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The Post's Corner.
TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.
Eighty little urchins
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making,
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you leap quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Hush! this is a solemn
Keeping public school.
Eighty little pilgrims!
On the road to fame!
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Here are brought together.
Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Why his olive branches
Skilled in all the arts,
That a precious darling!
What are you about?
"Please may I go out?"
Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slats and boxes are rattling
And in the corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling!
Others cutting dusters,
What a boisterous
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association.
Anxious parent drops in,
Merely to inquire
Do not shoot up higher?
Says he wants his children
To mind their psalms and
And hopes their brilliant talents
Will not be abused.
Institute attending,
Making our reports,
Giving office lessons,
Class drills of all sorts,
Reading dissertations,
Feeling like a fool—
O the untold blessing
Of keeping public school.

to ridicule as obviously blinded by jealousy. And yet their want of perception is not only sincere, but is shared by perfectly impartial spectators. When we see the way in which marriages are brought about in the world, we wonder that the pursuit of match-making should be found so interesting by amiable persons. Of course match-making as a variety of fortune-hunting is only too intelligible; but there is a match-making of a much less sordid variety. All amiable women take the keenest delight in attempting to pair off their friends and relations according to their own views of the fitness of things. And yet they are always meeting with the strangest, and, at first sight, the most unaccountable disappointments. The man of intellect has an extraordinary taste for stupid women; the handsome man of fashion is carried off by a poor, ugly, and commonplace woman ten years older than himself; the pompous prig secures the brightest and liveliest of her sex; fox-hunters attract poeesses, and poets marry wives who can do nothing but mead their shrift.

Such strange contrasts have led to the development of the plausible theory that people are attracted rather by qualities complementary than by qualities similar to their own. This doctrine, however, fails by too comprehensive. We must often admit that like often attracts like; and if we add that like also attracts unlike, we have a theory which explains nothing, because it explains everything. Every match that ever was or ever will be made may be brought under one category or the other; but until we can give some reason for telling beforehand which set of causes is likely to be operative in a given case, we are no nearer an explanation than we were before. The only general rule at which we have been enabled to arrive by experience is the rather discouraging one that people whom we like always marry people whom we dislike. Friends seem to have a perverse delight in forming new combinations which may be as discordant as possible with their ancient ties.

On a Saturday morning, about the middle of last December, might have been seen getting into a second-class carriage a young lady with a bag, a gun case, and a bull-terrier. That was myself, Claude Hunker.

PIPIGRAMS BY HERALD MASSEY.
GROWING OLD.
The stream of life that brimmed its banks of old,
We drain to gather wisdom's grains of gold;
And as often as we count the ribs of our
Half wish our wealth were drown'd in it once more!
INTERPRETER.
Ah, never is the Almighty's title's plan
Crow'd and completed in the life of man
At least a broken fragment we re-ear
Over the tomb, that like a visible prayer
Pleads on and ever with the Infinite
For angel hands to reach and finish it,
And for the eternal temple make it fit.
POET AND CRITIC.
About my feet, with all your thorns, you cling,
Soon shall I sit as that when I lift the wing
Toward Heaven, it may uplift the creeping
Near the warm heart of God's own brooding
But Heaven is only to be grown into
By climbing the sunbeam—ride the wind; yet
Must
Fall back to earth again, and dust to dust,
And where you are rooted you must rest! Alas,
I prick you out, I prick you out, I prick you out,
To carry you with me, even a single thorn!
For the you clutch and could not hold me
But Earth! there's my Grave to embrace at last.
NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOO.
The Nightingale and Cuckoo sang their best;
A Jackass was the Judge—Long-ears addressed
Himself to them, and then the Fulmar,
Though somewhat wildly, warbled pretty well,
But for a good plain song, in a single word—
"I wish I might sing—why, he preferred
The Cuckoo! such a common-sense like bird."
HOME.
When daily tasks are done, and tired hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knees,
When loving thoughts have leave to loose
And wander over past and future tides,
When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled,
Bring sweet eyes a spark of olden light,
One castle fatter than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire;
A home, our home, wherein all waiting past,
We two may stand together,
Our patient task work finished, and at last
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own.
Some little nest of white-wash, or perhaps
Guarded by God's angels day and night.
We cannot guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered with arching
Where birds notes joined with brook notes glide,
Shall make us music as we sit at ease,
Or if amid the city's busy din
It built its nest where we work and long
No sound without shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so strong
Or if, ah, solemn thought—this home of ours
Doth lie beyond the work and coming noise,
And if the nest be built in Eden's bowers,
What do we wait, but serenely rejoice?
We have a home, but is it happy state
We know not yet. We wait content to wait.

Varities.
A PROPHECY has been traveling in Kentucky, announcing the destruction of the world in 1878. He pays his own expenses and seeks for no contributions.
A FAMILY consists of man and wife and two daughters, all of whom suffer from an obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squinnetts."
The word of God is the foundation and standard of all true wisdom; it is the pearl of great price, and precious in the Christian's eyes.
A YOUNG man in Salem, Ohio, lately killed himself because his horse exceeded him of writing her a vile letter, which proved to have been sent by some young rascal who considered it a funny thing to do.
A SMALL boy in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "Take one," from a lot of hand-bills in front of a store, to a basket of oranges.
A FAMILY of five persons reading at Reedsburg Wisconsin, were attacked by the small-pox a few weeks since, and they cowardly neglected and inhumanity of the people of that vicinity were allowed to be frozen to death.
AN honest, hard working man in Newport started on a "sweep" the other day, and, to obtain material, went to the savings bank and withdrew \$1,500, the earnings of years. The sweep came to an end simultaneously with the money.
IN Upper Sandusky, O., a few days ago, a young man tried to cure a balky horse by trying his whiplash to the horse's tongue. The horse reared and backed, and the tongue was torn from its roots. The horse was then killed to end his misery.
RECORDS kept at Muscatine show that during the last thirty-eight years the average length of time for which the Mississippi has been closed by ice so that point is sixty-seven days. This winter it has already been closed more than eighty days.
ONE of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia, it is said, eats two raw apples every evening before he retires to rest, and thinks they not only supply food to his brain, but keep the whole system in a healthy condition.
IN TAZEWELL COUNTY, Va., great damage has been done to fruit trees by the hard freezing, particularly peach and pear trees; it is feared that the wood of both, if not killed is severely injured. Apple trees in some localities have been so frozen that you can see through their barks how split the length of the trunk on one side.
A NOTE for Housekeepers. When poultry is fresh the eyes are full and bright, the feet are moist and limber—When it is stale the eyes are sunken, and the feet and legs dry and stiff. When the flesh is part colored it is not fit to eat—Stale poultry is often "made over" by being soaked in alum water. This will restore the flesh to a comparatively fresh color.
A DETROIT furniture dealer recently found among a mass of old papers in a desk a will bequeathing property worth nearly \$20,000 to a lady in Missouri. He wrote to the lady, and subsequently sent her the will, which was admitted to probate, and the lady put in possession of the property. The will was nine years old, and the furniture dealer has no idea how it came into his possession.
It was a good thing Barnum's menagerie started to Africa. The other similar institutions should get away. Humanity has long enough been shocked by the wretched specimens of animals—the store beasts—that have so long traversed the country, with their bald heads, decayed teeth, sunken eyes, and sinking tails. An old fashioned hair-trunk with a paint-brush tail and a brass eye would put the whole to ignominious flight.
A WOOD famine in Vermont would be a most novel event, but there is a strong possibility that many villages will suffer, as the supply is essentially cut off by the deep snow. Many farmers are also short and some are cutting down shade trees and others burning fence rails. There is five feet of snow in the woods, with no frost in the ground.
A CINCINNATI man who suspected his servant girl of using kerosene oil to kindle the fire with, thought he would try her one night, so he poured the oil out and filled the can with water. When he landed in the room next morning there was no breakfast and no fire to cook it with—nothing but a store full of soaked wood and a very foolish looking girl.
A LITTLE ROCK, Ark., girl died a few days ago, of what was supposed to be cerebro spinal meningitis. The Gazette says: "Dr. Guiler, doubting the cause of her death, obtained permission to make a post mortem examination. The examination disclosed the fact that the little girl's stomach was loaded with boiled cabbage, which had worked itself into one hard solid mass, distending the stomach, and causing death, the victim dying in convulsions."
THIRTEEN years ago this winter, Lewis Mason and Samuel Carney caught a large gray fox, near Lowell, in Washington county, O.; they tied him with a rope, first having placed a leather strap around his neck. This rope the fox gnawed off and made his escape. This winter the same parties recaptured Reynard and, strange to say, he had on his neck the same identical strap which they placed there thirteen years before! They slaughtered their game this time to make sure of him.
A BOY 7 years old arrived in Harrisburg, the other day, from Northern Texas, having traveled the entire distance by himself. His mother had died, and his father wanted to place him with some friends, but could not come with him, so he purchased a through ticket, pinned it to the hoppel of his coat, and started him on his long journey. The various conductors took a great interest in him, and when at the end of their route banded him over to the next one. He arrived safe and sound, and said he had a jolly time.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.
In the last instalment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's exposition of the philosophical system which is to give us an explanation—so far as an explanation can be given—of the whole universe, we meet with an interesting passage upon the passion of love. The advocates of the evolution hypothesis are sometimes called materialists. That word is too often used as "atheist" is used in theological, or a good round oath in popular discussion, simply to indicate disagreement coupled with moral disapproval. The fallacy which it involves in this case might be easily exhibited. The general materialists of the last century were in fact correct in maintaining that our loftiest sentiments were merely modifications of the most earthly instincts.

according to Pope; and some very equal arguments have been preached upon his text. Supplicious readers have fancied that, because Mr. Darwin or Mr. Herbert Spencer believes that man has been evolved by inconceivably minute changes from some inferior organism, therefore our emotions and thoughts are nothing but transformations of the blind sensations of the lowest forms of life. This misconception is palpable. Science might conceivably show under what conditions intellect first manifested itself, but it would not be one step the nearer to discovering what was the essence of intellect. It might explain the how, but can't throw no light upon the what. Thus we find that Mr. Herbert Spencer's description of the passion called love has nothing in it calculated to shock the most eminent philosopher. It is, he says, an emotion of the highest complexity and consequently of the greatest strength.

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Florence's Promise.
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ANCESTOR OF THE STOVE PIPE HAT.
The ancestor from which our present chimney-pot hat takes most of its characteristics is the broad brimmed, low-crowned hat, with an immense plume falling down on the shoulder, which was worn during the reign of Charles II. At the end of the seventeenth, and during the eighteenth century, this hat was varied by the omission of the plume, and by giving the brim a "cocked" look. That these "cocks" were formerly merely temporary is shown by Hounth's picture of Ludobras bearing Sidrophel and his man Whaoum, where there is a hat the brim of which is buttoned up in front to the crown with three buttons. This would be a hat of the seventeenth century. Afterward, during the eighteenth century, the brim was bent up in two or three places, and notwithstanding that these "cocks" became permanent, yet the hat still retain the marks of their origin in the button and strap on the right side. The cockade, I imagine, took its name from its being a badge worn on one of the "cocks."

GET ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING, ETC.

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

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