

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY NOV. 16., 1870.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 45.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

Business Cards.

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on the
second floor of the building on the corner of
Broad and Second streets, Montrose, Pa.
A. S. LITTLE, and P. BLAKESLEE.

McKENZIE, FAUBOT & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses
Wares. Also agents for the great American
Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, Pa., 47-1.)

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and
Fittings, Hats, Suits, &c. 212 Broad Street, Montrose, Pa.
Work made to order and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., 11, 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. 12, 1870.

P. REYNOLDS,
AUCTIONEER—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandise—also
sells at Vendue. All orders for my horse will
receive prompt attention. (Oct. 1, 1869-70)

O. W. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Cloth-
ing, Pants, Oils, &c. New Millford, Pa. (Sept. 8, '70)

DR. A. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attends his professional
duties at the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity.
Residence, opposite Barton House, G. B. Bend village,
Sept. 1st, 1869-70

LAW OFFICE.
CHAMBERLAIN & McCOLLUM, Attorneys and Coun-
sellors at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the
Bank. (Montrose, Pa., 1870.)

A. & D. B. LATHROP,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries,
Crockery and Glassware, Ladies pocket outfit,
Fats, oils, dry stoves, Hats, Boots and shoes, belts,
buckles, &c. &c. &c. 112 Broad Street, Montrose, Pa.
A. LATHROP, D. B. LATHROP.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bonny, Back Bay, Pawson,
and Egan—on Claims attended to by Office
one below Davis Street, Montrose, Pa., 11, 1870.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L.
P. Fitch. (Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.)

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
at 601
Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Great Bend, Pa.

AMIELY,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Address, Brooklyn, Pa.
Aug. 1, 1870.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over
Chandler's Store. All orders for my work
calling on or about notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot
of Broad Street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

H. BURBITT,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Oils, and Fats,
Boots, Shoes, Hats & Caps, and Ladies
Groceries, &c. &c. &c. New Millford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the
purpose of practicing his profession in all its
branches. He may be found at the Jackson House,
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," (Aug. 1, 1869.)
Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.

JOHN SAUTTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now pre-
pared to cut all kinds of Garments in the most
durable, stylish and reasonable manner. No
and ease. Shop over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa.

WE. D. LUSE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office oppo-
site the Tarbell House, near the Court House.
Aug. 1, 1869-70

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hard-
ware Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869-70.

ABEL TURELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals,
Liquors, Fats, Oils, Varnishes, &c. &c. &c. 112
Broad Street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

D. W. SEABLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A.
Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1,
1869-70)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, attends his professional
duties at the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.
Office at his residence, on the corner of 2d & B
Sts. Friendsville, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give
special attention to diseases of the Heart and
Lungs. Reside at the Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
Boards at J. Hester's.

BURNS & NICOLA,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemi-
cals, Fats, Oils, Varnishes, Liquors, Spices, Fancy
Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c. &c. &c.
112 Broad Street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
A. S. BURNS, NICOLA

DR. E. L. HANDBRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully attends his
professional services to the citizens of Friendsville
and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lee—
and vicinity. Friendsville, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
Boards at J. Hester's.

PROF. MORRIS,
The Haver Barber, returns his thanks for the kind
patronage that he has received from the best
of his time to tell the whole story, but he
and his wife are at the shop. (April 1st, 1870.)
Reading allowed in the shop.

DENTISTRY.
All those in want of fine Teeth or other dental work
should call on the undersigned, who are pre-
pared to do all kinds of work in the most
perfect manner, and at a reasonable price. No
of gold, silver, or platinum plate; also
of the latest improvements in dentistry, and
of the most reliable and durable material.
The undersigned is prepared to receive
all orders for dental work, and to give
the most perfect satisfaction.

W. W. SMITH & BROTHER,
Montrose, Aug. 18, 1869-70

GOLD JEWELRY.
A New and large supply of
Montrose, Nov. 16, 1870.

Fair's Corner.

[The following from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming, is clipped from the San Francisco Times. It is not too late to give it to our readers.]
Why all this toll for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer, man a flower,
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
The cradle and the tomb, alas so near!
To be is better far than not to be.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
But light comes again when mighty griefs are dumb,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;
Unmingle joys here to no man befall.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
Custom does often reason over-rule,
And thro' a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven,
Sin may be chased so close, we cannot see its face,
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Thou pendulum bewist a smile and a tear,
He seasonal snares let faithful Pleasures lay,
With craft and skill to ruin, and betray;
Scur not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Then I renounce that impious gain;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream,
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat—
Only destructive to the brave and great.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a world?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
How long we live, not years but actions tell;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Make them, while yet we may, your God ye or friend,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given guard up to yourself be just;
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

CHILDHOOD LAND.
There is a beautiful, far-off land,
Lying in small seas,
But never a ship to that magic strand
Was wafted by fabled breeze.
For where her radiant shores unfold,
Night stretches her purple bars,
And fastens it with her gates of gold,
And guards it with airy stars.
Over the fathomless summer skies,
Snowy clouds come and go;
Thro' every valley that dreaming lies,
Musical rivers flow.
Mountain and forest, and glen, and glade,
By the soft south wind fanned;
Birds and blossoms that never fade,
Brighten the fairy land.
Every vanished forgotten day
Scatters his sunshine there;
Buds unfolding that passed away,
Are living more fresh and fair.
Loving deeds that the hands have done—
Sheaves of life's ripened grain;
Work unfinished that souls begun,
Made perfect, there live again.
Men have sought it for weary years,
Yet never to their yearning eyes
The glow of the mystic light appears,
Where the land of the beautiful lies.
Yet all have wandered its bright vales thro',
In the quiet of peaceful hours;
Each heart the calm of its joy once knew,
And the sweet of its deathless flowers.
But homy by hour from the hidden shore,
Our feet have journeying gone;
And days that have faded can know no more
The light of its tender dawn.
Yet we may find in the great somewhere,
Its stretches of pearl-white strand;
The bloom and beauty that, dwelling there,
Makes Heaven the Childhood Land.

VARIETIES.
—An ill-bred man—a sick baker.
—A grave affair—the last ditch.
—Beasts of the field—drunken reapers.
—Floating capital—rich people in bathing.
—Pleading at the bar—begging for a drink.
—Can a cross-examination be a good-natured one?
—The round of domestic life—a hoop skirt.
—What is home without a piano? Very quiet.
—A horse may go it blind, but his driver shouldn't.
—To make a man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold him every time he goes home.

Miscellaneous.

THE GUILLOTINE.

There is a common question, which we hope few of our readers may have to consider from a practical point of view, as the pleasantest mode of being executed. Is hanging, or beheading, or poisoning, the least disagreeable? How long a time should elapse between the sentence and the infliction of the penalty? When the time comes, would we rather suffer before breakfast, or at midday, in public or in private? The good old plan was to get as much amusement out of a prisoner as possible; he was soon relieved from suspense, that the public impatience might not have time to cool; he made a long procession through the streets at the hour when his friends could attend with the greatest convenience; he had full liberty to make a dying speech for the amusement of a numerous audience; and sometimes it was found so hard to part from the pleasing object that his body was hung in chains to afford an instant spectacle to the public. The French managed to extract some additional satisfaction from the proceeding by using slow methods for the infliction of death; and a case is recorded where a wretched criminal survived for twenty-two hours on the wheel. In short our thick-skinned ancestors thoroughly enjoyed the whole proceeding, and regarded it as a kind of dramatic entertainment, some of the advertisements express it, instruction with amusement. We have grown so tender-hearted, or so squeamish nowadays that we try to keep the whole affair as much as possible in the dark. If capital punishment is still a necessity, we seek to withdraw it in every way from human eyes, and to make it as uninteresting as its ultimate perfection if a plan were adopted which we have sometimes heard advocated, and criminals were entirely withdrawn from public notice on the instant of their condemnation. After sentence had been pronounced, and the doors of the Court had closed upon them, they would never again be visible to human eyes, except to the three persons intrusted with the duty of ushering them out of the world. The mystery which would rest over all the details of their fate would perhaps be more impressive than the most elaborate display, and even criminals might feel a greater horror at sinking, as it were, suddenly into utter darkness than once more appearing before their fellow-creatures.

This pitch of perfection has not yet been attained; and M. Maxime Du Camp gives a curious account, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the mode in which they do these things in France. We will content ourselves with a summary of his paper by way of illustrating the present stage of the art of execution. We will first consider the treatment of the criminal during the last days of his life. Directly after his condemnation he is stripped naked, every fragment of his clothing being removed for fear of his attempting the action of the law. He is then dressed in the usual prison costume, with the exception of a hankerchief and a cravat, which might be convenient for suicidal purposes. Finally, he is put into a straight-waistcoat, which makes him totally incapable of any self-deadly instruments, even if he wished to do any "helping himself" in any way. He is constantly in presence of a guard, and a fellow-prisoner ready to act as a spy. The criminal thus treated is, as we are not surprised to hear generally reduced to a state of profound depression. He generally refuses, at first, even to give the necessary powers for the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the directors of the prison. Mean while he is allowed to amuse himself according to his fancy, so far as this expression is applicable to a man in a demand cell confined with a straight-waistcoat, and with no company but a spy and a fellow-prisoner. The period of the courage of a venerable priest whose duty it is to attend upon such cases. They often try to read, and, according to M. Du Camp, the favorite author of these unhappy wretches is Fenimore Cooper. The reason suggested by him is that Cooper leads them into a world of adventure, far removed from the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the directors of the prison. Mean while he is allowed to amuse himself according to his fancy, so far as this expression is applicable to a man in a demand cell confined with a straight-waistcoat, and with no company but a spy and a fellow-prisoner. The period of the courage of a venerable priest whose duty it is to attend upon such cases. They often try to read, and, according to M. Du Camp, the favorite author of these unhappy wretches is Fenimore Cooper. The reason suggested by him is that Cooper leads them into a world of adventure, far removed from the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the directors of the prison.

The logical neatness of the French organization seems rather to fail in this instance. The execution is public, but the greatest care is taken that as few people as possible shall see it. The time is not known, except to the few enthusiasts who watch till they see the scaffold erected on the night before the execution. Great care is taken to treat the criminal kindly, and to make him comfortable in the matter of getting the business over as soon as he is in bed; yet he has all the misery of a straight-waistcoat. So few criminals manage to kill themselves under our system, and it is so very little loss to the world when they do, that one might have thought that it certainly seems to be an unnecessary aggravation of torture. If the execution was in private, as is now the case in England, as well as in the greater part of America and Germany, the prisoner might have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing beforehand how long he was in the immediate expectation of death. However, we are not surprised to hear that murderers generally fail, to become absorbed in the adventures of the Leather Stocking and his companions. The guardians, we are told, are kind enough to try to distract their attention; but the poor wretch whose day of execution is not fixed, is naturally prey to nervous irritations, trembles when any one enters his room, and is often haunted by an imaginary sounds like the knocking of a hammer. This, it is said, frequently amounts to physical suffering. The position must be unpleasant enough under all circumstances, but the uncertainty as to the day of execution seems to add an unnecessary pang. If the court decides against the appeal, a memorial is sent to the Emperor; and, should he see no reason for commuting the penalty, orders are at once sent to the various officials concerned to proceed instantly to execution.

And here we must say a few words upon the guillotine itself, whose inventor, by the way, did not (as has often been asserted) die by his own creation, but expired peacefully in 1814, at the age of seventy-three. M. Du Camp dwells elaborately upon all the details of the machinery, which require more careful adaptation and more skillful management than we had imagined. It is by no means so simple a thing as it seems at first sight to cut off a human head with accuracy

and despatch. The efficiency of the machine, for example, depends entirely on a modification supplied by a Dr. Louis, who made the edge of the knife oblique instead of horizontal; and who, like other improvers, nearly got the whole credit of the invention, which for some time was called a Louisade; but it is unpleasant to discover that a good deal depends upon the skill and coolness of the executioner, —more, it would appear, than in the case of the English hangman. He has with one hand to hold down the criminal, who sometimes struggles, and generally gets out of the proper attitude; he then has to turn the proper screw, and afterwards by a single pressure of the hand to send the body down an inclined plane to the basket. Two assistants hold the sufferer by the head and keep down his legs; and, as M. Du Camp remarks, unless they perform their duty a *simultaneus irproprio* the gravest inconveniences might result. It appears, however, that this is not the case of late years, owing, as we presume, to the qualifications of the chief performer.

He is not only a man of colossal strength, and clad in black garments of elaborate neatness; but he is an inventor, and has conferred many advantages on the condemned by ameliorations in his instrument. He is so sensitive that he is not allowed to see the execution; he receives only four thousand francs a year, besides an allowance of nine thousand francs for supplying the necessary materials. He has the charge, it seems, of seven departments; but, considering that there has been in the present century, in Paris in the last forty years, we do not see that the salary is so bad. It is, however, rather difficult to discover any satisfactory mode of determining the value of such services. Adam Smith has passage on this subject which is not altogether without some grim fun in it. "The most detestable of all employments, in proportion to the quantity of work done, better paid than any common trade whatever."

We must now return to the criminal. The authorities enter his room in the early morning, taking infinite precautions not to disturb his sleep by turning the clock abruptly. They then rouse him to tell him that the hour is come. From the moment of making this announcement his execution takes half an hour. This includes his interview with the priest, a rather prolonged ceremony of taking off and putting on his straight-waistcoat, cutting his hair and conducting him through various passages; and M. Du Camp suggests that by certain simplifications might be reduced to half the time; so that a man might be asleep as the hour struck without his head at the guillotine. The public is expected to arrive in the morning, and to see the execution. The guillotine, which is painted a dull red color, first becomes visible, and it is then that the criminal tries, often in vain, to embrace himself with a view to dying game and leaving a creditable name among his companions. Characteristically, too, he is in these moments fully prepared before-hand with which they are to take leave of the world. "Adieu, enfants de la France," was the exclamation of one Avinain, "n'avez jamais; c'est ce qui or de helping himself in any way. He is constantly in presence of a guard, and a fellow-prisoner ready to act as a spy. The criminal thus treated is, as we are not surprised to hear generally reduced to a state of profound depression. He generally refuses, at first, even to give the necessary powers for the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the directors of the prison. Mean while he is allowed to amuse himself according to his fancy, so far as this expression is applicable to a man in a demand cell confined with a straight-waistcoat, and with no company but a spy and a fellow-prisoner. The period of the courage of a venerable priest whose duty it is to attend upon such cases. They often try to read, and, according to M. Du Camp, the favorite author of these unhappy wretches is Fenimore Cooper. The reason suggested by him is that Cooper leads them into a world of adventure, far removed from the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the directors of the prison.

Nobody can look forward to the guillotine without considerable repugnance, and whether the days are a little more or a little less unpleasant is not of very material consequence. But it is a more curious question whether this grows out of the publicity of executions, or of the nature of the punishment. Transman has done a good deal to preserve the vitality of the guillotine, but the number of persons guillotined steadily declines; in the five years ending in 1860 there were twice as many as in the five years ending in 1865, and it is almost necessary to murder a whole family in cold blood to get rid of "extenuating circumstances."

We cannot bear to have a few generations ago in public which is a highly moral and entertaining spectacle. May we not become so sensitive in a generation or two more so to bear its being done in private? The French are so tender to the criminal that they only give him half an hour of certain anticipation of death. M. Du Camp tries to show that the next time might be red cut off his head before he is awake, and when that consummation is reached, perhaps it may be thought improper to put an end to him at all. It is not much over a hundred years since

Damiens was slowly tortured to death by the most revolting process at the Greve, and a highly polished English gentleman went over to Paris expressly to see it done. We now take pains to reduce every extraneous circumstance to a far more excruciating and brutal one to desire to see his death of the anticipated treat. Shall we become too tender-hearted to kill anybody, or will punishment be inflicted in so inoffensive a manner that we shall gradually become reconciled to it?—a question too intricate to be discussed at the present moment.

Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding.

It being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I couldn't better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and she seems but a day before yesterday, since I returned from her funeral an altered man, and told the undertaker to call round for his pay in the fall.

The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike, but I flatter myself that I have done better. In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silverware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents without getting bilious; and then we invited a few children, in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives, and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and in addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring.

So the invitations read very much like this: MRS. CHARITY PHILPATROTT AND HUSBAND, You are both asked To Mr. and Mrs. Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding, January 17th. *Please bring silver cator, with extra mustard-jug. MRS. JOANN BEEZUM AND HUSBAND, You are both asked To Mr. and Mrs. Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding, January 17th. *We cherish fond hopes in your direction in reference to a silver teapot. On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll enclosing the words "Please avoid dollar stores." To say the affair was a success would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, and find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a French rhot will do, so I give it up. On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the present called for. A silver teapot, I received with a thank-you in my voice, while an elegant silver teapot caused me to entirely break down with emotion; but I recovered, and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those that didn't bring presents were told that we were not being more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of gray hair streaked with silver, some silver tones from a maiden's voice, a silver beam from the moon, and some castor oil made from a silver castor.

Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em. No, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and baldheaded at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with black eyes, I can't help but congratulate him on matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is as gentle as a dove in the olive-branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case like this, I should probably pause to the extent of two semicolons and a comma, ere I congratulated him.

Auctions in South Germany.

An auction is an odd sight, but the dawdling progress of the business, and the time that is lost would drive any other people wild. There are no catalogues, and the lots are brought forward almost at hazard. If the sale takes place on a public street, every thing is sold, not only the wearing apparel, but all the rubbish, the contents of the rag bag—everything. I have seen the ladies try a pair of pair of old shoes, and then have an animated bidding for them. I have seen a disconsolate widow in comfortable circumstances bring forward the dear departed's old gloves and cravats, with the creases of long wear in them—aye, and exultate over their worth, and run them up when the bidding was slack—and respectable persons would buy them.

Although the things are sold without any arrangement, there is a kind of order observed. The kitchen utensils go first, then the linen and clothes, and then the furniture—and it is all done in one room. They pick out the largest lot in the suite beforehand to get a seat near the table, which is placed before the door of an inner room, and forms a barricade for the auctioneer and two clerks. Within are the family, and all the things which are to be sold. These are brought forward as they come to hand, and then carefully inspected by the assembly, who go on bidding, and when they arrive at sixty, the bidder makes a golden. After that, you bid groschen or three kreutzers, and then one often gets into a terrible puzzle as to what sum one is really offering. The auctioneer, it is true, helps his customers by adding the number of groschen occasionally, but fancy him bidding fifty-three threepences! At about five or six groschen, one begins to bid by stretch—a stretch being the quarter of a guilder. When the bidder bought an article it is handed over to you, and he it china or a sauceman, you must dispose of it as you can, on your lap or under your chair; no one but yourself is responsible for it now, and if it is not ticketed, your only security is to keep it by your side. Strangers are on

A Darky Swallow a Rat.

A New Orleans householder, disturbed by an aged darkey who each day seated himself on her porch and went to sleep in the sun, with upturned head, open mouth and prodigious snore, concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of food and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as a mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and, with a cough and a snort, Bambo started to his feet. "Ugh!" he cried, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his fingers clutched nervously the afflicted parts. Just then some one "crick out" in the house that a big rat had run over Uncle Sam's throat. This added terror to his pain he rolled on the banquet and cried lustily for help. "Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out me. I feels him. Oh, golly, he's kill'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruded like saucers, and the convulsed and agonized face showed that real pain was being enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh, golly, how he do jump and kick about," and Bambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation. "Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and drown him," the lady suggested. Without a moment's hesitation Sam started for the water plug, started, saw glass his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon. "How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the lady inquired, as Sam staggered back to his seat. "I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's-what's troubling dis chile, how's dat rat gwine to get out'n dere?"

Of the Kooris his account is very unfavorable. The kind of highway robbery practiced by the women of that country appears to have particularly irritated him. He says, "the culprits—the brigands in this case, are young women, who set out on plundering parties, in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair brigands take up a station at the river, there, particularly, to await for the arrival of the doomed traveler. As soon as the victim announces his approach, the fair troops start off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances it is impossible for him to withstand. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then request him to alight from his horse. Unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the women, who strip him of his back, and so left in his primitive state in which Adam was at one time."

Fetch On Your Rats!

Adam Bepler keeps a tavern in Allegheny. One rainy gloomy evening, recollect when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor, a stranger presented himself about bed time, and asked to stay all night. "Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will cost you one dollar." "But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me, I will give you a dollar." "Ah!" said Mr. Bepler, I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night with that kind, but dat won't help run dis house. "Well," said the stranger, after a pause "have you got any rats here?" "Yes," replied Adam, "you'd better believe we have. Why, the place is rony with dem."

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll fill all the rats to-morrow." "Done," said Bepler, who had been long desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises. So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepler took occasion in a very genteel manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night. "What! kill your rats? certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?" "They are patty dick in de barnyard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go there," said the stranger. "But stop! I have you got a piece of hoop iron?" A piece about fifteen feet long was brought to the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied at length with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepler, and quite a number of idlers who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat killer was going to work. Arriving there, the stranger looked around a little, and then placing his back firmly against the barn door, raised his weapon. "Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats!" How the scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepler began to smell rats pretty strongly at this juncture, and became very angry. One thing is certain, and that is, that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart probably to pursue his avocation of rat killer in other quarters.

The Use of the Pen.

The Latin rhetorician, Quintilian declares that the pen is the best instructor in the art speaking. Not less true is it that the use of the pen conduces most effectively to the general culture of the mind. There is more real exercise of thought in one hour composing than in a day's reading. Besides, the pen compels you to understand what you study, for you cannot express what is not intelligible to yourself. The pen also exacts arrangement and introduces order. Indeed, what we read is hardly our own unless we have given it utterance in our own language. To utter in writing what we have read is the only sure way of appropriating it.

A FABLE—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the ground, in the hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life, he did pick up at different times, a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days as he was looking for them, he saw not that the heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours, a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

Female Highway Robbery.

One Major Milligan, who has just written a book entitled "Wild Life among the Koords," gives a painfully minute argument intended to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America!

Of the Kooris his account is very unfavorable. The kind of highway robbery practiced by the women of that country appears to have particularly irritated him. He says, "the culprits—the brigands in this case, are young women, who set out on plundering parties, in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair brigands take up a station at the river, there, particularly, to await for the arrival of the doomed traveler. As soon as the victim announces his approach, the fair troops start off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances it is impossible for him to withstand. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then request him to alight from his horse. Unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the women, who strip him of his back, and so left in his primitive state in which Adam was at one time."

The French Kissing Custom.

The French, with all their faults, are generally supposed to be a people of fast, but there is one practice prevalent among them which refutes their claim to be so regarded. The men have an absurd custom of kissing each other on various occasions. A political favorite is forced to submit his face to the not over delicate caress of his demonstrative constituents; and a correspondent of the London Times lately saw a dirty fellow in a blouse jump in to the carriage of the grave and reverend Jules Simon, and apply his lips to that statesman's face, an ordeal which he bore with a resignation becoming that statesman's thoughtful turn of mind. Democratic ideas are infectious, but we trust that there is no danger that this will ever gain a foothold here. We verily believe that it would do more than any thing else to lessen the aspirations of our people for political honors.

An Item which Every Man Should Read.

We have probably all met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed to see a woman speak lightly of females we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration: "Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or opinions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many good and worthy women's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify and crush the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of a woman, for your mother and sister are woman; and as you would have their fair name unblemished, and their lives unblemished by the slanders of a bitter tongue, heed the ill that your words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow-creature.

Cruelty to Animals.

George Dickerson was arrested in Germantown at the instance of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for shooting two goats and leaving them half dead. He was held to answer by Alderman Waterlides.

Spontaneous Combustion—Blazing up at an insult.

—Zach. Chandler is proposed for Secretary of the Navy. No one could excel him in "Splicing the main brace."