THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 34.

Business Cards.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. R. & G. D. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.

R. R. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

E. McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT. W. H. McCAIN.

McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa , ap. 1, '70.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 3d door below Searle's Hotel. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

P. REYNOLDS,

AUCTIONEER—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandize—also attends at Vendues. All orders left at my House will receive prompt attention. [Oct. 1, 1869—tf

O. M. HAWLEY,

DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

LAW OFFICE.

CHAMBERLIN & McCOLLUM, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the Bank. [Montrose Aug. 4, 1869.

A. CHAMBERLIN. J. B. McCOLLUM.

A. & D. R. LATHROP,

DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, crockery and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, Paints, oils, dye stuffs, Hats, boots and shoes, sole leather, Perfumery &c. Brick Block, adjoining the Bank, Montrose. [August 21, 1869.—tf

A. LATHROP. D. R. LATHROP.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69.

W. W. WATSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L. F. Fitch. [Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

aug1 69tf **Friendsville, Pa.**

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer,

aug1 69tf **Great Bend, Pa.**

AMELY,

U. S. Auctioneer.

Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Shop of Main street, Montrose, Pa. jang. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES,

Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 9 p. m. Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1. 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.

BULKLEY STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

JOHN SAUTTER,

RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now prepared to cut all kinds of Garments in the most fashionable Style, warranted to fit with elegance and ease. Shop over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa.

WM. D. LUSK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Tarbell House, near the Court House. Aug. 1. 1869.—tf

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hardware Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.—tf

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.— being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.— Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aul'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. B. Dean's. Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.— Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa

A. B. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.

Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HENDRICK,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in the office of Dr. Lee.— Boards at J. Hosford's. Aug. 1, 1869.

PROF. MORRIS,

The Hayti Barber, returns his thanks for the kind patronage that has enabled him to get the best rest—ha! ha! I hav'nt time to tell the whole story, but come and see for yourselves ☞ at the Old Stand. No loud laughing allowed in the shop. [April 18, 1870.

DENTISTRY.

All those in want of false Teeth or other dental work should call at the office of the subscribers, who are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line on short notice.

Particular attention paid to making full and partial setts of teeth on gold, silver, or aluminum plate; also on Weston's cast composition; the two latter preferable to any of the cheaper substances now used for dental plates.

Teeth of young persons regulated, and made to grow in natural shape.

The advantage of having work done by permanently located and responsible parties, must be apparent to all.

All work warranted. Please call and examine specimens of plate work at our office, over Boyd & Co's hardware store.

W. W. SMITH & BROTHER.

Montrose, Aug. 18, 1869.—tf

GOLD JEWELRY.

A New and large supply.

Montrose, Nov. 24, 1869. ABEL TURRELL.

Poet's Corner.

To a City Cousin about to be Married.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I

Is it true, what they tell me, my beautiful cousin,
Your are going to be married—have settled the day?
That cards are all printed—the wedding-dress chosen
And everything fixed for an evening in May?
Ah—well!—just imagine—had I been a Turk,
And you—but, no matter—'tis idle to whine:
In the purest of blooms some envy may lurk,
And I feel a little (I own it!) in mine!

II

'Tis over!—the struggle was but for a moment;
And now let me give you, dear cousin, I pray,
A word of advice—if there's anything in it,
Accept it; if not, you can throw it away.
An excellent maxim is "*credo experto*,"
Which means (since your Latin I venture to doubt)
For practical wisdom 'tis best to refer to
A teacher who knows what he's talking about.

III

Great me!—I've been married this many a year;
And know rather more than a bachelor can;
And more—I suppose it is equally clear—
Than a very young wife, or a new-married man.
Of course there'll be matters to weary and vex,
But woman is mighty, and patience endures;
And ours—recollect—is the (much) "softer sex,"
Though we (not very gallant) *say* it of *yours*!

IV

The strong should be merciful! Women we find,
Though weaker in body, surpassing us still
In virtue; and strong—very strong in mind,
(When she knows what it is) not to mention her will
Be gentle! How hard you will find it to bear
When your husband is wrong, and as difficult quite
In the other contingency—not at all rare—
When you're forced, in your heart, to confess he was right!

V

Be careful of trifles; a maxim of weight
In questions affecting the heart or the head;
In wedlock, consider, how often the fate
Of the gravest affairs may depend on a thread!
On a *button*, perhaps! Ah! the "conjugal tie"
Should never be strained to its ultimate test;
Full many a matron has found with a sigh,
That the fixture was barely a button, at best.

IV

A truce to this jesting! While friends by the dozen
Their kind gratulations are fain to employ:
None more than your poet—your mirth-loving cousin—
Puts his heart in the words while he's "wishing you joy."
Quite through to its close may your conjugal life
Maintain the impressions with which it began:
The woman still saying, "I envy the wife;"
The husband exclaiming, "I envy the man!"

Cling to Those Who Cling to You.

There are many friends of summer,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Clings to him who clings to you!

Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions—
Deeds are great though words are few.
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth,
Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again;
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortunes come in view,
For he then needs friendship's comforts,
Cling to those who cling to you.

BREVITIES.

— New ideas and new ladies' lap dogs are no use except to pat and teaze (patentees).

— The latest parlor game—Sitting up. It takes two to play it.

— A yawn in company generally indicates a gap in the conversation.

— In the Connecticut valley now the staple crop is said to be tobacco.

— "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." A head would be very uncomfortable without one.

— One hundred newspapers have started and failed in Chicago, and $60,000,000 have been sunk in journalistic failures in New York.

A venerable couple out West have seperated after forty years of peaceful wedded life, on account of a quarrel, resulting from the sale of a cow.

— "Aunt, why do you sit out the long sermons of that minister?" said niece. "My dear," replied aunt, "they accustom me to eternity."

— A Missouri drover has hogs so fat that to find out where their heads are it is necessary to boot them and judge by the squeal.

— "Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves.

— A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on the table, said: "Oh, yes my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicac*."

— Astronomers are the sun's "good-natured friends." They never tire of talking about him, and pointing out his black spots.

— A Pennsylvania paper tells of a local preacher who has received for salary this year nothing but a curry comb, a keg of varnish and two dozen clothes pins.

— A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his watch at home, and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has got time to return home to get it.

Miscellaneous.

War Songs of the Fighters.

THE AUTHOR OF THE GERMAN NATIONAL HYMN,

Ernst Moritz Arndt was born Dec. 26, 1769, at Shoritz, in Rugen. Toward the end of the last century he distinguished himself as a traveler, and by his works on Sweden, Italy, France, Germany, Italy, etc.

In 1806 he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy at Graswald. He was a vehement lover of liberty, and though at first a favorer of Napoleon, became one of his bitterest opponents as soon as he comprehended his designs of conquest. His "Spirit of the Age" went through several editions. The attention it excited by the boldness of his attacks on Bonaparte compelled Arndt to fly to Stockholm, whence he was unable to return until 1813.

His writings, which flowed in rapid succession from his indefatigable pen, made a profound impression on popular feeling. They served, it is intimated, more than any cause, to keep alive the German hatred of French domination that stimulated the war of liberation.

In 1813, Arndt was appointed Professor of History in the University of Bonn; but the very next year the inquiry into "Demagogical Intrigues" was said to have implicated him. He was out of the public employment till 1820, when he was reinstated. His popular poems and war songs, of which the one given is at once the most martial and popular, were published at Frankfort in 1815 and at Leipsic in 1840:

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Is't Prussia's or Swadia's land?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams?
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria or Styria's land?
Is't where the Marcian ox unbends?
Or where the marksman's iron rends?
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves?
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Oh, tell me now the famous land!
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well,
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless it is the Austrian State,
In honors and in triumphs great!
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Is't what the Princes won by sleight?
From the Emperor and the Emperors right?
Ah! no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!
Far as the German accent rings,
And hymns to God in Heaven sings—
That is the land—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There, is the German fatherland,
Where oaths attend the grasped hand—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes—
And in the heart love warmly lies—
That is the land!
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland!
Where wrath pursues the foreign band—
Where every frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow!
That is the land—
All Germany's the fatherland!

THE HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

On the 30th of July, 1792, the Marseillaises arrived in Paris, whither they had been invited by Barbaroux at the instance of Madame Roland. "The secret motive of their march," says M. DeLamartine, "was to intimidate the National Guard of Paris; to revive the energy of the Faubourgs; and to be in the advance guard of that camp of 20,000 men, which the Girondists had made the Assembly vote; to overrule the Feuillants, the Jacobins, the King, and even the Assembly itself, with an army of the Departments composed entirely of their own creatures."

The Marsaillaises entered Paris by the Faubourg St. Antoine, and singing the song which bears their name, proceeded to the Champs Elysees, where a banquet was prepared for them.

The origin of the words and music of this famous song is thus described by M. De Lamartine:

"There was at that time a young officer of artillery in the garrison at Strasburg. His name was M. Rouget De Lisle. He was born at Lonsla-Saulnier in the Jura, a country of reveries and energy, as mountainous regions always are. This young man loved war as a soldier; the revolution as a thinker. By his verses and his music, he lightened the tediousness of the garrison. Generally sought on account of his double talent as a musician and a poet, he became a familiar visitor at the house of an Asiatic patriot, Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg. The wife and daughters of Dietrich shared his enthusiasm for patriotism and revolution. They loved the young officer. They inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music; and trusting to the early lispings of his genius, they were the first to execute his scarcely expressed thoughts.

"It was in the winter of 1792, famine reigned at Strasburg, the Dietrich family were poor, and their table was frugal, but it was always hospitable to Rouget. One day, when there was nothing on the board but some ammunition bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich, looking at De Lisle with melancholly calmness, said to him: 'Abundance is wanting at our banquet, but what matters that, when neither enthusiasm is wanting at our civil feasts, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar; let it be brought up, and let us drink to liberty and our country. There will soon be a patriotic celebration at Strasburg; may these last drops inspire De Lisle with one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the intoxication from whence they proceed.'

"The young girls applauded, brought in the wine, and filled up the glasses of their aged father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was in a dreamy state; his heart was touched; his head was heated. The cold overpowered him, and he tottered into his lonely room slowly, seeking inspiration now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpischord; sometimes composing the air before the words, and sometimes the words before the air, and so combining them in his thoughts he himself did not know whether the notes or the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression. He sang and set down nothing.

"Overpowered with the sublime inspiration, De Lisle went to deep on the harpischord, and did not wake until day.—He remembered the song of the previous night with a difficulty like that with which we recall the impressions of a dream. He now sat down the words and music, and ran with them to Dietrich, whom he found at work in the garden.—The wife and daughter of the old patriot had not yet risen. Dietrich awakened them, and invited some friends who were as passionately as fond of music as himself, and were capable of executing De Lisle's compesition. His eldest daughter played the accompaniment, while Roguet sung.

"At the stanza, all faces turned pale; at the second tears ran down every cheek; and at the last all the madness of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, his daughte, and the young office, fell weeping in each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found. It was destined, alas! to be also the hymn of terror. A few months afterward the unfortunate Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of the very notes which had their origin on his own hearth, in the heart of his friend, and in the voices of his children:

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Come, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world;
Our tyrants rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant kindls together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, &c.

These marshaled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, &c.

Then tremble tyrants—traitors all—
Ye whom both friend and foe despise,
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our French can well their place supply;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, &c.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of helpless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But, oh! those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouille,
Who make their native land their prey—
Death to the savage tiger brood!
March on, &c.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave.
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, &c.

Come, love of country guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And dearest liberty, do thou,
And thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, &c.

— No one ever did a designed injury to another without at the same time inflicting a much greater one upon himself.

— Anna Story was recently married to Robert Short. A very pleasant way of making a Story Short.

— Fond mother with a son of a very open countenance—"He's a pretty good boy, but don't take to his letters."

— They have a habit in those new Western cities of presenting the fist baby with a corner lot.

— It is said there is danger of the extinction of elephants, the hunters are killing them off so fast.

— A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of women—that virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hands.

The Detective Department—Curious Incidents.

When Vidocq, the French ex-thief and then thief-catcher, gave to the world his memoirs, people doubted whether his statements of exploits were reliable. A self-asserting hero in two "professions," it might well be believed to egotism, vanity and professional pride colored the history which he gave of a career which included him among the friends as well as the foes of society. And yet to those familiar with the past history of the Detective Department of Philadelphia, few of the stories told by the French policeman seem exaggerated. Tradition as well as the personal collection of our own officers give a long catalogue of crime detected, criminals captured and property recovered by means as surprising as any employment by the famed Vidocq. No one of our detectives has ever put into shape these incidents, and what is now known comes to us through the gossip incident to a friendly chat with ex-detective officers.

The stories thus gathered include not only the successes, but also the failures of the officers; not only victories, but also ignominious defeats. Some of these mistakes were not only amusing, but at times resulted in pecuniary loss to the unfortunate officer. For instance, a heavy robbery was committed some twenty years ago in Baltimore, and our policemen were notified of the fact. The Baltimore propellors were, therefore, watched, at at our wharf, until finally a man, notorions in criminal annals as the robber of the Patent Office, appeared. He was seized, and his baggage examined. A fine lot of burglars' tools were thus secured, but none of the stolen property was discovered, and "Tom" had to be released. He at once brought suit against the officer, and obtained a verdict for $250 damages! It is not always, however, that well-known criminals improperly arrested have the effrontery to go into a civil court to obtain compensation for wounded honor.

Even innocent men and men entirely unknown to the police force hesitate to undertake such a task, and most of them are content to be released and thus forever bury from public gaze the story of the wrong. A case or two in point. About fifteen years ago, the officers in this city received information of a robbery in New York, with the description of the supposed thief, "a German, five feet, nine inches, dent in the left cheek, and a trunk containing cut cloth ready for manufacture into clothing." The officers captured at the depot a German answering exactly this description, including the trunk with the cut garments. And yet the detectives had captured the wrong man, the real thief being arrested in New York a few days afterwards, his personal appearance closely resembling the unfortunate victim of the Philadelphia officers' mistake. The German was too glad to secure a release to trouble the officers with a suit for damages.

A still more unfortunate blunder was once committed by a special officer, who is now dead. In company with a well-known ex-detective he visited West Chester in search of a thief whose personal appearance included hair of the true blonde order, cut in a peculiar style. On the train home the officer became convinced that he recognized in one of the passengers the object of his search. His fellow officer, more experienced and more discreet, was not so positive, and endeavored to dissuade his sanguine companion. "Sam," however, was positive, and, at one of the way-stations for refreshments, he managed to get near enough to the passenger, and addressed him familiarly. Upon their return to the train the two engaged in conversation, the officer inquiring where his new made friend came from, where he was going to and whether he had any baggage. The stranger, evidently annoyed at what he believed to be the impertinence of his interviewer, gave ambiguous answers, which tended to increase the suspicions of the officer. He stated that he had no baggage, and yet when the train reached Philadelphia the officer saw his stranger friend call a carriage and place upon it two very heavy trunks. Here was confirmation, and accordingly the officer entered the vehicle, claimed its occupant as his prisoner, and brought him to the Central Station, where it was at once discovered that the accused was a respectable gentleman residing on Arch street. Being a civil engineer, he was returning from a professional tour, and the weight of his trunks was caused by the instruments in them used in his occupation. Of course there was consternation in the office. At this moment "Gentlemanly George" came to the relief of the bewildered officer and explained to the gentleman the nature of the business upon which the detectives had been engaged, and recounted to him the suspicions borne of his own peculiar and unsatisfactory answers to questions in the train. The gentleman admitted this, explaining that, as he did not know his interviewer, and believing him to have some design upon him or his property, he had been thus cautious in his replies. He good-naturedly forgave the mistake, and left the office for his home.

On another occasion, two officers started in search of a thief. One of the detectives asserting that he knew his man well, and merely desired the other to make the arrest when the party was found. In Market street, near Twentieth, the man was sighted and pointed out to the officer who was to make the capture. This officer followed his man as far as Eighth and Arch, and then addressing him, told him he was his prisoner. The man, indignant, refused to go, and a struggle for the mastery ensued between the two, until finally the detective was victorious, although the encounter resulted in a torn coat for the prisoner. Upon reaching the Central Station, imagine the surprise of the officer to be told by his fellow officer who had preceeded him to the station, that he had made a mistake in the identity of the man! The accused proved to be a respectable young man attending medical lectures in this city. At the expense of a new coat, the officer succeeded in avoiding any further trouble from his false arrest.

The reverse of these incidents presents a curious case of an officer ignoring a description and yet securing the right man.

An old gentleman residing in Boston had been robbed by his nephew of about $500. The description of the man came to Philadelphia, and in addition to height and general appearance, it was said the accused was *lame* and wore a *brown* coat. The pockets from Boston were closely watched by the officer detailed for that purpose, but he failed to see any one with the brown coat or the limp and yet there was a conviction upon his mind that "his man" was somewhere about.

Coming up to Jones' hotel, in Dock street, where the omnibusses in those days centered, the officer saw a man standing on the steps of the hotel; he answered the general description, but wore a black coat. This, thought the officer, might readily be changed, and he therefore watched to note the man's gait when he moved. The man did start, and the officer failed to discover the slightest trace of lameness. He was still in doubt. Recollecting that the man he wanted was named Jonathan J——, as a last resort, the detective walked quickly up to the man, grasped him by the hand, exclaiming in a familiar manner. "Why how are you, Jonathan?" The suddenness of the salute disconcerted the man, and he at once admitted his iudenity by a response, "Very Well!" "How is your uncle?" said the detective, and the reply from the unsuspicious Jonathan to this and other family questions convinced the officer that he had the right party. And so he had. The missing money with the "brown-coat" were found in Jonathan's valise, and the morning after his arrest, when about to be brought from his cell, it was discovered that he had an attack of rheumatism which gave him then the "limp," which the officer the day before had looked in vain for.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Agricultural Truths.

1. All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone lime, oyster lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvement of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefitted by the application of phosphate of lime, and it's unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate, oyster shell, lime or marl—if the land needs lime alone.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Mold is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover, and the grasses the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composte rich in the elements of the mold.

6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by a mixture with plaster, salt, or with pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Subsoiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is also eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

10. Clover, as well as the grasses intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.

12. Sandy soils can be most effectually improved by clay. When such lands require liming or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially supplied when made into compost with clay. In slaking lime, salt lime is better than water.

13. The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock operates as saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

14. Draining of wet land and marshes, adds to their value, by making them to produce more, and by improving the health of neighborhoods.

15. To manure or lime wet lands is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

16. Shallow plowing operates to impoverish a soil while it decreases production.

17. By stabling and shedding stock through the winter a saving of one-fourth of the food may be effected.—*Cor. Western Rural.*

— The characteristics of true prayer are, first, sincere asking; second, earnest seeking after what we ask; third, perseverance in asking and seeking.

— A New Bedford paper knows of a pointer that came to a dead stop the other day before a door-plate inscribed "A Partridge."

— That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.

— A lady broke off her engagement with a gentleman recently, because she heard that he had asked a friend how much money she would probably have.

— In Iowa a man advertised his wife as "leaving his bed and board," and then applied to her for a loan of a dollar and a half to pay for the advertisement.

— An aged colored woman has just died in Virginia, who cooked corn dodgers for Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

— "What shall I do?" exclaimed a superfastidious exquisite, as he paced his elegant apartment in fine frenzy; what is to be done? I have scented my hair a la violet, and my laudress has sent me my shirts a la rose!"

— An able man will arrange his interests and conduct each in its proper order. Our greediness often hurts us, in making us prosecute too many things at once; by earnestly desiring the less considerable, we lose the most important.

— It is said that a human being cannot possibly stand a temperature hotter than 122 degrees Fahrenheit. Think of that and pause, ye who are hastening to the country where there are no palm-leaf fans or linen dusters.

Hunting the Wild Turkey.

A writer upon "The Game Birds, of Michigan," in the Detroit *Free Press* thus graphically describes the manner in which the wild turkey is hunted by the professionals:

The true and almost universal method of hunting them, among sportsmen, is to scatter the flock by chasing them with a dog trained for that purpose. This is usually the setter or pointer. When the dog rushes into the flock they scatter in all directions, alighting on the trees or skulking and hiding under the brush. If a marsh is near at hand, they almost invariably hide in the grass. If they have taken to the trees or skulked in the woods, the hunter calls in the dog and sets himself silently down until he hears the call of the birds uttered for the reassembling of the flock; this he imitates, and they are called up within range of the gun and shot in detail. It may be said that this is not sport, but I am inclined to the opinion that those who ignore everything but wing shooting and claim everything else to be pot hunting and unmanly would change their views after having once witnessed the exciting scenes of calling turkeys.

The sportsman, after the flock has been well scattered, sits down in excited expectation, and listens with intense interest for the first call of the birds. If disappointed in this, he after a time, imitates the calling himself, and this must not be clumsily done. The least break or falter in the note is detected by the birds at once. They lie hidden on all sides of him, waiting fearingly, and like him listening intently for the call, and reluctant to be the first to utter it. He puts the instrument to his lips, covers it with both hands to deaden and soften the sound, and utters a cautious, feeble note—utters it once and only once—and listens for the reponse. Everything is painfully silent; the senses of sight and hearing are strained to their utmost pitch; the dog crouched by the side of his master partakes of the anxiety and, silently watches every motion, and listens intently for the responding call. After a short interval it comes, carefully and cautiously. The concealed game has heard the note, and after careful deliberation has yielded to the deception, and half doubtingly and cautiously responds. The gleam in the hunter's eye and quick start of the dog, which is only a pleasurable quiver of the tensely strained nerves, shows that the device has been so far successful. All is silent again. No quick, sudden reply, no change of position or hurry, but the hunter waits patiently and long, as if but half satisfied with the feeble, cautious reply. When the waiting has become painful—each minute seeming an hour—and the silence almost oppressive, he replaces the instrument to his lips and another soft and carefully uttered note floats out upon the air.

This seems to pass the hidden prey and after a short interval, the note comes wafted back like an echo, but from a shorter distance—the bird somewhat assured by the second call has cautiously left its hiding place, and is silently stealing toward the fancied rendezvous. Increased caution is now required, and the eager hunter waits even longer than before, and some impatient victim responds from another direction. Shortly follows the call of the hunter, and silence again prevails. The dog is eager and excited, and his nose quivers as the aroma of the approaching game reaches his nostrils, a rapid gleam of pleasure shoots across the features of his master whose practiced eye has detected the stealthy approach of the bird. Carefully it comes, often stopping and peering inquiringly into the cover, not entirely free from suspicion. At the same time, with a steady and almost imperceptible motion, the deadly tube is raised to the hunter's eye, and the death-knell rings out with a sharp reechoing explosion. The bird flutters away its short remnant of life, and silence prevails again as painfully intense as before. The well-trained dog has not lost caution or been thrown off his balance by the shot, but with eager and delighted expression lies closer than before. The hunter has thrust a new cartridge into the gun, almost with the act of taking it from his face, and he proceeds with a repetition of the exciting tragedy.

When no further responses can be obtained to the call, the birds are gathered and the hunt is over.

A Mother to her Daughter on Marriage.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of honor. You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon you independence, distinction, and above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can never forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though in the maze of pleasure or the whirl of passion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling child, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

— You can rid your house of ants by sprinkling dry sugar in a clean dry sponge. The little pests will take up their abode in it. Then drop it in hot water and repeat the process.

— A sailor looking serious in a chapel, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change, whereupon the tar put his hand into his pocket, and replied that he "hadn't got a cent."