THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 11, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 41.

Business Cards.

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

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

W. A. CROSSHON.
Attorney at Law. Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
W. A. CROSSHON.
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—Hal Hal Hal!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzies—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 26, 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.
S. P. 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 R. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. B. LITTLE. 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, 1869.

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

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exten'n Claims attended to. Office 2 door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
Jall 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug 1 69tf 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, Drs get Off'd, and Paints Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, c.c., New Milford, Pa.

DR. R. F. 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. Attend promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
SILAS 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, Specacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being some 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. [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 Goods, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
A. S. 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 RAIL SPIKE. 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 22, 1871. 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 Mansfield, in 1870.
Ain't 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 brake 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.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown,
Since life is oft perplexing
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus dispoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached,
Don't cross the bridge before you,
Before the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials,
Which I consider worse!)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fills up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.

CROQUET.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

How I rue the day when I played croquet!
That game with the tape of wire,
With the fancy mauls, and the rolling balls,
Lost me my heart's desire.
I'm beat by a blonde, that festive Hal,
Called witching Jenny Lake,
Who wore more stripes on her balmoral
Than shone on the painted stake.

She played croquet with a winning way,
This damsel young and fair;
With a smile so cute, and a high-heeled boot,
And a rose in her floating hair;
Such thrills of song, and such bursts of mirth,
All for my own sweet sake,
Till I thought a rainbow touched the earth
Where she stood by the painted stake.

I fell in love like a turtle-dove,
And cooed and wooed her well;
But I fell in hate at her croquet mate,
And called him a cheeky swell,
If he had not been, what did he mean
Such a liberty to take
As to steal a kiss, and insult the miss
Till she blushed like the painted stake.

Ah! the game's all up, and my bitter cup
Is filled by a frowning fate;
For at church to-day, so the papers say,
She married the man I hate.
For that beaming blonde in the balmoral,
For treacherous Jenny Lake,
With a heart of ire in a martyr-fire
I burn at the painted stake.

Old Letters.

I sit with letters on my knees
And in a weary task engage;
To try and learn, by degrees,
The correspondence of an age.

Of these epistles, some with tears,
And some with laughter overflow,
While others tell of hopes and fears,
And joys departed long ago.

This hurried scrawl from Cousin James,
In agitated mind composed,
The interesting fact proclaims,
That he has recently proposed.

These loving words, almost erased,
"I long, my boy, for your return,"
Were by a mother's fingers traced—
Ah me! how dim these candles burn!

In one pink envelope I find
A little dead forget-me-not,
Whose withered petals call to mind
An incident well nigh forgot.

For once a pretty blue-eyed maid
Selected it from her bouquet,
And to the upper room we strayed,
And up the staircase wound our way.

I vowed to keep this faded weed—
At twenty-one such fools we are!
I'll burn the rubbish and proceed—
To light another choice cigar.

One Name.

Upon the silver shining sand,
A maiden wrote with loving hand,
One name—*no* more.
The waves crept up with steady aim,
And washed away the little name,
Far from the shore.

Then with a pen of finer art,
She wrote again deep in her heart
One name—no more.
But fear and doubt, and wounded pride,
Soon drowned within the crimson tide
The word she bore.

"Yet," said the maid, "through grief and pain
Still I write on my living brain
One name—no more."
But want and care, and added years,
Buried in depths of bitter tears
The sign she wore.

Then cried the maid in wild despair,
"Is there no safe place anywhere,
By sea or shore,
In brain or heart?" The answer came,
God keepeth safe thy lover's name,
Forevermore.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—The Prince of Wales, in a recent speech at a dinner given in aid of the London Children's Hospital, said: "There is one fact, gentlemen, to which I wish to draw your attention—namely, that *one* third of the *adult* population of this country never arrives at maturity."

—A local paper says of an excentric old lady who recently died in England that "an inquest on the body showed that the deceased was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman of high distinction." Are the children of Spanish noblemen branded, or are they known by the absence of a straw-berry-mark on the left arm?

—A sick man in Boston, who noticed his little daughter looking eagerly at some fruit at his bedside, said to her: "You would not take them away from your sick papa, would you?" She replied hesitatingly, "No, I wouldn't," and then colored up, and ingeniously added: "But papa, I tell a story when I say so." He gave her the fruit.

Miscellaneous.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was past midnight of the 13th of August (commenced my grandmother,) but though the river was in front of us and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and away to the right and left, I could not catch even the sight of a leaf or the ripple of the water, so sultry and heavy brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we dreaded every hour to hear the bombardment of New York; and though in the house of Thomas Oakley, a brother of my father, and such a terror and dread of that day that I could not help fearing lest some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in the city.

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all others was large and furnished in the style that seems so quaint to persons of the present day.

The chimney-piece was filled with porcelain, curiously wrought with illustrations of scripture. The bed and furniture that had been brought from England, was tall, dark, stiff and carved, while the walls were hung with sombre family portraits. And as I lay and wished for the day the tiled figure seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through a loop-hole in my window, while I thought the eyes of the portraits were one and all fixed on me with solemn, warning stare and so it happened that I heard the old clock strike one, two, three, and was just falling off into a doze, when there came a light step along the hall, and consin Grace in a strange, scared voice, outside the door: "Helen, Helen!"

I was up in a moment and out to where she stood, looking like a spirit, with her ashy face, and fair hair falling about her; and I remember the thrill of astonishment with which, spite of my fright, I saw that she was already dressed, and held in her hand a powder-flask.

"Put on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie," she said in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm, "Brant's men are coming and father wants us all down stairs."

Brant's men! it is difficult to make you understand the horror with which that name was pronounced and heard; or to express the terror with which, as I hurried on my clothes, I thought of Grace and myself in the hands of those merciless savages. No wonder she trembled in every limb, or that Thomas Oakley and his five stalwart sons, looked pale, as they moved about in the dim morning light.

I don't know that I have spoken to you before of Thomas Oakley a man of over six feet in height, and of noble presence, with a grand face, that looked as if it might have been chiseled out of marble, and hair as white as snow, although he was scarcely past his prime. We have no such men now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little cabinet yonder, and you may see that he looks as he was, a kind and noble gentleman.

As for his sons, they were like him—tall, strong-limbed, fearless, devoutly attached to their stately mother, who was preparing breakfast, while they fastened the iron shutters of the heavy doors.

"It's a shame to route you out so early, Nellie," said Mr. Oakley, as he noticed my pale, frightened face; "but if we did'nt eat our breakfast now, those rascals may not give us a chance to eat it at all, and to my mind, after a good cause, there's nothing like a good breakfast before going into a fight."

"I wish Mark was here," said Grace timidly.

"No doubt, Pussy; but I've sent for him. Young Yost, the half-witted lad that brought the news has gone after him and the volunteers, who were to start for camp to-day, and if we can but keep the rascals at bay till they come, we may give them as good a peppering as they deserve."

Ay, if! but oh, that dreadful uncertainty. The house was of stone and so strongly built that it was doubtful if they could either raze or fire it. How many of that fair family would gather around the board to-morrow morning? Ah! it was a dreadful day; but I think the hour before the attack was the worst of all

It was not to be expected that we could eat much breakfast; but hurried as the meal was, it was hardly over when one of the boys whom my uncle had posted on the look-out, called out they are coming, and stealing along the woods to the right as if they hoped to suprise us. At once the men hurried with their rifles to the window of the second story; while Mr. Oakley, pale, but still outwardly calm, motioned us to follow and hand out the powder.

Then came a dead silence.

"Look out, Simon," said the father, in a low voice, "and tell us what the rascals are about."

"Posting themselves around the house but under cover. They think to catch us napping. There's a man coming this way now—he—why father, it is Walter Van Cuyler!"

We all started. The meaning of this sudden attack was clear enough now.

Van Cuyler had been a professional patriot and a warm admirer of Grace; and on his rejection by her, had gone away vowing to take a terrible revenge on the whole family.

"The traitor," muttered my uncle; "it is he, then that has brought down this swarm of hornets. What is he doing now?"

"He has been trying the windows to see if they are fastened. Now he is at the door."

The words of Simon were at times drowned in a series of thundering knocks at the door.

Mr. Oakley went to Simon's window and demanded:

"Who is there?"

"Walter Van Cuyler."

"Food, rest and shelter. Brant's men are on my track. Let me in quickly."

The sharp crack of a rifle, and the words "liar and hypocrite" were his answer. A fierce yell arose from behind the hay-stacks and out-buildings as twenty dark forms rushed forward brandishing their weapons and firing at random, while as many more hovered on the outskirts of the woods.

Within the house was perfect silence broken only by the low "now boys" of Mr. Oakley and the crack of six of the best rifles in the country.

"Six down! A man down for each bullet. Good!" exclaimed my uncle. "The powder, girls, and we'll give 'em another."

A shower of bullets that rattled like hailstones about the windows, cut short his words. Mr. Oakley picked up some that fell harmlessly on the floor, and remarked:

"The serpents are kinder than anticipated. They are going to keep us in bullets as well as exercise. So much the better for we have none to spare. Now boys."

Another flash and roar, and again the voice of Mr. Oakley:

"Fire steady, boys, and take good aim. Don't waste powder."

A dead silence ensued.

"They're cowed, father. They are sneaking off to cover," exclaimed Simon.

"Not they; they are only trying some new deviltry. John and Mathew, round with you to the back of the house. Grace—my God! where did that shot come from?" as with a sharp cry, Reuben, the eldest, leaped three feet in the air, and fell forward on his face stone dead.

Mrs. Oakley sprang forward, and threw herself on his body. The fair-haired boy was her darling. Another shot came crashing through the window, and imbedded itself in the opposite wall.

"Aim at yonder tree," shouted Mr. Oakley. "I saw the gleam of a rifle stock among the leaves. See! the oak yonder."

A third shot wizzed so close past us as to make us start back, and then our unerring rifles answered back and down through the bush went a dark body striking with a "thud" against the ground.

"He is silent," exclaimed Mr. Oakley with a gleam of stern satisfaction shooting across his face.

Here there was a silence of longer duration than any which proceded it and we were at loss to know whether they had ran off and given up the attack. This my uncle doubted for he was accustomed to the tactics of those wily foes. At last he remarked:

"Where can they be hiding? I see none of the rest."

"Father, Father!" called Grace in an agonized tone.

Mr. Oakley ran hastily into the back room where she was. A stalward man in a hunting frock so bronzed as to almost make it doubtful if he was white or red, swung himself from adjoining tree on the balcony and was trying to force himself through the little window.

As Mr. Oakley rushed forward he drew his hunting knife that he wore in his belt, but receiving the sharp edge in his bare hands, the infuriated father wrested it from his grasp by main strength and plunged it up to the hilt in his breast.

A fierce yell and a harmless volley from those in ambush, received this new defeat and then another of those ominous pauses.

"What can they be about?" uttered Simon who was again at the lookout. "They are pulling up hay and brush-wood. They surely do not dream of firing the house?"

"The door, the door!" gasped Grace.

"Right!" exclaimed the father. "We must barricade the hall."

Never mind the shutters, said Mrs. Oakley who had regained her marble composure; "we will bar them," and she began to draw the bolts.

Mr. Oakley hesitated for the task was one of danger, but there was no time and chairs, tables and sofas were piled up at a short distance from the door, and was really a formidable barricade, guarded as it was by our unerring rifles. The smell of the burning wood and the smoke that filled the hall now grew almost intolerable. Mr. Oakley placed us on the stair case and exhorted his sons to stand close, and take good aim. A portion of the door fell in. Mr. Oakley raised his rifle, and Walter Van Cuyler, who was the first to spring in, staggered and fell back with a groan; the others swarmed in like bees, but a second and a third of those deadly volleys brought them to a stand. No man dared expose himself to such certain death.

Mr. Oakley turned impetuously to his sons:

"Give 'em another, boys, we'll beat 'em off yet!" But a mute shake of the head was the only answer. The powder was exhausted. For a moment a deadly pallor spread over his face; the next his voice rang out clear and firm as ever:

"Close up! Draw your knives! We will sell our lives as dearly as possible."

"Come on! their powder is out!" shouted a man who with half a dozen others had succeeded in scrambling over the barricade and making his way toward the little group.

"You had better be careful. Our women have their knitting needles yet," retorted Mr. Oakley derisively.

"We'll take care of you and the women both," returned the ruffin aiming a blow at Simon that brought him to the ground.

A spasm contorted Mr. Oakley's stern features for a moment, then with a strangled sob he threw himself headlong upon his assailants.

"Kill him—cut him down—he's the devil himself!" shouted a dozen voices; but in a moment arose another and a far different cry.

"The rebels—the rebels are upon us! And thundering on, trampling the cowardly wretches down under the horses hoofs, came Mark Warner with his light horse troop. In an instant all was confusion. No one thought of anything but fight; and the enraged Americans mowed the flying tories down like grain.

Then burst forth all the emotions so long pent up. Father and sons threw themselves into one another's arms, Grace fainted; and Mrs. Oakley's stony composure melted into a flood of hysterical tears.

Ours was a joyful and yet a sad house that night—for although we had been delivered as it were from the very jaws of death yet the bodies of our dead were with us.

Ah! children? those were sad times, trying times! There was a wedding between Mark and Grace, and I danced as merrily as any of them; but poor Mrs. Oakley wore mourning to the end of her days; and the last words on her lips were the names of her murdered sons. And greatly affected, my grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes.

Bringing Home the Royal Bride.

The London correspondent of the *Age* gives the following account of the rejoicings at Inverary on the occasion of the Marquis of Lorne bringing home his royal bride:—

Among the most conspicuous of rustic gatherings have been the rejoicings at Inverary, on the bringing home of the royal bride, by the Marquis of Lorne, which occurred last week, and has, doubtless, been alluded to in the American papers already. The reception given to the bridal party by the tenantry, the clan Campbell and the country gentry, was cordial in the extreme, and was also demonstrated by material evidence, which must have been very grateful to the feelings of both bride and bride-groom. The clan Campbell presented the Princess Louise with jewels of the value of about $7,000, consisting of a necklace of pearls and diamonds, a locket of diamonds with a very large central pearl, and a galley of Lorne in sapphires and diamonds. This was followed, next day, by a present of a piece of plate of considerable artistic merit and great value, by the county landowners, to the Marquis of Lorne. It was a solid silver model of the celebrated Tartarughe Fountain at Rome, and worth about $3,500. At the grand ball which followed, the Princess appeared to great advantage, remaining late and dancing several times. She wore on this occasion a dark silk dress, with a silk velvet train of Campbell tartan. She had a circlet of gold on her brow, and a gold chain with a cross about her neck. The Marquis wore a Highland dress of Campbell tartan. Then, on Friday, there was a regatta, but the weather was bad and the Princess did not attend it; but at 6 o'clock in the evening she was presented with a handsome Park phaeton and a pair of ponies, with a splendid parasol-whip, by the inhabitants of Inverary and the neighborhood. There was ball in the evening, and, carriages being in universal request, the supply was not equal to the demand, and a well known nobleman, arriving in his yacht, was unable to find a single vehicle to transport the ladies from on board up to the Castle. On this being made known to the sailors, they gallantly pulled the Dingy out of the water, hoisted it on their shoulders, *ladies and all*, and walked with it up to the Castle, amid the cheers of the bystanners.

Pleasure Before Duty.

If there ever was a doubt of Grant's affection for his relations—though in view of the manner in which he has quartered them upon the country since he beccame President there could hardly be any doubt about it—his recent declination to attend the ceremony of unveiling a statute of Abraham Lincoln, at Fairmount Park, on the 22d inst., must certainly remove all uncertainty on the subject. In stating the reasons why he cannot be present on the occasion, he says: "I am now on my way, with my family, to visit relations and friends among whom I was raised, and whom I left thirty-two years ago, and who have been advised of my coming. I do not see how I can make a change now." In order to visit friends whom he has not visited for thirty odd years, though he was "raised" among them, and whom he has had ample opportunity to visit in all the long interval named and may visit any time he pleases in the next decade, he refuses to interrupt, for a single moment, a prearranged excursion, even to attend an interesting event in honor of a man whom he, if politically sincere and consistent, should regard as the greatest and best of modern American statesmen and patriots. We fear that Grant's patriotism and appreciation of patriots see no better than his grammar, which, whenever he speaks or writes at any length, is absolutely execrable. He says of Mr. Lincoln that "there are no patriots, dead or alive, who will be remembered more gratefully, etc., *nor none* whom I more honor," etc. He also says he is to be "debarred *the duty* of being with you," etc. In this case, unfortunately, Grant places private engagements to relatives whom he has neglected for thirty-two years, before a duty he owes as a public man to public opinion and obligation, and he uses abominable English to excuse his dereliction. And let it not be forgotten in this connection that he has been wasting the last three summers in running around the cattle shows and horse races, and is now frolicking at a rich man's home in Pennsylvania, while all public and otherwise wholly unselfish claims upon his time have been utterly postponed or ignored. We think such a man is a fraud. He has no sympathy with anything great or good. He has literally turned his back upon Abraham Lincoln and his friends, on the most paltry, puerile, and egotistical pretence that the meanest hypocrite could have invented.

Every Tooth is Worth a Diamond.

Feats of strength performed with the teeth are absurd; those who indulge in them ought to be punished like that youth who, says Dr. Lemartie, broke all his front teeth, who bet he would throw over his head a chair, which he held with his teeth by the upper part of the back-board to achieve that noble feat. Another fellow, more imprudent, caused himself to be hoisted up from the ground to a window by means of a rope, which he held in his teeth. When he reached a certain height he lost his four incissors, and broke one of his legs in the fall. Some others, says the Doctor, find pleasure in grinding drinking glasses between their teeth, and wounding their mouths grievously in the attempt. One would suppose that the life of these maniacs is a perpetual challenge to the Almighty who gave it to them. The loss of a tooth is a real misfortune, since it cannot be repaired. A tooth is worth a diamond says one of our authors. Remember these few words and try to get them in practice.—*Herald of Health.*

A Syren's Romance.

There died on Music street, in this city, a remarkable woman. Her name was Jenet Maria Lafoux, a creole of singular beauty and fascination. She was educated in France, and possessed all the elegance and courtliness of manners the piquancy and *esnouciance* which distinguish the ladies of that country. It must have been, however, that some evil drag was in her nature, for she, soon after returning to her home, abandoned the innocence and elegance of her home for the vicious life of a cyprian. At the time of the federal occupation she was in the zenith of her beauty, and soon brought around her a coterie of admirers. So infatuated did a young lieutenant become of her that he made her his wife, and returning North, introduced her again to the society of which she could so easily become an ornament. But wickedness in her nature, inherent or acquired, soon asserted its supremacy, and she again went back into the old patch of viciousness and sin. The scandal she caused in a northern city it is useless to repeat here. Suffice it to say her husband in despair committed suicide, infinite distress was brought upon his family. She went to Washington, and was notable there for her fascination and coquetry, and at one time exercised a controling influence in one of the departments of state. To obtain her favor was almost equivalent to having any measure passed through the national legislature. But after a while she disappeared from the capital and returned to her home. Here her old life was resumed, and a career of brilliant dissipation has ended in her death.

She was a tall, slender lady, of splendid physical development and imposing presence. She had full black eyes and hair that fell around her shoulders like a shower of golden fleece. Her face was fair and fresh, and vied in its beauty with the lily and the rose. Her hands and arms were models of elegance and symmetry. She was fascinating, alluring and accomplished, of violent passions, impulsive and headstrong, and yet, when she chose to be, as wily as the serpent. Such was the beautiful fiend that is dead.—*New Orleans Picagune.*

Strasburg Cathedral.

A writer in the *London Builder* gives the only definite information that we have seen concerning the amount of injury inflicted by the siege on this beautiful structure. He says:

The cathedral is thought by the Strasburgers to be sadly damaged; perhaps the fact that the Germans have taken possession of it is considered by them as only a trifle less horrible than if it had been actually razed to the ground; but I must confess that to stranger eyes it looks, externally, much as it did eight years ago. When the effect of the balls was pointed out, one could of course perceive that here a statue had lost an arm or leg; there a long piece of parapet was shot away; and further on the mullion of a window was splintered: yet, as I said, these misfortunes were not noticeable to the eyes of strangers. But on going within the beautiful edifice we were greatly grieved to see the fearful gaps—now closed by boards—and numerous speckings all over the grand colored glass of the windows. The one most seriously damaged is in the clerestory of the nave, immediately facing the organ. The large cinque foil in the head of this is entirely shot way, and great damage is done to other portions of this and the neighboring windows. A horrible "obus" came crashing through the glass, flew across the nave of the cathedral, and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself; here, wonderful to tell, it remained without exploding! Had it burst, of course annihilation of not only the beautiful organ, but also of great part of the cathedral itself, must have been the consequence. The custodian of the tower has had the dreadful missile mounted on a foot of marble, and on it is fixed a brass plate telling the day, or rather the night, month and year, when this fearful hail of iron and fire fell on the devoted town. The organ pipes have not yet been replaced, but white linen blinds are drawn down over the cruel gaps. More than half of the organ is so covered, thus showing the extent of the damage done. The marvelous mechanical clock is apparently uninjured.

Cromwell's Skull.

The skull of Cromwell is still above ground, and it is in the possession of a citizen of London. Several years since it was exhibited publicly. The history of the head is as follows: Cromwell was buried in great state at Westminster Abbey. At the Restoration, however, his body and those of some of his associates were dug up, suspended on Tyburn gallows for a whole day, and then buried under it. The head of Cromwell, however, was taken off, carried to Westminster Hall and fixed there, where it remained some time; but the great tempest at the commencement of this century blew it down, where it was picked up by the great-grandfather of its present possessor. This is a significant commentary on earthly greatness. The popular idol of one generation may become the scorn and loathing of another. The body of Cromwell, carried to his burial in royal state, only a few years after his interment is rudely torn from it last resting-place, and the half-decayed carcass dragged by the heels through the mire and mud of London, is hanged upon Tyburn tree, the head afterwards torn off and placed so that in grinning horror it ever looks towards the spot where King Charles was executed.

—A lady says she knows a man who prayed night and morning, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer beside. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built the fires, churned, economized, and died of consumption. He put a weed on his hat, tried to resign himself to the "dispensation of Providence," when he ought to have been tried for woman-slaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life.

The Mocking Bird Hushed.

A very curious incident, illustrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occurred but a few days ago at Scottsville, Kentucky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking bird which she taught to go and come at her call, and which, in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, exhibited a peculiar fondness for her. Last Monday week, Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had her little pet brought to her bedside, and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than to please her, and so turning wearily on her pillow, she said to him, "Birdie, hush, you worry me." Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within himself, as it were. On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once beloved mistress.—*Nashville Banner.*

Lightning versus Gas Pipe.

Last summer the steeple of the Congregational church at Terre Haute, Indiana, was struck by a bolt. From a description of it as given by an intelligent citizen of that place, the following facts are gathered: The bolt hurled the lightning rod into the street, then extending its force down and over the brick wall of the church, it seized upon the gas pipe in the wall, hurling the bricks outside at the point and the plastering inside; then passing down this pipe to the metre, it collapsed it and its lead connection pipes, and crumbled its dial plates; then it punched a hole an inch in diameter into the iron pipe that connects with the street main; passing along this connection to the street, it ran along an iron main of an inch bore, 650 feet, and along an iron main of four inch bore, 350 feet, bursting the hubs of these mains along a distance of 1,600 feet before its projectile energy was dissipated.

The lead packing of these pipes partially insulated the iron at each joint, in consequence of the lead being a poorer conductor than iron by two and a half-times, obstructing the moving force of the bolt, forcing the hubs of the pipes asunder for the distance above mentioned, causing a leakage of the gas and the discovery of the facts here detailed. Here, then, we find approximately the corelative amount of metal necessary to dissipate the energy of an ordinary bolt. Taking the outside of the pipes, we shall have about 1,400 square feet of metal surface; include the inside, and we have 2,800 feet, and this would be equivalent to about 500 ordinary lightning rods.

Now, if it took 1,000 feet of six and four inch bore of iron pipe laid in the moist earth to dissipate a thunderbolt, and only dissipate it after an extraordinary amount of energy was neutralized in the breaking of the iron hubs, how much of a similar bolt would be dissipated by five or six feet of a lightning rod of three quarters of an inch in diameter, projecting into the ground, which is the case with most rods? I will leave electaicians to answer the question.—*Pro. J. Wise.*

A Chinese Opium Den.

It is rented by the proprietor to a Chinaman named Ah Fook for $500 per month, who again sublets various parts. We entered several of the apartments and a stranger sight cannot be imagined. The first we visited was about ten feet in height, sixteen feet in length and twelve feet in breadth; the only light or ventilation of any kind was by the door, and it was so dark that a candle had to be lighted to enable us to inspect it. This was a lodging house. Heaven save the mark! and kept by a man named Ah Wa, who for ten cents a night accommodates his countrymen with lodging; and in his place every night nineteen men sleep. The beds, if they may be so termed, are nothing but a series of shelves with a straw mat on each, and here, night after night, these poor wretches pass away their time smoking opium and sleeping off its pernicious effects, as the proprietor, for five cents extra, supplies this drug, the smoking of which occupies the chief part of the time of the inhabitants of McEvoy's building, when not engaged in their usual occupation of stealing, for Mr. Woodruff informed me that there was not one man who frequented that place who was not a thief. We watched the operation of preparing a pipe of opium. The smoker had brought to him a tray on which is a light, a pipe, and a small piece of wire, and a jar of pure opium; the wire is dipped into the opium, then applied to the candle and cooked until the perfume arising therefrom suits the smoker's ideas. It is then carefully kneaded on the surface of the pipe, the top of the bowl being covered, with the exception of a hole in the centre, and when the correct consistency is gained by a delicate manipulation with the wire, the opium is worked up into a ball about the size of a pea, and inserted through the hole in the lid of the pipe; the smoker then reclines, and placing the bowl of the pipe against the candle, draws away at the stem for a few seconds—the pipe is empty and the performance repeated until the smoker becomes stupified, and falls back in a doze to revel in the sensations arising from his narcotic. Its effects are described as being of a most exhilarating kind, and if only inhaled in small quantities it animates the spirits, and gives energy to the intellectual powers, and is then followed by a state of quiet, pleasant languor until sleep succeeds; but it is only by increasing the dose that these effects are reproduced. The soporific effects are then of longer duration and the symptoms of debility are greater, gradually but surely leading to softening of the brain.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*