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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

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For the Montrose Democrat.

TO GARIBALDI.

BY S. W. T.

Hail, Garibaldi! hail, thou warrior brave!
On whom the free Jehovah's blessing crave;
Whom despots hate, but hate no less than fear,
And long to stay thee in thy proud career.
Before thy arm puissant, fetters break,
And hoary empires to their center shake,
With sore dismay oppression reads its doom,
As rolls o'er hill and plain thy cannon's boom;
As mair-haled squadrons, late enslaved by wrong,
With exultation round thy standard throng,—
Courageous souls! inflamed with burning zeal
To crush their masters with relentless heel.

On thee, great Chief, the wond'ring nations gaze,
As when some comet, with resplendent blaze,
Unlooked for wheels its fiery course on high,
Obscuring lesser orbs that fill the sky.
How should remembrance of the mighty dead,
Who for their country and their firesides bled,
Thy noble soul with lofty aims inspire,
And warm thy breast with ancient Roman fire!
As onward sweeps thy firm, embattled hosts,
Methinks I almost see the sheeted ghosts
Of heroes long entombed, with beck'ning glance
And war-like mien imploring thy advance,
To scorn the death that but the body kills,
And plant thy eagles on the "Seven Hills."

Immortal Chief! ordained by God to smite,
With vengeful sword, the foes of Truth and Right,
When freedom's blood-stained banners proudly shine
On snowy Alp—on blooming Appenine;
When fair Italia shall, at last, be free,
And Error's gloomy night her borders flee;
When rocking thrones shall crumble into dust,
And, side by side, the sword and scepter rust;
When o'er all Europe's populous domain
No tyrant dares to forge the clanking chain,
Or necks of men with galling yoke oppress,
And, demon-like, gloat over their distress;
When all-mankind throughout the earth shall sing,
"Man's disenthralled!—God is our only king!
The night is past, the night of bondage sore;
And 'equal rights' prevail from shore to shore;"
Should no misdeeds impair thy well-earned fame,
And blot from glory's scroll thy honored name,
By hosts unborn thy praises will be sung,
Thy virtues give employ to ev'ry tongue;
Thou wilt be ranked with Hampden, Cromwell, Tell,
And thousands more, who bravely fought and fell
In battle's van, for Freedom's righteous cause,—
For Independence, not the world's applause.

Lathrop, Pa.

The Felon's Daughter.

BY MISS M. REMICK

CHAPTER I.

OUR tale opens in a pleasant hamlet in the west of England. Distinguished among the many farm houses by the superior air of taste and neatness which pervaded its grounds, rose the dwelling of Mr. Lee, one of the most thriving and opulent farmers. From the crimson roses twining around the white porch, and the starry jessamine clustering over the narrrow casement, to the neatly-trimmed hawthorn hedge and well-pruned orchard, everything denoted the guiding of a busy mind, blending a love of the beautiful with the practical.

Deservedly popular was Mr. Lee with his fellow-townsmen for his public spirit, his benevolence, and his cordial warm-heartedness, and scarcely less popular in her sphere was his amiable helpmeet. Of a large family, only two had lived to attain maturity, and it is with the eldest of these, the daughter, that our tale has to do.

The opening of the year 1827 found this little family in the enjoyment of unalloyed prosperity and happiness. All, or even more, than Mrs. Lee's ambition for her daughter, also, seemed about to be gratified by her engagement to the young rector of the parish, the elder son of a poor but aristocratic family, who had consented, not without some demur and unwillingness, to his contracting an alliance with an humble farmer's daughter. The marriage was to take place in the early May. But scarcely had the first few weeks of the spring glided away, ere all this peace and satisfaction were changed to anxiety and grief by a sudden and plainly approaching dispensation. Without any apprent cause, Mrs. Lee's health suddenly failed, betokening a rapid decline.

With constant and unwearied care, Emily watched beside her pillow, and with even more than ordinary longing the sick woman looked forward to recovery. Convinced at last of the impossibility of this, her mind seemed to wander in distracting anxieties to the future, which her faithful nurse sought vainly to soothe. At length the cause of these anxieties was fully explained. To her amazement, Emily learned from the dying woman that she had no legitimate claim to the name and position she bore; that "only by adoption and love," as Mrs. Lee said, was she the daughter of the honest farmer and the woman she had hitherto called mother. It was a short and painful history. Oh, how unutterably painful to the noble and high-spirited girl! who questioned bitterly in her anguish the wisdom and kindness of this late disclosure. Mysterious too, and involved in uncertainties.

They were tenants on a small farm in the north of England, when they were sent for to visit a sick lady, who for some months past had been staying at lodgings in the village, attracted thither for the benefit of the salubrious air, she stated to her landlord, but the curious villagers surmised some weightier reason. She felt that her long illness was approaching its close, she said, to the bewildered pair, who, with country rusticity, sat wondering what the lady could desire of them, and she shrank from leaving her little child alone and unprotected. She had no relatives and no near friends to whom she could intrust her. In one of her rambles through the village she had formed some acquaintance with Mrs. Lee, and had been struck by her superior intelligence and amiability. The inquiries she had made having confirmed her judgment of both wife and husband, she desired them at her demise to adopt the child as their own, promising they should receive with it an ample pecuniary recompense, the amount of which she named.

Poor, and at that period burdened with a large family, only one of whom, however, lived to approach maturity, this offer was too advantageous to be declined. A brief consultation ended with its ready acceptance. Only one question Mr. Lee asked, and that was answered in a manner which seemed to forbid further inquiries. The child's father was living, but not in a situation to be of any service to her at any period in the future—on the contrary, and this last clause seemed to assert a legal marriage, while it intimated worthlessness or crime on the part of the husband and father. But no marriage certificate could be found among her papers by Mrs. Lee, at her death, which took place but a few weeks after this interview. Directly after, they removed with their charge to the home they now occupied, it having been stipulated that she should be brought up in strict ignorance of her real parentage, at least until she had reached womanhood. The large farm they possessed—all the beginning of their prosperity—had been purchased with the sum given them by the lady, who called herself Mrs. Clare.

"I have always loved you as my own," concluded Mrs. Lee, "and felt a mother's pride in your prospects. I intended never to undeceive you. But within these few days I have begun to feel it in the light of a duty. We know not what may take place, or what your true connections really are. Still I fear that my fears must be idle, and only fantasies of sickness."

"Would this knowledge had come before," prayed Emily. "How can I enter that proud family in such entire ignorance of my real parentage—debased—illegitimate?" She buried her face in her hands, as if to shut out the last agonizing fear. "Richard must know all. Oh, God be merciful to me! How can I give him up? And I so innocent of all blame."

In the stillness of her own little room she tried to compose her thoughts, and resign herself to the painful duty before her, but she was soon summoned back to the bedside of her adopted mother, who was rapidly growing worse. Two days and nights of incessant and painful sufferings, and the weary eyes were closed in peace.

Calmly, almost apathetically, in her deep stupor of suffering, Emily passed through the painful scenes of the three following days, their mournful round of duties, till the last solemn services were over.

Then the little group at evening met around the lonely hearth in the stillness of sorrow, and when the early hours had passed, as they withdrew to their chambers, the kind-hearted farmer seized an opportunity of saying to the lonely girl, "Don't grieve over what my poor wife told you, Emily. Many's the time we've thanked the kind Providence that sent you to take the place of the little ones that were taken from us. Let it be. What's the use of speaking to the rector about it? You have been, and always will be, truly my child by love and care."

"He must know all," she answered, mournfully. "But I do thank and bless you for all your kindness," she added, with fervent emotion.

The long hours of that night were spent in devising the means of breaking her painful intelligence. At length she decided to commit it to paper, and as soon as the family were stirring, she rose from her sleepless couch, and gathering writing materials, seated herself at her little table. After beginning and casting aside several sheets, she wrote briefly as follows:—

"A painful discovery renders it my duty to set you free from all engagements and promises. In the last days of her life Mrs. Lee made known to me, for the first time, that I am her daughter only by adoption, and that my parentage is involved in obscurity and uncertainty. It becomes, therefore my duty to release you from our engagement, and pray that you may be happy with another. EMILY."

She dispatched this at once by her brother, and then entered the kitchen to assist the housemaid in preparing the morning meal.

A few hours brought the young rector in person, and with a trembling heart she entered the humble parlor to meet him.—In his countenance she read at once bewilderment, anxiety and distress, but there was no change in his usual affectionate greeting. Side by side they sat down on the sofa, and an earnest conversation followed.

In answer to his inquiries, she narrated to him fully all that Mrs. Lee had made known to her; and then she listened with glad surprise to his warm refusal to be released from their engagement. But should she take advantage of his generosity? And again her heart saddened.

But his persuasion conquered. Let the secret still remain buried in Mr. Lee's bosom. It would be both idle and painful to suffer it now to be made public. Their marriage should take place as soon as her year of mourning had expired. So they parted, mutually relieved. With a lightened step, and a cheek whose ashy paleness had given place to the soft glow of hope, Emily sought her adopted father, to make known the result of their interview.

CHAPTER II.

The summer wore away, and the golden autumn, and the white snows of Christmas began to float down upon the green earth. The passing weeks softened down the first anguish of bereavement, and the banished smile came back to Emily's lips.—Through those long months they were together, the betrothed, whether visiting the cottage of the poor and sick, driving or rambling amidst the lovely vales of Ilston, or gathered in the little parlor, the young rector reading from some pleasant book, and the fair girl busied with her needle, while the wild storm without dashed against the windows and swept along the sky. The gray old rectory, too, was about being refitted for the reception of the bride, and many were the consultations and the pleasant improvements which Emily's graceful taste suggested.—Those long winter evenings, those somber December days, which mutual affection brightened with the sunshine and roses of June, who could have foreseen in their fulness of happiness the clouds that were rising in the distance.

It was somewhat formally worded, yet gracious message which the young rector bore to his betrothed near the close of the New Year's festivities, that his mother would gladly welcome a visit from her at her house in London; and much as Emily secretly shrank from the acceptance, she saw no sufficient reason for declining. She was anxious, too, to conciliate her lover's family, whose opposition to the match in the commencement had given her much pain.

Her preparations for her visit were soon completed, and with a heavy heart, for it was her first absence from home, she bade good-bye to the kind-hearted farmer, and under the rector's escort set out for the great metropolis.

Very cold and chilling seemed the greeting which the widowed Mrs. Alliston bestowed upon her, and all her presentiments of home-sickness revived as she entered the spacious and comfortless drawing-room, with its costly funiture, much of which was altogether new to the country girl. "My daughter," "Miss Alliston;" and equally graceful and chilling was the welcome that met her from Richard Alliston's sister, a tall, majestic woman, still lovely, though past the bloom of youth. The sumptuous tea service, sumptuous to her, though not of the costliest kind or newest pattern; the blaze of chandeliers, the waiting servants, and the grave ceremoniousness of the entertainers, all tended to bewilder and embarrass, and she was glad when her hostess, surmising her fatigue, suggested her retiring to her chamber.

The next day but one, Alliston returned to his parish, and she was left to the hospitalities of her future mother and sister. A few drives in the park, an evening at the opera, and a few drawing-room calls at which she chanced to be present, comprised most of her impressions of the great London world; for her deep mourning would have precluded her attendance at the gay round of New-Year balls which had not yet closed, and to many of which Miss Alliston received cards, though, in consequence of their reduced fortunes, not now moving much in the higher circles.

It was upon her second and last evening at the opera that the painful discovery which the reader may have anticipated, was brought about.

In a box nearly opposite to that occupied by her party sat a gentleman who early attracted her observation by his intent and almost rude scrutiny of herself. His countenance seemed to her singularly familiar, yet when or where she had met it she found it impossible to recall. As if at length made conscious of the annoyance his gaze produced, he turned suddenly to the green curtain which was rising slowly upon the second scene, and she hoped that his rudeness had remained unnoticed by her companions. She had already learned to dread her chaperon's cold glances. It ill suited that haughty lady that the fresh, simple beauty of her brother's country wife that *was to be*, should attract admiring eyes, and her cold cheek always flushed when she introduced her as simple Miss Lee of Wiltshire.

And this incident, trifling as it seemed, disarranged Emily's pleasure for the evening, and she sat unconcious of almost all that was passing before her. That unknown face had aroused a world of painful and utterly inexplicable emotions—Pain, sadness, aversion. Where could she have met it before? Could a chance encounter with a stranger, a rude gaze, agitate her thus? She stole another side glance at the now averted face. It was that of a man past the early prime of life, bearing traces of elegance and high breeding, but marred, even to her unpractised eye, by dissipations. Her returning eyes met those of Miss Alliston; she felt that her emotion was becoming too visible, and strove to compose the hurry of her thoughts.

Glad was she when the curtain fell for the last time, amidst the cheers of the pit. In the hurry and confusion of the crowd, she became separated from her company, and for a moment found herself, to her alarm, alone. A gentleman, who had evidently been following close behind her, and whom she knew at a glance as the mysterious stranger, drew near, and observing her air of anxiety, with a graceful apology, proffered his sevices. Bewildered and alarmed, she accepted them, not knowing what to do. But scargely had she named Mr. Landsdowne's carriage, and taken the arm of her new protector, when she distinguished the former endeavoring to force his way towards them, having discovered her absence and returned in quest of her. After a brief word of explanation, she hurriedly bowed her thanks and adieu to her chanced escort, but not without noticing Mr. Landsdowne's involuntary expression of surprise.

Miss Alliston rallied her on her silence and preoccupation on the drive home.

On reaching her room, she threw off her bonnet and furred pelisse; as she paused before the mirror an involuntary exclamation escaped her, and every remaining trace of color quitted her pale cheek. In her own face she solved the mystery which had so perplexed her. The inexplicable likeness was to herself. The mysterious stranger was her father!

With this thrilling conviction forced upon her, she sank back white and breathless in her chair. How long she remained in this stupor she knew not, but when she roused herself as conciousness returned, the gray light of morning was filling the narrow court.

With the light of day, hope and resolution returned to the unhappy girl.

"I must seek no further," she thought. "I must not hazard our happiness. Kind noble Birchard! What do I owe a father whom I never knew?"

With her usual composed air she joined the family at the breakfast table, and her paleness, while it was kindly noticed by Mrs. Alliston, was imputed to late hours.

On the plea of fatigue, she declined to join that morning in a shopping excursion and with a felling of relief heard the carriage roll away, for she longed to be alone.

But hardly had she thrown herself upon her couch, and buried her face in the pillows in a vain endeavor to seek repose for her throbbing temple, when a low knock at the door compelled her to rise, and a servant, presenting a card, said a gentleman in the drawing-room desired to speak with her.

With a bewildered feeling, Emily read "Mr. Howard," and smoothing back her disordered hair, descended with a languid step to receive her unknown visitor.

But a glance at his countenance as he rose at her entrance, made the blood recede to her heart with a sudden chill—Controlling her agitation, she said, with difficulty—

"Permit me to inquire, sir, to what circumstance I am indebted for this call from a stranger?"

"Does not your own heart tell you, Emily?" he returned; "this agitation—this emotion—my child!"

Involuntarily repulsing his movment to embrace her, she sank down into a seat, while he stood regarding her with anxious attention.

"To what name, then, am I entitled?" she said, at length. "My mother! tell me, tell me—she was a wife!"

"Is it possible you have been kept so completely in ignorance," he said, sadly, seating himself beside her. "Be composed, my poor child—your parentage is pure even noble, tarnished only by your father's faults. I can well account for your shrinking from me," he added, stifling a sigh.

"Far from it," she answered, hurriedly. "I know nothing of the past, of all that I long to learn! Tell me of my mother. Why did she die alone, among strangers? What is this disgrace which hangs over me?"

"Your mother was an orphan and an heiress. I was the younger son of a noble family. My father was not burdened with wealth, and my allowance fell much short of my expenditures. My wants led me to the gaming-table, and I fell into other dissipations only too common to young men in London society. It was then I met your mother for the first time. I loved her, her purity and goodness reclaimed me. Her guardian refused his consent to our marriage, and it was delayed until she became of age. Could I have foresworn the gaming-table, all would have been well, but I could not resist its fascinations, and became involved in debts of honor. In an evil hour, when my senses were drugged with wine, I forged a check—Discovery followed! My poor wife forsook me with her child. It was long, very long before I found a clue to the place in which she had sought to bury her anguish and shame. Then it was to stand by *her grave*, and to learn that my child had been conveyed away, none knew whither. When I saw you last night at the opera, the striking resemblance to your mother at once attracted my attention. My inquiries easily satisfied me of the truth."

He paused; but Emily's rigid and deathlike face evinced no share in his emotions.

"I would claim you, acknowledge you as my own," he said, struck by her strange silence. "Rumor has already told me of your engagement to a country parson. It is well enough for a farmer's daughter but Miss Howard can indulge in higher ambitions."

These words, and the almost contemptuous tone in which they were spoken, at once strengthened her fluttering heart.

"I thank you," she said, "for your kind purposes, but my ambition is fully satisfied. Nay, hear more, and oh, forgive me! The proud family I am about to enter might not receive me, even now, as readily if they knew my true parentage, as they would the poor farmer's daughter."

His cheek flushed angrily. He rose.

"I understand you, but I will not be unreasonable. I gave you only existence. I will not talk of duty."

"Stay!" She exclaimed, struggling with conflicting feelings; but her prayer was unheeded as the door closed upon his retreating form.

As ill-fortune directed, at that very moment she heard a carriage drive up to the steps, and a moment after, Mrs. Alliston's voice in the hall. They had met face to face, her unwelcome visitant and her stately mother-in-law!

It was after lunch was over that Mrs. Alliston interrogated her guest, carelessly as to her morning visitor, whom she had met in his exit on her sudden return.

"Where did Mr. Howard procure an introduction to you, my dear? I thought you were wholly unacquainted in London."

"I was separated from my company last evening, madam, when we were leaving the hall, and as a stranger, he kindly offered me his services to seek out my carriage."

Mrs. Alliston's slightly elevated eyebrows expressed surprise mingled with disapprobation.

"An acquaintance founded upon such a trifle is presumptious!" And in fact, Mr. Howard is a gentleman whose acquaintance can hardly be considered an honor, *however made*."

"The name is that of a distinguished family," said Emily, with an effort.

"Yes," said Miss Alliston "but he has long been discarded by his relatives.—Years ago, he perpetrated a forgery, which has banished him from good society, and which, but for the enormous sum paid to compromise, would have sent him to Newgate."

Emily asked no more. Her pale cheek flushed to a permanent crimson.

The unexpected arrival of Alliston the next day was gladly welcomed. She seized with avidity the opportunity of shortening her visit. If the young rector felt that the impressions made between his betrothed and his family had been mutually cold and unfavorable, he kept his disappointment in his own breast.

The evening before her departure, Emily received a note, which she eagerly seized an opportunity of perusing alone.

"I did not leave you so abruptly in unkindness," it ran. "It may be that your lot is chosen wisely. But should a change take place in your views, remember that my home and heart are open to you."

She pressed it thankfully to her lips with a great sense of relief.

It was on her way home, when the formal leavetaking has been uttered, and they were for the first time alone, that Emily made known to her betrothed her important discovery. It brought a momentary shadow to his brow, but he answered, kindly and frankly—

"In the sins of others, you can have no share, my Emily. Let us forget that this painful discovery was ever made."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

☞ Name for a conductor on a horse rail road.—'Oscar.

THE FARMER.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.—"Chill November's surly blasts make fields and forests bare, and old Winter with his frosty beard," will soon be upon us; and in the Northern and Western States, winter is not a myth, but a substantial reality, that can neither be hushed up, coughed down, or thrust aside. There is no shirking its cold and driving storms. It is a palpable thing—one that can be felt by both man and animals; and it is the part of wisdom, in the farmer and all others, to be prepared to meet it, and as far as possible to guard against its severity upon the inmates of the barn as well as those of the house.

The dwelling-house should be well banked up if necessary, so as to prevent the cold from entering the cellar and frosting the potatoes and other vegetables stored therein. From neglect in making their cellars frost-proof, we have known many farmers to lose large quantities of potatoes in their cellars, by freezing, and in the following spring they were obliged to purchase, (and sometimes at a high price too,) potatoes for planting and for table use. A few hours of well directed labor early in November, in fixing up their cellars, would have saved their potatoes, money and whining.

Broken windows should be attended to; glass and putty are cheap, to what they were half a century ago, and there is no longer any excuse for filling the broken windows with old hats, cast-off undergarments and unmentionables, as was so frequently the case in the "good old times" we occasionally hear of. Everything connected with the house should be made snug and comfortable, both inside and out. The principal living room should be upon the sunny side of the house, and be furnished with good sized windows. The burrowing of families in ill-lighted rooms, in the cold, dark, north side of the house, where the sun scarcely peers in upon the inmates from November to April, is poor economy indeed, and still poorer to stint the children, who wish to read or study, to the feeble light of a small-sized, greasy tallow candle. Good oils of various kinds, for illuminating purposes, with lamps to match, are now everywhere obtainable, and at prices within the reach of all. But, abjure camphene and other burning fluids, as you would the fangs of the deadly serpent. Furnish the sons and daughters of farmers with suitable books, agricultural and other papers and periodicals, and good lights and pleasant rooms, and we shall hear less of their fleeing from the parental roof, and the leaving of the "old folks at home," in their downhill of life.

Over large sections of the country, the frosts of a few of the last nights of September found much corn unripe. It has dried somewhat, and much of it appears tolerably sound, but yet the cob contains a large amount of water. When the corn is stored in cribs, or in latticed corn-houses, there is danger of it becoming mouldy, and sometimes the corn is very much injured by having the cob frozen. This was the case with tens of thousands of bushels of corn in the western States, in the autumn of 1857. The corn was harvested and cribbed as usual, and near the close of November of that year, a few days of extreme cold occurred which froze the juicy cobs, and when the weather became mild enough to thaw, most of the corn was found nearly worthless, becoming slimy and useless except for the compost-heap. In the latticed corn-house a close box stove can be profitably used for *kiln-drying* the corn, an experiment we have known to have been successfully tried on several occasions. When the corn is spread upon the garret floor it should be daily raked over, and in fair weather the windows should be kept open for the purpose of keeping up a free circulation of air, which will much hasten the process of drying, and prevent mouldiness.

A few days since we saw some newly-harvested corn, which had been thinly spread upon a garret floor. The owner thought when harvested, that it was well ripened and dry, but upon examination a few days afterwards, the underside of a large portion of the ears was mouldy. Such corn will not make good sweet bread, nor do well for seed. The raising of the windows, and daily use of the rake in moving it about, arrested all farther mouldiness. This is a matter worth attending to, as is also that of picking over and assorting the potatoes stored in the cellar, if there is much appearance of rot.

The good economy of carting out manure, and depositing it in conical or ridge-like heaps, in the autumn, near where wanted for next year's crops is well understood by all who have practiced it. If there is danger of the heaps freezing badly, and not thawing in the spring as soon as wanted, a good covering of brakes, leaves, or something of the kind, and this covered with large bows of evergreens, will prevent freezing, and the process of decomposition will in a greater or less degree be carried on during the winter months. Where the manure is coarse, or not well rotted down, when carried out, a farther rotting process is desirable.

It is also good economy to plow during this month, clayey and other stiff soils. The furrow slices as left by the plow, are generally in a much better condition to be operated upon by the winter's frost, and atmospherical agencies, than if they were harrowed fine and then rolled. Corn and other stubble ground, intended for wheat, barley or oats, the coming spring, according to the experience of some good farmers, should be well and deeply plowed in the fall. Such land needs only the cultivator and harrow to prepare it for sowing the grain, and the presumption is, a better crop of grain will be harvested, than if the land had been spring-plowed. Everything should be done in autumn that can be, towards spring's work. A scarcity of hay, and wet, backward springs, sometimes put the farmer so far in the background that he can scarcely "catch up" through the whole season—much of which might have been avoided by having a portion of his spring's work done in the previous autumn.

If not already attended to, the dark, drizzly days of November afford the farmer a favorable time to repair and put in order his sleds, chains, axes, and handspikes, for getting up the year's supply of fire-wood, timber, mill-logs, &c. Where the wood and timber lot is not too rough and broken, it is much the better way to have the sledding done in early winter. Eight to twelve inches of snow frequently affords good sledding to the wood lot, and if the sled-shoe does occasionally get a good grazing on the uncovered rocks, it is no killing affair—it is better to shoe sleds than to break paths through three-feet snows, and crowd the team over or through five-feet snow drifts.

Most farmers are now aware of the important fact, that warmth and shelter for farm stock, to a certain extent, is equivalent to an extra amount of food, or, in other words, cattle, &c., kept in good, warm, well-ventilated hovels, stables, sheds, &c., require a much less amount of food to keep up or increase their growth, than the same stock would if exposed to the out-door cold and storm of our northern and western winters for months together, as is too often the improvident and cruel practice of farmers in some sections of our county. Where large numbers of horses and cattle are kept in the stable or hovel, there may be some danger of having the hovels too close and warm for the health of the stock; but if a proper system of ventilation is attended to, governed somewhat by the temperature of the weather—whether very cold or moderate, or quite warm—little fear need there be of having the hovels too warm. In very cold weather but little fresh is needed, in addition to that which will force its way into the hovel through the "cracks and crevices;" in milder weather more air should be admitted; in warm weather the doors and windows should be kept open. To manage these matters aright, requires attention and judgment on the part of those having charge of the farm during winter. Farmers differ somewhat in their management of sheep and young cattle. Some prefer keeping their sheep mostly in the barn, where they have suitable feeding racks; others give their flock the choice of sleeping in the barn or out-doors. For the best health of the sheep, whether they lodge out-doors or under cover, they should be well littered with straw, refuse hay, or dry leaves. Some farmers, of late years, "tie up" all their cattle, old and young, giving them the range of the barn-yard for an hour or two each day through the winter, if not too cold or stormy. It is thought by such farmers that their cattle do better and require less hay than if allowed their liberty to range far and near. Others think that their young cattle do better to have their liberty in the yard, or under sheds, or the barn cellar, and fed from suitable boxes or racks. These are matters about which farmers will decide for themselves. In the meantime, we will suggest that from this to the first of December, will be a good time to make all needful arrangements for the most economical way of keeping them through the winter in a thrifty, growing condition. There is no profit in stinting farm stock on their rations, for the laws of animal life cannot be violated with impunity.—*Country Gentleman.*

ROUGH BEGINNING OF THE HONEYMOON.—On last Friday morning an athlethic young farmer, in the town of Wanesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt, sharp featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped observed that they conducted themselves in rather a singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while. Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair, young bride into a corner, but he no sooner commenced talking to her, than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant by about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room assigned to the newly-married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swear" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly-married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband in his gentleman Greek Slave apparel.

It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair, and that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract.

Won't you go away, now, Susan, peacefully said the newly-married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there."

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now, now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't!"

"I'll cut up's much's I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well!" roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two wimin put on your duds and go right home, and bring the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole d—d caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native to the manor born."