed with a dung fork, the emblem
of his calling. The royal party, although
somewhat annoyed at their detention and the
obstinacy of the farmer, made the best of the
joke, the Prince alone the rest being much
amused at the affair matters had taken.

A Business Quaker.—The Quakers are, in
the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kind-
hearted, and undoubtedly honest people;
but in some of them, evens as among the
"world's honest people," love of filthy lucre
will predominate. In one of their farming
communities, lived friend Benjamin and his
son, who was the custom to buy up cattle
for the market, and sell them with care to
fatten for sale. One day Benjamin, Jr., had
selected a choice portion of stock from a
siding drove, and was about to buy, when Ben-
jamin, Sr., came along.
"Father, I am about to buy these cattle;
what dost thou think of them?"
"What dost thou think?"
"One thousand dollars," said Benjamin, Jr.
"What so much? I guess they'll get them
for less; offer him \$800, and wait till mor-
ning if he doesn't buy them." Benjamin, Sr.,
filled Ben, Jr., with an offer of five or six
cents more for the cattle, and then went
with the old gentleman, slept, and next
morning after eating for the stock, the
mounted his horse to try again to buy the
cattle. But on the way he met Benjamin, Sr.,
returning home with the whole herd in ques-
tion. Benjamin, Sr., was wealthy as well as
smart—he had taken an early start and
sold the lot.

"What I have to say to you, is that I have my 'portion,' will
you sell it?" asked friend Benjamin, Sr.
"No, no; of course not; I've bought
the whole—'want' 'em all."
"What! isn't that a hard trick to play
thy own son? and I trusted to thee?"
"Ab, Benney," said pater familias, reprovingly,
"they must be sharp and wide awake;
trust nobody; Benjamin; watch everybody;
watch thy father; Benjamin; watch thy fa-
thers!"

Quite likely for young Benjamin the ad-
monition was needless thenceforward.
A deacon residing in Ashabala county,
who was acting in the capacity of a colpor-
ter called at a shop in Windsor, where there
were a goodly number of hardware, notions,
and various articles for sale. The man who
owned the store was absent, and his
wife officiated as clerk. The deacon passed
the time of day, talked of religion, and
finally asked if they had the one thing need-
ful, (meaning the Bible) The lady's answer
was: "No, we are just out; but my husband
is going to Cleveland next week and will get
a barrel."

During the last war a Quaker was on
board an American ship engaged in close
combat with the enemy. He preserved his
peace principles until he saw a stout Briton
coming up a rope that hung overboard. Seiz-
ing a mallet, the Quaker looked over the
side of the ship and remarked: "Friend, if
you want that rope they may have it!" when
setting the action to the work, he cut the
rope, and down went the poor fellow to a
block of water.

NIGHT.

BY LOGELOW.
The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a father is walked downward
From an eagle in its flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my heart cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footstep echoes
Through the corridors of Time.
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs grow from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE CHASE.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.
"It is as white as milk, sir!" exclaimed
one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a
high state of excitement.
"What is white as milk?" asked the cap-
tain, who, together with the chief mate, stood
with compass in hand, pouring over a chart
that lay spread out upon the table.
"The water along side, sir. I think we
must be shoaling; very rapidly."
"And we must go over it!" said the mate
inquiringly.
"Yes, or lay our bones upon it," responded
the captain. "But come, let us go on deck.
It is useless looking at the chart any longer.
We know our position only too well."
Ascending the companion ladder, the sail-
or's statement was verified, the water all
around presented that peculiar appearance
which indicates a sandy bottom at no great
depth; while the ship, under a cloud of
canvas, was flying through the foam with
the speed of a racer. The crew was grouped
about the deck with anxious faces as they
looked ahead, where at a distance of less
than three miles, a heavy frigate with the
blood red cross of St. George at her peak,
was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a
blood-hound on the trail.
"I think she has gained upon us slightly
since we went below, Mr. Midships," said
the captain, addressing his first mate.
"I think she has somewhat; but not so
much but that we might keep out of her
way until night, when we could easily dodge
the dark, if it were not for this con-
dition of the water." The mate with an an-
xious look ahead, "I never crossed this
shore but once; and then, although we
were in a light sloop, drawing less than
half the water we do now, it was a narrow
escape for us. It is my opinion that we
must strike before we are half way over."
"Well," replied the captain, with an air
of fixed determination, "if we must strike
there will be an end of it. The only alter-
native is to surrender to an Englishman; and
then comes the prison, the ratting, disease
and death. By running there is a chance,
and I shall trust to that chance sooner than
surrender."
A slight commotion was observable upon
the frigate's fore-castle; the muzzle of a gun
fringed from her bridge port; a cloud of
black smoke arose in a circling ring
from the knight-heads, and rolled over
the belly of the fore-castle. The next instant
the report was borne down upon the wind,
and a round shot came skipping over the
waves, and passed within a dozen fathoms to
the leeward.
"With a little better aim, their iron might
trouble us," remarked the mate.
"Yes, it might, but we have very little to
fear on that score; they will scarcely de-
ceive their headway by firing at that distance. The
only anxiety I feel, is in regard to this bank.
Just step below, if you please, Mr. Midships,
and ascertain at what time we have high
water here."
The mate descended the companion ladder,
and soon returned with the information that
the Nautical Almanac reported the flood
tide to make upon that bank at six o'clock.
"Six o'clock," repeated the captain,
thoughtfully, "six o'clock! It is now five, and
at least fifteen miles distant. If we could
pass that point before the tide begins to ebb,
our chance would not be so very desperate;
but if not, we are no better than dead men.
We must make more sail, Mr. Midships; and
at once."

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a father is walked downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my heart cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footstep echoes
Through the corridors of Time.
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs grow from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE CHASE.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.
"It is as white as milk, sir!" exclaimed
one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a
high state of excitement.
"What is white as milk?" asked the cap-
tain, who, together with the chief mate, stood
with compass in hand, pouring over a chart
that lay spread out upon the table.
"The water along side, sir. I think we
must be shoaling; very rapidly."
"And we must go over it!" said the mate
inquiringly.
"Yes, or lay our bones upon it," responded
the captain. "But come, let us go on deck.
It is useless looking at the chart any longer.
We know our position only too well."
Ascending the companion ladder, the sail-
or's statement was verified, the water all
around presented that peculiar appearance
which indicates a sandy bottom at no great
depth; while the ship, under a cloud of
canvas, was flying through the foam with
the speed of a racer. The crew was grouped
about the deck with anxious faces as they
looked ahead, where at a distance of less
than three miles, a heavy frigate with the
blood red cross of St. George at her peak,
was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a
blood-hound on the trail.
"I think she has gained upon us slightly
since we went below, Mr. Midships," said
the captain, addressing his first mate.
"I think she has somewhat; but not so
much but that we might keep out of her
way until night, when we could easily dodge
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but if not, we are no better than dead men.
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at once."

The ship was smothering more than half
a gale