

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

B. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 15, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 31.

Business Cards.

CROSSMAN & BALDWIN,
Attorneys at Law, Office over the store of Wm. B. Wilson, at Public Square, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, March 1, 1871.

J. D. VAIL,
Photographer and Dealer in Photo Albums and Stationery, Office in the building next to the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, Feb. 24, 1871.

LAW OFFICE:
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Fitch & Watson, Montrose, Pa.
Feb. 24, 1871.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Harness, Main Street, first below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., 1871.

LITTLE & BLAKELEE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office the one below the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
A. S. LITTLE, J. W. BLAKELEE, J. S. LITTLE, A. S. BLAKELEE.

W. H. HAWLEY,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Children's Goods, Hats and Shoes, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Oil, and other articles.
Montrose, Pa., 1871.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING,
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend to all who may want anything in his line.
Montrose, Pa. Oct. 1, 1871.

P. REYNOLDS,
Auctioneer—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandise—also attends at Vendue. All orders filled in strict conformity with the terms.
Montrose, Pa. Oct. 1, 1871.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PRACTISING A SURGEON, Office in the building opposite Burrows House, Oct. 1, 1871.

LAW OFFICE,
CHARLETT & MCNEIL, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office in the Block Block over the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
A. CHARLETT, J. H. MCNEIL.

A. D. R. LATHROP,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Paints, Oils, and all other articles.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at Postoffice, 1871.

H. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
Office in the Block Block, 1871.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Office in the Block Block, 1871.

AMIELY,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Office in the Block Block, 1871.

JOHN GROVES,
FURNITURE AND PAINTS, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND MILLWRIGHTS, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

H. HUBBARD,
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Paints, Oils, and all other articles.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery.
Friendsville, Pa. Aug. 1, 1871.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

WM. D. LUSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST, Rooms over Boyd & Co.'s Hardware Store, Office hours from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Oils, Groceries, Glassware, and all other articles.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Block Block, 1871.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

BUENS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Oils, Groceries, Glassware, and all other articles.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

DR. E. L. HANDBRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office in the Block Block, 1871.

PROF. HOBBS,
The latest method of repairing hats and shoes, and all other articles.
Montrose, Pa. 1871.

HUNT BROTHERS,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
Office in the Block Block, 1871.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
THE INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN FOR THE
SPRING TERM OF 24 WEEKS,
On Friday, February 10, 1871.
For general Circular, catalogue and other information, Address
THEO. H. BURROWS, President,
Agricultural College, P. O.,
Jan. 25, 1871.

Poet's Corner.

The Guardian Angels.
BY MILLER W. CARPENTER.

White curtains drape the window-pane;
The wind is up with furious roar,
And tries the trees with awful strain,
And twists the golden wains about,
White storm is on the flag without,
Behind the pane the lamp burns clear;
A voice is singing, low and sweet,
A fresque sung, sweet to love's ear,
Oh, busy hands and dancing feet!

Be thankful for this safe retreat
From the foul storm, and dangerous street.

Shut in by curtains warm and white,
That seem like some dear, heavenly care,
Are warmth and peace and love and light,
Where truth and wisdom's duty wait,
A gleam of glimmers in the grate;
A flame shoots up, but quickly dies—
It shows the mingled doubt and pain
In the sweet face and tender eyes,
That peer with loud and anxious strain
Beyond the curtain window-pane,
Into the night and frozen rain.

Oh, loving eyes! shine clear and bright,
And watch the wayward feet that roam
Across the dark ways of the night,
And light them safely, surely home.

The snow heaps high with crust and foam,
Shine brighter yet, dear watching eyes,
White wind and tempest wail and rack
Where the night's hidden danger lies,
Dear eyes, no sweet allurement lack,
But guide the wanderer safely back
Home by the white snow's spool-trail track.

Without the Children.

O the weary, solemn silence,
Of a house without the children!
O the strange, oppressive stillness,
Where the children come no more!

Oh! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone forevermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight,
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking, by the door.

Strange to see the little draves
Hanging up there all in the morning,
And the gaiters—ah! that patter,
We will hear it never more
On our earth forsaken floor.

What is home, without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine,
Life is withered to the core!
So we leave an empty cavern,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greater pasture vernal,
Where the Lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

The Husband's Complaint.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR.

A few short months ago, my dear,
Before we were married, you
Used to do so many things,
That now are never done.

You said, when home from daily toil
I came with my aching brow,
Your hand alone should soothe its pangs—
It never soothes it now.

You said you would no burden be,
And dress as a means allow,
But what with silks and rings and things—
You do not do so now.

You used to sacrifice yourself,
And to my wishes bow,
Allowing me to have my way—
You never do so now.

You used to sing and play and smile,
And gush, and hug, and hold me tight,
You never gush so now.
I mind the moonlight nights when I
Was wont to hear your wail,
A joy 'twould be to die for—
Why don't you do so now?

Brevities and Witicisms.

—Realities of life—"Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which can be realized without real hard work."

—There are fifteen newly-married couples residing on one street in Pottsville. It now bears the sobriquet of "Turtle Dove lane."

—"Poor Lucinda took that circumstance much to heart." "Did she, indeed?" "The poor girl! I wish I was that circumstance."

—A Boston lady having been asked if she was an admirer of Trollope's novels, replied, "Yes, I have always been a Trolloploger."

—Frank Bird maintains that the phrases to "sit down" and "sit up" are proper. He says he used to "sit up" with a gal thirty years ago.

—Under the head of "Lost Races of America," a gentleman is getting up a list of the most celebrated horses which have been beaten.

Miscellaneous.

THE FALSE LOVER.

"I think it must be almost time for him to come now!"

Gertrude Fisher glanced up at the clock, a tiny mother-of-pearl chime, resting in a tangled mass of gilded wood and ivy leaves, beneath an elaborate glass shade; the hour hand was fast verging on the figure eight when Gertrude sighed softly to herself, and no more took up the bit of delicate needle work with which she was occupying herself.

Gertrude was a tall, noble looking girl, with jet black hair brushed plainly back from her clear, pale face, and features pure and emotionless as those of a classic statue. Her dress was of rich wine colored silk, but very simple; and the garnet ornaments that she wore, set in heavy, Etruscan gold, were peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty.

All the fittings and appointments of the room around her were elegant and luxurious, betokening the refinements of wealth. The carpet was of a soft pearl gray, with white bands strewn over it, delicately shaded into crimson, the walls were gray, paneled with gold; and the furniture was of darkly veined rosewood, upholstered with grey velvet, while the pictures, hanging from the gleam of red which ran around the inner edge of the cornice, the statuettes on their carved brackets, and the alabaster vases, filled with rare trailing ferns and nosegays of blossoms, were selected with the utmost taste and care.

For Gertrude Fisher was an heiress, and she had learned the best and truest way of enjoying wealth.

The time seemed to pass away very slowly as she sat there, listening to the silver tick of the clock, and an occasional fall of a glowing cedar from the gate into the polished fender below, and waiting anxiously for her engaged lover to make his appearance.

"He is not often so late, as this," thought Gertrude, drawing out her little jeweled watch, and comparing it with the clock, with a sort of acknowledging hope, that the mother-of-pearl dial would tally exactly. But no; the two timespieces tallied exactly, and Gertrude had no reason to be so particular. "Of course I cannot expect him to measure time by the second," she said. "But nevertheless, I wonder where Cecilia is," missed Gertrude, "Even her merry, teasing chatter would be better than this dead silence and loneliness. I suppose she has gone up to her room for the night."

But Cecilia Moore had not gone up to her room, as her cousin supposed. She was in the little parlor down stairs, and George Tracy was with her, waiting for her to come down with Gertrude's signed in vain.

Cecilia was as different from Gertrude as a glancing firefly is from the steady glow of a star, or a babbling, sparkling stream from the silver surface of a lake. She was small, and perfectly shaped and plump, with golden hair and a transparent skin, and those peculiar turquoise-blue eyes, which so often accompany a blonde style of beauty. She had come to London, at Gertrude's invitation, to spend the winter with her; and Gertrude's generosity had supplied the soft blue m-riano which she wore, with its sapphire velvet trimmings, and even the set of pink coral which relieved her more peculiar turquoise-blue eyes.

Gertrude had grown very fond of Cecilia, whom she regarded as a sort of plaything—a live doll, or a tiny white kitten—and Cecilia found her cousin's luxurious home a pleasant contrast to the dreary farm-house, where her uncle and his second wife barely tolerated her as a nurse, seamstress, and general drudge to their many children.

"Answer me, Cecilia," persisted Gertrude, Tracy, holding both her small white hands in his, and looking directly into the turquoise-blue eyes.

Cecilia struggled to escape.

"I don't care two straws what Gertrude says! I am only interested in you, my darling. Tell me—do you love me?"

"How I love you, little pet, better than all the world besides. There, it's out now, and I don't care who knows it!"

Cecilia put her hand on his lips, with an apprehensive glance toward the door.

"Why is this?" he asked.

"She must not know, George. I should be sent home to-morrow!"

"Then you will try and love me, dear?"

She gave him a glance from beneath her long, curled eyelashes—a glance half tender, half coquetical, and entirely bewitching. George Tracy had been wavering, and uncertain before; now he lost his self-possession entirely, and, without the drawing room above. George and Cecilia arranged the treacherous plau which was to wreck her happiness forever, with calm, smiling faces, and voices which never faltered once.

"Sarah go up stairs and call Miss Moore to the breakfast table," said Gertrude the next morning, to the parlor maid, who had brought in the hissing urn. "She is later than usual."

"She's not in her room, ma'am, and the bed's not slept up in."

And that was the last Gertrude Fisher heard of her cousin Cecilia and her betrothed husband, George Tracy, for long sad years.

What did she do? What do people generally do when the weight of a great misfortune falls upon them, crushing the very life and vigor out of their hearts? They suffer and endure, and live on. Gertrude did this; and after the first bitterness had died out of her nature—a kindly and a generous one—she even learned to think forgivingly of George and the little blue-eyed girl she had so loved and cherished.

And so the bloom of her first youth passed away, and she settled peacefully down into a soft-voiced, tender-eyed old maid; for Gertrude's was not one of those facile natures which can grasp a new love

to an old disappointment, and be happy after all has come and gone.

It was toward the close of a lowering day in December that Miss Fisher's carriage, closely shut, and cushioned with velvet, drew up in front of one of those fashionable emporiums where ladies delight in congregating. Madame D'Antri herself came forward to greet the rich heiress.

"Is my dress finished, madame?" inquired Gertrude.

"Madame would I presume. Would Miss Fisher be seated? I have the return to her in a fit of French gesticulating despair."

"It was through no fault of hers, but Miss Bliss, the forewoman, had allowed the seamstress to take it home to finish, as she had a sick husband whom she could not leave, and they were starting—absolutely starving," cried Madame D'Antri, with a fluttering motion of her flexible fingers. "But it should be got for immediately, the robe of *soie gris* and it was the last, the very last time that a dress should ever be allowed to go out of the establishment."

"Never mind, madame," said Miss Fisher, good-humoredly. "It is really a matter of no great moment. Fortunately, I have other dresses, so you need not hurry."

And she re-entered her carriage, followed by Madame; apologizing all the way. Gertrude had nearly reached her home, when she pulled the check-string, and called the driver to go back to Madame D'Antri's.

"What an idea it is foolish," she thought within herself, "but I can't help thinking of that poor seamstress with her sick husband."

Madame D'Antri was astonished by the second appearance of Miss Fisher.

"The address? I will obtain it of Miss Bliss," she said, "if you will kindly wait."

Presently she came, rustling behind the counter, with a bit of paper, which she gave to Gertrude with a low curtsy. Gertrude glanced at it.

"A had neighborhood, I should judge," she remarked, casually.

"Oh, unobtrusive, indeed!" assented Madame, who was a little uncertain in her own English adjectives.

Gertrude gave the paper to her coachman, with directions to him to proceed directly thither.

It was nearly dark when she reached the number indicated—a melancholy looking house, in a miserable neighborhood.

"Fourth floor, back room," said an old woman on the ground floor; and gathering her shawl closely around her, Miss Fisher mounted the steep stairs, where, to judge from appearance, brooms and sopsuds were alike ignored.

She opened the door of the room, which, a hollow-eyed little child, scantily dressed, opened it just far enough to peep through. Gertrude could see the murky glimmer of a lamp on the table, and the sullen glow of an insufficient fire in a miserable grate. The room was small, and exceedingly close, and bore the aspect of the wretchedest poverty.

"I have come to see a search of a seamstress, who works for Madame Celeste D'Aubri," said Gertrude.

"Mamma!" said the little child, doubtfully; but she opened the door a fraction wider, and Gertrude entered.

A woman was sewing on the identical table, with a man stretched motionless on the bed, with a sheet pulled up over his face.

"You are in trouble," said Gertrude, gently, trying to accustom her eyes to the dim, uncertain light.

The woman made a fretful motion of her elbow, but never looked up.

"Don't disturb me," she said, petulant, "I am here at last; but I can't bury him until I've done this work, and got the money."

"Cecile! Cecilia Moore?"

The woman looked up, at length, pushing back the flaxen hair, that hung in wild disorder over her eyes.

Richard Adams Loche, the Author of the Great "Moon Hoax."

Richard Adams Loche, who threw the country into a terrible excitement about thirty-five years ago by the perpetration of the celebrated "Moon Hoax," died at the age of seventy-one. In 1835 Moses Y. Beach moved to New York and purchased the Sun of its original proprietors. The Sun had been established a short time previous, but it had lingered along upon the verge of a collapse until Mr. Beach took it in hand and placed it fairly on the road to success.

He engaged as editor Mr. Loche, then a young man of literary tastes, but unknown to fame. For a few months after Loche took charge of the paper, it failed to create any marked sensation, and in all probability would have proved as unsuccessful in the end under its new management as under the old, if Loche had not forced it, upon the universal notice of the public by the most ingenious and successful hoax ever perpetrated. One day in August, 1835, the first step toward placing the gigantic fraud before the public was taken. A prefatory article appeared in the editorial columns of the Sun, announcing that the eminent English astronomer, Sir John Herschel, had recently made some remarkable astronomical discoveries by means of a monster telescope, at the Cape of Good Hope, the information of the Sun being derived from an advance copy of the Edinburgh Journal of Science. This prefatory announcement answered the intended purpose, and served to attract the attention of the public, to whom none of the marvelous details had yet been given.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and the publication of the bogus article from the Edinburgh Journal of Science was commenced, the wonderful story was devalued with the greatest eagerness. The hoax bore the following head—

"GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES LATELY MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, L. D., F. R. S., &C., AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE."

The hoax was admirably introduced by a dissertation upon the labors of the Herschels, father and son, and by an elaborate description of an immense telescope erected by the latter at the Cape of Good Hope, the marvelous magnifying powers of which were commensurate with the grandeur of the system of the mind of the reader for what was to follow. There was also a somewhat elaborate and gravely written dissertation upon the investigations and discoveries of the astronomers with regard to the moon, which was like the rest of the hoax sufficiently scientific in its style to throw the unwary off their guard.

The supposed wonderful discoveries in the month of November, 1835, about half-past 9 o'clock, Basaltic rock of a greenish hue, was first seen, as the field of vision of the telescope, similar to those of the islands of Staffa came into view, covered in some places with gorgeous red flowers. A lunar forest next appeared, many of the trees being unlike any ever seen on earth, with the exceptions of a few which resembled English yew, and were said to be the first night of their observation, but the greatest wonders were reserved for subsequent investigations. On the night of January 13, which the hoaxter described as one of "pearly purity and loveliness," the astronomer and his assistants determined to devote themselves to an investigation of a comparatively limited area of the moon's surface. The landscape features of this area were described by the hoaxter with much minuteness, and various animals resembling the bison, reindeer, moose, and the earth; but with sufficient variations to make them remarkable, were reported as having been seen, together with a good many which resembled nothing existing anywhere but in the vivid imagination of Mr. Loche.

These supposed discoveries, however, was that of creatures resembling human beings. They were said to be about four feet in height, and were covered, except their faces, with short and glossy copper-colored hair. They had wings composed of thin membrane, without hair, which lay snugly upon their backs, from the top of their faces were described as of a yellowish fash color, and as resembling orange-untanned somewhat in expression, but more open and intelligent, and with greater expansion of forehead. The mouth was prominent, though somewhat relieved by a thick beard on the lower jaw, and by lips distinctly human. These creatures appeared to the astronomers as being engaged in conversation, and their gesticulations were impassioned and rapid, and all their actions gave indications of intelligence. The domestic habits of these lunar men were described with much minuteness. Another wonder was a magnificent temple of polished sphère, in which were seated the astronomer and his assistants, and this was described in such a manner as to excite curious speculations as to the nature of the religion professed in the moon. The imagination of the hoaxter expanded as he got well into his subject, and the latter part of his dissertation is a narrative of the wonders which would have found little credence had it not been for the ingenious manner in which they were introduced.

The full details of Sir John Herschel's marvelous discoveries were not completed in the columns of the Sun for some time, the instalments of the stupendous number, to keep the excitement up, and not being completed until some time in September. There were persons who doubted the whole thing from the start, and in the mass of the people, swallowed the story without question. These were the days of the old-fashioned sailing vessels, when communication with Europe was irregular and uncertain, and it would of course take considerable

What True Love is.

From "Pink and White Tyranny" by Mrs. H. B. Stone.

Many women suppose that they love their husbands, when, unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea what love is. Let me explain to you my dear lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, and loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love; it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is SELF-SACRIFICING; it is a sort of self love, and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own, FOR THE LOVE we bear them. Love is giving and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge, sucking everything to itself; it is an out-springing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price by the loveless, the fairest, the purest, the strongest-lovers that ever trod this mortal car, of whom it is recorded that he said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved and love not, when there is one who knows how to love. That, oh my dear ladies, is a nobler attainment than all your French music and dancing. You may lose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of self indulgence. By living just as you are all wanting to live—trying to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only such things which are easy and agreeable, you may lose the power of self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting paper all your life.

So the hoax was a complete success for the time, and the few who doubted were to be found principally in the ranks of the ignorant, among those who knew little or nothing about astronomy, and doubted simply because they would accept no evidence of the truth. For many years the "Moon Hoax" was out of print, and could be found only in the scrap-books of curiosity-mongers; but in 1859 it was issued in a pamphlet form by William Gorham, at New York, and even at that late day had a wide circulation.

The "moon hoax" established the Sun upon a firm basis, and by the time the joke was fully exposed, and the people ridiculed, the system of cheap newspapers was so completely successful that it has remained to this day a feature of American journalism.

In 1836 Mr. Loche dissolved his connection with the Sun, and at once established in New York a political daily paper of his own, entitled *The New York Democrat*, which he conducted for some time, until he was driven to repeat the "Moon Hoax" in the columns of his new journal, and, as might have been anticipated, failed of success. He never again came into possession of the lost manuscripts of Mungo Park, the celebrated African explorer, and from them he derived the finale of his adventures, which were favored with all the vagaries of an imagination that did not recognize the bonds of reason or the limits of probability. No one, however, appears to have been deceived by this trick, and the adventurous career of Mungo Park was never brought to an end. Mr. Loche afterwards created some little sensation by getting up in connection with a Dr. Sherwood, a practitioner of magnetic remedies, a book on Magnetism as the moving power of vital force of the universe, the more ignominious, but the greatest wonders were reserved for subsequent investigations.

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Searching for the Site of King Solomon's Temple.

The Hon. Richard Vaux, Past R. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, A. Y. 31, in his last address, stated that during the past few years a scientific association in London had voluntarily undertaken to institute discoveries on the site of King Solomon's Temple, for the purpose of ascertaining what yet remains of the foundation and superstructure of that wonderful edifice. It is beyond doubt that enough has been discovered to form a basis upon which a correct and profane history of this temple is corroborated. When we hear from an eye witness that the stones of the foundation, which have been brought to light, are each designated by a significant mark, cut into the stone, which has defied the learning of the philologist and archeologist, we are animated with a joy in which only the Masons can participate. Every effort should be made to continue these explorations. Freemasons have a most direct interest in the result. I, therefore, invite my brethren, the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of the United States, to take such action as will supply with material aid these explorers, since the craft will be rewarded by evidence thus grasped from the destroying power of time, confirmatory of many of our esoteric teachings. Might it not be well for those Past Grand Masters who take an interest in this subject, to unite in securing means to effect this most desirable object. The symbolism of Masonry is a most interesting study. The truths which are hidden under these symbols may yet receive renewed life in a resurrection which would confirm the faith of the fraternity. I would earnestly invite for this subject the early and practical consideration of the distinguished brethren to whom I now appeal for effort to this end.

Good Rules.

We have somewhere met with the following rules which are worthy of being printed in every newspaper, and engraved on the heart of every young man:

1. Make few promises.
2. Always speak the truth.
3. Keep your company or none.
4. Never speak evil of any one.
5. Live up to your engagement.
6. Be just before you are generous.
7. Never play at any game of chance.
8. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
9. Good character is above all things else.
10. Never run your own secrets if you have any.
11. Never borrow if you can possibly help it.
12. Do not marry till you are able to support a wife.
13. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
14. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
15. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
16. Ever live within your means.
17. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
18. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
19. Never run into debt unless you see you can pay it again.
20. Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind.</