THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 43.

Business Cards.

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

LOOMIS & LUSK,
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 224 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lackawanna and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS, WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

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

R. McKENZIE, C. C. FAIROT.
McKENZIE, & FAIROT,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, Montrose, Pa., sp. 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; 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,
Magnetic Pain Persuasive 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 6, 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.
H. 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. 25, 1869.

O. D. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 9, '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 on Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
apr 6 tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
sept 6 tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1868. 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. E. 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.

STEOUD & 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.
BELDEN 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, Tobacco, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles &c., &c., Sons of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co., Established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

O. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Arnold Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug 9

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. P. 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. B. 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
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES,
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES,
FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING
TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS
CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES,
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS
FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1868. 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.
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 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.—1y SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

Kneeling, fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was learning to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brim full of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty I say.
O mamma! I've had such fun to-day,
I can hardly say my prayers,
I don't feel just like praying;
I want to be out-doors playing,
And run all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so prettily, red and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess—
Oh! everything is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in the prayer,
(Do mean I can do it by 'Yes?')

"When I say, 'Now I lay me'—word for word—
It seems as if nobody heard.
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mammy,
And papa, and Sammy—
O mamma! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.
His mother's nod and sanction sweet,
Had lead him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like the music ran.

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
(I wish I could keep right on,)
I thank you, too, for every day—
Only I'm 'most too glad to pray,
Dear God, I think I am done.

"Now mamma, rock me—just a minute—
And sing the hymn 'darling' in it,
I wish I could say my prayers!
When I get big I know I can.
Oh! won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs?"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond good night,"
And treasured his every word,
For when she knew the artless joy
And love of her precious, innocent boy,
Were a prayer the Lord had heard.

LOVES' CHOICE.

The stroller in the pensive field
Doth many a wildering flower decry;
Sometimes to him the Roses yield;
Sometimes the Lillies greet his eye;
Sometimes he takes delight in one,
Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

But when, in dusky woodland ways,
He sees, beside some dreaming stone,
The fresh untutored Violet raise
Her pleading eyes for him alone,
Then makes his heart its final choice,
And nature speaks in passion's voice.

The stroller beauty's garden through,
By many a wayward impulse led,
Sometimes is charmed by gold and blue,
Sometimes by brown and mantling red;
Sometimes proud dame and maiden small
Please just the same or not at all.

But when, remote from pleasure's whirl,
He sees at home's sequestered shrine,
The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
Of mortal mould, but soul divine—
Too good, to beautiful to know
How fair her worth and beauty show—

Then all his roving fancies pause,
Entranced by this o'erwhelming grace;
It rules him by celestial laws;
It lights a splendor in his face.
'Tis the best good that Heaven can give;
He wins it—and begins to live.

A SAD STORY.

Among a savage clan
Of cannibalish people,
A missionary man
Set up his modest steeple.

And there each day he would
Pursue his noble labors,
He told them to be good,
And bade them love their neighbors.

The cannibals, with grins,
Gave ear to themes he treated,
They crossed their tawny shins
And on their hams were seated.

And yet they were not lost,
That missionary's labors,
He taught them to his cost
The way to love their neighbors.

For one day, when for prayers
Those cannibals they met him.
They caught him unawares—
They killed him and they ate him.

They said they found him good—
He'd practiced what he taught them—
And now they understood
The goodness he had brought them.

And when they filled each maw,
They said, while they deplored him,
"They'd loved him—live and raw—
But, roasted, they adored him."

THE DUST OF A ROSE.

I turn the key in this idle hour
Of an ivory box, and looking, lo!
See only the dust—the dust of a flower;
The waters will ebb, the waters will flow,
And dreams will come and dreams will go,
Forever.

Ah, friend, if you and I could meet
Beneath the bows of the bending lime,
And you in the same low voice repeat
The tender words of the old love-rhyme,
It could not bring back the same old time—
No, never.

When you laid this rose against my brow,
I was quite unused to the ways of men,
With my trusting heart; I am wiser now,
So I smile, remembering my heart-throbs then;
The dust of a rose cannot blossom again—
No, never.

The brow that you praised has colder grown,
And hearts will change—I suppose they must;
A rose to be lasting must blossom in stone;
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;
Dead are the rose—the love—and the trust.
Forever.

Brevities and Witicisms.

—On which side of a donkey would you look for the most hair?—The outside.

Miscellaneous.

Great Fires of the Past.

Among the great conflagrations of the past that of London in September, 1866, will always stand pre-eminent for its terrible destructiveness. It followed upon the great plague, which had carried off one-third of the population in the previous year, and swept over nearly five-sixths of the space included within the city walls at that date. It lasted four days, and the ruins covered 436 acres. It destroyed eighty-nine churches (including St. Paul's) the Royal Exchange, the Custom-house, Guildhall, Zion College, and many other public buildings, besides 13,200 private houses. Four hundred streets were entirely laid waste, and about 200,000 of the city were obliged to encamp for some time in the open fields of Islington and Highgate. The most disastrous fire in London since that date occurred on the 25th of March, 1748, when 200 houses in the Cornhill Ward were destroyed. Many destructive fires have occurred in the British metropolis at later dates, the most recent worthy of special note being the burning of the cotton and other wharves of Tooley street in June and July, 1861. The fire continued raging with greater or less fury for nearly a month. Several persons were killed, and property was destroyed to the value of £2,000,000.

On the 5th of May, 1842, a fire broke out in the city of Hamburg, Germany, which raged with great fury for four days, destroying about one third of the city. Sixty-one streets, containing 1,747 houses, were utterly laid waste and thousands of people were rendered homeless. There were few public buildings of value destroyed, and that portion of the city was quickly rebuilt in a much more substantial manner than before.

In this country great fires, especially before the day of improved fire engines, have been comparatively frequent, and New York has had her full share. In September, 1776, soon after the city came into the hands of the British, 500 houses were destroyed, forming at that time a large part of the town. The buildings were rather huddled together at the lower end of the island, and were mostly of wood, and the district west of Broadway and below Cortlandt street was swept bare. New York was visited by another great conflagration, the greatest in its history, on the 16th of December, 1835. Six hundred warehouses, and property to the extent of over $20,000,000 were consumed. Our oldest inhabitants still remember the horrors of that terrible disaster. On the 6th of September, 1839, the city had another severe visitation, when forty-six buildings and property valued at $10,000,000 were destroyed. The next conflagration of large extent in that city took place on the 19th of July, 1845, when 302 stores and dwellings in the lower part of the city were destroyed. These, however, were of comparatively interior value, the whole loss amounting to $6,000,000. Four lives were on this occasion. Since that time, owing to the increased efficiency of the means employed to prevent and extinguish fires, they have generally been confined to a single building or a small group.

In the same year of the last great fire in New York, 1845, Quebec suffered terribly from the same destroying element. On the 28th of May a fire broke out in the Faubourg St. Roch which destroyed 1,500 buildings before it could be quelled. Several lives were also lost. Exactly one month later, 1,000 buildings were burned, and by these two conflagrations nearly two-thirds of the city was laid in ruins. The pecuniary loss has been stated at $8,000,000. In the same year, on the 12 of June, nearly the whole town of St. Johns, Newfoundland, was destroyed, and 6,000 people rendered homeless.

Albany suffered from a great conflagration on the 9th of September, 1848. Six hundred buildings, besides steamboats, piers, and other property, valued altogether at $3,000,000, were burned. Twenty-four acres of land within the city limits were covered with ruins.

St Louis had a great fire in May, 1849, when fifteen blocks of houses and twenty-three steamboats were consumed, causing a loss of over $3,000,000.

Philadelphia has been fortunate in having few great fires, but one occurred in that city on the 9th of July, 1850, which destroyed 350 buildings. These were of inferior value, and the whole loss was but $1,500,000, though twenty-five persons were killed, nine drowned, and 120 injured.

A large portion of San Francisco was destroyed in 1861. On the 3d of May a fire broke out which consumed nearly 2,000 buildings, causing a loss of $3,500,000 and several lives. A little over a month later, on the 22d of June, 500 more buildings were burned, valued at $3,000,000 or more.

Twelve acres of land in Syracuse were burned over on the 8th of November, 1856. About 100 buildings were destroyed, and the loss of property amounted to $1,000,000.

The scene most naturally recalled by this fearful disaster in Chicago is the terrible celebration of the Fourth of July in Portland, Me., in 1866. The leading facts of that great event are still fresh in the public mind. The fire, begining in a boot shop on High street, swept north, and destroyed in its course nearly one-half of the city. The pecuniary loss was about $15,000,000, and one-fourth of the population were rendered houseless.

It seems probable from the reports thus far received that the terrible fire in Chicago has no parallel in modern history, unless in the conflagrations kindled by war. Even the great fire of London, though relatively more destructive, did not equal it in absolute extent. The London at that day was little more than two-thirds the size of the Chicago of to-day, having less than 250,000 inhabitants; and if, as reported, two-thirds of Chicago is in ruins, the desolated territory is far greater than the five-sixths of London said to have been laid waste in 1666.

—A thieving carpet bagger is traveling around among the negroes in Florida, selling them a peculiar kind of oil, warranted to make their hair grow a foot in length and as straight as a white man's.

Old Fools the Worst.

About a month ago, says the Detroit *Press*, a man named Josiah Fuller, who lives in Lucas county, Ohio, was in Detroit on a visit, and while in the depot one day, saw, admired, and became acquainted with a very good looking young woman named Mattie Adams. Fuller assisted her on the train, saw to her baggage, and during their half hour's interview allowed her to know that he was a widower, worth thirty thousand dollars, and in search of a second wife.

The man was completely enamoured, and before the train left induced Miss Adams to give him her address and promise that he might write to her, she graciously exchanging photographs with him. Now, Fuller is a man fifty-five years old, anything but handsome, short and fat. But fat men are deceptive, and Mr. Fuller, immediately commenced to make a fool of himself.

The woman gave him the address of a noted house in this city, and he sat down and wrote her a very tender letter before she was half way home. Of course he didn't know her character, or the character of the house. In due time she answered his letter, and in due time he replied. Thus matters went on until Thursday, when he made his appearance at Detroit at her request to have an interview. It may be well to say here that in one of his letters he sent her a fifty dollar greenback to buy a ring.

On arriving here, a hackman conveyed him to the house, and the old man never got a hint as to its character. Miss Adams was expecting him, and palmed herself off as being at her mother's house, even bringing in "her mother" for an introduction. If Fuller was in love before he was clear gone now, and proposed marriage before he had been in the house two hours. After many attempts to blush, the woman said "yes," and old Nonsense was the happiest man in Detroit.

After prolonging his visit until late in the evening he went to a hotel, the understanding being that he was yesterday to go with her and select the wedding garments. He was on hand as prompt as an office seeker, and the twain went on a grand shopping excursion, whatever she wanted he ordered and paid for, including two silk dresses, several other dresses, a set of jewelry, and notions too many to mention.

After two hours tramping, the pair returned to the house, and the young woman informed him that she had one more request to make. Her "dear papa" was owing a debt of three hundred dollars, and a cruel, heartless creditor had levied on her piano in lieu of money. Would he lend "her father" the money for a few days! Of course he would, and he counted out the money as fast as his fingers could fly. As he was not invited to stay to dinner, Fuller went to his hotel, and at two o'clock walked up to have another chat with his fiancee. He rang the bell and no one answered. He rang again, and there was no reply.

He pulled harder and a strange woman appeared at the door and asked what he wanted. While he was telling her, and totally confounded by the turn matters had taken, she informed him that if he didn't get out of that with his drunken tricks he would be snatched by the police. He tried to go in and she pushed him out. He demanded an explanation and she called him an old donghhead. Two or three citizens came along, stopped to hear the dispute, and one of them informed Fuller that if he valued his character he had better make himself less conspicuous. He has gone home $500 out of pocket.

Playing Cards.

In the time of George III, Horace Walpole tells us that everybody followed Hamlet's direction, and spoke "by the card." They were made the vehicles of messages of all kinds, and even reverend bishops would take up an ace of hearts to convey instructions or serious matters of business, some of which are still in existence. Caricatures, then a new species of satire, were sometimes drawn upon them, and ministers of state condescended to invent the devices, Charles Townsend himself caricaturing the trial of Admiral Byng so cleverly that the pack was afterwards engraved.

It has often been asked why the nine of diamonds is called the "Curse of Scotland," and as an answer has lately been given by a writer in the Notes and Queries, we may perhaps conclude this article by giving the three historical facts which he assigns as having caused the saying. In the distracted state of the country during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edingburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels, and escaped safely to a foreign shore. To replace these, a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and until very recently, the card itself bore the name of George Campbell in the highlands. The second explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate for this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time the Secretary of State for Scotland. The coat of arms belonging to this family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people not daring to stigmatise the Master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armorial bearings. The explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party, and was at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket; and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.—*Chamber's Journal.*

—Miss Francis Voustory, of Nashville, came into court last week with the conventional broken vow story, and received $10,000 from Mr. J. Flynn for breach of promise. A Western man's love suit always leads to a law suit. If he don't marry he is sued for breach of promise, and if he does he is sued for divorce.

Practicing His Profession—The Result of it.

The Saratoga correspondent of the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, relates this pleasant incident: One of the most sweetest, prettiest incidents of our watering place life is enacted daily at the Clarendon. While the thoughtless watering place throng sways in and out of the great dining room, and the endless clatter of tongues and clattery seem to drown every holy thought, a venerable silver haired old gentleman walks slowly in at the head of his Christian family, and takes his seat at the head of the table. Instantly the laughing faces of a table full of diners assume a reverential look. The knives and forks rest silently on the table, and the beautiful, silver frosted Christian, with clasped hands, modestly murmurs a prayer of thanks—a sweet benediction to God! The scene lasts but a moment, but all day long that hallowed prayer of the Christ-child seems to float in the air, guiding, protecting and consecrating the thoughtless army of wayward souls. I could not find out who this brave old christian was; but last night his name came all at once. A lovely woman, with her beautiful children, arose early from her seat at the Congress Hall hop, to return to the Clarendon.

"Why do you go so early, Mrs. Clark?" asked a fashionable lady friend.

"Oh, you will laugh at me if I tell you—now really, my dear, won't you?"

"No, unless you make me," replied her friend. And then she leaned forward and whispered:

"Well, my dear, you know I stop at the Clarendon. My room is next to that dear, good old man's, and he does pray so beautifully every night that I kneel down by his door with the children to hear him, and then I go to our bed so happy, for I know nothing can happen to us when we are so near him!"

Wiping a tear from her eye, the friend said, "Let me go with you!" and right in the middle of the dances, these warm-souled women, with their children, walked to the Clarendon to sit in the next room and hear the evening family prayer of good old Richard Soydam, of West Thirty-ninth street!

I have since learned that Mr. Soydam has educated three ministers, and started a great many poor but worthy young men in business. He is very wealthy, but spends only one-third of his income, devoting the rest to charity.

Family Newspapers.

Few persons have any just conception of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess or the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with any past age of the world this is a remarkably enlightened period. A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on almost all topics of any real importance. Religion, geography, history, the political condition of the world, astronomy, the important practical features of natural philosophy, something of geology, chemistry, as applied to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and many other subjects, are familiarized to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them without pretending to learning and research.

But how did they come by this knowledge? Not at school, nor from books—generally speaking—but picking up, here a little, and there a little, from the family newspapers, in imperceptibly small installments. Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell, because it came silently, unpretendingly, in the newspapers.

The same is true in regard to our best moral impressions and sentiments. They have been suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind of the family press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction, in many cases, does much; but the press more than either, often more than both. Let any reader of a well conducted family paper open its pages and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are in a single number sometimes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred separate articles, each one conveying an idea, or a fact, or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect in enlarging the reader's store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling and action. Must not all this have its influence upon the reader? We think so.

Chinese Labor a Failure.

The experiment of introducing Chinese labor in Louisiana is now said to have proved a decided failure. Last year Mr. Merrill of Boston, Mass., who owns the Millaudon plantation, a short distance above Gretna on the west side of the Mississippi, brought to his place about one hundred and forty Chinamen from California at an expense of more than $12,000. Of this number there are but twenty-five remaining, and the plantation agent says he would give these five dollars apiece to run away. The Chinese in Louisiana are said to be not only lazy, but turbulent and unmanageable, while they are fond of changing about from place to place; and if they hire at a stipulated price, they will leave their employer as soon as any one offers them higher wages. At the penitentiary in Baton Rouge, one hundred and fifty-one were at one time employed but they were soon discharged for general worthlessness. From several plantations where large gangs of them are employed, they have deserted in a body; and at the place where they have remained great dissatisfaction is usually expressed by the planters with their work and behavior. One planter, Mr. Kernochan, below New Orleans, who has thirty Chinamen at work for him, has succeeded well with the experiment. But he adopted a peculiar system of dealing with them. He had a stout resolute white overseer, who began operations by tying up and whipping their interpretor and head man within an inch of his life, and continued his treatment by kicking and cuffing the Mongolians about at every oportunity. Mr. Kernochan is well satisfied with the labors of his gang; but it is evident that hereafter there will be little demand for cheap Chinese labor in that region.

An Indian Romance.

Col. Downing, Chief of the Cherokee nation, was married some weeks since to Miss Ayres, a wealthy and cultivated maiden lady of Philadelphia. The affair has a spicing of romance. The lady met the handsome chief (then, and until recently, a married man) some years since in the Quaker city, and became deeply interested in him and his distant people. With the resolution of devoting her life and wealth to the advancement of the Cherokees, she removed to Talequah, where she has since lived, and where she has been most active in promoting the religious and educational welfare of the nation. Some years ago she adopted young Lewis Downing, son of the chief, a bright and promising boy, and has since watched over his training and education with more than motherly care. A year ago she built, ostensibly for him, an elegant residence, overlooking the beautiful village, and furnished it with artistic taste. A few months since occurred the death of Mrs. Downing, a full-blood Cherokee. And now, at the proper time, the child leads to the alter his long-time admirer.

Chase for a Child.

About half-past four yesterday evening, which the child of Mrs. Steward was playing before her door, on Elizabeth street, a wild-looking stranger, evidently a Texan or cattle-drover, galloped up before the little child could escape within doors, and caught it up by its arm and slung it before him on the saddle and galloped away. The alarm was given at once, and footmen and horsemen joined in the pursuit. On through the crowded streets dashed the stranger; people ran to get out of his way, and stopped to stare at the mad rider with the child in his arms. Other horsemen joined in the pursuit, but by the time the Texan had reached the State line he had distanced all pursuit, and scooned afterwards disappeared in the deep, green foliage of the Raw Valley. The man and child were gone.

The mother of the child soon made her appearance, wringing her hands and weeping in her grief. From her we obtained the following explanation of the strange proceeding:

She had recognized the man as her husband, from whom she had been separated about three years. She stated that they were married a little more than three years ago at Farley, Platte county, Missouri. About three months after marriage they separated, since which time they have not lived together, but each though not divorced, has settled down with another—he as a farmer and stock dealer near Conner Station, Kansas; she as a resident of this city. His name is Foults, hers Steward. She says he had never visited the child since its birth, near a year ago. Why he carried away the child in such a bold, off-handed style, without a word of notice, the grief-stricken mother could not explain to us. She is nearly frantic over her loss and reiterates the assertion that he will kill her child to take his spite out against her.

Situation of England.

Poor old George the Third was a mere idiot, wandering about Windsor Castle a melancholy spectacle to his retainers, long before the inexorable fact was recognized by act of Parliament. And there can be little doubt that his granddaughter has for a considerable time been disordered in mind, though her sound physical health has enabled her Cabinet to conceal her mental aberration from the English people.

In the present crisis as in that of the Regency, the ministry is possibly reluctant to take formal notice of the royal incapacity through apprehensions, more or less well grounded, of the future. The Prince of Wales, as was the case with his great uncle, has given the country too much reason to look forward with misgiving to his accession to the throne, and the progress that has been made of late years in Great Britian towards popular institutions and the abolition of the monarchy, may well inspire conservative people with fears of forcible opposition to Albert Edward as regent or king.—*Evening Post.*

Poisoned Whisky.

The Philadelphia Price Current says: "Western distillers have recently invented a new method of manufacturing whisky by means of which a peculiar strength and odor are imparted to the product, highly injurious to the health of consumers. Neither the noxious ingredients themselves nor the process of manufacturing are known to many outside of the 'Ring,' but sufficient is known to show the character of the business. Sulphuric acid is added to the mash or applied directly to the products of the stills, which imparts a disagreeable odor to the whisky, and is so powerful in its effect that it eats up the inside of the barrels in which the compound is kept.

"Another feature of this whisky is that it cannot be extracted by any process of distillation, redistillation or rectification. By experience it has been shown that if a small piece of iron or copper is inserted into a barrel of whisky adulterated with this acid the entire mass will be instantly blackened, and if left for a short time a large quantity of dissolvate of copper or verdigris will be evolved.

NOT ONE MISSING.—The following eloquent passage is from the pen of the lamented Albert Barnes:

"A whole family in Heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy! No father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter is away. In the world below they were united in faith and love and peace and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand in hand; and, as a family, have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no more separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, nor in the habiliments of woe to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in His mercy every family may be united."

VARIETIES.

—A black bird—a raven hue officer.

—An universal want—want of money.

—The cup after the cup that cheers—the hic-cup.

—Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

—When is a smile behind time? When it's a little laughter.

—Is it possible for a garret window to suffer room-attic panes?

—A Western gentleman advertises for a "self-supporting wife."

—Figures won't lie. Won't they? Does a fashionable woman's figure tell the truth?

—The Presbyterian Church of the United States since its reunion contains 455,378 communicants.

—A tombstone in a cemetery at Duxbury, Mass., is inscribed: "Chisel cannot help her any."

—At a recent marriage in Indiana, the bridegroom was 19 years and 8 months old, and the bride 12 years and 11 months.

—The most improbable idea of the day—The fact of "spirits" being able to carry one home.

—Life is a sleep. Old men are those who have slept the longest; they only begin to waken when it is time to die.

—The "Neglected Married Women's Society" passed a resolution inviting respectable young men to attend the weekly meetings.

—How is it possible that "every dog can have his day," as the proverb says, when there so many dogs and only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?

—The negroes and Yanks are having tough times in Vicksburg. They are quarreling over the distribution of stealings, and calling each other all kinds of pet names.

—Sixty-five years in the penitentiary is what we hear from Lafayette was the sentence of a villian who burned a bridge on the line of the Wabash Valley Railroad recently.

—An Illinois lover closed his letter to his lady sentimentally as follows: "My best loved one, I chawed the postage stamp on your last letter all to thunder, because I know you licked it on."

—Before hanging a man in Louisiana they let from fifteen to forty reporters for the newspapers "interview" him for three weeks. The poor fellow is then not only willing but anxious to be hung.

—The New York Board of Pharmacy say that a large number of druggists and their clerks whom they have examined could not read Latin prescriptions. They have rejected sixty druggists and eighty-one clerks.

—A Missouri husband, whose wife had applied for a divorce, writes a protest to the Judge, in which he says, "this thing you call divorce has in my opinion parted many a man and his wife."

—A gentleman in Massachusetts in his prosperous days gave his town a tract of land for a public square. The square still bears his name, while he, penniless and friendless, is an inmate of the town alms-house.

—A cheerful savant has discovered that mosquitoes are a providential guard against disease, upon the supposition that in summer the human system is peculiarly liable to fever, and the insects, by depleting the quantity of blood, get up a counter-irritation.

—Lovers of good smooking will be glad to hear that a large deposit of silicate of magnesia, the substance used in the manufacture of genuine meerschaum pipes has been discovered in Patagonia. Hitherto the article has been found in but small quantities on the coast of Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor; and most of the so-called meerschaum pipes are composed of a mixture of common pipeclay and wax, which latter substance yields an unpleasant taste.

—The preventers of cruelty to animals in Georgia and the lovers of native music are lifting a voice for the mocking bird. The young of these birds are invariably taken from the nest as soon as found, and sent to the North or to Europe, where they sell at high prices, and, as every brood thus disposed of is withdrawn from production, a sensible diminution in the number of these glorious warblers is noted. The legislature is called on for some preventive measure.

—A schoolmistress was lately brought before a police magistrate in London, charged with biting one of her pupils. Upon being asked what she had to say in defence, she stated that it was quite true that she had bitten him, but he had first bitten another scholar younger than himself, and, acting upon the old principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," she had thought it only right and proper to inflict the same torture upon him which he had inflicted upon his companion. The magistrate, instead of biting the schoolmistress, fined her forty shillings and costs.

—A rapid young lady, who is said to belong to "one of the first families" in Flushing, amused herself on Friday evening by masquerading in masculine habiliments, making calls of an amatory nature upon other young ladies of the local upper tens. It would appear to be so customary a thing in Flushing for the daughters of the "first families" to receive evening visits from perfect strangers, and to have ardent attentions paid them on a first interview, that the fair intruder's fun was not interrupted until she had visited several houses without an introduction and made ferocious love to their occupants.

—A picture of life in Mexico: Two gentlemen of the highest rank in society meet in the evening in the street in the capital. "What o'clock is it, sobor?" politely asks the first. The other stops, draws his revolver and covers his interlocutor, then takes out his watch and gives the desired information. Number one thanks number two, without the least surprise or remonstrance at the measure of precaution.

—A new style of fan has just appeared, made of satin and lace, which when opened, is in the shape of a butterfly.