

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXX.

"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 18.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1873.

Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, SOFTER TERMS.

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## The Poet's Corner.

### SONGS OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER BYAN.

I walked down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
I heard not the fall of a footstep  
Around me—save God and my own!  
And the hush of my heart is a holy  
As hovers where Angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices,  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That rattled by soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of din,  
Where I met but Human and Sin.

I walked thro' the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: "In the world each ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is toned on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the False with the True;  
I sought out the Human for Heaven,  
But caught a mass down the dusty line;  
And I wept when the clouds of the Moral  
Veiled even the glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human;  
And I mourned "mid the masses of men";  
Till I knelt long ago at the altar,  
And heard a voice call me; when then  
I walked down the Valley of Silence,  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
"Is my resting place with the divine;  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And I heard a voice call me; when then  
I walked down the Valley of Silence,  
That lies far beyond mortal ken."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I work, and I dream, and I pray;  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,  
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,  
I dream all the songs that I sing,  
And I made them songs in the Valley,  
"Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to men, like the doves of the Dove,  
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the sleep there are billows—  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I made them songs in the Valley,  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I made them songs in the Valley,  
That never shall break on the beach.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Do you ask me the place of the Valley.

## The Story Teller.

### THE COQUETTES OF ARLON.

In very ancient times the inhabitants of Arlon worshipped the moon, and the legend maintained that the name Arlon is derived from the two words are, signifying "Altar of the moon." It is perhaps for this reason that the young women of this ancient town then had odd fancies. Apropos of this I propose to relate a story which Mr. Adolph Dechamps once told me. It is a story which was part of the traditions of that province. One of the Arlonese knew it, and I write it down for the benefit of those who have not been governors of provinces, and whose ancestors have not worshipped the moon.

It is said that about one hundred years ago there resided in Arlon a young girl named Gertrude. She was eighteen years of age, and was gay, frank and good-natured, always smiling, and happy, and full of life and activity. She was the daughter of Charles Stock, a wealthy proprietor of the little town, and generally designated as Stock Jr., to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were yet living. "They last long in that family," was a local expression.

Gertrude had many admirers, but none of them appeared to make an impression on her heart. This, together with her fascinating manners, gave her the name of the "Coquette of Arlon." Do not take this appellation in its harshest sense, for her father and mother all loved her to the full, and she was the object of the affection of all who knew her. And it was not until she was twenty years of age that she was married to a young man named Lambert. They were married in the month of May, and their wedding was a grand affair. They were married in the month of May, and their wedding was a grand affair.

But the young man was not what Gertrude had expected. He was a weak, nervous, and timid man, and he was not at all what she had expected. He was a weak, nervous, and timid man, and he was not at all what she had expected. He was a weak, nervous, and timid man, and he was not at all what she had expected.

## Some of the Curiosities of Invention.

The amount of misapplied talent engaged on inventions that can never be used is as wonderful as it is prolific; and there is a ludicrous element in many of the patents, and more of the applications which is well worth investigation. We extract from the records of the Patent Office an account of some of these that show more genius than common sense, and have produced more laughter than profit.

In 1870 the owner of some beehives, brooded by the loss of his honey by the bees moth, asked for a bee-hive. He had noticed that the bees moth travels at night, while the busy bee works by day. His desire, therefore, was for a device that should admit the worker by day and keep out the thief by night. Thus his ingenuity effected the erection of a hen-roost pivoted upon a bee-hive provided with gates. The bees were expected to be in their hives just before dark; the bees, lighting on their roosts, were to be hoisted every evening at dusk (so that the time they had shut in the bees.) The reflections of the sun's rays, cast downward upon the village, was sure to light it through all the darkness of the night. Fortunately for himself, this inventor presented his application through a patent attorney, who told him it was doubtful if he could be obtained.

In the fall of 1872 a gentleman, probably from California, applied for and received a patent for building houses on wheels and rollers, so that, in case of earthquakes, they might roll forward or backward, and not be shaken to pieces.

Another gentleman applied for a patent for heating canals by steam, so that the boats could go in the winter as well as in the summer. The officer decided that this invention was worthy of protection and gave him his patent.

Another applied for a combination of clock and boiler, and the inventor contended that when the clock struck the bottom of the boiler dropped out. He claimed that this plan would probably awaken the sleepers.

Speaking of combinations, he must have come from Missouri or Kansas who asked for a patent for a combination of clock and boiler. For this purpose he filed three applications, making the "long-handled hollow," so as to form two cannons. There were to be kept in all the gunnaries were after him. The cannons were then to be fired, the one to go on his way rejoicing.

Only three years have passed away since a very ingenious gentleman from the rural districts applied for a patent to prevent cows from switching their tails. He presented two models—one shaped like a bottle, around which the cow's tail was to be twisted. The other was a square block with a hole through the center, wherein the tail was to be put and tied in a knot, so that the animal could not withdraw it. On the presentation of the application the official examiner thought it could not be granted because of a similar device in "Don Quixote," where Sancho Panza, trying to sleep in a hayloft, was kept awake by the braying of his donkey below. His wakefulness gave Sancho time to reflect that, when riding the donkey, the animal always switched his tail when he brayed. Deciding happily from the hayloft, the aspirant tied a block to the donkey's tail to prevent him from braying. But as this device originated with a Spaniard, and had never been repeated in this country, the officer decided to grant the patent. Our readers will remember that they cannot tie a cow's tail to prevent its switching without a payment of royalty to the owner of this privilege.

And he, too, must have come from the borders who asks for a patent combination of train and horse. The train was made with triple slide, moving up and down. Doing duty all the day in guarding clothes, when night comes on, and no cabin near the goods were to be taken out, the triple walls elevated into one and the benighted traveler safely housed.

Another asked for a patent for the invention of the generation of steam by boiling a hole into the ground until he reached the waters that are boiled by the internal fires of the earth. He set forth among the advantages of his plan that there would be no danger of explosion, no expense for fuel, no necessity for engines, all of which statements are undoubtedly true.

It must have been a relative of this last gentleman, and one equally well acquainted with the laws that govern the hidden heart of this planet, who applied for a patent for purposes of irrigation. He gradually set forth that he made the discovery that quicksilver was heavier than the common earth. He therefore proposed to start a hole, and to employ into it a little mercury. By the laws of nature that mercury would be sure to work its way downward till it struck water, and the water would be sure to work its way upward till it struck air.

## Religious Notes.

### "Blessed Dreams."

The sunset smile had left the sky  
The moon rose calm and fair,  
As low a little maiden knelt  
To breathe her softly prayer,  
And thus her brief petition rose,  
In simple words and low:  
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
And let them all come true!"

O, I have stood in temples grand,  
Where, in the rainbowed gloom,  
Dose pompous prayers from many lips,  
Through clouds of dense perfume,  
But never one has seemed to me  
So graceful, pure and new—  
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
And let them all come true!"

Ah, little maiden kneeling there,  
Beneath the sunset skies,  
What need have we of other prayer  
Than yours, so sweet and wise!  
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,  
But bow and pray with you,  
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
And let them all come true!"

### A Brave Woman.

A New Jersey paper says:  
"In Millville died, last week, a young lady whose brief life was crowned by a brave and noble act, for which her memory should be held in high esteem and reverence by all to whom the knowledge of her heroic deed is made known. She was a native of the State of New Jersey, and was educated at the Central School. She was one of Professor Culver's most attentive and promising pupils, and distinguished herself greatly in all her studies. Last summer, having studied telegraphing, she accepted a situation at Randor, a station on the line of the Pennsylvania Central R. R., and boarded at the Eagle Station, a mile or more distant. One evening, in August last, she was on her way to her station, when suddenly a terrible thunder storm came up. The office at the Eagle was struck by lightning, the magnet burned out of the instrument, and great consternation prevailed. Little supplied a magnet, though it was not her office. Going to the door, she noticed a large tree uprooted and blown direct across the track. She realized at once the dangerous situation. The Western Express was due in a few minutes, and local trains followed it closely. Though all present opposed her resolution, the cool determined girl seized the red signal lamp, ran through a fearful storm on the track and swung her lamp, until she heard the engineer whistle down brakes and the train was saved. The speed was checked so that the train was not derailed. The track, though it struck the tree with force sufficient to hurl a heavy limb against Lottie's shoulder, dishing her down the embankment into a ditch, and inflicting several injuries which might ultimately result in death. Of course the passengers on the train were loudly congratulated for their gratitude to her, and a handsome sum of money was tendered, but she refused it and returned to her office and remained on duty all night. She said she had only done her duty and wanted no recompense for a pecuniary character.

"Eleven weeks ago Lottie came home to die. Even since that fearful night she had felt the effect of the blow upon her shoulder; consumption claimed her as its victim. Slowly but surely she faded away and died in the arms of her mother, an uncompensated martyr. She had all the attention that loving hearts could give, but she could not be restored to health. On Wednesday she died, surrounded by her family, who were plunged into sad affliction by the early demise of their loved one. The funeral took place on Saturday morning."

### Woman's Right to Practice Law.

In the Supreme Court of the United States Justice Miller delivered an opinion which is reported in the *Register* and which will be of much interest to the advocates of the right of women to practice law in the courts and perform other public duties which the customs of society and the laws of states have debarred from women. The case is that of Mrs. Bradwell vs. the State of Illinois. Mrs. Bradwell applied to the Supreme Court of Illinois for a license to practice law, and accompanied the application with the usual certificate of good character and of having been found on examination to possess the requisite qualifications for the practice of law. The statute of Illinois enacts that no person shall be permitted to practice as an attorney or counselor at law in that state without a power of attorney from the State of Illinois. Mrs. Bradwell's application was denied on the ground that she is a woman, and she brings suit in the Supreme Court of the United States to vindicate her rights. She had obtained her certificate in Vermont and claimed that she was entitled under the constitution of the United States to any right granted to any citizen of the former state. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the right to admission to practice law in the courts of a state is not one of the immunities and privileges belonging to citizens of the United States, and that the constitution forbids a state to abridge. The right to control and regulate the granting of license to practice law in the courts of a state is one of those powers which are not transferred to the general government. The judgment of the Supreme Court of Illinois was accordingly affirmed.

This spring and summer, at least, not to be fraught with horrible outrages against American fishermen in Canadian waters. Under the provision of the Treaty of Washington a pact which has accorded us enhanced justice, our casters of nets must not invade the fish-stocked seas of the Northern coast within three miles of the Canadian shore line and of this regulation they have been officially informed by the Secretary of the Treasury, so that certain audacious provisions because he is now nearly seventy-two years old and needs relaxation. But he continues to be president of the "Association of Fishermen over business, ecclesiastical and secular, leaving the *minuta* to younger men. He ends with a summary of his labors, among which he enumerates "the peopling of this territory," etc.

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