The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 10.

Business Cards.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. B. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.
Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers ELECTRO THERMAL BATHS, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door below the Tarbell House, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

C. E. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Great Bend, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

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 Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. K. 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.

McKENZIE. C. C. PAUROT.
McKENZIE, & PAUROT.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., sp. 1, '71.

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!!
Shirley 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

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.
L. 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.

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. 13, 1869.

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 Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

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

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 1 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 MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
MILLTON STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Well and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Grasses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.
Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

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

HUNT BROTHERS,
SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES
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 21, 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 Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
As 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 HAYNE BROS.

ALCHEMIST OF THE WORLD.—Pittsburgh, Pa., January 23, 1871.—To whom it may concern:—This is to certify that I have given A. BALDWIN, of Montrose, Pa., the exclusive control of the sale of the above named remedy in Susquehanna County, so long as he chooses to continue in the business, and that all orders hereafter should be addressed to him, to receive attention.
M. M. TILTON, Proprietor.
March 22, 1871. 6m

Superior Syrup at the store of
Montrose, Nov. 1, 1871. H. A. WEBB.

Poet's Corner.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Softly the gold has faded from the sky,
Slowly the stars have gathered one by one,
Calmly the crescent moon mounts up!
And the long day is done.

With quiet heart my garden-walks I tread,
Feeding the beauty that I cannot see;
Beauty and fragrance all around me shed
By flower, and shrub, and tree.

Often I linger where the roses pour
Exquisite odors from each glowing cup;
Or where the violet, brimmed with sweetness [o'er,
Lifts its small chalice up.

With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now,
And softly speaks the sweet-voiced mignonette,
While heliotropes, with meekly lifted brow,
Says to me, "Go not yet."

So for awhile I linger, but not long,
High in the heavens rideth fiery Mars,
Careering proudly 'mid the glorious throng,
Brightest of all the stars.

But softly gleaming through the curtain's fold,
The home-star beams with more alluring ray,
And, as a star led sage and seer of old,
So it directs my way;

And leads me in where my young children lie,
Rosy and beautiful in tranquil rest;
The seal of sleep is on each fast-shut eye,
Heaven's peace within each breast.

I bring them gifts. Not frankincense nor myrrh—
Gifts the adoring Magi humbly brought
The young child, cradled in the arms of her
Blest beyond mortal thought;

But love—love that fills my mother-heart
With a sweet rapture oft akin to pain;
Such yearning love as bids the tear-drops start
And fall like summer rain.

And faith—that dares, for their dear sakes, to climb
Boldly, where once it would have fe red to go,
And calmly standing upon heights sublime,
Fears not the storm below.

And prayer. O God! unto thy throne I come,
Bringing my darlings—but I cannot speak,
With love and awe oppressed, my lips are dumb:
Grant what my heart would seek!

THE SNOW-DRIFT.

The snows are whirling, thick and fast,
The drifts assail my doorway;
I doubt me if a wilder blast
Blows o'er the hills of Norway.
But sit thee down, my olden friend,
We twain will mock the weather;
And, while the fearful winds contend,
We'll have a night together.

O, many a year and many a storm
We twain have mocked at lightly;
And through our hearts to-night are warm,
Our heads are powdered whitely;
And snows have drifted o'er our souls,
To fall on wintry heather,
And hide from us the grassy knolls
Where rest our loves together.

Stir up the fire! we'll talk of love—
Of love, old friend, and sorrow;
For life, like rainbow arched above,
Its light through tears must borrow.
We'll talked of lips that clung to ours,
Though ours are now like leather;
We'll talk of girls, we'll talk of flowers,
That now are dust together.

Fill up the cup, old friend of mine,
Though tears have wet our lashes;
For all our dead we quaff the wine,
And pledge—to dust and ashes.
We'll blind to-night our friends and foes,
With memory's silken tether;
And, underneath the drifting snows,
We'll love and hate together.

O! wintry heart! 'tis throbbing low—
O! wintry storm! 'tis pelting;
What boots it that we warm our snow?—
It turns to tears in melting;
But better tears than ice old friend,
So tears we'll shed together;
And o'er our hearts a rainbow bend,
To light the stormy weather.

THE MODERN MUSE.

"I wish to hear a song to-night,"
Said grandma, with a smile,
"Will not my daughter sing for me,
And thus the time beguile?"

"Sing! without accompaniment!
Why, mother, how 'twouls sound!
The very idea makes me feel
Like sinking to the ground."

The patient mother smiled again,
And to a grandchild near
Said, "Let me hear *your* pretty voice,
Will you not sing, my dear?"

"Oh! my guitar is out of fix,
I cannot mend the string;
And my teacher says, without it
I should never try to sing."

"Ah me! Come, Ned, can you not sing?
I've sung you oft to sleep,
Not very many years ago,
With dittoes like 'Bo peep.'"

"Yes, I will sing, if Bello with play,"
The little fellow said—
But sister was not in the mood,
And hurried him to bed."

Then grandma thought upon a time
When people used to *sing*,
And not depend for music
Upon *key* or *string*.

—From the *Musical World*.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—Cincinnati has ten couples who have been married over fifty years.

—Gold bracelets are coming into fashion two or three inches broad.

—A man died suddenly from intemperance, and a Western jury found that "deceased came to his death by drinking between drinks."

—An Indianapolis lady declined recently to attend her sister's funeral, as it would quite unnerve her for her own wedding, to take place the same evening.

—They don't keep any whisky for sale in Greeley, Colorado, but they have a medicine for rattlesnake bites, which is quite as good, and it has a very ready sale.

—Mr. Damm, of New Orleans, inexcusably lost his will just before he died, and his heirs are now using his name in an emphatic manner.

—A Western girl who has been well brought up, knocks down every man that kisses her, and she is so pretty that half the married and all the single men in town have black eyes.

—A well-dressed lady of attractive appearance and modest deportment was arraigned at Providence, R. I., last week, before the Court of Magistrates, charged with being a common drunkard.

Miscellaneous.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY PAUL PEUME.

I had been married ten years, and during this period had worked hard to maintain my family and provide them with the necessaries of life. Superfluities never came within our home. My salary as a book-keeper barely kept the wolf from the door, and enabled me to satisfy the craving for bread and butter which my little ones manifested. But we managed to make a brave show, and got along better, perhaps, than we deserved. I confess with a blush that we were always ambitious to cut a dash if fortune would only favor us, and many were the schemes, as visionary as they were foolish, and my wife and myself conjured up, to end only in disappointment. Poor fools that we were, had we known what was better for us, we never would have sighed for riches.

I had expectations, but they were contingent on the death of my grandmother, and she, good soul, had taken such a tenacious hold on life that she bid fair to outlive us all, and she was in her seventy-third year. But she paid the debt of nature one day, and left me her only grandchild, the snug sum of twenty thousand dollars. It was perhaps unkind in me to experience such happiness as I did when she departed for mansions above, yet I walked with a more elastic step and carried my head at a more independent attitude, than I had done since my earliest recollection.

My wife caught the spirit which animated me, and the poor woman commenced to lay the foundation of the most magnificent and delusive air castles that ever a dreamy imagination erected.

We had neighbors over the way who had always made a better show than ourselves on a salary much smaller than I received, although their family was as numerous as my own, and their requirements fully as great. This bothered and perplexed my wife, and was a continual thorn in her bed of roses.

The Jones family, for such was their name, even presumed to treat us with that polite condescension that ever characterizes those who consider themselves a peg higher than others, and yet are determined to be agreeable.

This was galling to high-strung natures like ours, and we often chewed the bitter cud with a hope of retaliation when granny should depart from this mundane sphere. Of course, we knew that our ancestry was better than Jones', and we took care to proclaim it, but pedigree didn't help us much when the pinch came for market money.

I think the ears of the Jones' family must have tingled when they heard the oft-repeated story of my wife's grandfather, who was a drummer in the Revolution, and actually had his tambour "bursted" by a British shot at the battle of Brandywine.

My side of the house was equally as illustrous as my partner's. If they did not partake of the war-like aspirations, they nevertheless filled a good share of fame in their New England village by expounding the word of life to the hungry souls who for three generations had listened to their old "blue-light" sermons.

When, therefore, granny died, my wife insisted that we should, as soon as possible, receive the decayed dignity of our name, by purchasing a house and keeping a horse and carriage. I was not long in following her sage counsel, and bought a residence unnecessarily large, with a brick stable at the end of the yard.

This done, I ordered a couple of tons of hay, a quantity of corn and oats, and then put an advertisement in the paper for a steady and competent coachman. Before night I had to summon the bell-hanger three times to repair damages. Out of the two hundred who called in answer to my advertisement, I selected a fine young fellow of Mileian type, whose great-grandfather had been one of the many coachmen of George IV. I considered that a man sprung from such a distinguished professional, must understand his business. I engaged him at fifty dollars a month, his pay to commence on the instant.—Taking his address, and informing him I would inform him when his services were required, I sallied out to make the necessary purchase. I determined to get a thorough bred steed.

One of my friends invited me to attend the sales at the Bazaar, and thither I went. Quite a promiscuous crowd were assembled, and they were all "talking horse."—Now I am not a very good judge of a horse, living or dead, and I did not like to appear green, so I thought I would go by my eye, supposing that would be the method most likely to procure me what I desired. The time for bringing the horses into the ring had not yet arrived, as they were buisy selling carriages at ——street. You must not suppose I was going to purchase a second hand vehicle. The one I had in my mind had some sort of heraldic device painted on the panel, that looked respectable.

As I stood in the crowd, a gentleman with a green coat and brass buttons came up and shook hands with me, saying he had met me in New York.

I remarked that I had often been in New York, but that I did not recollect him. He said that was of no consequence, he nevertheless was happy to renew my acquaintance. I bowed and invited him over to the hotel to take a drink. He politely obliged me. After he had drank with me, he said I must drink with him. Of course, it would have been impolite to have refused, so I drank a second time.—My New York acquaintance must have been a wealthy man, juging by a heavy roll of greenbacks which he carried in his breast-pocket.

As we returned in company to the sale he remarked:

"Buying a horse, I suppose?"

I told him that was my intention, and asked him if he was a judge of that noble animal.

"Bless your heart," he replied, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder, "I'm the best judge of horses in this country."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I really forgot to inquire your name."

"Brown is my name," he said, at the same time presenting me with his card inscribed "T. Dunn Brown."

"And yours?" he asked.

"My name is Smith," I answered.

"Shure enough," he exclaimed, "how could I have forgotten it? Now, Smith, my dear fellow," he continued, growing more confidential, "I'm going to tell you something. Every man of any note in New York, when he goes to buy a horse, hunts me up and says: "My dear Brown, won't you do me the favor to give me your opinion, etc., etc., etc. I always like to oblige my friends, but the jockeys, when they see me coming, swear hard, for they know I will discover their tricks.—By-the-way, I don't think you can purchase such a horse as you want at a public sale. You want something stylish; blood, action, high-stepper, yet as gentle as a lamb. In fact, a horse that is high-strung, and withal so gentle that a lady can drive him. Do you want something fast?"

"To be sure I do," I replyed: "if I didn't I shouldn't have come here to-day."

Mr. Brown laughed in an easy way.

"I suppose you can pay a good price for such an animal?" he asked.

I felt half offended at his insinuation, but I thought perhaps he had not heard of my good luck, so I slapped the fat pallet in my pocket, and significantly noded my head.

"Confidence begets confidence," they say. I therefore informed him that I had come into possession of a round sum of money, and was desirous of getting rid of it in a proper way. During the past week I had been very successful. He smiled and said he would try and help me in my endeavor. I asked him to take another drink, but he declined, saying that he never exceeded a couple of glasses. This gave me a better opinion of Brown, for I began to think I had taken too much myself. I felt very elevated, and a good deal richer than I really was.

He drew me aside and confidentally told me that he had a blooded gray mare which would arrive in the city late that night. That if I desired it he would sell her to me. Would only do so out of friendship. Wouldn't part with her to any one else.—Was very fast, could go in 2:30. Had been offered twice that sum, but out of friendship would not ask me her full value."

I was highly pleased with the proposition of Mr. Brown, and when we parted it was with the undersanding that I would meet him on the Bell road the next morning at 10 o'clock.

I was punctual to a minute, so was Mr. Brown. He had a superb animal in waiting, attached to a light wagon. To my delight she verified all he had said about her. We tried her a good many times over the course, and at each time my satisfaction increased. The light driving wagon was a tasty affair, and he said was indispensable for my establishment; he offered it to me at cost, three hundred and fifty dollars. We went to the hotel, where I drew him a check for thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. He put it carelessly into his pocket, patted the mare on the neck, then, with a sorrowful shake of the head, muttered, "all for friendship."

My heart unbraided me as I thought of the sorrow I had caused this worthy man by buying an animal to which he was so much attached. But I was too proud just at that moment to feel remorse very long. Wouldn't the Joneses envy me now!

Patrick O'Conner, my coachman, pronounced her "a rale beauty." This pleased me still more. Wife and children all came to the stable to pay her a visit, patted her neck, stroked her mane, and tho't she was pretty enough to have her picture painted and hung up in our drawing room. I made up my mind to call on an artist the next day and have a superb likeness of my mare painted. I slept well that night, and dreamed I had won the stakes at the Metaire Coursie.

For two successive weeks my mare was the theme of conversation among horsemen. "Who is he?" I frequently heard them ask, when I appeared on my way to the park.

"Oh," they would reply, "it's that rich Smith, he has lots of money, and the fastest horse in the city. Look at her. You ought to see her trot—she's a perfect wonder."

All this was greatful to my vanity, and I never failed to report it to my wife when I returned home. One day we were invited to dine with my friend Primer, who is a newspaper man. Primer lived in a fine house on Broad street. I was sitting in my home doing nothing in particular, when there came a violent pull at the bell. Directly after Pat O'Connor, who waited on the door when not otherwise engaged, put his head into the room and said: "Be jabers, there's a couple of fellows who want to see you."

"Say gentleman," I mildly replied, by way of rebuke.

"Do you call thim gentlemen?" he returned.

"Show them in," I said.

Ushered in by Pat, two heavy-limbed men, in course country clothing, entered and stated that they had heard a great deal of my mare, and would be pleased if I would allow them to inspect her.

Of course I would, and be proud enough to show her. I led the way to the stable, where she stood munching her hay as daintily as a lady would sip cream. The men looked at her, said something to each other in a low voice, and then bidding me good day, departed without so much as a word of praise for my horse. 'Twas clear they were no judges of horseflesh. I began to think Pat O'Connor was correct when he said they were fellows.

That afternoon I drove out Broad St. with my wife. Primer was at home to meet us. On the way I noticed a couple of policemen on the corner, with the two men who had called on me that morning. They were eying me closely. I imagined that, like all the rest, they were talking about my horse. Nor was I mistaken.

After leaving my wife at Primer's I drove back slowly, intending to put my mare up and then return for dinner. As I approached the spot where I had noticed the guardians of the city standing, I perceived the two men already alluded to approaching me in company with the third. The latter beckoned to me, and I drew up to see what he wanted. Stepping up to my carriage, he produced a warrant for my arrest. I became indignant when they told me that I was in possession of stolen property. Well, it's no use to lengthen the story by too close a detail. They took me before an alderman, and the men who had called on me that morning made an affidavit that the mare I was driving had been stolen from up the country a month previous, and was the property of one of the persons present. They produced a newspaper published in some obscure town in the State, in which she was accurately described, and a reward for her recovery offered. I stormed, but it was of no avail; I said I would find my friend Brown.

"You're done brown, I guess," remarked a fellow with black soap locks.

"I am no such thing," I replyed, "my name is Smith; my friend Dunn Brown is altogether a different looking person from me."

Then they all laughed, the alderman joining in. I couldn't see anything funny in the soap lock man's remark, but I suppose it must have been witty to have created such merriment. Well, the upshot of it was that I had to give up my mare, and I lost thirteen hundred and fifty dollars besides. You may depend that I searched dilligently for my friend Brown, with the green coat and brass buttons, but I suppose he must have been away on business. I never have met him since. I didn't get back to dinner at Primer's, either.—My wife went into hysterics, fearing that I had been murdered. Perhaps you think this was a salutary lesson for me? I didn't know; I have often wondered that it didn't make me sharper, but I'm afraid I did not experience its full effect.

Not a week afterward a friend of mine filled my head with dazzling visions of wealth to be acquired by speculating in oil wells. Many persons, women as well as men, had oil on the brain. Why shouldn't I have it too? Fabulous fortunes had been made in a remarkably short space of time. I staked all I was worth, expecting to be worth a million in a month.

Alas! that delusive balloon that carried upward to the clouds of dreamland, exploded one fine day and let me down to earth again with a crash, which, if it did nothing else, showed me where I was hurt.

Just three months of purple and fine linen—just three months of mistaken happiness—and I am back to the little narrow street again from whence I issued.—Every day sees me rise early and plod to my old vocation of a book-keeper.

I often get a glimpse of the Joneses peering at me through the Venetian blinds, and laughing, as some saucy and ragged urchin call out to me as I pass by, "Hallo, Smith, how are you for high?"

Washington's Dog.

Washington, it is stated, was out hunting in the Virginia forests, accompanied by his favorite hound Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up, he lost his way, his powder was rendered useless, and, to add to the perils and inconvenience of his situation, he found that he had not his pocket compass with him. In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do who are lost in the bush, wetted, weary, hugry, for he had no food save wild berries. He was almost exhausted, when a happy thought occurred to him. Tying his pocket-flask and his powder-flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash around the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand. Then he planted a tremendous kick in the dog's lumber region. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed, then, wheeling about he struck a bee-line for home. It it a curious but undoubted fact that any sudden alarm or attack will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, render more subtle his scent and powerful his memory, and induce him, like Marco Bozzaris, to strike for his home. So the dog fled, and Washington followed desperately, over stumps, through bogs, into briars, until finally the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington scarced still further the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flasks at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight. After a hearty laugh at the incident, Washington leisurely marched in the direction the dog had taken. It was easy to do so by observation of the longer branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted. It was not long, therefore, before he reached a clearing and was once more in safety. But, he adds, the dog once faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of his death endure the presence or even hear his voice without relapse into an agony of terror.

A Strange Story.

A YOUNG MAN AT HIS OWN FUNERAL—NARROW ESCAPE FROM BURIAL.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Sentinel* tells the folloing remarkble story:

Among the most prominent visitors who are with their friends and relatives in this city is Mr. Cecil C——, of Brownstown, N. Y. About five years ago Mr. C—— went boating on Onedia Lake with two of his companions. They unmoored the boat and rowed for a distance of two miles to an island that lifted itself from the waves. Here they spent a few hours in collecting botanic specimens until a black, thunder laden cloud in the West warned them that a violent storm was brewing, and they speedily set out upon their return. They had nearly reached the mainland when their little craft was turned keel upward by a squall, and the party was left strugling and panting in the water. Mr. C—— saw his two companions swimming toward the shore and attempted to follow them, but in vain. A delightful sensation of repose took possession of him. Then all was chaos. Blank! He was rescued by his companions, and upon his return to consciousness he attempted to open his eyes, to move his hands, to speak, but he found himself unable to command a muscle.

As he lay in this condition, memory pictured to him all that transpired up to the moment when he became insensible. Then he marvled whether he was alive or dead. What meant this hush, this chill, this blackness of darkness that enveloped him? Where was he? What was he? Would he be always thus? Time passed on, and he felt his thoughts and ideas contracting to a narrower and narrower sphere, until nothing but the central knowledge of existence continued to assert itself. But suddenly a crash, as if all the Titan thunder gods had blown their trumpets in unsion, smote upon his hearing—a deluge of light like the concentrated rays of a million suns burst upon his vision, there was a severing of soul and sense, and stood in spirit beside his violet-strewn coffin, and read the inscription:

"Cecil C——, born in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 29th, 1849. Died at Brewbrook, N. Y., June 20, 1866. Aged twenty years."

Through the oval glass at the head of the casket he could see his face frozen into the white rigidity of death. His friends and relatives were seated around the room, and the pastor was preaching a touching funeral sermon interrupted now and then by the sobs of the listeners. Through the open window the glory of a summer day was drifting in fragrant with the sweet breath from the clover field and musical with the songs of birds. He saw a latent beauty in everything he looked upon, and a latent melody in every sound he heard—and he realized how crude and imperfect are all our dreams of happiness in the flesh, as compared with those which the immortals know. But, like a flash of lightning, there came loss of identify again—utter annihilation for an uncertain lapse of time—and when he again awoke to a sense of his condition his spirit once more tenanted his body—his coffin had been borne to the cemetery—and he heard the sexton preparing to lower him to his last resting place in the dust.

Now, for the first time, a great horror fell upon him. He was to be entombed alive—to be left alone with the night and the terror and the grim company of skeletons mouldering around him. He would regain consciousness when too late, would strike close walls of the prison, but to no other purpose; call, and there would be no answer; pray, and the very heavens would be pitiless; shriek, tear his flesh with his fingers, curse, and, raving, die.—Summoning up all his will, he utilized it in a last effort to break the spell that had seized him, and with success. He was rescued from his impending doom, and weeks of watchful nursing brought him back to the full enjoyment of his former health.

Spanish Bull-Fights.

We might almost say that nowadays, the one entirely distinctive feature of Spanish life left is the bull-fight. And this a very significant fact. It shows that the essential Spanish character still remains unchanged, however much the novelties of external speculation and external habits may play upon and modify the country. Nay, the barbarism of the national sport has been adapted to the new world of railways in a business-like way; and, from one point of view, it has expended itself, and gained in strength, within the lifetime of the present generation. The perverse sentimentalism with which things Spanish are usually regarded by the wandering British tourist weighs upon us at this point. Shall we be thought destitute of a feeling for the picturesque, or cynical, or effeminate, or all three, if we venture to say in plain English that we think the Spanish bull-fight a degrading, savage and rather stupid and tiresome exhibition? Be it so, if so it must be. But the truth is, that no writer has yet taken—not the bull, but the bull-fight by the horns properly. "But the bull-fight is such a capital thing to discribe?" Yes; and that is precisely why we do not choose to describe it. An honest description would be sickening. It would be a picture of a shambles; a lively sketch of a knacker's-yard, something that would not be allowed to be hung up in a Smithfield taproom. It may seem unfair to say that the modern bull-fight is a show, where people go to see broken down cab-horses ripped up by half wild bulls. But this is the exact truth, neverless; and the proof of it is, that all compromises, all displays of trained bulls or bulls with tipped horns; mere feats of manly agility and grace, unaccompanied with downright slaughter, flanks streaming with gore, and entrails trailing in the dust—all such displays, of which torture forms no part, fall utterly flat, and hardly meet any patronage. The yells of "*Caballos*," when the carnage runs short, shows what the public want; and they are content to wait for the concluding chapter, the butchery of the bull, till they have seen some more screws kicking in anguish upon the sand. Anciently, as still in theory, the bull-fight was a combat between a well-mounted and skillful horseman, with assistants on foot, and a wild animal. But it has degenerated, like everything else, till the pleasure of seeing a screw's side turned to receive the bull's horns has become the essential pleasure of the holiday. If the bull stops to gore a half-dead horse in running round the area, there is a general laugh. Surely, there is nothing picturesque or skillful in a detail like that?

And, indeed, the "picturesque" and "skillful" elements of this descript game are what writers for effect most exaggerate. The sweeping circles of a southern crowd, rising row above row under a sky of milk blue, do undoubtedly produce an effect, but it is essentially an effect of the moment. The mass of spectators is temporarily impressive, but when you examine it, however briefly, the ruffianly elements stand forth so prominently that the poetry vanishes, and a reaction against the mere brute force of numbers rises strongly within you. Then, as to the skill displayed. It sometimes happens that the bull is "got at" before he is let out, and more or less disabled by some cowardly blow. But in any case the odds are so conclusively and overwhelmingly against him, that "fight" is not the proper word for the game; and that so far from regarding the bull as an enemy, you find yourself wishing that, once in a way, he would get the best of it, and hint a little lesson of humanity to his tormenters by giving them a friendly poke in the ribs. No doubt there are pretty interludes. It is pretty to see the *Banderileros* charge the bull—light as dancing girls, steady as skirmishing riflemen, and dart the gaudy *banderillos* of gay color and keen edge into his dense hide. It is exciting also, and without the coarse excitement of mere cruelty, to watch a warm performer, handkerchief in hand, receive a bull's charge, sitting on a chair, and evade it at the last instant by the most dexterious bound aside that one can imagine. But all such little touches are few, and rare; and the steady rending of horses' bellies, the successive butchery of bull, make up the real staple of the afternoon's pleasure, and are at once loathsome and wearisome. The bull, of course ought to die at last by one subtle thrust. But such artistic stabs of the *matador* are rare. The majority of bulls are killed by repeated blows, and many of them with a poniard or dagger. The dragging away of the huge carcass by a train of mules galloping and jingling their bells is a favorite part of the display. When an unpopular man is assassinated in Spain, or a criminal's body falls into the hands of the *populacho*, a dragging of the poor dying victim or the more unfortunate corpse by the heels, *more tauorum*, is still common. Bases of it have happened more than once not far from where we are writing, since the revolution of 1868.

Preserve It.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor and research is often saved by such a table as the following, the work of one now in his grave. If history is poetry, then here is "poetry personified."

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Finns.
1535—Maryland settled by the Irish Catholics.
1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1639—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Hugenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by General Oglethrope.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1830—Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1846—Taxas admitted into the Union.
1847—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1750—California admitted into the Union.
1859—Oregon admitted into the Union.

—A clergyman on exchange found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A. requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, &c. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

SALT ON ASPARAGUS.—This is a good time to sow salt on beds of asparagus. If applied an inch deep at this season it will be beneficial; but a sprinkling of salt water once or twice a week all during the growing season, should also be supplied to meet the natural habits and wants of the plant.

—A Poughkeepsie dry-goods clerk, who last summer saved from drowning, the cook of a canal boat, has received a letter from her father stating that "as ye saved the gal, she's yours." The clerk demurs.

—A society has been organized in New York, of which Mrs. Farragut, widow of the admiral, is the head, having for its object "to promote the comfort of patients in the various charitable institutions of the city."

—Mr. Joseph Gillott, the steel-pen manufacturer whose death was recently announced, was the owner of one of the finest private art galleries in England. It was valued at from £80 000 to £100 000.

—When Prince Fred Grant got among the beggars in Madrid he is said to have "felt more at home" than at any time during his European tour.

WASH THE TREES.—It is a good plan to wash the bodies of trees in early spring with weak lye or potash water. A little soot and sulphur in the wash is beneficial.

—It is the fashion to give two dinner parties on two successive evenings, so that the *entrees*, fruit and dessert left over from the first may do for the second—as the old proverb tells us, "Economy knows no law."

—The Lebanon *Standard* prints the following advertisement: "A young lady—wealthy, beautiful and accomplished—wants a handsome, intellectual gentleman to go with her on a bridal tour to Europe the 1st of June. N.B.—None but intellectual men need apply. Send pedigree."