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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 18. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1861. | NO. 7.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

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Jackson, June 14th, 1860. y*

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DRS. OLMSTEAD & READ,
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. Office—the one formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Olmstead, in DUNDAFF. my 7 3m.

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Physician and Surgeon, Friendsville, Pa. Office opposite the Jackson House.
DR. LEET gives particular attention to the treatment of diseases of the EAR and EYE; and is confident that his knowledge of, and experience in that branch of practice will enable him to effect a cure in the most difficult cases. For treating diseases of these organs no fee will be charged unless the patient is benefitted by the treatment. [August 30th, 1860.

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Montrose, Pa., July 2th, 1860.—tf.

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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. je2 y.

ABEL TURRELL,
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BARBER and Hair Dresser, Montrose, Pa. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel.

PROF. J. W. WILLIAMS,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER, offers his services to the public, with the guaranty that his work shall be done in the most skillful and artistic manner. ☞ Shop in the north front of the *FRANKLIN HOUSE*, Montrose, Pa. Open on Sundays from 6 a. m. until 2 p. m. July 26, 1860.—tf.

PORTRAITS, PORTRAITS!
NEW ARRANGEMENTS IN THE
BRICK BLOCK.
THE undersigned having taken the Rooms formerly occupied by W. B. DEANS, is now prepared to furnish all who may desire with a good and truthful Portrait.
Being well posted in the production of the various kinds of Pictures of the day, I flatter myself that my work is not excelled by any in this section of the country.
Among the various kinds taken at my Rooms are the
AMBROTYPE, PHOTOGRAPH,
MELAINOTYPE, NEILLOGRAPH.
Locket Pictures down to the smallest sized miniature Ring. Transferred Ambrotypes—the finest thing out, for sending by Post to any part of the World without extra postage. My Pictures are bold, vigorous, and expressive—not those faint, lifeless shadows often sold about the country. Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, equally well, except those of young children. No picture need be taken unless perfect satisfaction is given.
In dressing for a picture, avoid light colors,—such as blue, purple, scarlet, pink, etc. Most others take well; as green, black, red, snuff, brown, orange, yellow, etc.
☞ Remember that the place to get your "picture" is in the Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's store.
J. B. HAZLETON.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 26th, 1860.

LADIES' ONE PRICE
FANCY FUR STORE!
JOHN FARRERA, No. 718 ARCH st. between 7th and 8th sts. Philadelphia, (late of 518 Market st.) Importer, Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of
Fancy Furs,
Having removed to my New Store, 718 Arch st. Philadelphia, and being now engaged entirely in the Manufacture and sale of Fancy Furs, which, in accordance with the 'one Price Principle,' I have marked at the lowest possible prices consistent with a reasonable profit. I would solicit a visit from those in want of Furs for either Ladies' or Children's wear, & an inspection of my selections of those goods, satisfied, as I am, of my ability to please in every desired essential.
☞ Persons at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to call personally, need only name the article, they wish, together with the price, and instructions for sending, and forward the order to my address—money accompanying—to insure a satisfactory compliance with their wishes. [Aug. 30, 1860. 5m.

NEW STOVES! NEW STOVES!
H. BURRITT
HAS just received a large stock of new Stoves, for Cooking, Parlor, Office and Shop purposes, for Wood or Coal, with Stove Pipe, Zinc, &c.
His assortment is select and desirable, and will be sold on the most favorable terms for *Cash*, or to *Prompt Six Months Buyers*.
New Milford, Oct. 25th, 1860.

Mill Property
FOR SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale his Mill Property in New Milford, two miles east from the borough. It consists of a GRIST MILL and SAW MILL, with a new Stone Dam nearly completed—20 feet thick at bottom, 17½ feet wide at top, and 19 feet high. This is a very desirable location, both as to business and power. For further information inquire of ARCHIBALD HILL.
New Milford, Nov 1st 1860.—3m*

HONOR LIVINGSTON.

DAVID POLREATH'S STORY.

DAVID POLREATH stroked down the long iron-grey hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large-buttoned coat, and spake thus:

The question was, Did he throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he loose his way in the dusk and fall over accidently, or was he pushed over by some person or persons unknown?

His body was found nearly fifty yards below the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees that overhang the water at the foot of the track down the cliff. It was shockingly bruised and disfigured, so much so as to be hardly recognizable; but for his clothing, and the name on his linen, I doubt whether any body could have identified him except myself. There was, however, no suspicion of foul play; the signs of rough usuage might all have been caused by the body having been driven about among the stones that encumber the bed of the river a long way below the fall.

When I speak of the fall, I speak of the Ashenfall, by Ashendell village, within an hour's drive of this house. This gentlemen, is for the information of strangers.

He had been seen by many persons about the village during the day; I myself had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage toward the church: which I rather wondered at, considering who was buried there, and how, and why. I will even confess that I watched him; and he went—as I expected he would, since he had the heart to go near the place at all—round to the back of the church where Honor Livingston's grave is; and there he staid, sitting by himself on the low wall for an hour or more. Sometimes, he turned to look across the valley—many a time and oft I have seen him there before, with Honor beside him, watching, while he sketched the beautiful landscape—and sometimes he had his back to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is anything pleasant or comfortable to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people who have died in their beds; for, being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was dusk, and without any service, and, of course no stone was allowed to be put up over it. Our clergyman has talked of having the mound leveled and tufted over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little lass ever since she could run along; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have said what it would, that she was out of herself and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death," and he had a regular funeral—priest, bell, clerk and sexton, complete; and there he lies only a stone's throw from Honor, with a ton or two of granite over him, and an inscription, setting forth what a great man he was in his day, and what mighty engineering works he did at home and abroad, and how he sleeps now in the hope of a joyful resurrection with the just made perfect. These present strangers can read it for themselves; and many strangers go to look at it. His grave is as famous as the Ashenfall itself, and I have known folks come away with tears in their eyes after reading the flourishing inscription; believing it all like Gospel, and saying how sad that so distinguished a man should have been cut off in the prime of his days. But I don't believe it. He was never any more than plain James Lawrence to me—a young fellow who, as a lad, had paddled bare-legged over the stones of the river as a guide across for visitors; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck and done a clever thing or two in engineering; who had come back among us in all his glory, to dazzle most people's eyes, and break little Honor Livingston's heart. The one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he did not often come near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—no, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to everybody what brought him over here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. That is my view of it. About his death, and the manner of it, all Lanrean had its speculation, and said its say; but I held my peace. I had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but on the contrary, I can show you evidence to establish it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no, I believe he was drawn over—drawn over by something below. When you have heard the notes he made in a little book that was found among his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing that I am curious after old stories of the neighborhood; and what I am going to read, is writen in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it:

LONDON, August 11, 1852.

Honor Livingson has kept her word with me. I saw last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and the ink-bottle I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing between the two lights, looking at me, exactly as she looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming awake. I had only drunk a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and was as much my own man as ever I was in my life. It is all nonsense to talk about fancy and optical delusions in this case; I saw her with my eyes as distinctly as I ever saw her alive in the body. The hall clock had just struck eight, and it was growing dusk; exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she came creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me through the open window, gathering up my books and making ready to go away from Ashendell. She was the last thought to come into my mind at that moment, for I was just on the point of lighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before turning in at the Daltons to chat with Anne. All at once there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn to it, had I not seen them put her under ground just a twelve month ago. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, a minute—but it may have been an hour—and then the place she had filled was empty. I was so much bewildered and out of myself, as it were, that for a while I could neither think of anything, nor hear anything but the mad heavy throbing of my own pulses. I cannot say that I was scared exactly; for the time I was completely wrapt away; the first actual sensation I had was of my own heart thumping in my breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyze her—a wan, vague, misty outline, with Honor's own eyes full upon me. I can almost fancy I hear her asking again, "Is it true you're going, James? You're not really going, James?"

Now I am not the man to be frightened by a shadow though that shadow be Honor Livingston, whom they say I as good as murdered. I always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological, and otherwise; and I shall follow this mystery up, and note whether she comes back to me year by year, as she promised. I have never kept a diary of personal matters before, not being one who cares to see specters of himself at remote periods of his life, talking to him again of his adventures and misadventures, out of yellow old pages that had better never been written; but this is a marked event worth commemorating, and a well-authenticated ghost-story to me who never believed in ghosts before.

It was rather a spiteful threat of Honor—"I'll haunt you till you come to Ashenfall, where I am going now!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as round, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess her to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows. Bah! Yes, I know; I need tell no lies here, I need not do any falseswearing to myself—the poor little creature loved me, and I petted and plagued her into loving me, because I was idle and I had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her for I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it. That sounded, to her, more like jest than the other. And she did not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then all in a moment, I suppose the madness seized her, and she neither knew where she went nor what she did.

I fancy I can see her now come tripping down the field leading her little brother by the hand, and I fancy I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her shoulder as I asked her if she had any ripe cherries to sell. She looked the very mischief with those pretty eyes, and I was taken rather aback when she said, "I know you Jemmy Lawrence." That was the beginning of it. Little Honor and her mother lived next door to mine, and she had not forgotten me though I had been full seven years away. I did not know her, the gipsey, but I must needs go in and see her that evening; and so we went on until I asked her if she remembered when we went to dame-school together, and when she promised to be my little wife? *If* she remembered! Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the Summer were so pleasant that sometimes my fancy did play Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honor better; and I said more than I meant, and she took it all in the grand serious manner.

I was not much to blame. I would not have injured her for the world; she was as good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, as passions, seem to find their stronghold under thatch. If Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she drowns herself in the mill-pool; if lady Clara gets a cross of the heart, she indites a achrymose sonnet, and marries a gouty peer; if Colin's sweetheart smiles on Lubin, Collin loads his gun and shoots them both; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he whistles her down the wind, and goes a-wooing elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady she would have been living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the sly glances and rosy blushes! When I saw Anne Dalton to-day I could not help comparing her frigid gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she ever will love any man alive. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor Livingston lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her cold, dead face! I wish I had never seen it. I would have given the world to keep away, but something compelled me to go and look at her; and I did feel then as if I had killed her. Last night she was a shadowy essence of this drowned Ophelia and of her living self. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I suppose, if she has her will, wherever her restless spirit may be condemned to bide between whiles—on the tenth of August she will always come back and haunt me until I go to her.

HASTINGS, August 11, 1830.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten everything about that wretched business of poor Honor Livingston, when last night I saw her.

Anne and I were sitting together out in the veranda, talking of all sort of complace things—our neighbors' affairs, money, this, that, and the other—the sea was looking beautiful, and I was on the point of proposing a row by moonlight, when Anne said, "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place! Look at sky over the down, how clear it is!" Turning my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the clouds.

Annie clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me passionately what I saw. With that Honor was gone, and passing my hand over my eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a spasm at my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a dreadful shock.

Annie insisted on my seeking the doctor, "It must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that could make you look in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment.

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her that it was a thing of very rare occurrence with me, and that there was no cure for it. But this did not pacify her, and this morning no peace could be had until Dr. Hutchinson could be sent for and she had given the old gentleman her own account of me. He said he would talk to me by-and-by. And when he got me by myself, I cannot tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the facts out of me, and I was fool enough to let him do it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of suspicious scrutiny in his eye; but I understood him, and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here, tapping my forehead.

"I should say not, except this fancy for seeing ghosts," replied he dryly. But I perceived, all the time he was with me, that I was the object of a furtive and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancied he wanted to have some talk with Annie by herself, but I prevented that by never losing sight of him until he was safely off the premises. If he proposed a private interview while I was out alone, I prevented that, too, by immediately ordering Anne to pack up our traps, and coming back to town that very day. I have not been well since. I feel out of spirits, bored, worried, sick of everything. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all that Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

LONDON, August 20, 1830.

This wretched state of things does not cease. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my soul, and the next, perhaps, I am hurried to and fro with the most tormenting fancies. I see shadows of Honor wherever I turn and she is no longer motionless as before, but beckons me with her hand until I tremble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now I have had no rest. I cannot sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and Anne watches me stealthily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I can perceive that she is afraid of me, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. To-day she must needs suggest my seeing a doctor here, and when I replied that I was going to South America, she told me I was not fit for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eye, she said, "James, your conduct is that of a madman!" Since then I know she sits with me in silent terror, longing to escape and find some one to listen to her grievances. But I shall keep strict ward that she does nothing of the kind. I will not have any foes of my own household, and no spying relatives shall come between us to put asunder those whom God has joined together.

ACAPULCO, March 17, 1831.

It is six months since I wrote the above. In the interval I have been miserably ill, grievously tormented both in mind and body; but now I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlantic between myself and my wicked wife, whose conduct towards me I will never forgive, I can collect my powers of mind, and bend them again to my work. Burton came out in the same ship with me to engage in the same enterprise. After a few days rest we intend setting out on our journey to the mining districts, where we are to act. My heart feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's close study without inconvenience. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Umpleby said it had been coming on gradually for months, and that there was nothing at all extraordinary in my delusions; my diseased state was one always so attended more or less. And Anne, in her cowardly malignity, would have consigned me for life to a lunatic assylum! It was Umpleby who saved me, and I have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has chosen to return to her family, and they may keep her; she will never see my face again, of my free will, as long as I live.

The picturesqueness of this place is not noteworthy in any degree. The harbor is inclosed by a chain of mountains, and has two entrances formed by the Island of Roquette; the castle of St. Diego commands the town and the bay, standing on a spur of the hills. Burton has been to and fro on his rambles ever since we landed; but I find the heat too great for much exertion, and when we begin our journey into the interior I shall have need of all my forces; therefore, better husband them now.

MEXICO, April 24, 1831.

We are better off here than we anticipated. Burton has found an old fellow pupil engaged as engineering tutor in the School of Mines, and there are civilized amusements which we neither of us had any hope of finding. The city is full of ancient relics, and Burton is on foot exploring, day by day. I prefer the living interests of this strange place, and sometimes early in the morning I betake myself to the market place and watch the Indians dress their stalls. No matter what they sell, they decorate their shops with fresh herbs and flowers until they are sheltered under a bower of verdure. They display their fruit in open basket work, laying the pears and raisins below, and covering them above with odorous flowers. An artist might make a pretty picture here, when the Indians arrive at sunrise in their boats loaded with the produce of their floating gardens. Next week Burton, his friend, and I are to set out for the mines of Moran and Real del Monte. I should have preferred to delay our journey a while longer for reasons of my own, but Burton presses, and feels we have already delayed longer than enough.

MORAN, July 4, 1831.

I am sick of this place, but our business here is now on the verge of completion, and in a few days we start on our expedition to the mines of Guanamato. The director, Burton, and myself, are all of opinion that immense advantages are to be gained by improving the working of the mines, which is, at present, in a very defective condition. There is great mortality among the Indians, who are the beasts of burden of the mines; they carry on their backs loads of metal of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds at a time, ascending and descending thousands of steps, in files which contain old men of seventy and mere children. I have not been very well here, having had some return of old symptoms, but under proper treatment they dispersed; however, I shall be thankful to be on the move again.

PASCUARO, Aug. 11, 1831.

Can any man evade his thoughts, impalpable curses sitting on his heart, mocking like fiends? I can not evade mine. All yesterday I was haunted by a terrible anxiety and dread. At every turn, at every moment, I expected to see Honor Livingston appear before me, but I did not see her. The day and night passed, and I was freed from that great horror—how great I had not realized, until its hour had gone and left no trace. This morning I am myself again; my spirits revive; I have escaped my enemy, and have proved that it was, indeed, but a subtle emanation of my own diseased body and mind. But these thoughts, these troublesome, persistant thoughts, how combat them? Burton, very observant of me at all times, was yesterday watchful as an inquisitor; he said he hoped I was not going to have a frightful fever which is prevailing here, but I know he meant something else. I have not a doubt now that Anne and all that confederacy warned him before we set sail to beware of me, for I had been mad; that is the cursed lie they sent abroad. Mad! All the world's mad, or on the way to it!

But if Honor had come back to me yesterday, we might have gone and have looked down together into Hell, through the ovens of Jorulla. The missionaries cursed this frightful place generations since; and it is accursed, if ever land was. Nothing more awful than this desolate burning waste, which the seas could not quench. When I remember it, and all I underwent yesterday, the confusion and horror return upon me again, and my brain sweeves like the brain of a drunken man. I will write no more; sufficient to record that the appointed time came and went, and Honor Livingston did not keep her word with me.

NEW-ORLEANS, Feb., 1832.

I left Burton still in Mexico, and came here alone. His care and considerateness were more than I could put up with, and after two or three ineffectual remonstrances, we came to a violent rupture, and I determened to throw up my engagement rather than carry it out in conjunction with such a man. There was no avoiding the quarrel. Was I to be tutored day by day, and the wine bottle removed out of my reach? He dared to tell me that when I was cool, clear—myself, in short—there was no man my master in our profession; but when I had drunk freely I was as unmanageable as a lunatic! A lie, of course; but unscrupulous persecutors are difficult to circumvent. Anne's malice pursues me even here. When I was out yesterday, my footsteps were dogged pertinaciously wherever I went, and perhaps an account of my doings will precede me home; but if they do, I defy them all, to do their worst.

ASHENDELL, Aug. 9, 1839.

This old book turned up to-day, among some traps that have lain by in London all the years that I have spent first in Spain and afterwards in Russia. What fool's talk it is; but I suppose it was true at the time. I know I was in a wretched condition while I was in Mexico and in the States, but I have been sane enough and sound enough ever since the illness I had at Baltimore. To prove how little hold on me my ancient horrors have retained, I find myself at Ashendell in the very season of the year when Honor Livingston destroyed herself—to morrow is the anniversary of her death. So I take my enemy by the throat, and crush him! These fantastical maladies will not stand against a determined will. At Moscow, at Cherson, at Arcangel, the tenth of August has come and gone, unmarked. Honor failed of her threat everywhere except at Lisbon. I saw her there twice, just before we sailed. I saw her when we were off that coast where we so nearly escaped wreck, rising and falling upon the waves. I saw her in London that day I appointed to see Anne. But I know what it means: it means that I must put myself in Umpleby's hands for a few weeks, and that the shadows will forthwith vanish. Shadows they are, out of my own brain, and they take the shape of Honor because I have let her become a fixed idea in my mind. Yet it is very strange that the last time she appeared to me I heard her speak. I fancied she said that it was almost time; and then louder, "I'll haunt you, James, until you come to the Ashenfall, where I am going now!" And with that she vanished. Fancy plays strange tricks with us, and makes cowards of us almost as cleverly as conscience.

AUGUST. 10.

I have had a very unpleasant impression on me all day. I wish I had resisted Linchley's persuasions more steadily. I ought never to have come down here again. The excitement of its miserable recollections is too much for me. The man at the inn called me by my name this morning, and said he recollected me—looking up toward the church as he spoke.—Damn him! All day I seem to have been acting against my will. What should possess me to go there this afternoon? Bound about among the graves, until I came to the grassy hillock on the north side of the church, where they buried Honor that night, without a prayer. I sat down on the low wall, and looked across to the hills beyond the river, listening to the monotonous sing-song of the fall. I would give all I possess to-day to be able to tread back or to untread a score of my life. It seems such a blank; of all I planned and schemed how little have I accomplished! Watching by Honor's grave, I fell to thinking of her. What had either of us done that we should be so wretched? Is it part and parcel of the great injustice of life that some must suffer so signally while others escape? The coarse grass is never cut at the north side of the church, nettles and brambles grow about the grave. Honor was mad, poor soul; they might have given her a prayer for rest, if they were forbidden to believe she died in hope. I prayed for her to-day—more need, perhaps, to pray for myself—and then there came a crazed whirl in my brain, and I set off to find Linchley. As I came down near the water, the fall sounded very tumultuous; it was sultry hot, and I should have liked to have turned down by the river, but I said, "No, it is the tenth of August! If I am to meet Honor Livingston to-day, I'll not meet her by Ashenfall!" So I came home to our lodgings, to find that Linchley had gone over to Warfe, and had left a message that he should not return until to-morrow. I have the night before me alone; it is not like an English night at all; it is like the nights I remember at Cadiz, which always heralded a tremendous storm. And I think we shall have a storm here, too, before the morning.

These were the last words James Lawrence ever wrote, gentlemen. Further than this no man can speak of his death; it is plain to me that one of his mad fits was coming on before he left Lisbon; that it grew and increased until he came here; and that here it reached its climax, and urged him to his death. I believe in the ghosts James Lawrence saw, as I believe in the haunting power of any great misdeed that has driven any fellow-creature into deadly sin.

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.—In a communication to the Cotton Planter, Mr W. McWillie says:

There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper, and all worms and bugs that usually infest and destroy bacon. It is to keep your smoke house dark, and the moth that lays the egg will never enter it. For the past 25 years I have attended to this, and have never had my bacon troubled with insects I have now, hanging in my smoke house, hams one two and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exception of my bacon from insect but simply the fact that my smoke house is always dark. Before adopting this, I had tried many plans, but always either without success, or with injury to the flavor. I smoke with green hickory; this is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood.

"SWEETENING" CUT HAY FOR COWS.—A correspondent of the Homestead, in an account of a noted milk farm, near Hartford, says the farmer, Mr. Gates, cuts most of his hay in winter, moistening it, and thoroughly mixing it with a thin swill of rye, corn and cotton-seed meal and water, allowing the mass to lie from one feeding time to another to swell and sweeten before using. "I say 'sweeten,' not 'sour'—he feeds before it comes to that." The writer says he thinks the process analagous to that undergone in a sour apple, which, "if bruised on one side, the juice of that spot becomes decidedly sweet in a short time, the saccharine matter ferments, conversion of starch into sugar, and all that," taking place.

☞ An amusing incident occurred in a dry goods store in New York recently.

A good looking, honest faced country girl came to town with her "feller," to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the flitting cash boys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her feller obstinately refused to go in, but loitered at the door.

The clerks being all busy just then, she was obliged to remain standing for a few minutes. At length a gaily dressed little fellow came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with—

"Anybody waiting on you, madam?"

The color deepened on her cheeks as she pointed to the door and faltered out—

"Yes sir, he is."

The clerk wilted.

SUSPENDED.—The country is in a state of crisis, and Bones has seriously felt it. He called on his barber lately and found the door fastened. He knocked loudly, and the knight of the razor put his head out of the window and remarked:

"No use knockin dar, Ise closed, Ise suspended."

"Then hand me out my boots,' retorted Bones.

The barber retired, and soon one boot was thrown him through the window, and when he called for the other the barber very coolly replied:

"Dats all you can hab now, Mr. Bones, Ise only payin fifty per cent."

☞ In the reign of George the second, one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some remarks before an election committe which was considered to reflect on the House itself. He was accordingly summoned to the bar, and forced to receive a reprimand from the speaker, on his knees. As he rose, with the utmost nonchalance, he took out his handkerchief, and wiping his knees, coolly observed, that "it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in."

Read Gen. Jackson's Farewell Address.

The Utility of Refuse Things.

The prussiate of potash is made in large quantities in Cincinnatti, from the hoofs, horns, and other refuse of slaughtered animals.

Cow-hair, taken from the hides in tanneries, is employed in making plastering-mortar, to give it a fibrous quality.

Saw dust is sold for sprinkling the floors of markets. It is also used for packing ice for shipping.

The rags of old, worn-out shirting, calico dresses, and the waste of cotton factories, are employed to make the paper upon which these lines are printed.

Old ropes are converted into fine note paper, and the waste paper itself, which is picked up in the gutters, is again reconverted into broad, white sheets, and thus does duty in revolving stages.

The paring of skins and hides, and the ears of cows, calves and sheep, are carefully collected and converted into glue.

The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory raspings—the bones and tendons of animals.

Bones converted into charcoal by roasting in retorts are afterwards employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, &c.

The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal in making gas, is employed for saturating orchil and cudbear, in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and the fine woolen goods.

Carbonic acid, obtained in the distillation of coal tar, is employed with other acids to produce beautiful yellow colors on silk and wool.

The shavings of cedar wood, used in making pencils, are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.

Brass filings and old brass kettles are remelted and employed to make the brass work of printing presses and pumps.

Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze chandeliers, for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.

Old horse-shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling-pieces.

HOW HE PASSED.

"Well," said the narrator, putting down his empty glass, and filling it again with Maderia, "I was shown into the examination room. Large table, and half-a-dozen old gentlemen at it. 'Big wigs, no doubt,' thought I; 'and as sure as my name is Symonds, they'll pluck me like a pigeon.'"

"Well, sir, what do you know about the science of your profession?" asked the stout man in the chair.

"More than he does of the practice, I'll be bound," tittered a little wasp of a dandy—a West-End ladies' doctor.

I trembled in my shoes.

"Well, sir," continued the stout man, "what would you do if a man was brought to you, during the action, with his arms and legs shot off? Now, sir, don't keep the Board waiting. What would you do? Make haste!"

"By Jove, sir," I answered—a thought just striking me—"I should pitch him overboard, and go on to some one else I could be of service to."

By ——! every one burst out laughing; and they passed me directly, sir—passed me directly!"

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—As there are many persons who suffer with chapped hands, at this season of the year, we publish for their information the following recipe, which, we are assured by one who has tried it, is effective as a cure:

Wash the hands clean in warm water; then take common lamp oil and grease them well. Rub the oil in thoroughly and wipe with a dry rag. Practice this every morning for a week or so, and the cracks will leave the hands, and the skin will become soft. This remedy is a simple and inexpensive one, and as our correspondent recommends it highly, we suggest to those suffering with chapped hands, a trial of its virtues.

NAMES.—The habit of burthening our children with three or four names has often caused us to smile with contempt and ridicule. What can sound so foolish and stupid as to call a dirty little urchin "come here, Alexander Joseph Washington Johnson, and get your supper," or, Caroline Matilda Sophronia Smith, it is time for you to be at the factory." It reminds us of a tale we once heard of a man in Spain who accidentally fell into a bog. The fellow bawled out lustily, and a peasant within hearing opened his window—it was a dark night—and inquired what was the matter? "Pray, help," said the sufferer, "Joseph Francisco Dominico Ferdinando Sebastiani is in the quagmire." "Is that all?" said the peasant; "if you are such a lazy set of rascals that you won't help one another out, you may lie there and rot, for aught I care."

GRAVE JOKE.—A wag going through a graveyard observed on a tombstone the following lines:

"As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

He took out his pencil and wrote below:

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

BANKING.—President of a bank rushes up to his friend: "Charlie, can't you lend me change for a dollar? The bank superintendent is in town and I want some specie in the vaults to make a show."

A man who covers himself with fine clothes, and neglects his mind it like the one illuminates the outside of his house, and sits in the dark inside.

COLDS.—If you are anxious to take cold and cough all winter, keep your feet damp, particularly when going to bed at night.

We increase our troubles by fretting at them.

There's nothing like warm hearts and cool heads.

☞ In the time that men waste in bewailing the perverseness of their fortunes they could gain a competency.