The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1873. VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 6.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap'69

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Peck's old stand, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, [ap'69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer, [ap'69tf Great Bend, Pa.

A. MILLY,

J. S. Auctioneer. Apr. 1, '68. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVE,

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.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. B. Lewis' store, opposite the Jones House. Montrose, Jan 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

B. I. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office, with James K. Carmalt, Esq. Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

A. O. WARNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Knapp Claims attended to. Office formerly occupied by Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioners Office. W. A. Crossmon. Montrose, Sept. 12th, 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE & CO.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fur Sacques. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72.]

DR. W. W. SMITH,

Physician & Surgeon, at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M. Montrose, May 1, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Judge Fitch, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 11, '71. W. W. WATSON.

DR. W. E. 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.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

has in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main street, next door below Post'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. 15, 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, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869—tf

SHIPMAN & CASE,

Saddle Harness, 357 Trank makers, Shop in C. Rogers' store building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses, Heavy work made to order. Brooklyn, April 3, 1872—n6

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 11, '72.—no3—tf.

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!

Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Curly-brown, black and grizzly beys finishes off first-rate. There you will find him, over Gore's store, below McKenzies—just one door. Montrose, Jan 2, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

H. BURRITT,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New Milford, Nov. 6, 1872.—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style. Montrose, Aug. 28, 1872.

BILLINGS STROUD

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door west of the bank of Wm. H. Kasper & Co., Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '68. July 17, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

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 within which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy and Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Brick Store, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 21, 1872. AMOS NICHOLS.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Fluid Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oil, Tobacco, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., &c. Sole agent for the celebrated Genuine Spectacles, manufactured by the American Optician Co., established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

Poet's Corner.

HIS NAME!

—o—

Lippincott's Magazine, gives in its "Monthly Gossip" this stirring poem by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, based upon an incident in the Boston fire. We think it one of the best pieces of verse that has been called forth by that calamity:

HIS NAME!

(An incident of the Boston fire.)

I

—Oh, the billows of fire!
With many stream like swirl,
Their surges they hurl
Over roof—over spire
Mad—masterless—higher—
Till with rumble—crack—crash,
Down boom with a flash
Whole columns of granite and marble;—see! see!
Sucked in as a reed on the ocean might be,
Or engulfed as a sail
In the hurricane riot and wreck of the gale!

II

Ha! yonder they rush where the death dealing stream,
Over-pent, waits their gleam,
To shiver, the city with earthquake!—Who, who,
Will adventure, midflame, and unfasten the screw—
Set the fiend loose, and save us so? Firemen, you,
You willing! Would God you might hear! Nay,
The red tongues are licking the faucets. Stay—Too late, 'tis too late!
If ruin comes, wait
Its coming; To go, is to perish:—Hold! Hold!
You are young.—I am old,—
You've a wife, too—and children? O God! he is gone
Straight into destruction! The pipes, men! On, on—
Play the water stream on him,—fail—faster—the whole!
And now—Christ save his soul!

III.

—I stifle—I choke,
And as,—Heaven grant that he smother in smoke
Ere the fearful explosion comes. Hark!
What's the shout?
—*Is the steeple of Arlen?*
—Did he promise his purpose,—the Hero?—(*On* name
To night was said writ in the records of fame—
The perilous deed was—he did!) Nay, nay!
On my cheek is a tear,
Which not a whole city in ashes shall claim!
—His name, now—*Christopher Arlen!*

THE PRECIOUS CROSS.

—o—

FROM THE GERMAN BY FLORENCE WILDE.

—o—

How carry I my cross so well?
From Jesus I have it even well;
Yet, though often heavy it,
'Tis won for all how good it is!
It bows me down, yet raises me,
And though it be hard, it makes me free,
And makes my soul a paradise and a mansion, this.
"The precious cross."

How bear I then my cross so well?
To Jesus, I my sorrows tell;
New life and joy He gives to me,
In weakness strength and victory.
While I have him all things are mine—
Rejoicing even in my pain
He is my light in darkest night,
So sing I in my soul's delight
"The precious cross."

Yes; I can bear my cross so well;
And yet—it of from me it fell.
What joy (two fold) to find it in pain!
Even now what rapture fills my heart
At the glad thought we more to see,
Able to walk from man so free,
All would I serve my love to show,
And it 'tis best, I truly know
God has in joy in store for me,
In memory then my song should be,
"The precious cross."

And still I bear my cross so well;
If it should be my dear Lord's will
That I till death must bear it on,
If He but help, my need is gone,
What joy and blessedness 'twill be,
When, from all pain and anguish free,
I humbly bow before His throne,
And there shall praise Him in my song,
"For this dear cross."

[Lives of Life.

Miscellaneous.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

—o—

In the spring of 1842 I chanced to be in Messina, a seaport of Sicily; and while there I was invited to visit the extensive vintage of D——l & M——zo. Their location was in a pleasant valley some three miles back from the city, and beneath a portion of their grounds was extended a large wine vault, embracing an area of two acres. After accompanying M——zo, the junior partner, through the long vine arbors and orange groves, we descended to a vault, and after passing nearly half the length of one of the pipe tiers we came to a desk where a man was writing.

"There is one of your own countrymen," said M——zo, "and he will accompany you through the vaults."

My conductor called to the man who quickly dropping his pen, stepped down from the stool and came forward. He was employed as clerk in the exporting department, for the purpose of filling up bills, invoices, ecr., for the American and English merchants.

"You will find him a strange sort of a man," whispered M——zo, "but he is notwithstanding, a good fellow."

H——, for so my companion had called him, was a tall, well-made man, apparently on the better side of forty, and had a pleasing intelligent look. His hair, which was quite luxurious, was almost white, and about his countenance there were evident marks of suffering. His eyes, upon be first gazed on me—which was with a furtive, trembling glance—had an inexpressible look of wildness in them, and a cold fearful shudder seemed to run through his frame. Gradually he grew more composed, and as he showed me around among the pipe-flanked avenues, casting his huge lantern here and there to show me the various wines, he began to talk with considerable freedom, though he yet betrayed a strangeness of manner, a sort of flaring of voice and gesture, that could not fail of exciting my curiosity. A casual observer, who might have judged only from his appearance, would have thought him slightly insane; and even I felt a conviction that his mind was not exactly *comme il faut*, or at any rate, not *comme is fus*."

"Do you reside in New York?" he asked, as we stopped for a moment at the extremity of the vault.

I told him that I did not belong there though I had spent part of the winter and the spring of 1841 and '42 in that city.

"I have a wife in that State somewhere and, perhaps a child, but I have not heard from them for a long time."

I noticed that he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his linen jacket as he spoke and he turned away, as though to hide an emotion that might be thought unmanly.

"Does she not write to you?" I asked.

"She knows not where I am."

"Do you not write?"

"Me!" he uttered with a sudden start; a cold tremor shaking his frame all the while. "Ah, sir, I can not trust my superscription, nor my autograph in——"

He hesitated—looked at me wildly for an instant, and then starting on he began to enlarge on the different ages, qualities and vintages of the wine. Twice I tried to bring him back to the subject he had so abruptly left, but it was of no avail. At length we came around to the steps that led up to the surface of terra firma. The sun had already set, and the stars were beginning to sparkle in the blue arch above us. H——remarked that he had no idea it was so late, and added with the happiest smile that I had seen him yet express, that he supposed it was because he had had such pleasant company, at the same time assuring me that I was the only American with whom he had held a social converse for over a year. As he was about to close the vault for the night, I proposed he should accompany me to my cafe, take supper with me, and then walk with me about the city. It was sometime before he would consent to this arrangement; and while he was considering upon it I could see that there was an internal struggle of no small moment. He appeared to me not unlike a man who is debating whether he shall attack a den of rattlesnakes. After a while, however, he consented to go, though to me was a marked reluctance in his manner. He extinguished the light in his lantern, paced up and down the long avenues to see that no spark of fire had accidently been dropped, and then he followed me to the stone steps, and having secured the doors, he signified that he was at my service. The direct way to my cafe, which on the broad quay, lay through the heart of the city; but my companion insisted upon taking a more circuitous route, and as he led the way, he took me through the narrowest and darkest streets and passages he could find.

"Mr. C——," said he, as were we emerging from one of these dark passages, "there was an American merchantman arrived yesterday from New York, and I know not who may have come in her.—It is for this reason that I avoid the public places."

In an instant the idea flashed upon me that my companion was a convict, or at least, a criminal who had been guilty of some heinous crime in his native country, and I was consequently afraid of detection. The more I thought of it the more I became convicted that such was the fact, and I could now account for his strange conduct in this fear, and in the gnawings of a guilt burdended conscience. Yet he was a welcome companion for all that, and I felt sure that repentance had been full and ample.

H——gazed furtively about as we entered the cafe; and, at his request, I ordered supper in a private room. He laughed and chattered freely, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. After we had finished our meal, we started on our proposed walk. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we thought of returning, and as we were passing the small church of St. Joseph, I noticed that the doors were open, and that in the center of the church there was a sable bier, around which was burning a number of small wax tapers. I proposed that we should enter and look for a moment at the corpse. H——made no objections. In one of the confessionals near the door sat an old monk, and very naturally I asked of him who it was that rested upon the bier, not knowing that most of the interments from this church were in behalf of charity.

The monk informed me that it was the body of a man who came on shore from the American ship that came in the day before. He had been very sick and weak when he left the ship, but he was determined to land, and no persuasion of the crew could alter him in his determination. He had reached the quay, but he lived not to cross it. The kind monks of St. Joseph had taken charge of the body.

We slowly, reverently approached the sombre scene. Upon the breast of the deceased were the various articles that had been found in his possession, consisting of an apparently well-filled purse, a pocket-comb, a watch, and a heavy, double-barrelled pistol, the latter of which the monk informed us had been loaded with extraordinary charges of powder, balls, and buckshot. I gazed upon the face of the dead, and even in its sunken, marble-like rigidity, there was a startling expression of intense resolution, as though some fel. purpose, which death had not subdued still dwelt in the hushed bosom. As I still gazed I heard a quick, stifled cry at my side, and on turning I was half frightened by the expression of my companion's countenance. His eye-balls seemed to start from their sockets, his mouth was half open and fixed, his hands, which were extended towards the corpse, trembled like vibrating harpstrings, and his very hair seemed fretful. He moved nearer towards the head of the deceased, looked another moment into that pallid face, and sinking down upon his knees, he clasped his hands toward heaven:

"Great God, I thank thee! I thank thee! Thanks! thanks!" he ejaculated in frantic tones, and then he arose and looked once more upon the features of the corpse. Then his eyes wandered to the heavy pistol that lay upon the sable pall, and while a cold shudder passed he took me my the arm.

"Come, come," said he, "come with me to your cafe, and I will tell you a strange story."

Without heeding the mute astonishment of the monk, I followed H. My companion's nerves had become somewhat composed, and I could see there was intense satisfaction depicted in every lineament of his countenance.

"Mr. C——," he commenced, I can tell you my story in a very few words.

Nearly twenty years ago I fell in love with a young girl in the city of New York. On my part the acquaintance soon ripened into a love of the warmest and most ardent kind—and it was as pure as it was ardent, and she professed the same feeling towards me. I was then well-to-do in the world, being a clerk in a heavy mercantile house, and ere long it was arranged we should be married.—About a week previous to the time set for this ceremony, I accidently heard my affianced bride use some most obscene and profane language in company with one of her female acquaintances. You can judge of my feelings under these circumstances much better than I can describe them. I turned away sick at heart, and on the very next day received indubitable proofs of the utter infidelity of the object of my affections, and I at once broke off the engagement. Upon being questioned by some of my companions as to the cause of my course, I unguardedly and perhaps, foolishly, revealed to them the whole secret. The story, as having come from me, got wings, and soon spread among the lady's friends and acquaintenances.

A few days afterward a young man about my own age called into the store and came up to the desk where I was writing. His hands were nervously clasped together and his face was livid with rage. He told me that I had forever blasted the reputation of his sister—that I had faithlessly deserted her and left her broken hearted. I attempted to reason with him, but I might as well have reasoned with a lightening bolt. He demanded instant satisfaction, and proposed that I should accompany him over on the Long Island side and fight him. My natural timidity would have prevented me from complying with such a request, and I had also higher scruples, and of course I refused. Then he called me a base coward, and swore that he would have my life. I complained of him before a justice, he was apprehended, publicly tried, fined and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

After that I met him in Broadway. He stopped me and whispered in my ear. He swore by the most fearful oath a man could take, that he would have my life, and that he would hunt me through the world till he had accomplished his purpose. I knew that he meant just what he had said, and fear began to take possession of my bosom. Many times I discovered that he was dogging me about, but I always managed to keep among a crowd as I walked along the streets. I dared not bring him to trial again, for I might fail to make out a case, and it could only tend to incense my enemy still more. At length I feared to walk the streets, for one night, as I was passing a dark alley near the head of Cherry street, I heard the report of a pistol close to me, and a bullet passed through my hat. I knew who fired that pistol, and I had no evidence! I felt that my life was not safe in that city, and secretly I went to a small town in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, where I engaged with a dry goods dealer. Here I took to myself a wife, but I had not been married over a month, when I saw my enemy pass the door of the store and look in. He saw me, and pointed his finger at me. The cold sweat stood in huge drops upon my brow and my fears came back more powerfully than ever. At night I contrived to get my employer to go home with me, and on the way I heard low, stealthy steps behind me. I knew that I was dogged! "You are mine!" I heard a voice pronounce, as I turned into my yard; and as I turned, I saw a dusky figure moving off beneath the shade of the roadside trees.

The next day I sent word to my employer but I was sick and I kept the house all day. I explained all to my wife, and she agreed to go with me wherever I wished.

Several times during that day I saw my sworn murderer pass the house and gaze intently upon the windows, but he did not see me.

I got a boy to go to the stable and procure a horse and wagon, and, after dark, to take it round to a back road, nearly a mile from the house.

My wife and myself tied up such articles as we could carry, and taking all my money with me we stole out through the back garden, and gained the cross road in safety. The wagon was there, and having entered it, the boy drove us off at good speed. Just at daylight we reached a tavern where a stage coach was almost ready to start, and the boy returned, having first promised to keep inviolate the secret of my flight. The stage was bound to Lenox, which place we reached before dark. From thence I went to Hudson, crossed the North River and made my way to the western part of New York, where I bought me a small cottage.

In less than a year my enemy found me again, and I saw him standing in front of my house. He looked wild and haggard, but I could see that there was an iron determination upon his feature.—One night I heard a grating against one of my windows, and on the next moment my dog a powerful Newfoundland, had sprung from his kennel. I dared not go down, for I knew too well the cause of the disturbance. The noise soon ceased, however, and on the next morning I found my dog lying beneath the window—dead! The villain had been afraid, probably, that the noise might have disturbed the neighbors, and he had for the present resisted from his murderous intent. I made arrangements with my wife to keep the house, and taking a small sum of money with me I fled from my home.

I went to New Orleans, and there my enemy at length found me! For three years I skulked from place to place, the very embodiment of terror and weakening fear; but go where I would, the man was sure to haunt me. Six different times he fired at me with his pistol, and twice he wounded me. Our two lives seemed to have but one end and aim. His was to take mine, and mine to escape his fell revenge! I became almost a walking skeleton—the falling of a leaf would startle me. At length I got a chance to go to England. I was in London, standing one day at the door of an ale-house, when—O God!—I saw my life-hunter pass. He was as pale and sunken as myself—restless and nervous; but his black eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He did not see me. I hurried down to the Thames, took a lighter as far as Gravesend, and there I was fortunate enough to find a bark bound directly for the Mediterranean. I got a passage in her, and was at length landed in this city, where I have been ever since. I have regained somewhat my former health and spirits, though that dread fear has not failed to haunt me.

My enemy must have found me out even here, but, thank God, he has passed from the power to harm me more. A hand mightier than his has stricken him down. That was his cold powerless corpse that we saw to-night in the church. If my wife still lives, I shall see her again.

* * * * * * *

H——did meet his wife again, for I saw them both at the White Mountains when I was last there. It was some time before I could recognize in the portly gentleman who accosted me the poor haunted man I had met in Messina, but when I realized the truth, I grasped him warmly by the hand, received an introduction to his wife, and soon we three were straying along the banks of the beautiful Ammoonoosuc.

Josh Billings on Silence.

—o—

Silence iz still noise.

One ov the hardest things for a man to do, iz to keep still.

Everybody wants to be heard fust, as this iz jist what fills the world with nonsense.

Everybody wants tew talk, few want tew think, and nobody wants tew listen.

The greatest talkers among the feathered folk, are the magpie and the ginny hen, and neither of them are mutch account.

If a man ain't sure he iz right, the best kard he kan play iz a blank one.

I have known menny a man tew beat in an argument by jist nodding his head once in a while, and simply say, *"jess so, jess so."*

It takes a grate menny blows to drive in a nail, but one will clinch it.

Sum men talk just as a French pony trots, all day long in half bushel meazure.

Silence never makes enny blunders, and alwuz gits az much credit az is due it, and oftimes more.

When i see a man listening to me cluss i alwuz say to mis lf, "look out, Josh, that fellow iz taking your meazzure.

I hav heard men argy a pint two hours and a haff and not git enny further from where they started than a mule in a bark mill, they did a good deal ov going round and round.

I hav sat on jury's and had a lawyer talk the law, fakts and evidence ov the kase all out ov me, besides starting the taps on mi boots.

I hav bin tew church hungry for some gospel and cum hum so phull of it that i couldn't draw a long breth without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the two grate kards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little iz the strength ov the game.

One thing iz certain, it iz only the grate thinkers who kan afford tew be brief, and thare haz bin bat phew volumes yet published which could not be cut down two-thirds, and menny ov them could be cut clean back to the title page without hurting them.

It iz hard tew find a man ov good sense who kan look back upon enny occasion and wish he had sed sum more; but it iz easy to find menny who wish they had said less.

A thing sed is hard tew recall, but unsed it kan be spoken any time.

Brevity iz the child ov silence, and iz a great credit to the old man.

An Awkward Mistake.

—o—

GIVING A MINISTER A NICKEL FOR PERFORMING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

—o—

A young gentleman, whose name we are requested to withhold came to this city from Henderson, Ky., a few days since, and returned to his home with a lovely, happy bride. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. W. C. Butler of this city.

After procuring the license and making all other necessary preparations, the young man intended went to a bank on Main street and purchased a brand-new five-dollar gold-piece, which he slipped nervously, and no doubt thoughtlessly, into his pocket, and hastened to his nuptials.

The ceremony was duly performed, and the happy young husband, only too glad to make the usual present to the minister, thrust his hand into his pocket, and drawing out what he supposed to be the gold-piece, without looking at it placed it in the palm of the reverend gentleman, and then went on his way rejoiceing, proceeding with his bride to his home in Henderson, as stated.

The day after the young man's arrival at home, having occasion to go to his pocket for the first time after leaving Louisville, his fingers came in contact with a piece of money the size of a nickel, and the young man gave it only the consideration of a stray nickel which he supposed he had dropped there in some moment of forgetfulness, such as is common with newly-married people.

But what was his surprise, even dismay, on taking the piece from his pocket a short time afterwards, and finding that the supposed nickel was nothing less than the five dollar gold piece intended for the preacher! and, worse than all, the truth suddenly flashed through his mind that he had given Mr. Butler a nickel as pay for performing the marriage ceremony for him.

He now understood the meaning of the half-amused, half-puzzled look which he had noticed for a moment in the minister's eye, and went straightway to make reparation. Accordingly, a day or two ago, the reverend gentleman received a note telling the whole story, and accompanied with the golden fee which was originally intended for him.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ODD Fellows—Bachelors.

The Origin of Scandal.

—o—

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J
In quite a confidential way.
I seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes to much—something—in her tea.
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much.
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the self-same day,
"'Twas sad to think"—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink,"
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
"That Mrs. B.
At half past three
Was that far gone she couldn't see!
This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Give needle work to Mrs. B.
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needle work refuse,
Then Mrs. B.
As you'll agree.
Quite Properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black,
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.
And ask her why
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye?
Said Mrs. A.
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do.

Art At Washington.

—o—

Among the many criticisms upon the works of art in the capitol at Washington we find the following in a letter published in the Cincinnati *Chronical*: It may appear presumptuous for me to criticise this splendid painting, which has been praised so much, but I found in it the same fault which appears in all the rest—lack of expression; though there is expression in it. The scene is of Perry leaving his own vessel in a launch just before the victory. So it is not Perry's Victory" after all! But names do not amount to much anyhow. The picture is the liveliest of any I have yet seen.—The coloring in the foreground is beautiful. The commodore, a fine looking man is standing in the launch, immediately in front of the cockswain, and, so far as expression is concerned, looks as though he might be starting out on a piscatorial excursion. The gray-headed old fellow in front of him, pulling stroke oar, looks as though he might break out with "Row, brothers, row!" at any moment. The man who pulls at the back of "stroke" looks very stern, and has a wound in his forehead, bound up with a hankerchief, through which the blood is oozing. The man at the bow oar has some expression. He seems to look much worried about going at the enemy backwards, and as though he would like to change places with some one in the stern. Clinging to the commodore is a young man in the uniform of an officer, who appears to be making an effort to pull him down to a sitting posture. The position is good; the face very fine and full of expression. The excitement of the action, blended with agony for the safety of his commander, is well decipated in this countenance. The other figures have not enough expression to be worthy of notice. The "coxs'n" and "bonts'n" sit as cooly in their places as though going ashore for a "lark." I have seen more excitement depicted in a lot of Irish faces over a bont race than can be found in any of these countenances over one of the grandest boat races the world has ever seen.

Shakespeare's Handwriting.

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It is nothing less than marvelous that a man who wrote as he wrote—and, altogether, no man wrote like him—that a poet, the author of such plays and such poems, that a man possessing so many friends and admirers, with whom his correspondence must have been extensive, should not have left a single line behind him traced by his own hand. Of all his poems and plays there does not exist a page, a line, a single word in manuscript. *All* Shakespeare's manuscript plays could not have perished in the fire which destroyed the Globe theatre. The author must have made little account of himself; but how great would be our estimation of a single act of any one of Shakspeare's plays in his own handwriting! We have just now got among us a parallel to the tulip mania. Thousands of pounds are willingly paid for a picture which the same number of shillings would once have purchased. Rather, let us say, that the shillings were given for the picture, and that the pounds by thousands are given for the painter's name. Well, what would not be willingly paid (for the sake of Shakspeare's name) for the original manuscript, say of Hamlet? There would be a fierce fight among competitors for even a single passage. We fancy that the lines beginning with "The quality of mercy is not strained" or those that open with "She never told her love," and hundreds of others, could not be had for guineas covering each letter. What a contention there would be for the first love letter or for any love letter which the poet wrote to Anne Hathaway; or, indeed, for any letter addressed to any one. A costly holograph! Alas! there are neither lines or letters. All that has been saved of Shakspeare's handwrittug has been a couple of signatures of his name to certain deeds, and in those subscriptions the name is spelt differently. Even the forgers have not dared to produce a letter by Shakespeare.

AT a recent wedding in Killingly, Ct., the bride wore the beautiful pink silk stockings which her mother wore at her own wedding thirty-five years ago; and the bridegroom wearing the fine white ones worn by his father upon his wedding-day, fifty-one years ago.

A QUILTING party is now styred a piece jubelee.

A GOOD Side Show—a pretty cheek.

Varieties.

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LEGAL forgers—blacksmiths.

THE New York undeground railway is commenced.

"AUNT Flo," colored, of Sunbury, is 105 years old.

SPOTS on the Sun—Freckles on your boy's face.

THE two things which makes the most impression on a man are his first boots and first love.

THE Home Circuit—Walking about with baby in the night.

WHAT flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin? Two-lips.

WOMEN are seldom sailors, but then they sometimes command smacks.

BE temperate in diet—our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

THE best way to prevent water coming into your house—don't pay your water rent.

THEY marry young women at auction in China. Here they are disposed of at private sale.

A WELCH poet has entirely new image. He boldly calls the maiden of his love, "white as lime."

WHY is an author the most wonderful man in the world? Because his tale comes out of his head.

IT IS said that a lame dog is like an inclined plane because he is a slow pup, while the other is a slope up.

A POLICEMAN was seen the other day during a rain storm with an umbrella, trying to arrest the rain.

WHAT two classes of paupers are best known in the Indies? The Fast Indygent and West Indy-gent.

SIMON seated by his sweetheart, fishing—"Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was bait. Lordee, how I'd bite."

"I LIVE by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady, "You look as if you lived in one," was the reply.

THE editor of the Atlanta (Ga) *Weekly* does not like the editorial "we." He says: "It makes us feel as if we were twins."

JOSH Billings says: "If I kin have plenty of makrel fur breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

JACOB Price, of Lancaster, Pa., lost his nose in a fight the other day. It was a priceless nose, but now he is a noseless Price.

"BE gentle to the (h)erring," was what the boarding house keeper said, the other day, when she had only three or four boarders.

THE following notice was recently found on the gate of a New York lunatic asylum. "Jurors supplied in any quantity on the shortest notice."

Young lady (who is tired of her companion.)—"You ain't a bit nervous, are you, Mr. Pett? All my gentleman acquaintances start when it strikes twelve."

A CERTAIN Mr. David Fender, popping the question in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say "Yes," dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

YOUNG ladies are threatened with a relapse of sailor collars. In such little affairs do they show their regard for anything that savors of the marry-time.

THE New York *World's* funny man is responsible for the following: "Why is South Carolina like a piano?" "Because the darkies (dark keys) are above the whites."

A SAILOR boy, sentenced to be flogged begged the captain to wait till he could say his prayers. "Certainly," said the captain. "Then I'll say them on shore," said young tarpaulin.

A MAN at Galveston, Texas, has been immured in prison simply because he whaled his mother-in-law. And yet we are told that civil rights have been restored to the South.

YOUNG mother (pathetically)—"Eugene what if we should loose our child?"—Young husband (business man)—"Oh, I should advertise for it immediately!"

It is inconvenient sometimes to speak the English language with a sweet German accent. A Teutonic saloon keeper has lost half his customers by boasting that he keeps "de best house."

THE following obitmary notice of a distinguished citizen is from a Western paper: "Peter Ink, and old citizen of Knox county, was blotted out the other day, aged seventy-five."

THE boy that recommended a few drops of panegyri on sugar for the child of disquietude, has his match in another, who, after successfully spelling "chicanery," defined it to be a "large coop to raise chickens in."

"UNCLE Charles," said Jimmy, a six-year old, the other day, "can you tell me why the sun sets in the west at night, and rises in the morning?" "Pshaw!" said Uncle Charles, "the first fool you meet will tell you that." "Yes, Uncle," replied the boy, "that's why I asked you."

THERE is some talk of having a geological survey of Rhode Island, but the work may be delayed on account of its expensiveness. The professor who is expected to make it, says that if he is expected to go over the State, it will take him at least two days, and he won't do it for less than nine dollars and a half.

A New Hampshire clergyman tried to kill himself last week. His reason for so doing was that he has been refused by three young ladies in succession. This is a very sad case; but sad as it is, we know a few married men who wish they had been as unsuccessful in their wooing.

"Do you know," said Miss Miggins, (forty-three and to spare—too spare, indeed,) "I am, oh! such a sensitive, nervous, timid thing—I am, indeed! "That surprises me," I said. "Oh! but it's true, really! I am frightened at my own shadow!" "That does not surprise me!" I exclaimed.