VOL. 17.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1860.

NO. 23.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat is recently been supplied with s'new and choice variety.

Type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets
renlars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short potice. Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and ther kinds of work in this line, done according to order. Business, Wedding, and Ball Cards, Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes, beeds, and all other Blanks, or hand, or printed to order. Job work and Blanks; to be paid for on delivery.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,

DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,

AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

DEMOCRAT

HOME'S HARMONY

No credit given except to those of known responsibility

The lark may sing her sweetest song, As rising from the waving corn, On soaring wings, she skims along To welcome in the rising morn: Her sweetest song is nought to me, Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods, the nightingale, At midnight hour may tune her lay, May pour upon the list'ning value. Her loveliest streams of melody: Lovely her midnight lay may be, But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring, -And of the summer's sunny days, And autumn's feathered warblers sing In rapturous strains their sweetest lays: Lovely the songs of bower and tree, But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh, what cheers the winter night, When all around is dark and gloom, When feathered songsters take their flight Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
Tis at such hours as these that we Prize most our home's sweet harmony

when dark clouds above us lower. And life's drear winter o'er us comes. Tis then we feel your magie power, Ye songsters of our hearts and homes; For soon the lowering clouds do flee

From our dear home's sweet harmony What's the use of Fretting,

BY M. M. GARDNER. Why will our poets sigh and moan, O'er withered hopes and flowers, When fresh joys spring again as soon As sunshine after showers.

Our dullest hours, if rightly spent, Avill quickly pass away,
And pleasant smiles from those we le
Will cheer the darkest-day.

'Tis all in vain-to mourn and weep O'er milk that has been spilled, And just as vain to idly wait To have the pail refilled.

I never drop my buttered toast Upon the sanded floor, And if I did Pd leave it there, And calmly butter more.

Nor do I find this world so cold, Or friends so hard to win, And where we have so much to love, To grumble is a sin.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

BY MES. C. F. GERRY.

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A CITY MISSIONARY.

hedge-rows; in my memory it is associal and he glanced wistfully at me-" unless of Yes, it is the very time when you ted with pleasant fields beginning to grow green; with "trees and shrubs, clothed in the desolate orphan?"

You, sir, befriend her. Will you protect need sympathy and protection. Oh, Nellie, this desolate orphan?"

You are alone in the world, unless you acthe delicate garniture of their young leaves;" with the blossom-crowned May pole, round which honest lads and white robed girls go circling in the giddy mazes his face. Once, a Christian minister brightest dreams would of the festive dance. But now in what would have been the last person I should that you will, dearest!" vivid contrast rise before me the scenes in have sent for in an hour of that, but ever morning I found myself for the first time als! Years ago that was "a fashionable week's experience among the sick, the dyquarter, and upon the open space in the ing, and the wretched of every class, I felt any inhabitant of the Seven Dials?" centre of those seven streets, stood a col- as if you would befriend Nellie, too, You umn, surmounted by seven dials turning a face toward each street." More than a your promise—I can die in peace." century has elapsed, however, since the locality fell into ill-repute, and what I have physician.
inst witnessed there beggars description. "I know it," responded the sufferer, just witnessed there beggars description. The majestic old houses, which with their fantastic architecture, were once the dwelling places of the elite, and surrounded that he had, in his early days, been a reswith beautiful gardens, are peopled with pectable tradesman, and having had heathe lowest dregs of human nature. The vy losses, had forged notes to meet the de-> lynx-eved Jews, stationed at the doors to mands that were pressing upon him-had entrap the unwary; the street sweepers, been tried and convicted of the crime, and the organ-grinders, the lords of the "gin-sentenced to ten years imprisonment. palaces," the thieves, the filthy, idle, women, the troops of ragged children—the said, "my former friends for sook me, the them ma errand.

"Friends," said I, to a group that stood told me I was dying of consumption." on the street corner, "we are in search of He paused, his features worke Hugh Reed; he has sent for a christian der passed over his thin frame. minister, and we have come in obedience

"Ha, ha, ha!" daughed a burly ruffian; the Seven Dials is no place for you-the air don't agree with the black coat and white neckcloth, and the sooner you're off

shout of applause from the bystanders, man breathed a low amen. but I replied as calmly as I could

"No, sir, I cannot take your advice-it is my mission to befriend those who will not befriend themselves, to pray for the had every comfort, but it has been hard ving star struggles damly through the mists daying singer to send comfort into these for Nellie." dying sinner, to send comfort into these for Nellie." misgrable dwellings. If you will not direct me, perhaps you will, sir," L added, sobbed the girl. "I would be willing to all this gloom cannot drive from his post

turning to a boon companion.
"Not a bit of it," was the gruff reply, and after asking every man in the group, I musical, female voice, said-

sphere had crossed my path. She was tall, to provide us both with food, clothing, and place where I was to perform the funeral and they come up and flourish, and show, and slight and graceful; her complexion shelter, besides being my nurse. God services for the dead. At my request as I may say, their bright and happy faces fair, with a faint glow on her cheek; her bless my little Nellie?"

Mrs. Farnham had procured a decent suit to you.

features were delicately chiselled; her He folded her to his heart, and gazing of mourning for my ward, and habited in and her glossy and luxuriant hair could remind me of my promise. The next moscureely have been richer in hue had it imprisoned a thousand sunbeams. Her dead. her white apron and collar were faultless. Reed's passionate grief had subsided, we was scarcely over, when a carriage rolled ly clean; indeed, in her whole appearance called in some of the decent of the neight to the door—it was no hackney coach, but

drew back; "I'm watching for Mr. Gray, guide, protect and sustain.

my heart upon having you, and mine you back the wild grief which struggles for ut-

With these words he laid his hand upon her arm, and dragged her along toward his companions.

cried— "Villain, stand back!" and with a sounds to which sog has been accusioned, stand shad supstrength that now seems superhuman, I and yet she ever and alone starts and shudshum, and supstrength that now seems superhuman, I have deep and clauses at me as if appalled.— ported by my arm she followed her Uncle he picked up his hat-

The wan face of Hugh Reed lighted up, his lips parted, but for some time he could not articulate a word. My friend, who was a physician, examined his pulse, listened to his labored breathing, and shook tened to his labored breathing, and shook and he faltered-

"I'm not long not long for this world, doctor !

The calendar tells me it is the first of laying his wasted hand on her bright May-May-day! The word is redolent of head, "she will be alone when I am gone is no time to talk had violets, star-like daisies and budding had been unless, unless," lies dead yonder."

kindling and a faint smile flickering over me as you did to your Uncle Hugh, my which I have spent my May-day. This since I dragged my feeble limbs into the chapet where you preach on Sundays, and heard your sermon and the report of the

"It is a solemn thing to die," said the

and I've been a wicked man."

And he proceeded to tell us brokenly. "When I came out from Newgate," he

vice and want and squalor which pervade Vicious tempted me; I drank, I gambled, I the neighborhood, realize my ideas of Pan passed from one degree of degradation to demonium. To my dying day I shall nev- another, until I found myself a denizen of er forget the horrid oaths, the maudlin the neighborhood of the Seven Dials. A laughter, the unseemly jests with which year ago I began to cough night and day, those poor creatures regarded us, as I told my flesh and strength wasted like dew, and it is now six months since a doctor

He paused, his features worked, a shud-"And then," said I, "you thought of

the unknown future?" "Yes, sir," gasped Hugh Reed, "I tried "a Christian minister, the If you're that, to prepare for death, and I trust that my prayers, my penitence have not been in

"God grant that they may open the gates of Heaven to you!" I exclaimed, in His rough words were greeted with a the fullness of my heart, and the dying "Have you suffered for want of care?"

queried my friend.
"No; oh no," replied Reed; "I had

work a great deal harder if you could live."

Nellie, I must speak of it to these gentlemen; I must tell them what a treasure you have been to me. Friends," he additionally and the funeral. My night-watch amid the shalling and the state of the second telling. was about to turn away, when a voice, a tlemen; I must tell them what a treasure wou have been to me. Friends," he ad-the limerate my inginewach and the Where do you wish to go, stranger?" ded, turning his face to us, "this girl is thrilling scenes of the Seven Dials is

Quick as thought I glanced around .- the orphan child of my sea-faring brother, ended! There stood a girl over whose head six-teen summers might have passed. She ted to my care. I do not know what I was so unlike any one I had yet seen in should have done without her during my The sky was overcast, a sleety rain was this dismal quarter of the city, that it al. sickness, for she has earned enough by falling, and I sometimes sank knee-deep most seemed as if a being from another selling cakes and candies about the streets, in mud, as I retraced my steps to the

heart yearn towards her in her youth and young charge, however, I promised to go back this evening and watch beside the "Soho, Nellie," cried one of the ruf- dead. A night-vigil at the Seven-Dials! fians, softening his tone as he spoke to My whole frame thrills as I think of the her, "you've thought better of it since horrid scenes I have to-day had daguerrelast night, have ye, and come to accept my otyped on my memory—what will they offer?" But God is "No, no," exclaimed the girl, an indig- over all-my trust is in Him. He who nant blush crimsoning her cheek, as she called me to my solemn mission, will

Ten Hours Later. a city missionary."

"I am Mr. Gray," said I; "perhaps it The clock in yonder grey tower has just is some friend of yours who has sent for struck one; the tramp of myriads of hurme'to come to his death-bed." "Yes, Hugh Reed is my uncle—the on-"Here, here, Nellie," shouted the stur- not alone with the dead. I could not per- harm in accepting it, and answereddy idler, whom she had once silenced, suade Nellie to retire, and there she sits your'e too had. You know I am your by the coffin, her face marble-pale, her more comfortable to ride than to walk; friend, your lover—I would marry you to- tearful eyes drooping beneath her white but it is not often that the rich and noble are getting shockingly shabby, and I really night if you would say so. Come, I've set lids, and her lips compressed as if to crush remember the poor in their distress!" and think—"

I suppose the drunken affrays, the Bacwrested her from his iron grasp. I heard ders, and glances at me as if appalled.—
him curse me with oaths that made my blood chill in my veins, and mutter, as window and pushed back the coarse curhe picked up his hat—

ported by my arm she followed her Uncle
Hugh to his last resting-place. Tearless and silent she stood, till the grave had been filed my window and pushed back the coarse curhe picked up his hat—

oegan on a new tack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my arm she followed her Uncle
Hugh to his last resting-place. Tearless and silent she stood, till the grave had been filed my window and pushed back the coarse curhe picked up his hat e picked up his hat—
By all the powers, he's strong as a lirescued her hours ago, lurking around; told how desolate she felt.

ow leage. "God willing, I shall take her to a school you knew perfectly well that I had a head-

bedside and burst into tears.

"Poor, poor Nellie," gasped her uncle, laying his wasted hand on her bright "Hush! Hush!" interposed Nellie, "it "No, I have been out is no time to talk of love when my uncle

"I will," was my unhesitating response. cept me as a protector; if you would but "Thank God!" he exclaimed, his eyes love and trust me, if you would cling to brightest dreams would be realized! Say

"I cannot, I dare not," fultered the girl; 'my uncle bade me beware of you. On his death-bed he found me a protector." "And whos pray?" and the speaker's

"A city inissionary-good Heavens!"

"He has already commenced it; he is the person whom you have perhaps seen watching with me besides my uncle's

"Ah!" resumed her companion, me have another glimpse of him." He prered into the room, and our eves

met. He is singularly handsome, and his he rode on. face would please a less critical observer His words than myself, but there is something in his bold hazle eye that I do not like. "What do you think of my guardian?"

queried Nellie. She closed the window and came back, wonders that she has more than one ad- by wearing my shawl. I don't need it all Nellie bid him leave her to her vigils. but her face was paler than before, if pos-sible, her whole manner restless. Not- It is late b Reed, I have made him my foe. Well, let it be so, if it must be; God helping me, I will keep my promise to the dead man,

whose face gleams white through his cof-fin-lid, that when we all meet in the land beyond the grave, I can say, "Here am I, and the charge thou didst commit to me." The night wears away; the wand moon has set amid heavy clouds, and the morn-

This morning Hugh Reed was buried. imprisoned a thousand sunbeams. Her dead.

Then he takes a child, and cheap dress fitted her neatly, and that and her white apron and collar were faultlessly clean; indeed, in her whole appearance there was an appearance of refinement there was an appearance of refinement which I had not expected to see at the grave. Then I sent for a benevolent wo with a coat-of-arms, and having a coach-

Seven Dials. But there was an express-man of my acquaintance, and leaving her ion on her face which told of premature with the sorrowing girl, stole forth to care and sorrow, and made the beholder's breathe the fresh air. Before quitting my beartive in her young charge, however, I promised to go ground and came in, hat in hand. He bowed to me, and said blandly-

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Gray, one of our city missionaries?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Are you about going to the grave?" "We are."

"Well, then, allow me to offer my carriage for the accommodation of "To whom am I indebted for such fore-

hought ?" said I. He gave me his card, and on it I read Guy Beresford, Bart."
I hesitated an instant before that man

"Thank you, my lord; it will be much

chanalian songs and shouts, the cries of could distinguish were "Miss Nellie" furs are good women and children for bread, the terrible He handed her to the carriage, whisperman to wear." The girl shrieked, and the next moment cried— oaths of some desperado, as he is dragged ing words which made her cheek burn with blushes; he seated himself opposite relapsed into obedient silence; she only with that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and with a sound state of the sighed a soft inward sight are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I and verslam are sights and soft inward sight are sights and recent that now seems superhuman I are sights and soft inward sight are sights and sight are sight are sights and sight are si

on. I should'nt wonder if Lucifer himself was inside of that black coat."

I heard the maiden's tearful thanks and saw the look of gratitude, and then entered the ricketty old house, the lower part of which was occupied by Hugh floor, the deal table, the humble bed, and the man who sat propped up against the man who sat propped up against the pillows, were scrupulously clean, and a box of hyacinths bloomed on the broken win-

with safety entrust to them the, orphan Nellie. June 5th. me."

Me."

Mo, no; I did not see you," said the girl; "I did not khow you were here till you spoke."

Mo, no; I did not khow you were here till you spoke."

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"Yery probably." said Maria propagations, the invariant propagations are the propagations and the propagations are the his head. The glassy eyes of the poor suf-ferer turned toward him in mute appeal, espied me, and come to speak a word to ing the loathsome purlieus of St. Giles and er asked me if I was warm enough, or put long ere I saw a superb steed and a gall windly replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can you spoke."

No," replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can you spoke."

No," replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can you spoke."

Nellie!" exclaimed the stranger, "did lant rider approaching; the next moment said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his said Mr. Who look here darling," said Mr. on making a visit at Kalenga, his first in on making a visit

"Out of town," he echoed; "I suppose Miss Nellie Reed was your companion. "She was."

"And where is she?"-"At-a boarding-school?"

"What boarding-school?" "As I am her guardian, that is my af-

"And you refuse to tell me?" "I do most decidedly." His brow lowered, he tapped his boot nervously with his gold-mounted ridingwhip, and muttering a curse; added-"And so you are going to watch her as the old dragons watched the golden

No, Mr. Gray, one of the city mission- fruitage Hesperides!" "At present," I replied, "I deemed it bit if you please."
proper that her mind should be occupied Mr. Edge was ex-

"How do you know?" he asked, quickly. "From her own lips."

"But she loves me, and she will continue to love me, in spite of you or her uncle. I shall have her yet, if not by fair means, by foul! 'Faint heart never won a fair lady!" and bowing with mock deference,

Nellie Reed; sweet Nellie Reed!" Yes, were pretty eyes."
I have written it—sweet Nellie Reed—she The fair possesso up as a mentor for a beautiful girl of six- is beautiful, she is winning; there is mu- ered slightly and drew her mantilla closer teen," he said, earlessly, and then I heard sie in her voice, grace in her motions, a round her shoulders. rare fascination in her manner. Who

It is late but I cannot sleep; I am tortured with a thousand fears about Nellie, faint apology for troubling him, but it he still lingers outside. I am sure his presence bodes no good. I am sure that by assuming the guardianship of Nellie Reed I have been daily in her society; alacrity, arranging it on the taper shouldare separated, I miss her as I should a child who had brightened my batchelor life. There, the door bell rings-I hear somebody inquiring for Mr. Gray. Good-night, my Note-Book, my confidential friend! Good-night, Nellie, my ward! Heaven's blessings distil like dews upon your soul! [Concluded next week.]

THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN .-- A garden is a beautiful book, written by the "Have you room enough Miss? I fear finger of God—every leaf is a letter. You you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer have only to learn them-and he is a poor to me." dunce that cannot, if he will do that-and join them, and then go on reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—that grow out of the ground and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like everdutiful children; tend them ever so little,

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast-that was not an unusual occurrence—and he was a little disposed to be cross-which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind his newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply, save unsocial monosylables to the gentle remarks of the fresh looking little and—may be you'd find less difficulty in statesman said; reply, save unsocial monosylables to the genue remarks of the fresh looking inthe and many of just take my arm?"

lady opposite—to wit: Mrs. Edge. But walking if you'd just take my arm?"

she was gathering together her forces for Well, wasn't it delightful. Mr. Edge in this country now; or if there be others, the grand final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph and laid aside the reading

shortly. "Those new sable, dear; my old affairs

Edge's temper-for she had one though it and made him a low courtesy:

of hyacinths bloomed on the broken winof are worthy of notice.

"Is not the room very close?" queried where I am a boarder, but to-morrow, to ask me if I wanted anything, though vanced to the invalid, "the minister has have penned above. In the country, where she will be under for me as you used to do?"

The wan face of Hugh Reed lighted up, The wan face of Hu

ty, with tears in her blue eyes and a quiv er on the round rosy lips.
"Pshaw!" said the husband peevishly.

er a woman had a shawl on or a swallow

tailed coat?" Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a Mr. Edge to himself that evening as he husband ever after. ensconced his six feet of iniquity in the south-west corner of a car at the City Hall. "Go ahead, conductor, can't you? What

are you waiting for? Don't you see we're full, and it's dark already?" "In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman with a basket on board. "Now sir, move up a

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable, exclaimed the straiger, and now his tone was contemptuous. "When is he to commence his guardianship?"

proper that ger minu should be occupied with chief subjects than the gay gallants didn't want to move up, but the light of the lamp, just ignited, falling full on the beware of you." pearly forehead and shining golden hair of the new comer, he altered his mind and

did move up. "What lovely eyes!" quoth he mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging "Real violet blue! The very color I admire most. Bless me! what business

has an old married man like me thinking His words have haunted me ever since about eyes? What would Maria say, the -they haunt me now as I sit here in the jealous little minx! There-she's drawn stillness of my room, and a prayer goes up a confounded veil over her face, and the to the All-merciful One-"God protect light is as dim as a tallow dip. But those

The fair possessor of the blue eyes shive

"Are you cold, Miss? Pray honor me She did not refuse—she murmured some

I have seen her blue eyes turn wistfully to-ward me as her protector; I have soothed, her fare to the conductor, he said to himcheered, comforted her, and now that we self, "what a slender, lovely little hand! If there's anything I admire in a woman it's a pretty hand! Wonder what kind of a mouth she's got? It must be delightful if it corresponds with the hair and

eyes. Plague take the veil!"
But "plague," whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the provoking veil so Mr. Edge's curiostty about the mouth of the blue-damsel remained ungratified.

"Thank you sir," was the soft reply coming from behind the veil, as Mr. Edge rapturously reflected. Like an angel in a nestling sort of a way.

"Decidedly this is getting rather ro-

in his senses would have done the sameit was such an inviting little lilly! Out into the rain and darkness our two

declarations of the morning-she would-

"I think you've made a mistake Miss," stammered he, "this can't be your house. But it was too late-she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning round threw off her dripping habiliments, "Very much obliged to you for your

politeness, sir." "Why, it's my wife!" gasped Edge. "And happy to see that you haven't forgotten all your gallantry towards the ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, osity has a decided aversion to their style her blue eyes—they were pretty—all in of dress, esteeming their bare necks and faa dance, with suppressed roguery.

the search was unavailing.

polite to a woman in the cars, and hang me if it shant be the last." "You see dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I was somewhat belated, didn't expect to be delayed so long, and hadn't any the bullet dances; but the unveiled faces idea I should meet with so much atten- and nude shoulders so disturbed his tion, and from my own husband too!- equanimity, that now, when invited to an

"No," replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can live but a short time."

A bitter groun broke from the old man, and his niece flung herself down by the bedside and burst into tears.

"Nellie!" exclaimed the stranger, "did lant rider approaching; the next moment said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his overcoatito escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending. "Am I the sort in his horse, he said—

"No," replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can live said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his overcoatito escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending. "Am I the sort in his horse, he said—

"Now look here darling," said Mr. Edge coaxingly, "you won't say anything they would play on the piano. A juggler afforded him great amusement in his horse, he said—

"I had recognized Sir Guy Beresford. He overcoatito escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending. "Am I the sort in his horse, he said—

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"I had recognized Sir Guy Beresford. He overcoatito escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending." A fellow don't want to be a fellow don't want to be coaxingly, "you won't say anything of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the next moment which he was if they would play on the plant. The sort is a said Mr. To said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his and Mr. Now look here darling," said Mr. Edge coaxingly, "you won't say anything of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the head of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the head of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the head of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the head of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the head of a man to make a nimy of myself doing the he

on my honor." The terms were satisfactory, and Maria hat when afterwards he detected the little handkerchief, and Henry, the swage, banged the door loud enough to give Bet. the way she got those splendid furs that his mountain home, he would hang him ty, in the kitchen, a nervous start. "Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the luge," said

Mr. Edge such a scrupulously courteous

THE CENSUS.

The following capital burlesque list has been going the rounds of the press, and despicable animal than that; and if ever I we copy it pro bono publico: The list of questions to be answered by heads of families heretofore published is incorrect in several particulars. Below is

the correct list: What is your age? Where were you born? Are you married, and if so how do you

any of your neighbors?

o, how many?

Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself? Have you parents, and if so how many of them What is your fighting weight?
How many times did your wife "wish

the wish? What is the average of virtue in your

neighborhood? Do you use boughten tobacco Are you aware that Toledo whiskey is used in shooting galleries in preference to pistols, and that it shoots farthest? Were you and your wife worth any

thing when married, and if so what proportion of her things were your'n, and our things her'n? Were you ever in Jersey? Were you ever in the penitentiary?

How many empty bottles have you in How does your necktie wash? How does your meershaum color? State whether you are blind, deaf, idi-

tic or have the heaves? How many chickens do you own, and are they on foot or in the shell? Also, how many succedaneums?

ed drinks? State how much pork, impending crisis, dutch cheese, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, gavetty paper, slave code, cathip, red flannel, Constitution and Union, old jerk, perfumery, coal oil, liberty, hoop

skirt, &c., have you on hand?
Persons liable to be "cencussed" will

BRIDGING DEATH.-When engineers audible whisper, "What would Maria would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With The rest of that long, dark, rainy ride that they next stretch a wire across. Then was delicious with that shoulder against strand after strand, until a foundation is pull the strap for her—by some favoring freak of fortune it happened to be at the very street where he intended to stop.

WEBSTER ON THE UNION.

We commend to all our readers the following noble declaration of Daniel Webout into the tank and the ster. It was uttered in the course of a to steer their course by the glimmering reflection of the street lamps on the stream given to him by the citizens of Buffalo, N. ing pavements.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, was one of danger and trouble such as we as long as our paths lie in the same direction," said Mr.Edge coruteously, relieving character to the same baneful cause of sectional discord and agitation. That great

forgot the wet streets and the pitchy they are but secondary, or so subordinate darkness-he thought he was walking on that they are all absorbed in that great darkness—he thought he was waiking on roses t. Only, as he approached his own door, he began to feel a little nervous, and wish that the lovely incognito wouldn't hold on quite so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the look out troversies—but can we of this generation, hold on the look out troversies—but can we of this generation, and the market of these Sinter hy for him, as she often was, how would she so preserve the union of these States, by interpret matters! He couldn't make her administration of the powers of the Conbelieve that he only wanted to be polite stitution as shall give content and satisfacto a fair traveller. Besides his sweeping tion to all who live under it, and draw us together, not by military power, but by quailed under it, and muttered some confused reply, in which the only words I now to lay out in useless follies. The old could distinguish were "Miss Nellie" furs are good enough for any sensible wollie. The handed her to the carriage, whisperturned round to gretful adieu, he was astonished to see her run lightly up the steps to enter like wise! Gracious Appollo he burst into a which I take an interest, and there are chilly perspiration at the idea of Maria's which I repudiate; but what of all that? fall,' and crush everybody in it. We must see that we maintain the government which is over us. We must see that we uphold the Constitution, and we must do so with-

out regard to party."

Schamyl, the celebrated circassian chief, is now at Moscow, where the ladies are always admiring and complimenting him, little thinking the object of their curiof dress, estceming their bare necks and faces as very immoral. There indignation Edge looked from ceiling to floor, in on learning this fact may, however, be apvain search for a loop-hole of retreat; but peased, when they hear that the old Imaum's objection to low dresses is based on "Well," said he, in the most sheepish the apprehension that uncovered necks of all tones, "it's the first time I ever was and shoulders afford too much temptation to the other sex; and, indeed, this feeling makes him uneasy. At first he mingled freely in society, and admired the dancing parties, finding them more natural than York if you'll only keep quiet-you shall feathers-so much so, that the recolled tion of it troubled him even at his prayers; with its claws, he threw it down; and, observing its manner of locomotion, he gave it a kick and ordered its removal, remarking-"I have never seen a more picture to myself the devil, it will be in

that shape." POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.—An able article in the Harmord Post on the folly of clergymen talking politics to their con regations on the Sabbath, closes with the following pithy paragraph:

"But to test the question whether tall-How many children have you, and do they sufficiently resemble you as to pre-clude the possibility of their belonging to any of your neighbors? Did you ever have the measles, and it of each strive with all energies of convidtion to bend their congregations to their views, and to send them forth with passions aroused and inflamed to malign and denounce their neighbors of an opposite opinion. How long would religion sustain such a mockery of its sacred functions? Her temples, and all virtue, justice, morthe was dead," and did you reciprocate ality, law, and government would be swept away before a sneering and blighting infidelity. Even now religion seems to be loosing ground in this country, and it is at least safe to say that the conversion of unbelievers will never be remarkable under what has been aptly called the sensation' preaching of Henry-Ward Beccher. People flock to hear him talk, but they have little confidence in his fitness as a preacher, or his stability as a man. He has great gifts, is a man of great forest and cleanered but we would be supported by force and eloquence, but we would be sur-prised to learn that the general tendency

prised to learn that the general tendency of his proaching was to make men of genuine vital thety."

IDLENESS.—Carlyle says, nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness. With men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes oft baffled;w many succedaneums?

Which food do you prefer, rum or mixfor the want of strengths the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.

DANOMALIES.—The distinguished and

from the gloom of a dark cloud." And his heart gave a foud thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat in a negtling sort of a way.

skirt, &c., have you on hand?

Persons liable to be "cencussed" will eccentric Judge Breckenridge, formerly of Pittsharg, said: "I had once objected to me, by a Virginia lawyer, an expression of an Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State House yard, in Philadelphia, should be "surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure forever;" but I put him down by an Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled "a supplement to an act entitled an act making