THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 27, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 39.

Business Cards.

E. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James S. Cornsalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf

LOOMIS & LUSH.
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 124 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. Loomis. WM. D. LUSH.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

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

DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; thin brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP.
Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all times.
Montrose, April 23, 1871. 1y

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
E. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

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.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by H. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
S. L. BLAKESLEE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

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.

O. H. 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'y Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

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

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
[apl 6'67 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
[apl 6'67 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.—Foot 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. R. 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.
Benjamin Stroud. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl'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 Bayne & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

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

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa
A. H. Burns. Amos Nichols.
Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAILSPIKES HAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES. CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SHEINS 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

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium; also the Great Ohio National Premium, held at Massfield, in 1870.
And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one-a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.
One cutting apparatus is perfect. No drake and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.
Dunmore, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

On a Sleeping Infant.

Dear little infant, so peacefully sleeping,
Emblem of all that is fairest and best;
Innocence o'er thee her vigil is keeping,
Sin never knoweth the charm of thy rest.

Well may we fancy around thee doth hover
Guardians whose dwellings are throned in the skies;
Naught that is earthly in thee we discover,
Purity's self seems revealed to our eyes.

Lips slightly parted, on which a smile lingers
Look like a blossom new ope'd to the sun;
E'en as the coral now clasped in thy fingers,
Matches their color, thou beautiful one.

Few could resist thee thus mutely appealing;
Few pass unnoticed thy manifold charms;
Nor, in the midst of a rush of sweet feeling,
Chide as a weakness thy mother's alarms.

Heedless art thou of her loving protection,
Wholly unconscious of hopes or of fears;
Heedless as yet of the boundless affection
Lavished upon thee with smiles and with tears.

Ne'er canst thou measure her noble devotion,
Ne'er canst thou fathom the depth of her love;
Weak, and yet strong, is that holy emotion,
Fearless, yet gentle as soft cooing dove.

Strangers, perchance, are but backward in seeing
Some of thy numberless sweet winning ways;
She, ever watching and guarding thy being,
Noteth each act, and is loud in thy praise.

When thou canst utter that magic word "mother,"
Who shall describe her ineffable joy?
Word that's the dearest, and more than all other,
Breathing of happiness free from alloy.

Dear little infant, though time is so fleeting,
Soon will he bring thee full many a care;
Thou like the rest, must encounter his greeting;
Thou, like the rest, art Eternity's heir.

FLORENTINE.

Milking-Time.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

When shadows lengthen on the plain
And leaves are scarlet in the sun;
When cows are lowing in the lane,
And coming homeward one by one;
When mists are tangled in the trees
That overhang the river's bank;
And farmers chat and take their ease,
And shining pails go clink and clank;—
That's milking-time.

When puss and Fido linger around,
And run beside the dairy-maids;
When circling swallows skim the ground,
And on the eaves make sudden raids;
When rosy girls a ditty sing,
And squirrels hide in leafy home;
And crosswise jets go "ping and ping,"
And pails are heaped with creamy foam;
That's milking-time.

When little ones are tired with play,
And in the corners blink and nod;
When katydids are loud and gay,
And wetted grows the chilly sod:
When stars are few and faintly glow,
And waking fireflies gather fast,
Like drifted flakes of golden snow—
It's hey for home; the hour is past
For milking-time!

Rustic Courtship.

Jennie sighed, and Robin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then with outstretched arms he seized her
Half-reluctant form, and—and—

"Loose me!" but clasped the tighter—
"Jennie say, will thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks;
And they kissed each other soundly,
And—I left them in that fix.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—Who makes the "bed of the ocean?"—Why the mer-MAIDS, of course!

—What an unlucky suitor did—He woed and she wouldn't. He cooed and she couldn't.

—Balloonists don't care about making much money. If they can only make ascent they are satisfied.

—Nilsson has sung one hundred nights in America, and she has made one hundred thousand dollars by it.

—Can a homely woman with a Grecian bend be accurately described as an "inclined plain?"

—The University of Berlin numbers one hundred and seventy-three professors and other teachers at present.

—The man who sat down on an open paper of carpet-nails said they reminded him of the income-tax.

—A newspaper advertisement calls for a plain cook, able to dress a little boy five years old.

—Two women are partners in the law-business in Kansas. They are sisters-in-law.

—"Letter go!" as the boy said when he lamposted his letter at the street corner.

—After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, is it irritating to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask if you will not have a fresh *roll* for breakfast.

—A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Commonsense my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

—A man who married a buxom Irish girl, greatly to the horror of his mother and sister, made the following defence: "If I married an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both of them."

—Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have generally to do things twice over.

—Queen Victoria has given orders that the pulpit sand-glasses, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour, as formerly.

—The State of Michigan contains five thousand one hundred and eleven inland lakes, covering an area of eleven hundred and fourteen miles, besides a water-front on the great lakes of more than eighteen hundred miles.

—When James Russel Lowell was in Italy, a begging friar came to him one day with a subscription for repairing his convent. Lowell said: "Ah! but I am a heretic." The friar replied: "Undoubtedly, but your money is perfectly orthodox."

Miscellaneous.

THREE CHICKEN PIES.

BY MARY GIFFORD.

I

Kate Prentice, with vigorous mind, her strong will, and her independent habit of thought, was her father's special pet, and he had educated her after his own heart. The best schools had done what they could for Kate, and she had amply repaid her fond father's effort and satisfied his ambition. The school days had been over about three months, and Kate had been passing a gay season at home. Mr. and Mrs. Prentice had felt that she should have a little time to herself before she entered the harder school of busy life that *was to be before her* as a teacher, but those three months between school going and school teaching had done for Kate what they had done for many other girls in the same idle time, and there she stood in the doorway, with all her years of book knowledge and kitchen ignorance behind her, announcing intention to make that mysterious compound, that *chef d'œuvre* of accomplished housekeepers, chicken pie.

Mrs. Prentice turned pale; she thought Kate a little crazy.

Mr. Prentice smiled. There was a twinkle in his eye.

Let her try, mother, let her try, and with a very quick step and a merry heart, he was gone. But he talked aloud as he went down the street.

I wonder who it can be. I am sure I don't know, but it must be somebody for when a girl that never could endure the sight of a kitchen begins to want to learn how to cook, it's as sure there's somebody else in the question as it is when you see one little brown bird building a nest in spring, there's a brighter, gayer bird not far off, is equally interested in that sample of housebuilding.

Mr. Prentice was right.

"But Kate," said her mother, "you surely don't mean to do it alone; you spoil it as he would; you never made even a common pie, and it takes a real knack to make a chicken pie."

"I surely do," said Kate, "and if I spoil it I spoil it. And what's more I must do it all myself, and you may get entirely out of the kitchen—yes, out of the house. You may go over to Aunt Martha's and spend the day, so that the people who eat the pie may be sure that I did it all myself. The fact is (and here comes the fact about which Mr. Prentice was so curious) Charley Adams is coming here to dinner to-morrow. He's always wishing for one of his mother's chicken pies, so I'm going to make one for him."

With a thousand injunctions about the crust and gravy, and the fire and the oven, and with many misgivings, Mrs Prentice withdrew, and Kate, her daughter, reigned in her stead.

Mr. Prentice returned at evening with his wife, and was told by her of the events of the day. They went together to look at the pie.

"Oh, Mr. Prentice, I never can have such a looking pie go on my table," said the model housekeeper.

"Oh yes, mother, it might look a good deal worse; but I will step down early to the market, and have some nice things sent home, which you will make all right, you know. We mustn't let Kate spoil all the changes by a poor dinner."

The next day came, and with it Charley Adams, and the dinner was one of Mrs. Prentice's best, so that Charley was in capital humor when he reached the pie, and declared that it was years since he had eaten such a chicken pie. He might with equal truth, have said he had never eaten such a chicken pie, for the crust was tough as well as burned, and Kate had been in a reverie while making, as she was when baking so she had forgotten the salt, and it was indeed a very poor pie. But what is it that Virgil says—"Love seasons all things!"—even chicken pie.

So Charley ate it just as if it was his mother's best, and Kate was radiant with happiness.

After dinner, Mr. Prentice said slyly to his wife, "it's all right. A man must be thoroughly in love with a woman to eat such a pie as that with so good a grace."

And it was all right. Out under the stars that night Katie's reverie came true—and Charley told her once more that he loved chicken pie, and her a great deal better, and that she and she only must make it for him all his life, and they decided about the cottage, and Katie's dreams that night were a medley of cottages and bridal dresses, and chicken pie.

II.

They had been married a year, and the honey-moon had shown as steadily as if it had been lengthened by dispensation. But it waned at last, as it always does, and the conflict of life began.

Kate's great grief was that Charley had a mother. Not but that in the course of nature he would have been expected to have, but his mother was a great cook and Charley had become wholly possessed with the idea that no one could cook like his mother. Now Kate had paid a long visit to the mother soon after the marriage, and with her teaching and love's assistance rendering her the aptest of pupils. Kate had really become quite a cook herself. To this mother, who was in truth a rare cook, Kate told the story of that first chicken pie. And she took lessons now most humbly, not scorning advice as she had her own mother's in the old days. So all unknown to Charley she made pies till the kind mother said:

"I shall be quite jealous, Kate. I think you even outdo me."

So then the housekeeping began. Oh, how brave the little woman was. How she worked and worked in the kitchen day after day to make the dainties to please Charley, and Charley would come home and pay no heed to the flushed and weary face, and eat the goodies in silence, taking all as a matter of course. His mother had been such a good cook it was nothing new to him, he didn't stop to think that what was easy for mother was hard enough for little Kate. But worse still, half the time it was:

"Kate, I do wish you would get mother to teach you to make this. She used to make it so it would melt in your mouth. This is no more like it than if it hadn't the same name."

Kate would bear up under these contrasts, which he, man that he was, never dreamed she minded, till he was safely out of the house, then up to her little room to cry it out, and get her heart to try again.

Finally, said Kate, thinking sadly of the old days, when everything was ambrosia if she made it, "I'll try a chicken pie. Mother herself says I can make that equal to her."

No sooner said than done, and when it came out of the oven, a triumph of art, Kate laughed herself as she contrasted it with the other one, and reflected—"Poor fellow, how could he eat that unsalted, burned up thing."

She gathered a few flowers to adorn her table, and even put on her French print to look a little rosier herself, and then when all was ready she tried to look as if nothing had happened but what happened every day, tried to keep her foolish heart from beating so fast as she sat and waited for his coming, and thought how he would praise her. Wasted trouble! He came in hurriedly, did chance to notice the bright new dress, but did not think to say fondly, "This for my sake, dear?" but only said, "Got company?"

And then, as he threw himself into his dining chair,

"Oh, chicken pie, hey?" and then ate on in silence.

Kate tried to be cheerful, though the tears were well nigh bursting from her drooping lids.

He said not a single word about the dinner till he moved back from the table, and then he said:

"It's no use talking, I tell you what it is, Kate, nobody can make chicken pie but my mother!" and this was his parting word.

III.

When Kate was alone she did not cry. She walked the floor with clenched fists, and vowed *if ever she married again* it should be a man that never had a mother! And she felt so weary of the struggle, and she cursed the whole race of men, and stamped her pretty foot, and bit her lips, and said she almost wished she had taught school all her days, and never had anything to do with any of them. Then at last tears came, and after that of course she felt better, and began to find excuses for him, and said after all she knew he did not mean it. And then she tried to think what she could do next when she *struck a bright idea, and she began to* smile—and long before Charley came home she was as gay as a lark. At tea she said:

"Charley, how long before you can have a little resting spell?"

"Well, *that's* queer, Kate," said he. "I told them at the store to-day that I was tired and was going to take a week out. I think we'll run up in the country and give mother a surprise visit."

Kate's heart was in her mouth. This was just what she had planned, but was so fearful she could not bring it about.

Charley's mother was a rare woman as a cook, so to her Kate dared to tell all her troubles.

"Now, mother dear," said she, "I know that I make good things, but you know that nothing tastes to grown up folks as it does to children, and then no matter how good anything is, Charley thinks it can't be as good as his mother's, and it makes me so unhappy, and you must help me cure him."

They planned together how it should be done, and the next day for dinner they had a chicken pie. Charley threw off his hat as he came in and beheld it.

"Now," said he, "you will eat chicken pie that is chicken pie."

"Come Kate," said he, as he helped himself again and again, "eat, eat, don't you know that I always told you that nobody but my mother could make chicken pie?"

When he had finished his dinner, he said:

"Now, mother, why can't you teach Kate to make as good chicken pie as you do?"

"I think instead I must take lessons from her," said his mother. "I think she goes a little ahead of me, my son, since this pie you praise so much is her making, not mine."

Though she said not a word of reproach the look she gave him was better than a volume of sermons, and in a moment there fell from his eyes as if it had been scales.

Since that day all Kate's girlish dreams of love in a cottage have been more than realized, and when Charley Adams speaks of cooks, he says:

"I don't know of but one woman that can beat my mother, that's my wife."

Taming of the Bridegroom.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our——," screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy! our dairy! screeched the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover for several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear," says he.

—"Whiskey is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones.

"But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?"

"Oh, yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say we are to swallow them."

How They Break Wild Horses in Texas.

Those who have never visited the regions where wild horses are caught or reared, have but little idea how the untamed steed of the prairie is rendered tractable and useful. At the present day in Texas the horses of mustangs that formerly ranged over its vast praries have become almost extinct in the settled portions, and confine themselves to the extreme eastern counties. In their place are horses, mostly crossed with American stock, which are in a state of semi-wildness—that is, they roam at will until certain seasons of the year, when all such as can be caught are driven in herds to huge pens constructed for the purpose, to be branded and marked, after which most of them are let loose to roam at will again.

When the owner of a portion of the herd desires to break any of his young horses, he proceeds in this wise: The first movement is to lasso the horse selected, by the head and fore feet, and throw him to the earth; then a kind of hair halter, called a "bosal," is put on his head, both to serve as a bridle or to stake the animal by, it being much more effectual than a halter or bridle in checking his frantic efforts to liberate himself. He is either tied up closely all night or staked at the will of the owner. The next morning the sport begins.

All horse and stock raisers have one or more *vaqueros*, whom they employ for the especial purpose of breaking and riding wild and refractory horses. These go out, followed by all the members of the family, and proceed to overhaul their saddles and see that there is no defect in the "rigging." When they are satisfied that all is secure, they lead, or rather drag forward the steed. He is alternately led, dragged and whipped forward, until he reaches the point where he is to be saddled.

A leather strap attached to the bosal is then pulled over his eyes, and a saddle blanket is dropped gently on his back, but very seldom remains at the first trial, as he will almost invariably shake it off. After one or more trials, however, he submits to both blanket and saddle. The latter is strapped on tightly with two girths, fore and flank, strapped, indeed, so tightly that one unaccustomed to the sight would think that it was intended to cut the animal in two. The rider now adjusts the stake-rope into reins by tying it securely to the bosal, leaving a long end by which to hold on, in the event the horse should succeed in throwing him.

Everything is now ready for the mount. The rider adorns his heels with a huge pair of spurs, stands directly facing the horse, abreast or a little forward of the shoulder, seizes the under part of the bosal with his left hand, pulls the horse's head round near him to prevent being kicked, takes the stirrup in his right hand, and, turning it towards him, places his left foot in it firmly. Grasping the pommel, he now gives the saddle a shake or two, makes one or two feints at mounting to see how his horseship will take it, and then suddenly springs, seating himself securely in the saddle.

The blinds of course are still over the eyes of the horse; and, as a general thing he stands with his neck stretched out and his head partially down—a perfect picture of awkwardness. The rider is at his ease, and adjusts himself and everything about him *with the greatest care, as he knows* there is warm work before him. When ready for the start, he reaches gently forward and slips up the blinds. Naturally the horse is rather astonished at first, and refuses to move. A sharp application of whip and spur, however, readily induces him to change his mind. He takes, timidly, one or two awkward steps; then, suddenly doubling himself up, until he resembles a camel, and throwing his head down between his fore feet, he begins a series of pitches which consist in jumping as high and as far as he can, coming down stiff-legged.

Those who have accomplished the extraordinary feat of going down a flight of stairs at one step can form some faint idea how it feels to sit on the back of a pitching horse.

We have only described the manner in which most horses are mounted, and how they act at first. Some of the more vicious will lie down when the saddle is buckled on, and it requires a tremendous amount of whipping to get them started; some will rear and fall backwards, occasionally killing their riders; some will pitch straight ahead for quite a distance, while others will pitch straight forward for a few jumps, and then, as the Texan say, "swap ends so quick it makes your head swim." Fortunately, they soon tire of such violent exercise, being totally unaccustomed to a saddle or weight upon their backs, and break down completely in a few hours. The saddles are then taken off and they are reserved for another trial next morning. This exercise is continued for a week or more, according to the nature of the horse, when he is pronounced gentle, and is tractable enough for a good rider; but woe to the unsuspecting greenhorn who is tempted to place himself on his back.

A few of the horses are naturally gentle-natured, and never, unless frightened in breaking, attempt to cut up at all. Those who love the horse, and desire to seek him roaming at will in his beauty and symmetry, with glossy hide and flowing mane and tail, should go to the prairies.

THE GIRLS.—Can we not bring up our girls more usefully, less showily, less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy; that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it is earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, hopefulness, hatred of waste; and, these being firmly rooted, trusted to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maidens may be called?—*Miss Muloch.*

—The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

—When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm, too. She generally does.

The Bourbon Diadem.

DEATH OF CHARETTA, THE VENDEAN GENERAL IN NEW ORLEANS.

Few of the residents in the lower part of the city, of late years, but are familiar with some of the incidents we are now relating. They have often seen in the twilight of summer evening a singular apparition. Suddenly, on the banquette of Music street, his appeared an old man, with long gray hair, and clad in the costume of a half century ago. The garments were faded and worn, but revealed a richness which in earlier days was more fitted for a court than an American metropolis. He was a very tall man, although a hunchback, and but for the deformity would have been of gigantic proportions. In the breadth of shoulders, the deep, powerful chest, and long, nervous arms, resided marvelous strength, while the lower limbs, fashioned in magnificent strength and beauty, arrested attention and commanded admiration wherever he appeared. He spoke to no one, looked at no one, but in silent abstraction pursued his lonely walk far into the night. Years went by, and night after night little children paused in their play to watch the receding figure of the lonely man.

It must have been forty years ago that he first came among us. He looked middle aged then; but as years flew by the sturdy frame remained flexible and active, but the hair grew gray and his face was seamed with wrinkles.

He lived in a little brick building that set back from the street. Wild vines crept over the crumbling piles and wreathed fantastic shapes on the chimney tops. In the yard beautiful flowers bloomed all the year round, and their rich perfume made the air sensuous and sweet. At a window shaded by a trellis work; hid in the bloom of roses, the old man sat of afternoons and watched the sun's decline. No one else was ever seen in the house—no one ever crossed the threshold; and so he lived, a smileless, sad old man, in a lonely house.

But one day, not a great while since, the neighbors saw that the blinds in the house were closed. The old man had not appeared on the street for weeks, and the grass had began to grow from the chinks of the marble slabs at his door, and it began to be whispered about that the old man was dead.

At last, one day, the neighbors went in (they were poor people, but kindly and true.) Sure enough he was dead. He lay pallid and stark on a pallet of straw. There were a few scattered chairs around the room and a plain table. One object only arrested the eye. Near the body was a rich casket, set in mother of pearl and gold. Jewels flashed from the costly lid, and wreathed in the dust of diamonds were engaged the "Lilies of France" in a coronet of gold. They opened the box and there flashed on their eyes the Bourbon diadem. It was stolen the night of the 16th of August, 1830, when Charles the Tenth abdicated the throne of France in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. Underneath it was a manuscript written in French. It contained only these words:

"I am Charette, the Vendean General, Maria of Savoy was to have been my wife. She was taken from me and given to the Comte d'Artois. I could have forgiven this, but he deserted me when most I needed his help and assistance. I avenged myself and procured his overthrow, and am happy since he died in exile.

This was all. Over his life silence now draws a veil. His wayward passions, his inward conflicts, none can estimate. Lonely and sad he perished in exile; none could appreciate his injuries; let none judge too harshly of his life.—*From the New Orleans Picayune*, July 15.

Condensed History of Steam.

About 280 years B. C. Hero of Alexdria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, which pipes extended to the rafters of an adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco D. Garoy, tried a steamboat with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

In 1650 the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle on Tyne.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England was in the famous Marquis of Worcester's History of Inventions, A. D. 1663.

In 1710 Newcomb made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1718, patents were granted to Savory for the first application of the steam edgine.

In 1674, James Watt made the first perfect steam-engine in England.

In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778, Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America.

In 1781, Marquis Jouffroy constructed one in Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published a work on it.

In 1779, William Tymington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde canal.

In 1802, this experiment was repeated.

In 1882, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam to New York.

In 1788, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turn-pike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charlestown to Liverpool.

The Living Son of Aaron Burr.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GREAT CONSPIRATOR.

It is known by but comparatively few persons that a son of Col. Aaron Burr, the arch conspirator, around whom clings a romance and tragical history, is a citizen of Miami county.

If we have not a Bourbon among us, we have the offspring of a man who for four years held the second highest office in the gift of the American people, the slayer of Hamilton, and who attempted the dismemberment of the Union.

I would not credit the fact until led into the presence of the conspirator's son, whose head is streaked with silver hairs, ripe for the tomb.

The old gentleman, who wears his mother's name, passing the decline of life on a farm won by the sweat of his brow, is one of our most peaceful citizens.

He furnishes, yet very reluctantly, in connectable proofs of his descent—consisting of letters from Burr prior and subsequent to her son's birth. His mother was Miss Catherine——, at that time (1800), a well known Washington belle, who fell beneath the blandishments of the Vice-President. She was noted for her beauty, refinement and wit, and after her ruin fled to Philadelphia. Her sudden disappearance from the gay capital created much talk, and after that event she was dead to all the world save her titled destroyer and his son, our citizen.

Mr.—— saw his father but twice—once after his acquittal before the Supreme Court of the United States at Richmond, when he was tried for treason, the second and last time in the latter part of 1835, in New York.

On the latter occasion our old citizen was recognized as the son of the conspirator.

He was then aged—bowed to the earth with the great weight of fourscore years and a broken heart. Disease also racked his frame. Thirty years before his only daughter sailed from Charleston to meet him, but the vessel in which she embarked was never heard from, and the blow nearly crushed Burr's life.

"Sir," said the old man, "although the blood of Aaron Burr runs through my veins, I detest it. He conspired against the best Government on the face of God's footstool, and I am the offspring of a—traitor?"

"I tried to redeem my birth by fighting for my country in the Florida war; but the odium rankles in my heart, and little does the Government suspect that it pays a pension to the son of Aaron Burr."

When I asked him whether I might publish these facts, he said: "Yea. It will do me no harm; but for heaven's sake point not out my place of retirement to the gaping world. Stigmatize my father as you please; but speak kindly, I pray thee, of my gentle and erring mother, who is in heaven waiting for her son.

"I am on the borders of three-score and ten," he continued, with moistened eyes. "I want to cross the river where the stain of ancestry will never corrode a name."

I have not mentioned the old man's name.

Without his consent it never passes my lips, or claims the service of this pen.

But suffice it to say that he is often seen on the streets of Piqua, and more than once filled a juror's seat in our courts.

He waits calmly for death, and, I believe, has exacted a promise from his grandson to bury the letters of his father with him. A short time hence—yes, I feel it will not be long—a funeral cortege in this county will follow to the tomb the son of Aaron Burr.

Then, peace to his ashes! H. C. D.

—*Letter to the Piqua (O.) Democrat.*

Some Model Swearing.

Not a thousand miles from Camden, and not many months since, a train was standing at the depot in readiness to depart with a large party of excursionists. The accommodations seemed insufficient to meet the wants of so large a crowd, and many uncomplimentary epithets were bestowed upon the officers of the railroad.

Soon two venerable gentlemen, considered to be solid men of the town, appeared upon the scene, and though they were "pillars of the church," yet the moment they realized the "situation" their anger knew no bounds.

Says Brother B., who represented the Presbyterian Church: "This is outrageous. I declare I am mad right clear through."

Says Brother A., who represented the Episcopal Church: "I think as you do. I cannot contain myself. I want to swear. I'll swear if you will."

Says Brother B.: "Let's swear, Brother A."

Says Brother A.: "Yes, sir, let's swear roundly. I'm boiling over."

They accordingly were about to relieve their wrath when they observed that there were a number of children about, and, should they be heard, it might injure their "gentle influence." So they walked down the road until they came to an open lot, out of sight and hearing from the depot, when Brother B. looked up into Brother A.'s placid countenance, as if expecting him to launch out first, he having made the proposition.

Brother A. looked up and down the road, and, not seeing any one, he immediately became furious, and burst forth: "Brother B., I swear, I do; I swear."

Brother B. looked a little frightened, but said: "So do I, Brother A.; I swear; I vow I do.

They then became silent, looked at each other a moment, and affectionately embraced. Having eased their minds, they walked back to the depot to get on board the train, Brother B. breaking the monotony by singing:

"Come, ye disconsolate."

—A lad arrested for theft, when taken before the magistrate, and asked what his occupation was, frankly answered, "Stealing."

"Your candor astonishes me!" said the Judge.

"I thought it would," replied the lad, "seeing how many big 'uns there are in the same business and is ashamed to own it!"

—Honesty the exception—not the rule.