THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY JAN. 4, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 1.

County Business Directory.

Two lines in this Directory, one year, $1.50—each additional line, 50 cts.

NEW MILFORD.

O. M. HAWLEY, Agent for Empire Sewing Machine, and American Base Burning Stove, Main Street.

W. L. MOSS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, and General Merchandise, on Main street, second door below the Episcopal Church. *

UNION HOTEL, kept by WILLIAM SMITH, on Main street, near the Depot.—*

NICHOLAS SHOEMAKER, Agent for Leffel's double Turbine. Best water wheel in use. Satisfaction guaranteed.*

W. S. MEAD, Foundry, and dealer in Plows and other utensils, one door from Phinney's Hotel, Main St.

N. F. KIMBER, Carriage Maker and Undertaker, on Main Street, two doors below Hawley's Store *

McCOLLUM BROTHERS, Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, on Main Street.*

H. GARRET & SON, Dealers in Flour, Feed, Meal, Salt, Lime, Cement, Groceries and Provisions on Main Street, opposite the Depot.

W. & T. HAYDEN, Manufacturers of Cigars and Wholesale dealers in Yankee Notions and Fancy Goods, on Main Street, below Episcopal Church *

MOSS & KNAP, Leather Manufacturers and dealers in Morocco Findings, &c., near Episcopal Church. *

AINEY & HAYDEN, Dealers in Drugs and Medicines, and Manufacturers of Cigars, on Main Street, near the Depot

W. STEPHENS, Horse Shoeing and general Repairing on Main Street, south of the bridge.

J. DICKERMAN, Jr., Dealer in general merchandise and Clothing, Brick Store, on Main Street.

WHIPPLE & MEAD, Dealers in general Merchandise, on Main Street. *

GREAT BEND.

L. S. LENHEIM, Manufacturer of Leather, and dealer in general Merchandise, on Main Street *

H. F. DORAN, Merchant Tailor and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Main Street.*

LENOXVILLE.

HIRAM WHITE, Manufacturer of and dealer in superior Plows and Castings. *

GIBSON.

EDWARDS & BRYANT, Manufacturers of Wagons and Sleighs, near the Ingalls' Store.

MONTROSE.

ABEL TURRELL, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, Jewelry, Notions, etc. [Sep. 21, '70

WEBB & GERR, News Office, and dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Crockery, etc., Public Avenue.

JAMES E. CARMALT, Attorney at Law Office one door below Tarbell House, Public Avenue *

WM H COOPER & CO., Bankers, sell Foreign Passage Tickets and Drafts on England, Ireland and Scotland.*

J. R. FLETCHER'S Eating Saloon is the place to get Ice Cream, Oysters and Clams, in every style. On Main street.*

STROUD & BROWN, General Fire and Life Insurance Agents; also, sell Railroad and Accident Tickets to New York and Philadelphia. Office one door east of the Bank.

F. B. CHANDLER, General Insurance and Sewing Machine Agent, Public Avenue.*

BURNS & NICHOLS, the place to get Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Pocket-Books, Spectacles, Yankee Notions, &c., Public Avenue.

WM. L. COX, Harness maker and dealer in all articles usually kept by the trade, opposite the Bank. *

WM. H. BOYD & CO., Dealers in Stoves, Hardware, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheetiron ware, corner of Main and Turnpike street.

S. H. MORSE, Merchant Tailor and dealer in Cloths, Trimmings, and Furnishing Goods, and Agents for Singer Sewing Machine, on Main Street, Fordham building.

A. N. BULLARD, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Books, Stationery and Yankee Notions, at head of Public Avenue.*

T. SPORE & CO., Dealers in Stoves, Hardware, Agricultural implements, Flour and Groceries, opposite Tarbell House.

RAYNSFORD & MITCHEL, Livery and Exchange Stable, in rear of Bank building.

J. R. DeWITT & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware and general merchandise, corner, near Brick Block.*

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. F. B. Streeter.
Associate Judges—A. Baldwin, R. T. Ashley.
Prothonotary and Clerk of Courts—J. F. Shoemaker.
Register, Recorder, &c.—Jerome R. Lyons.
District Attorney—D. W. Searle.
Treasurer—Benjamin Gidden.
Sheriff—Wm. T. Mosier.
Deputy Sheriff—M. B. Heine.
Surveyor—James W. Chapman.
Commissioners—Sam'l Shafer, J. T. Ellis, Preserved Hinds.
Commissioners' Clerk—Wm A. Crossmon.
Jury Commissioners—F. E. Streeter, *ex officio*, Daniel Brewster, Wm. A. Crossmon
Auditors—F. B. Chandler, Tracy Hayden, H. M. Jones.
Coroner—Dr. C. C. Halsey.

OFFICERS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Wm. H. Jessup, President; H. M. Jones, James Kasson, Vice Presidents; Geo. A. Jessup, Corresponding Secretary; Henry C. Tyler, Recording Secretary; C. M. Gere, Treasurer; H. H. Harrington, A. Baldwin, H. H. Skinner, Executive Committee.

MONTROSE & BRIDGEWATER ASYLUM.

Directors.—John Trumbull, W. L. Cox, S. Langdon. Treasurer—B. Thatcher. Secretary—Benj. L. Baldwin. Steward—David Martin Physician—Dr. J. D. Vail.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Burgess—C. M. Gere. Council—W. A. Crossman, A. W. Watson, A. J. Gerritson, Wm. H. Jessup, C. M. Crandall, J. F. Shoemaker, D. Brewster, D. F. Austin, H. A. Deane.
Constable—John C. Howell.
High Constable—Charles J. Whipple.
School Directors—Wm. H. Jessup, J. R. DeWitt, W. W. Watson, B. Thatcher, D. F. Austin, C. C. Halsey.

MINISTERS.

Presbyterian—Rev Jacob G. Miller.
Episcopal—Rev. E. A. Warriner.
Baptist—Rev. L. B. Ford.
Methodist—Rev. King Eiwell.
Catholic—Rev. J. Slattery.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Warren Chapter, No. 180, meets at Masonic Hall on Thursday of each month on or before full moon.
Warren Lodge, No. 240, A. Y. M., meets at Masonic Hall the first Wednesday of each month on or before full moon, and the second Wednesday thereafter.
Montrose Lodge, No. 151, I. O. of O. F., meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Tuesday evening.
St. John's Encampment, No 30, meets at Odd Fellows Hall the 2d and 4th Friday each month.
Rebecca Degree Lodge, No. 7, meets at Odd Fellows Hall the first and third Friday each month.
Montrose Lodge, I. O. of G. T. meets at Good Templars Hall every Monday evening.
Good Samaritan Temple of Honor, No. 16 meets at Good Templars' Hall the 3d Friday of each month.

DR R. THAYER,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Susq'a and adjoining counties. Office at his residence, Mehoopany, Pa. Will be at Montrose Friday of each week. Special attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Those having failed to get relief from the treatment of all other Physicians are especially invited to give me a trial. Since my location in this vicinity, I have treated successfully some of the worst forms of Consumption, Female Weakness, Dyspepsia, Cancer, St. Vitus Dance, &c

Patients taken to board on reasonable terms.
Clergymen and their families treated gratuitously.
No charge for consultation.
Mehoopany, Nov. 16, 1870.—3m*

GOLD JEWELRY.

A New and large supply,
Montrose, Nov. 24, 1869. ABEL TURRELL.

Business Cards.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

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

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. B. 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., Sep. 1, '70.

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. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 9tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 1 9tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,

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.—Two of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 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, etc., New Milford, Pa.

DR. K. 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 8 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.
BILLINGS STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

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 noticeable, 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. [aug'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, Dye stuffs, 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. S. BURNS, AROS NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

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 haven't time to tell the whole story, but come and see for yourselves ☞ at the Old Stand. No loud laughing allowed in the shop. [April 13, 1870.

HUNT BROTHERS,

SCRANTON, PA.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES,
FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1869. 1y

NEW WALL PAPER,

Just arrived, and selling cheap by
Montrose, April 20, 1870. ABEL TURRELL.

The Montrose Democrat

PUBLISHED ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA., BY

E. B. HAWLEY,

AT $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE—OR $2½ AT END OF YEAR

Rates of Advertising.

Three-fourths inch of space, or less, make a square.

One square, 3 weeks or less, $1.00; 1 mo. $1.25; 3 mo. $2.50; 6 mo. $4.50; 1 year, $8.
One-eighth col., 1 mo, $2.50; 3 mo. $6.50; 6 mo. $12.00; 1 year, $20.00.
One-quarter col., 1 mo. $6.50; 3 mo. $12.00; 6 mo. $20; 1 year, $30.
Half column, 1 mo. $12.00; 3 mp. $25.00; 6 mo. $35.00; 1 year, $50.00.
One column, 1 mo. $25.00; 3 mo. $35.00; 6 mo. $60.00; 1 year, $100.00.
Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $3.00. All communications of limited or individual interest, 10 cts. per line. Obituary Notices, cts. per line. Marriage and Death Notices free.

Job Printing executed neatly and promptly at fair prices.

Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Justices', Constables' School and other blanks for sale.

Poet's Corner.

Phantom Days.

Sweet-heart, when the year turns back,
And over her summer track
Goes trailing in robes of mist,
And holding her poor pale lips,
Chill with their half eclipse,
Up to the sun to be kissed—

Then over the parting line
The dead days glimmering shine,
With pitiful faces fair.
They are perfect all but breath,
And I mind me of their death,
By the chill that is in the air.

Yet at the sight I yearn;
And O, then they would return
With the love that I forego!
And I murmur, ah! how long?
And sorrow takes up her song—
"Till the rose blooms in the snow."

So all the story is told;
Cease, for the heart's a-cold,
And the winter claims its own.
In the first night of the frost
Beauty and bloom were lost,
And what is the stalk alone?

O, when will the rough winds blow,
And when will the blank white snow
Cover the dead from sight?
For, like the haze on the hill,
Lieth on thought and will
The spell of a past delight.

So, over the yellow leaves,
And the empty place of sheaves,
I follow my aimless feet.
Oh! love that is lost to me,
Are their ghosts that walked with thee
In this time of the bitter sweet?

Oh! what but the heart's desire
Can you have seen in the fire
Of the autumn woods ablaze!
And what but an ended tale
In the ashes few and pale
Of those Indian Summer days!

Snow Flakes.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodland brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded,
This the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—Longfellow.

BREVITIES.

—Blunderbuss—the right kiss to the *wrong woman.*

—A good rule—back your friends and face your enemies.

—Iron is a tonic when 240 lbs. of it are taken at once.

—You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

—A son of a gun is supposed to be one of the old stock.

—When are some comic papers the *sharpest? When they are filed.*

—Paper muslin—any attempt to restrain the freedom of the press.

—Of all the laws of trade, none find greater favor than the buy-laws.

—Mental abstraction—stealing the ideas of others and fancying them your own.

—A handsome dress pattern never arrests a woman's attention—she will always go buy it.

—All the girls in Wisconsin except seven are picking hops day times, and kicking at hops in the evenings.

—Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are the bearers of idle tails.

—Blindman's buff is said to be genuine human sympathy, because it is a fellow-feeling for a fellow creature.

—Why was Desdamona the most discontented of women? Because the Moor she had the Moor she wanted.

—The Boston Lecturer who has been trying to prove that man is a vegetable, has himself turned out to be a dead beat.

—It must have raised a laugh at the expense of the orator, who when he went to apostrophize the American flag, exclaimed, "Forever fleet that standard shote."

Miscellaneous.

A Californian in the South African Diamond Fields.

DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA,
August 4, 1870,

Immediately after sending you my last letter, I organized a company, purchased an outfit, and started for the Diamond Fields. Our company consists of three white men, and will employ six negroes, at one shilling per day each, and board them. Our outfit cost £150. We hired an eight-mule team and a spring wagon, and purchased a Scotch cart (similar to our American carts for hauling dirt), and four oxen at £4 each, to haul the cart. I had a long-tom made with a chest of drawers at the foot of it. These drawers were made with perforated zinc bottoms; there are three of them. The top seive has one-half inch holes; the second seive one-eighth of an inch holes, and the bottom seive has one-sixteenth of an inch holes. Diamonds that will pass through the bottom seive are not worth the extra trouble to obtain them. We also purchased a force pump 20 feet of suction hose and 50 feet of other hose. We also purchased tools and seiving iron; provisions were to be had in abundance at the mines, so we did not take much with us. We left Oolesburg on the 1st of July, and arrived at the quarters of the Diamond Fields on the 5th, (200 miles.) We found plenty of grass and bush for the animals, but water was scarce, and at several farms, we had to pay one shilling for water for ourselves and stock; this water had been collected in a kind of hole formed by damming up a ravine or depression in the plain; the dams are filled during the rainy seasons and last through the dry season. The road is excellent all the way from Colesburg to the Diamond Fields.

Arrived at the Diamond Fields, a Californian scene of early days presented itself. The river was lined with rockers tents, and miners of all kinds, color, sex and size, for a mile on both sides. At least 800 miners were at work, whole families, men, women and children, having left their homes either in the Transval Republic, Orange Tree State, or Cape Colony. The men were picking, shoveling and washing the dirt, while the women and children were sitting around tables and sorting the pebbles that have been washed, for diamonds. Before crossing the Vaal River we applied to Mr. Kallenburg, the missionary, for permission to dig on the Pruel Farm, but he refused, as we were strangers to him. He only allows those whom he knows to mine on the estate, and he makes them give him one-fourth of the proceeds of their funds. There were about two hundred people on the estate when we arrived, and they had found on an average, about twenty-five diamonds a day of from ¼ to 5 carats each: no large diamonds had been found on this estate up to the time of our arrival, but several have been found since—one of 10 carats, one of 17 carats and one of 48 carats.

We crossed the river on the 5th, of July, and camped for the night near the head-quarters tent. On the 6th we signed the Miners' Rules and picked out our claims—20 feet square for each partner.

We took a claim on the third capie, or hill, down the river; the first capie is where the Natal and King Williamstown parties took out 172 diamonds from a triangular space of about fifty paces in circumference, and from six inches to twenty-four inches in depth. Other parties had taken at least 150 diamonds from near this triangle, on the same capie. The second capie had proved rich since, and about 100 diamonds had been taken out from it. The third capie had just been opened, and about 20 diamonds had been taken from it up to the time of our arrival. At the first capie the diamonds were from ¼ to 9, 17, 29 and 64 carats, and from the third from ¼ to 3, 5, 9 and 20½ carats, the lot valued at £6,000. The Natal party have a 40 carat diamond worth $9,500. They obtained 52 in all but larger than the other parties, and the value of the lot is about £20,000. We found about 600 miners on this side, they had selected a commandant (Mr. Parker, who was formerely a trader,) and a Committee of Safety, consisting of twelve miners. The ownership of the country was in dispute between the Transval Republic, Orange Tree State, and several native chiefs, but the miners do not recognize either of these parties, and they speak strongly of erecting a "Diamond Republic" of their own.

Most of the miners work in this manner; They first dig the gravel to the bed or to clay (generally from six inches to three feet in depth,) then with a meal sifter they sift the dirt and throw out all largish stones. The middling dirt, or pebbles, they cart to the Vaal River, about on an average, 500 yards from the mine, and there they wash it in a California gold cradle; they then lay the washed pebbles on a table, and carefully sort a handful at a time with a scraper; by this means they get through about two carts loads of sifted "Cascalhao" a day. Some carry the water up to the mine, and after the dry sifting of the dirt, they dip the seive in the water and wash the pebbles. A few days after our arrival, I invented a shaking table for dry sifting the top sieve of one-quarter inch holes, and the bottom sieve of three-sixteenth inch holes; the top sieve is inclined one way about 25 degrees, so that all the large stones will fall off by the shaking; the bottom sieve is longer than the top one, and inclined twenty-five degrees in the opposite direction; the dirt and gravel that passes through the top sieve falls on the second one, and the dirt passes through and the gravel to wash passes out at the end, and is carted to the river for washing. I could put through 60 cart loads a day with this medium, and concentrate it to 20 carts loads of gravel—but two men can only sort out four cart loads of gravel in ten hours after it has been washed, and we do not put more than twelve cart loads through in a day in consequence of this, We are now teaching some of the negroes to "sort," and we will put more ground through presently.

On the first day of our washing we obtained a 1¾ carat diamoned, slightly off colored, but good shaped and nearly round, valued at £8. We worked this claim out and got nothing more. We tried our several other claims on that side of the river with no success, although diamonds were found all around us. We worked three weeks on that side of the river without further success, and then having obtained permission from Mr. K., the missionary, to mine on the Pruel farm, we moved over here, and on the first day's washing we found two beauties of ¾ and ½ carats. I also discovered a secret in diamond mining on this side of the river, that I shall divulge only to the company that is being raised in New York to work a certain diamond farm by a wholesale system. I am quite satisfied with this side of the river and this claim that I have. All that I need now is a "sorting machine," that will "sort as fast as I can put the "cassalho" through the washer. I shall try my hand at inventing one.

MARK TWAIN'S POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.

A few months ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman, on the independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was, good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers, that if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secrecy, there was a muddy undercurrent of discomfort "riling" the deeps of my happiness—and that was, the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said:

"You have never done one single thing in all you life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them."

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all, I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast, I come across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before:

"PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochin, China, in 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native widow and her helpless family of a meagre plantain patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrages he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?"

I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel, heartless charge—I had never seen Cochin China! I had never heard of Wakawak! I didn't know a plantain patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away not doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more:

"SIGNIFICANT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochin China perjury."

[MEM.—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as "the infamous perjurer Twain."]

Next came the *Gazette*, with this:

"WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow citizens (who are suffering to vote for him!) the little circumstance of his cabin mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his "trunk" (newspaper he rolled his traps in), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?"

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than this? For I never was in Montana in my life.

[After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana thief."]

I got to picking up papers apprehensively—much as one would lift a desired blanket which he had some idea might have a rattlesnake under it. One day this met my eye:

"THE LIE NAILED!—By the sworn affidavits of Michael O'Flanagan, Esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burnt and Mr. John Allen, of Water street, is established that Mr. Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard bearer, John T. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery, is a brutal and gratuitous lie, without a single shadow of foundation in fact. It is disheartening to virtuous men to see such shameful means resorted to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves and defiling their honored names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outraged and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengence upon the traducer. But no—let us leave him to the agony of a lacerating conscience—(though if passion should get the better of the public and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrator of the deed.")

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with despatch that night, and out at the back door, also, while the "outraged and insulted public" surged in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the Book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman's grandfather. More—I had never even heard of him or mentioned him, up to that day and date.

[I will state, in passing, that the journal above quoted from always referred to me afterward as "Twain, the Body Snatcher."]

The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following:

"A SWEPT CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents last night, didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—sufferer lying in great agony, and so forth and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretended they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominate their standard-bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is the case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands in thunder-tones: "WHO WAS THAT MAN?"

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself confidently dubbed "Mr. Delerium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the papers would go on calling me so to the very end.]

By this time anoymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common:

"How about that old woman you kiked off your premisers which was beging:
POL PRY."

And this:

"There is things which you have done which is unbeknowens to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dols, to yours truly or you'll hear thro' the papers from
HANDY ANDY."

That is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desirable.

Shortly the principal Republican journal "convicted" me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper 'nailed' an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names; "Twain the Filthy Corruptionist," and "Twain, the Loathsome Embracer."]

By this time there had grown to be such a clamor for an "answer" to all the dreadful charges that were laid to me, that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for me to remain silent any longer. As if to make their appeal more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the very next day.

"BEHOLD THE MAN!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proved, and they are endorsed and re-endorsed by his own eloquent silence, till at this day he stands forever convicted. Look upon your candidate, Independents! Look upon the infamous perjurer! the Montana Thief! the Body-Snatcher! Contemplate your incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest votes to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them."

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges, and mean wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum, with all its inmates, because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then come the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his money, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering.—And at last, as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution that party rancor had inflicted upon me, nine little toddling children of all shades of color and degrees of ruggedness were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call me PA!

I gave up. I hauled down my colors and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a Gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it.

"Truly yours,
"ONCE a decent man, but now
"MARK TWAIN, I. P., M. F., B. S., D. T., F. C., and L. E.

—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness, to your opponent, tolerance; to your children, a good example; to yourself respect; to all men, charity.

—A poor man who was ill, being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, no, I haven't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of the physic.

—Mr. Smith was never so sober in the whole course of his life, but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would wait till one came around.

A Trifling Error.

An editor in New Jersey had a little nephew only six months old, and the little nephew died. Some of the editor's friends considered that it would be a good thing to give the afflicted uncle a substantial expression of their sympathy, so they contracted with a local sculptor for a gravestone. The design consisted of an angel carrying the little one in her arms and flying away, while a woman sat weeping on the ground. It was executed horribly. The tombstone was sent to the editor, with the simple request that he would accept it. As he was absent the junior editor determined to acknowledge it, although he hadn't the slightest idea what it meant. So the next day he bursted out with the following remarks:

"*Art News.*—We have received from the hands of our eminent sculptor, Felix Mullens, a comic bas relief designed for an ornamental fire-board. It represents an Irishman in his night-shirt, running away with the little God Cupid while the Irishman's sweetheart hides her head indifferently in the corner. Every true work of art tells its own story; and we understand, as soon as we glance at this that our Irish friend has been coquetted with by the fair one, and is pretending to transfer his love to other quarters.—There is a lurking smile on the Irishman's lips, which expresses his mischevious intentions perfectly. We think it would have been better, however, to have clothed him in something else than a night-shirt, and to have smoothed down his hair. We have placed this *chef d'auvre* beneath our parlor mantel piece, where it will surely be admired by our friends when they call. We are glad to encourage such progress in local art."

This was painful. A committee called on the editor when he returned, and explained the tombstone to him; and that night an assistant editor was seen coming down stairs six steps at a time and flying up street without coat or hat.

THE COST OF DRINKING.—A philanthropic individual estimates the cost of an "occasional drunk" in the following unique manner: For three drinks per day at ten cents for one year, $169,50. For twenty-five years, compound interest at 10 per cent., $11,845,19. And genuine interest hereafter. The cost would be the same if an "occasional smoke" or a chance game of billiards were indulged in for the same number of years. This calculation is worthy the consideration of those of our readers addicted to either one of the foolish and expensive habits.

VARIETIES.

—What is it that we drink at festive times, though it is sometimes a woman and sometimes a man? A toast.

—Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg? I gibs um up. Because he could not get out but for de hatch.

—A bogus Odd Fellow has been going for the Portland brethren's sympathy and purses lately. He left a good many I. O. U's with the I. O. F's.

—Ladies, just now, are anxious about the trimming of their bonnets; but it won't do to trim them any closer or there will be nothing left.

—It is said that some babies are so small that they can creep into a quart measure, but the way some adults can walk into such measures is astonishing.

—Louis Napoleon recently in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician that he suffered all the horrors of the damned. The doctor only answered, "what, already."

—Don Piatt is authority for the story that Sumner was recently arrested as a vagrant while attempting to get into his house late at night.

—A club of hen-pecked husbands meet once a week, that meeting being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the tied.

—A shoddy dame in Northern New York, late a domestic, in ordering silverware, desired the astonished clerk to have her "entrails, B. M., engraved on each piece."

—"Will yer honor take a cab?" said a London cab-driver to a gentleman. "No thank you, I am able to walk," said the gentleman. "May yer long be able, but seldom willin!" was the witty reply.

—An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

—When we know how to appreciate a merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.—*Goethe.*

"She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; and worse than that, she isn't all she paints herself.

—Four-year old who had been enjoying the measles, as he was getting well, said to his younger brother, "George, you may have the measles when I'm done with 'em."

—Clara, who is looking at a milliner's window. Aren't they handsome? Susie, whose thoughts are across the street. Yes; especially the one with the moustache.

—An editor out West cautions his tall readers against kissing short women, as the habit has rendered himself exceedingly round shouldered.

—"Massa, de taters up," "The potatoes up, you rascal, I only planted yesterday." "I know dat, massa; but de hogs got in las' nite, an gub um a lift."

—A New-England spinister, who went out to Nevada about a year ago, writes home that she has already a husband and a pair of twins, and hasn't got much acquainted yet.

—Captain Gladstone to a British mariner at the mast head—"How does the sea look ahead there?" British mariner—"Very 'evey and swell'n Cap'n; a pasty Black Sea."