THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 20, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 51.

Business Cards.

C. E. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m.

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. 124 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS, WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 7th, 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.

McKENZIE, C. C. FAUROT.
McKENZIE, & FAUROT.
Sellers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., Sep. 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 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.
A. 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. D. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. D. 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, Gt. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

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

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

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
sept 6tf 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.—Rooms 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.

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.
BULLARD 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 Watches, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, etc., etc., being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co. Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap'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. Foundery. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives special attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Bunn's, so 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. 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 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 31, 1869. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It looks the Great New York State National Premium! Also the Great Ohio National Premium, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
As the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premium!
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 quickest 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.

LEBANON Valley College, Annville, Pa. For catalogues, address I. H. HALLOWAY, A. M., President.

Poet's Corner.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

BY NOMINY SOUTHEY.

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow;
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;

Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Mashal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;—
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap it he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow,
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London!
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it,
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned;
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and Gospel, too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow,
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parley vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the other that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jalsdovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Sonchosaneff;
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasilchikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajefsky, and Noveresky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharofsky, and Rostoffsky;
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he played them off,
And Shouvaloff he shoveled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krossoff he crossed them off,
And Tuckkoff he touched them off,
And Borokoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off,
And, last of all, an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parley-vous than fight;
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do;
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away,—I tell you true,—
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he;
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he yet may be,
For the grave, they say, can Muscovy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckoned too long without him;
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away;
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Brevities and Witicisms.

—In London, six conductors of horse-cars were recently fined for over-crowding the cars.

—"Vendome Column" and "Ashes of Paris" are the latest novelties in colors.

—It is complained that people go to the opera in full dress in New Orleans, and there eat peanuts.

—The son of the great novelist has dropped the Jr. from his name, and is now "Charles Dickens."

—"Contracted a severe and lasting cold" is the latest California euphemism for dead.

—An Indiana editor says: "We leave to-morrow for the country hog show, and hope to take the prize."

—Very early cold weather is complained of in Texas. It is accompanied by unusual heavy rains.

—Minister Schenck begins to think that the "Little Emma" is a heavy lode on his mind.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An old lady is collecting all the political papers she can lay her hands on to make soap of. She says they are a "desput site better than ashes—they are almost clear lie."

—Miss Nellie Grant isn't "coming out" this winter, but her cousin Maggie. Dent is. The latter young lady hopes to create a Maggie-cal effect in Washington society. —*Boston Post.*

—The clergymen throughout the country have, according to official figures, christened 917 new born Alexises during the past few months.

—An exchange wonders "if a lady will ever be President." Let us have a gentleman again before we try the experiment.

—A Terre Haute physician advocates the use of salt instead of hard water as a beverage, claiming that the lime with which the latter is impregnated causes premature gray hair and baldness.

—A sprightly negress of Selma has educated herself to skip the rope without spilling a pail of slops which she balances on her head. Strange to say, her services are not in demand for general housework.

—A gentleman having just lost his wife visited a friend, and being asked how long he would remain in town; answered: "Oh, for about a fortnight—long enough to spend the honeymoon of my widowhood.

—Three young ladies went down to the central shaft of the Hoosac tunnel, which reaches 1,031 feet below the surface, last week, being the first of their sex to make the descent. They were treated to an explosion of nitro-glycerine, which scared them nearly out of their wits.

—The testimony of four doctors, to the effect that Lieut. Gov. Dunn died of the congestion of the brain, was necessary to disabuse the New Orleans mind of this impression that Wartmouth poisoned him.

—A Berkshire papa put it thus to his daughter's beau: "Jim, if you want Lon you can have her; but I don't want you hanging round unless you mean business. If you intend to marry her hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."

—Dr. Lankester asserts that the small pox, which is now slowly departing from London, after slaying 5,000 persons, and maiming, disfiguring and pauperizing 100,000 more, must have cost the metropolis at least £100,000; a tenth part of which sum judiciously expended, would have cut short the epidemic at its commencement.

—Madame Thiers has adopted the precaution of sewing up the pockets of her servants to prevent their stealing. A Paris paper quotes her as telling Miss Risley, of the Seward party: "All of them are rogues! I am obliged myself to lock up everything after meals; if I did not, meat, liquor, desert, everything would disappear.

—Miss Betsey Williams, aged eighty-two years, a decendant of Roger Williams, died near Providence, R. I., a few days ago. It is said that she bequeathed to the city of Providence the farm upon which she died, estimated to be worth now about $40,000, upon the condition that the city erect a monument, to cost not less than $500, to the memory of Roger Williams, in the old Williams burying-ground.

—A party of mischievous boys near Kankakee, Ill., stuffed an old suit of clothes with straw, with sticks of wood for legs, and buried it in the ground.—They then killed a couple of chickens and spilled the blood plentiously over and in the vicinity of the grave. As they expected, the grave and blood were discovered, suspicions of murder were raised, the coroner was summoned, a jury impanneled, and an inquest prepared for.—Coroner, jury, and all bystanders acknowledged themselves "sold" when the straw dummy was exhumed.

—The ceremony of tying the marriage knot is much simplified in Indiana, as the following will show:—"What is your name sir?" "Matty." "What is your name, Miss?" "Polly." "Matty, do you love Polly?" "Well, I reckon." "Well, then,

I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life."

—Says the New York Mail: "The definition of 'wedding' in the fashionable vocabulary means a grand crisis of clothes; 'bride,' a peg on which finery of all kinds is hung; 'bride-groom,' a sober black object following the bride, of no account in particular, and yet without whom there would be no fuss, and the fun could not go on."

Miscellaneous.

THE FATHER'S ERROR.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules and could see no reason why people should grasp at anything beyond what had been reached by their great-grand-fathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old; Samuel fifteen; Fanny, fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen, reading a book, and so interested was he, that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeff was in the opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said his father, "have you worked that sum out yet?"

"No, Father," answered the boy hesitatingly.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" said Mr. Winthrop in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, father," tremblingly said Samuel.

"Can't do it! And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil. He had cyphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are.

"Jerry was always fond of sums and problems, father. They have no interest at all for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It's a work on philosophy, father."

"A work on fiddlesticks! Go put it away this instant, and then get your slate; and don't you let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out those roots? Do you understand?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His lip trembled, and his eyes moistened, for he was very unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and felt that it was without a cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone out of the room, "I'll do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," replied the younger brother, with a grateful look; "that will be deceiving father. I'll try to do the sum, but I fear that I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mass of incomprehensible things; and the more he tried, the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The train was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician; he hardly ever came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boy should be like him; he considered that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and often expressed the opinion that were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometrician a hard tussel." He seemed not to understand that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jerry progressed rapidly with his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that as Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind; but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result.

Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to do without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy lad.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen for his own room, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from of his father, and his face lightened up. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so he was not very cold; and getting up, he went to a closet and, from under a lot of old clothes, he took forth some long strips of wood. He was evidently fashioning some curious affair from these pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get the whole together after some particular fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here Sammy! see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron, and took out four cakes, a piece of pie and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"Oh, what pretty things is that you are making?" uttered Fannie, as she gazed upon her brother's labor. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile; "but I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fannie thanked her brother and soon after left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long, the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's knife and pincers were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embro philosopher sat the machine—for it looked like a machine—upon the floor, then gazed upon it intently. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction. He looked proud and happy. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door opened, and his father entered.

"What, are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor. Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and turned pale with fear.

"Ha! what is this?" said the father, as caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making fly-cages. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There!"

As the father uttered these harsh ejaculations, he put his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprung forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"Ain't you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "a great boy like you to spend your time in making clap-traps, and then cry about it because I choose you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry to shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and, without a word, he left his chamber. But for long, long days afterwards, he was weary and downhearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the Spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice! Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm, you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtain his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt, you will be able to make a good living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his espousal, and when he learned that Mr. Young carried on quite a machine shop, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, mounted the stage, and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.

One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces on the bench at his side, and some were curiously riveted together, and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet quite ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work.

Next day, Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years, his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son should have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory that they have just erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them, and they are doing a very heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now, if my boy Sam is a good workman, as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see here in the papers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that was got up before."

"You must ask your son about that, said Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What! Some of Sam——"

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power-loom that had taken the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired.

"It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel, with conscious pride. "I have invented it, and, taken a patent-right, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent-right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?"

"Yes," replied the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern, though of course, I have made alterations and improvements, and there is room for more."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and then fumble about my loom so much?" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

"And this is why you could not understand my mathematical problem," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair, and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me the harshness I have used toward you. I have been blinded, and now see how I have misunderstood you. While I have thought you were idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course, the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was was simply this: Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and disposition of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common-place address.

Washington's First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

SOMETHING FOR GRANT AND HIS CABINET TO STUDY.

ALBANY, Dec. 1, 1871.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Express:

The New York *Times*, of November 30, remarks:—

"It is a gratifying fact that Thanksgiving Day is becoming a national holiday. It is worth remembering that the custom of the President setting aside a special day for Thanksgiving was introduced by President Lincoln."

For the enlightenment of the *Times*, and the *benefit* of the Administration, I ask you to insert the enclosed study for Grant, his Cabinet, and the entire Republican party.

A keener rebuke than this proclamation of the Father of his Country can not be administered to the shoddy-thieving ring now administering the Government.

B. W.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.

Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peacably establishing a form of government for their safety and happiness.

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the services of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, that will be. That we then will unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to its becoming a nation; for the signal and manifest mercies and the favorable interpositions of his Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether public or private stations to perform our several and national duties properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns (and especially such as have shown kindness unto us), and bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, October 3d, in the year of our Lord, 1789. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An Interesting Document.

THE CONTRACT WITH LA FAYETTE.

In overhauling the old documents in the Treasury Department recently, the following agreement made between our Government and the Marquis de LaFayette was brought to light. It is interesting in itself and as showing how great undertakings required short contracts only, in our early history:

AGREEMENT OF MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

The desire evinced by the Marquis de LaFayette of serving in the armies of the United States of North America, and the interest which he takes in the justice of their cause, and wishing for an opportunity of distinguishing himself in war, and of rendering himself useful to the best of his ability; but not concealing from himself that he may be unable to obtain the consent of his family to his serving in foreign countries, or to cross the ocean, unless he shall go there in the quality of a General officer. I believe I can better serve my country, and act in accordance with my power to grant commissions, than in conferring on him, in the name of the Most Honorable Congress, the rank of Major General, for which, I pray, the States will confirm, ratify, and promptly bestow a commission, for him to assume and hold the rank, from this date, which belongs to a general officer of the same grade.

His high birth, his connections, the honorable titles which his family enjoy at this Court, his very considerable wealth in this Kingdom, his personal merits, his renown, his disinterestedness, and above all his zeal for the liberty of our provinces have alone induced me to promise him the above rank of Major-General, in the name of the United States.

In testimony of which I have signed these presents.

Done at Paris, 7th December, 1776.

SILAS DEANE.

Under the above conditions I offer my services, and promise to take my departure at this time and in the manner which shall appear most suitable to Mr. Deane to serve the United States with all the zeal in my power, without any pay or special allowances, reserving to myself only the liberty of returning to Europe when my family or my King shall recall me. Done at Paris, 7th December, 1776.

[Signed,] LE DE LA FAYETTE.

Something About Babies.

There are fourteen thousand babies in the great Hospital Dom, in Moscow. Some of them are foundlings, some the offsprings of naval and military officers, and many belonging to the merchants and tradespeople of the city. They are fed, washed and dressed with the utmost regularity. Each nurse in a ward has a specific duty to perform. Take the ward having the week-old babies: One nurse will do nothing from morning till night but undress babies; another nurse will plunge them under streams of warm water and wash them; another will dress them up and toss them away, while another will follow and nurse them. So they go up and down the sides of the ward, each baby being washed, nursed and dressed a certain number of times each day. The little things learn to like this treatment. Sometimes the nurses give them a toss of several feet into beds, or from one woman to another, and the little things will laugh and screw up the funniest smiles. After being nursed they are rolled up tight like an Indian baby and laid away.

Many good, respectable mothers, whose husbands are in the army or navy, or even well-to-do tradesmen, send their offspring here to be cared for. The treatment is so superior that by far fewer babies die than would die if left to the best care of a fond mother.

The castaways are trained up by the Government—the males becoming officers in the army and navy (O, Fifth avenue belles!) and the females becoming actresses and assistants in choruses in the great theaters—all drifting into social circles above the ex-serfs. One of the most agreeable officers in Moscow is a Captain of Infantry, who was once a motherless foundling.

A Ministerial Game of Euchre.

Near a late New Jersey camp-meeting, two clergymen a Baptist and a Methodist, were walking when they saw a little girl sitting on a stone, who was weeping bitterly. "What is the matter, my little girl?" asked the Baptist, kindly. "My—my father was k—killed on the railroad a few days ago, and has just been buried, sir; and my mother is sick abed and can't work, and we haven't nothing to eat, and don't know what to do," sobbed the little girl. "A truly lamentable case; I do, indeed, pity you," said the Baptist, frigidly, as if he were pitying some ice-cream he could not eat. "How much do you pity her, Brother C.? I pity her five dollars," yelled the Methodist, as he threw a V into the girl's lap. "I double it, Brother P," the Baptist Brother said, as he slowly placed an X over the V. "I go you one better," the Methodist bawled, as he put a ten on the other money. "I cover your stake, brother P," and the Baptist clergyman's expression showed he was getting excited as a twenty from his purse was put on the rapidly-increasing pile. "I'll top the spons with a fifty," howled Brother P., as he drew out his last note and placed the sum with the others, glaring savagely at his companion. "Here's a hundred-dollar note, little girl," said the Baptist quite blandly, now that he had got ahead of his Methodist brother-in-the-Lord; "you may rake in the spoils, for you've cleaned out and 'euchred' both my friend and myself, and left us both dead broke!" Then they walked off humming a hymn. Now what we would like to know is, what did those clergyman do before they were converted?

—THE Hindoo system of the Punchayet is thus described: It is a tribunal "as old as the hills," which every village in India employs with excellent results. The word signifies "the council of five," and it represents an ancient and established court of arbitration. Whenever a dispute arises among the Indians, the contending parties refer it to the Punchayet. Each chooses two judges, and the four thus constituted select a fifth, who presides. The circumstances of the case are then laid before the village council, and judgment is pronounced, which is almost absolutely equitable, and almost always cheerfully accepted. He who appeals from the Punchayet defies the public opinion of his community, and generally finds himself in the wrong. It is a system which has, for countless generations in India, prevented a world of wretches and costly litigation.

—Our Cincinnati exchanges tell the story of a very stout old lady who rides a good deal in the street cars of that city, and for whom, no matter how crowded they may be, the passengers always find a seat. Now it is not every old lady for whom a comfortably seated passenger will discommode himself, but this old lady's persuasiveness never fails. Her method is to bustle in and to prepare to sit down on the passenger's lap. The hint is enough.

—A Missourian, treed by a bear, caused the beast to desist from chewing his left leg off by sprinkling salt in his eyes.