

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter
died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West wind loose his cloudless
white,
In flocks, careering thro' the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its
height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away;
A mist was lightly drawn across the
stars,
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her
say,
"Behold your prison bars!

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your
soul—
This beauty of the world in which you
live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the
whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid;
But still she held me, and would still
abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and
obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky,"
she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the
day;
Accept the pain, the weariness the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close with sud-
den strength,
And slowly, sweetly I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood, at
length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the
knowing pain He sends more precious
far,
More beautiful, than they.
—Atlantic Monthly.

Reflections for July.

FOREIGN PLANTS.

All our different sorts of corn, and many of our vegetables, derive their origin from foreign countries, generally those of a higher temperature than ours. The greatest part of them came from Italy; Italy obtained them from Greece; and Greece from the East.

When America was discovered, many plants and flowers were found that till then were unknown, and have since then been transplanted to Europe, where they have been cultivated with great success; and the English still take pains to cultivate in their own country many different plants from North America. Most of the different species of corn, which form the best kind of nutriment for men and animals, are graminaceous; and though they and though are completely naturalized to our soil, and the fields are covered with them, they are of foreign growth. Rye and wheat are indigenous in Little Tartary and Siberia, where they still grow without culture. From what country barley and oats were first introduced we do not know; but we may be assured they are not natives of this climate, or it would not be necessary to cultivate them.

Rice is the product of Ethiopia, whence it was carried to the East, and afterward to Italy.

Since the commencement of the eighteenth century it has been cultivated in America.

Buckwheat originally came from Asia; it was introduced into Italy at the time of the crusades, from whence it was brought to Germany.

Most of our pulse and herbs have also a foreign origin.

Borage comes from Lyria; cresses from Crete; the cauliflower from Cyprus; and asparagus from Asia.

We are indebted to Italy for the chives—to Portugal and Spain for dill-seed; to the Canary Islands for fennel; and to Egypt for anniseed and parsley.

Garlic is a production of the East; shallots come from Siberia, and the horseradish from China.

We are indebted to the East Indies for the kidney beans; to Astracan for pumpkins; to France for lentils; and to Brazil for potatoes.

The Spaniards brought the tobacco plant from Cuba, where the finest kind of tobacco is found.

Some of our most beautiful flowers are also the produce of foreign countries. Jessamine comes from the East Indies; the elder-tree from Persia; the tulip from Cappadocia; the narcissus or daffodil from Italy; the lily from Syria; the tuber-rose from Java and Ceylon; the pink from Italy; and the aster from China.

Let us regard these gifts of Nature with joy and gratitude, and thank our Heavenly Father for the abundance of His bounty, in thus contributing to our pleasure and well-being, by making the remote re-

gions of the earth tributary to our necessities.

Let us also endeavor to become acquainted with the nature of the globe we inhabit.

There is a universal transmigration over all the earth; men, animals and vegetables are transplanted from one country to another; and may we all, wherever our lot may be cast, endeavor to do our duty as men, and so live that our names shall be revered by the just and good while living, and when happily transplanted to that country where our toils shall end, and our troubles cease, our memory shall be blessed and our departure lamented, by our friends who have tasted of the sweets of our converse, and received the benefits of our exertions for the general good of mankind.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

A Railroad Acquaintance.

A Western Railroad conductor tells the following capital bit, of which the Cincinnati Times "makes a note":

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars, from one of the up-country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, on her way to this city. She was alone; so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and so talkative, that I lingered, and we had a pleasant chat.

"Afterward, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard in the country; and really I began to think I had not had so charming a passenger for many a day.

"Well, we arrived at the depot; and then I attended her to the carriage, handed up her carpet-bag; and, after all what do you think she said?"

Now we thought, of course, that the young lady would say, very politely, "Thank you, sir"—smile like a gleam of sunshine—the carriage roll off—and our friend John Van Dusen, the gentlemanly conductor, would bow an adieu, and with a sigh turn away and forget the matter, and we stated that as our natural supposition.

"No," said the conductor, "she did no such thing; but, just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we meet any where else."

John drew a long breath.

"What did you say?" we asked.

"Why, I thought this rather uncivil, to say the least, so I replied very quickly:

"Certainly not, madam. I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere, except on the cars; for really we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintance."

"And the lady?" said we.

"She looked quite silly as she drove off," replied John.

A keener response to an example of female snobism could not have been made nor better deserved.

A Good Joke.

Many years ago, when church organs first came into use, a worthy old clergyman was pastor of a church where they had just purchased an organ. Not far from the church was a large town pasture, where a great many cattle grazed, and among them a large bull. One hot Sabbath, Mr. Bull came up near the church grazing, and just as the Rev. Mr. B. was in the midst of his sermon—"boo-woo-woo" went the bull.

The parson paused, looking up at the singing seats, and with a grave face remarked:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service; it annoys me very much."

The people started and the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo" went the bull again, as he drew a little nearer to the church.

The parson paused again and addressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching."

The congregation tittered, for they knew what the real cause of this disturbance was.

The old parson went on again, and he had just about started good when "Boo-woo-woo" came from the bull.

The minister paused once more and exclaimed:

"I have requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the sermon. I now particularly request Mr. L.—that he will not tune his double bass organ while I am preaching."

This was too much. L. got up, too much agitated at the idea of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It is—isn't me, Parson—it's that d—d town bull."

—Quilp, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

Search for Fenians in Ireland.

REDCOATS SOLD BY AN OLD WOMAN.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Sun, in his last letter, relates the following incident of the late Fenian outbreak. It is Irish through and through:

Two young men, fugitive Fenians, were hiding in the mountains, when the mother of one of them was taken sick unto death. She wanted to see her boy once more, and a faithful messenger summoned him from the hills. His companion went with him, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his mother alive. As soon as the vital spark had fled, the fugitives made for the friendly fastness of the mountains. They started after dusk, an old woman going a short distance before them to look out for police and military. They had traveled about three miles when the preconcerted scream of the old woman warned them of danger. A flying column had come upon the old woman, and pretending to be frightened, she screamed. The stentorian Magistrate began to examine her, when the following dialogue, as detailed to me by a government official, who made notes of the conversation, which took place. Her object was to delay and outwit the pursuers. The object of the magistrate was to find if she was a native of the locality and knew all the inhabitants:

"What is your name?"

"Forgot to bring it wud me; it's at home."

"Come, tell your name."

"Musha, begorra, an' me name is Mary."

"Mary what?"

"No, indade, but Mary Malowney."

"Where were you born?"

"In bed, to be sure—where else? That is a purty question to ask."

"When were you born?"

"Faith an' that I don't remember, but I believe twas in the nite time."

"How many years ago?"

"Just two weeks before Jim Casey's father took the rheumatism, an' that was three weeks after the Drumane Castle got on fire; an' it was distinguished a month afore the Donnelly bate Cooper. Ricken that up, an' ye haw me age, av that's wat ye're after?"

"Where do you live, and how do you go there?"

"Troth an' I live at home, an' I go there on me feet."

"What road do you go home?"

"Down beyant the bridge there, you can see a house on the thumb hand side av a haystack cumin' up; about three miles futher at this side, there's a pig an' a barn sittin' down; That's a mile from Liskea churchyard. Whin ye get there ye'll hear a bull roarin' an' I live within the bawl of an ass av that."

"You are a satisfactory individual."

"You are a lym' thate, I'm an honest woman, so I am, an' you're not."

"Come, now, what do you know about the Fenians?"

"Och, not much for nothin'."

"I will give you two pounds if you will tell me where two of them, named McCabe and Maher, are hid."

"Arrah, they'd kill me if they found me out, besides I'd be informin' on me own grandson, Ned McCabe. But av ye don't tell who told ye, I'll send ye on their track for five pounds, and pay me the money down."

"The money is all right, you'll be paid when they are caught."

"Ye'd better be afther catchin' 'em thin. The top av the evenin' to ye."

"Come back; here's the money."

"For God's sake don't ye tell who tuk the bloody money, and go to Maher's house and ye'll find 'em in the room back av the one where Maher's mother, God be merciful to her, is on her dyin' bed. Av ye go there quick, ye'll find Mahar gettin, his mother's blessin', God help him."

The party hurried up, but of course were disappointed, while the fugitives gained their retreat in safety, and the old woman pocketed the five pounds.

An Asylum for Useless Young Men.

In every community there is a certain percentage of useless young men, whose ultimate condition must excite the sympathy and consideration of every philanthropist. What will become of them? We can not put the question as to their future state, but how will they round off their earthly existence? They have no visible means of support, still they hang on, they vegetate, they keep above the ground. In certain liberal sense, they may be said to live, move, and have a being. They lounge in offices, promenade the streets, appear at social amusements, play the gallant to good-natured ladies, and attend to the necessities of lapdogs. Their more quiet and undemonstrative life may be described as an interminable toper, in which meals, drinks, mark the changes. Their existence would be a mystery but for their bearing relations to other substantial people known familiarly as "pa," "ma," or "better half," who are able to make provision for the waste and protection of their bodies in the way of clothes and food.

Still, ought these young men be left to the chances of parental or domestic affection? All are not equally fortunate, and what shall we do with those whose dependencies are so precarious? They don't

admit of any utilitarian disposition. In cannibal countries they could be eaten as a substitute for veal; their bodies would also make excellent fertilizers for sterile lands; but the prejudice of a Christian people would revolt at such a solution of the problem. A certain number could be used as lay figures in shop windows to exhibit clothes on, but the tailors might not have confidence in them. Most of them could color meerschaums, but this business would produce little revenue. What, then, shall be done? The tax now falls upon a few, and it ought to be distributed. We propose, therefore, a State Asylum for useless young men. An institution of this kind could easily be filled with those between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who should be grouped and associated together so that the rude jostling and friction of the working world would not disturb their delicate nerves. Here they could cultivate mustaches, part their hair behind, and practice attitudes. In this resort with a little enforced exercise to keep their circulation in a healthy state, with dolls to play with as a compensation for the absence of ladies' society, these useless young men could be supported in ease and comfort, and all the industrious people would be willing to pay the expenses of this institution, rather than bear the painful solicitude in regard to the welfare of these superfluous members of society. When provision has been made by the State for idiots, for insane, poor, aged, and cripples, is it not astounding that asylums have never been erected for a still more helpless class? Let this philanthropic enterprise be started at once.—*Water-ton Reformer.*

The Number 9.

A property of the number 9, discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794, is inapplicable to any one but a mathematician. The property is this: That when 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, by 5, by 6, &c., it will be found that the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9. Thus:

2x9=18, and 1 and 8=9
3x9=27, and 2 and 7=9
4x9=36, and 3 and 6=9
5x9=45, and 4 and 5=9
6x9=54, and 5 and 4=9
7x9=63, and 6 and 3=9
8x9=72, and 7 and 2=9
9x9=81, and 8 and 1=9
10x9=90, and 9 and 0=9

It will be noticed that 9x11 makes 99, the sum of the digits of which is 18 and not 9, but the sum of the digits 1 and 8 equals 9.

9x12=108, and 1 and 0 and 8=9
9x13=117, and 1 and 1 and 7=9
9x14=126, and 1 and 2 and 6=9
And so on to any extent.

M. de Maivan discovered another singular property of the same number. If the order of the digits expressing a number be changed, and the number be subtracted from the former, the remainder will be 9 or a multiple of 9, and being a multiple, the sum of its digits will be 9.

For instance, take the number 21, reverse the digits, and you have 12; subtract 12 from 21, and the remainder is 9. Take 63, reverse the digits, and subtract 36 from 63; you have 27, a multiple of 9, and 2 and 7=9. Once more, the number 43 is the reverse of 34; the difference between these numbers is 9, or twice 9.

Again, the same property found in two numbers thus changed is discovered in the same numbers raised to any power.

Take 21 and 12 again. The square of 21 is 441, and the remainder is 297, a multiple of 9; besides, the digits expressing these powers added together give 9. The cube of 21 is 9,261, and that of 12 is 1,728; their difference is 7,533, also a multiple of 9.

Casting out Devils.

We have a friend, a Methodist preacher, and a jolly fellow he is. He has a large muscular frame, with composure to correspond. He has a huge hand, with a powerful grip—save us from giving him serious offence if he were a common sinner. He is an earnest worker, and has a well-earned reputation as a revivalist.

Some years ago he was holding a meeting, at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the anxious seat, and some had been converted. One evening a group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies were present, whose object in coming was to have merriment. The minister having noticed their manoeuvres for a while, and thinking it was time they were checked, found his way to them, and addressing himself to the young men, kindly requested them to observe the decorum befitting the place.

One of them, whose idea of politeness was hardly up to the mark, ventured in rather ungracious manner to reply, that he had understood that miracles were worked there, and he had come to see some performed." Upon this our robust friend the minister, coolly took the man by the coat-collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and opening the door, without ceremony landed him outside, quietly remarking, "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!"

—A Western man says he always respects old age except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.

A Practical Joke by Ossian E. Dodge.

Ossian E. Dodge, the musician and composer, was married on the 4th inst, at St. Paul, Minnesota, to Miss Fannie F. Pratt. Dodge will be remembered by many as a humorist of rare genius. And this announcement of his marriage recalls an incident of his earlier life which has never before been published. While residing in Central New York, he accepted an invitation from a friend to accompany him and his intended bride to New-York and witness their marriage. On the way, Dodge was made the victim of some trifling joke by his friend, for which he promised to repay him the first opportunity. Arriving in New-York, the preliminaries for the ceremony, which was to take place at a hotel, were quickly arranged, and Dodge was selected, to invite a clergyman. The affair passed off pleasantly, night advanced, and the happy pair took possession of the bridal chamber. But Dodge did not retire. Waiting till the "wee sma' hours," he tapped lightly at the door of the apartment occupied by his friends, and was quickly answered. He then proceeded to express his regrets at a great mistake that had been made, but informed them that he had just learned that the gentleman who had united them in marriage was not a clergyman, and possessed no legal authority whatever for such an act. The bride was horrified and springing from her couch demanded that a clergyman be sent for at once, and the ceremony repeated. Dodge tried to pacify her, advised her to wait until morning; the matter could all be arranged then, but all to no purpose. Another gentleman was brought in, and the ceremony again performed in the bride's apartment; and she, with agitated nerves, but a more contented spirit, again sought repose. At breakfast the following morning, Dodge offered an apology, saying that he greatly regretted he had caused them so much trouble especially as he had just learned that the gentleman first called to perform the ceremony was a real clergyman, while the other was not. The happy pair still lives, and give evidence by their devotion to each other that they are indissolubly wedded.—*Troy Times.*

A Benevolent Minister.

Not long since a small boy in very dilapidated clothing called at the residence of Rev. Mr. A., and asked for something to eat. The servant who came to the door asked the minister what she should give him, when he pointed to a pile of bread, that was very hard and stale, saying, "Give him some of that." The servant did so, and as the boy was going away chewing on the crust of bread, the minister called out, "Bridget, send that little boy here." The little fellow went into the dining-room, where the minister and his family were about setting down to dinner, and was staring at the eatables on the table, when the dominie said:

"My little man, did you ever go to Sunday school?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever learn to pray?" again asked the minister.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Come here and I will teach you."

The boy went up to the minister, when he commenced:

"You must say just as I do. Our Father—"

"Your Father," said the boy.

"No! no! You must say 'Our Father.'"

"Your Father," again said the boy.

"Will you never learn?" said the minister. You must say, 'Our Father.'"

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him a while, and then commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your Father is my Father, yet you aren't ashamed to give your little brother such stuff as this to eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself."

The minister looked astonished, and although it hurt his feelings, asked the little fellow to sit down and take dinner with him.

An Unfortunate Flight.

The Dubuque Herald is responsible for the following humorous sketch of the misfortunes of an Iowa clergyman:

Thursday last, among the goods expressed from the West by the D. & S. R. R., were a number of baskets of hen fruit. Two or three stations this side of that at which they were placed upon the car, an ex-minister of huge proportions stepped into the express car to speak to the messenger.

The eggs were in the west end of the car, and our clerical friend accidentally took his position in front of them, with his back towards the eggs. While the train was conversing the train suddenly started forward. The reverend gentleman was taken unawares by the unexpected jerk, and he lost his balance. He found in the basket of eggs just in his rear.

The result of this ministerial onset—if we may so term it—baffles all description. Of course the contents of the basket came to an unlucky end.

Ike Partington once set a hen on fifty-two eggs just to see her spread herself;

here was a man not used to the business, who had set himself on fifty-two dozen, and successfully accomplished the same result, as any one could see. But though backward in getting into that undignified position, he was by no means backward in getting out. He erected himself, and examined himself. Any member of his church, if present, would have recognized in him not only a fellow laborer, but an earnest yoke fellow. For a minute he stood motionless, except as he with fingers spread and tremulous in an undecided way waved his hands with the air of a man who had been egged on to desperation. He certainly presented a ludicrous aspect.

As the precious ointment ran down Aaron's beard, so the alumnious unguent ran down the preacher's trowser's legs, spreading in translucent liquidness on the floor about his feet.

The express messenger took the stove hearth and did what he could toward cleaning his friend off—a novel way of scraping an acquaintance.

A PARTISAN JUDICIARY.

The confiscation scheme of Mr. Stevens, or the agrarian movement of Senator Wade, is not so atrocious as the seventh resolution of the Williamsport Convention. That resolution is in these words:

"That warned by past misfortunes, we ask that the Supreme Court of the State be with the political opinions of the majority of the people, to the end that the Court may never again, by unjust decision, seek to set aside laws vital to the nation, nor imperil the safety of the public securities, nor impair the operation of the bounty, pension, and tax laws, which were required for the public defense; nor in any way thwart measures which were essential to the public protection; but that, on the other hand, it may become and remain a fit and faithful interpreter of the liberal spirit of the age, a bulwark of public faith, and an impartial and fearless exponent of the equal rights of man."

This is an open and bold declaration in favor of a partisan judiciary. Heretofore no party has laid its sacrilegious hand upon the altar of justice or sought to degrade or debase the priests who minister thereon. The judiciary, by common consent, has been kept above the strife and contention, the animosities and bickerings which are inseparably connected with party contest. To be sure, since judges were made elective, they have been put in nomination by party conventions, but this was only as a means for obtaining a concert of action among the people, and not as a method of committing the man to opinions which, as a judge, he would be called on to announce as law from the bench. Judge Sharswood has received the nomination from both and all parties, and been elected without opposition or question as to his political opinions, and the same compliment has been extended to other judges in different parts of the State.

But the seventh resolution of the Radical Convention begins a new era in the selection of men who are to preside over the courts of justice in this State. The Supreme Court of the Commonwealth is to be placed in harmony with the political opinions of the majority of the people—men are to be nominated as exponents of the law who will look at all statutes as partisan politicians, and not honest, conscientious, and impartial judges. This is what the seventh resolution means. How will it operate. Take as illustrations the cases cited in the resolution. Laws are passed by Congress with reference to public securities, and bounty, pension and tax ordinances enacted by the same body. These laws affect the whole people, and may be of doubtful import and dubious meaning. Parties may feel aggrieved and apply to the courts for redress. Now, just at this point, the seventh resolution of the Radical Convention shows its mischievous working. By the operation of that principle, the judges will be obliged to decide all questions in harmony with the "political opinions of the majority of the people," without reference to law, justice or equity. If the political question which nominated them declared as a part of their platform, that certain financial, bounty, pension or tax laws were in harmony with the political opinions of the majority, that declaration would be the law, and the decision of our courts of justice mere echoes of a partisan multitude.—This is the practical way of looking at the now principle started by the Radical party, and which the Press declares is the "key-note of the present campaign" in Pennsylvania.

If this principle is to prevail, then all great questions of law will be settled in political conventions, and not by men harned in those fundamental doctrines upon which the civil code of this nation rests. Delegates, selected from the shifting and trading politicians of the land, will be placed in the position of judges, and their crude notions and uninformed opinions will become law by the action of the political tools upon the bench. This is a fearful innovation upon the judiciary system of this State.

—The ladies promise that if they are allowed to vote, they will elect their candidates by "handsome" majorities.