"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 20.

E. B HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1873.

Terms IF not paid in advance, to cre extra.

Business Cards.

J. R. & A. H. McCOLLITY ATTORNETS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Monto

D. W. SEARLE. ACTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ani @

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS. For of Main street, Montross, Pa. lang. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON. Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

C. S. GILBERT. Auctionocr, Great Bend, Pa.

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Auc. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa. JOHN GROVES.

FASHIONABLE TALIOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop ov Chandler's Store. Altorders filled in first-rate styl-utting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. F. SHOEMAKER Attornev at Law, Montrove, P.4. Office next R DeWitt's store, copo-lie the bank, Montrose, Jan. 17, 1842. —no:1-1y.

B. L. BALDWIN. Arronver at Law, Montrose, Pa E Carmait, Esq. Montrose, August 30, 1871.

4.0. WARREY. ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exem on Claims attended to. Office froor below Boyd's Store, Montrose.Ps. [Au. 1, 'Cl

W. A. CROSSMOV Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Chossnon, Montrose, Sept. 6th. 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE & CO D sters in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses are those. Also, agents for the great Americas Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, 72.]

DENTIST Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the hepablican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 r. m. Montrosc, May 3, 1871—if LAW OFFICE.

TOH & WATSON, Afterneys at Law, at the old office of Bentry & Fitch, Wontrose, Pa. 1. 7 Fitch. [Jan. 11, Th.] W. W. WATSON.

FASIAIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWin' Montroer Feb. 19th 1871. AREL TURRELL

e ler in Drugs, Medicines, Chimicals, Paints, Olls, 10 staffs, trac, Spees, Fancy Goods, Jeweiry, Per-ticuty, xv., Birek Bock, Montrose, Pa. Established 1945.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, PINSICIAN & AURGEON, tenders his professions services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.— Office at his coldence, on the connerces to Sayre & Bros Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1863.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, cerin Boose and Shose, Hate and Cape, Leatherant attack, Vain Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store Vo. 2 made to or let, and repairing done Bestly, fourtose, Jan, 1, 1970.

LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. o in the new Postoffice hailding, where he we found ready to attend all who may want surship his line. Muntrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

PUTSICIAN & SURGION, tenders his services is ecitizens of Great Bens and vicinity. Office at the visidence, opposite Barnam House, G't Bend village Sopt 1st, 1821. • C

DR. D. A. LATHROP. All dinisters Election Triential Battis, at the Poot of Chestout street. Call and consult in all Chronic

CHARLEY MORRIS, THE HAVTI BARRER, has moved his shop to the building or uped by J. R. DeWitt, where he is prevent to deal kinds of work in his line, such as making whiches, pude etc. All work done on short can juries low. Please call and see me.

H. BURRITT. Dealer in Staple and Finer Dry Goods, Crockery, Hird with Iron, Stayes, Drays, Oils, and P. Incs, Boots and Shore, Hamped Cross, Pars, Endado Robes, Gro-

EXCHANGE HOTEL A McCRACEEN, wishes to inform the public that having reated the Exchange Hotel in Moutrose, he now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style.

Moutrose, Aug. 25, 1872.

RILLINGSSTROED BILLINGS STROUD.
FIRE AND LIPE INSTANCE ACENT. All basiness attended to prompily, on fair terms. Office first door cast of the bank of Wm. il. Cooper & Co. Public Avenne, Montrose, Pa. [Ang. 1.1852.]

J D VAIL ONE OF A THICK AND SETTING. HAS PERMANENTLY WHEN THE PROPERTY OF A THICK AND SETTING. HAS PERMANENT HAS PROPERTY OF A THICK AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

F. CHURCIILL, ·

BURNS & NICHOLS. ARS in Drngs, Medicines, Chemicals. Dye 14. raints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Paper 17. res Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Ar 17. Prescriptions carefully compounded.— Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. ANO NICHOLA.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, EIC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

The Loct's Gerner

MY OLD LOVE.

hear in the thicket the brooklet's fall; A thrush on the like spray
Sings as of old the vesper song
Of the slowly-waking day;
And the fragrance comes down from the chest

nut trees,
in the mendow where deisies blow,
is it came when the under twilight came,
in the springs of long ago. Far over the dark and shadowy woods

Comes floating the church-bells chime,
And I wonder and deam, in the fading light,
As I dreamed in the olden time,
When I lingered under the chestant bough
Till hushed was the bird's sweet strain,
And the shimmering light of the moon-bean
feld!

On the leaves like a silver rain. But never again shall I wait and watch,
In the hush of the sweet spring night.
For a step in the depth of the rustling copse,
And the gleam of a garment white;
And never again, 'neath the dew-gemmed flov ers,
Shall linger my love and I,
When the tremulous stars through the fleecy

Look out in the western sky. Yet a joy which is nameless and strangely sad
Throbs in my heart's deep core,
As the sweet, sweet love of the days long fied
Is thrilled into life once more.
Oh, dear was I to the heart that is cold,
And her love o'ershadows me still;
And the stars shine down on her grave-to-night,
In the churchyard on the hill.

MY LITTTE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two to-night—
.No guests our bounty share;
The damask cloth is showy white,
The service elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
A d perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold, The muffins nice and hot. The muffins nice and hot.

What though the winds without blow cold?

The walls a little world enfold,

And the storm is soon forgot.

In the firelight's cheerful glow

Beams a paradise below.

A fairer picture who hath seen?
Soft lights and shadows blent;
The central figure or the scene;
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—
Her head a little bent;
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

watch her as she pours the tea, With quiet, gentle grace; With fingers deft and movements free She mixes in the cream for me. A bright smile on her face;
And as she sends it up
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?
I secretly reflect.
The passing thought she must 'ave gu saed For now dear lips on mine are p. e.se!,
An arm is round my neck;
Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife!

The Story Celler.

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton." "Well, Sar," "Will you marry me?" "No, I won't,

"No, I won't,
"Yery well; then don't, that's a'l."

Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his
chair, and putting his feet upon th
p azza, unfield d a newspaper. MisEccky X wto bit her lip and wer with her sening. She wondered it the was ging to be the last of it. She has It this proposal coning for a month, but the scene she had anticipated was not at att like this. She had intended to refule him, but it was to be done gracefully .-She was to remain firm, not withstanding have told him that though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps as intended to shed a tw tears, perhaps as he knelt writhing in an agony of supplication at her feet. But instead, he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishment, and on being answered, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely asked the time of day. She could have

cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance, he continued, after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the latest telegraph reports.

"A b-tter chance for what?" she asked, shortly. "A better chance to marry a young. good-looking man, whose gallantry to the ex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defence."

Fred was quoting from his newspaper but Miss Newton did not know it. "And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady, sur-

cust cally.
"Before long," continued Fred, "you'll

getting slimmer every day."
"Sir!"
"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will grow old and wripkled and—"

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrons," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becker. Will you mar-"

Becky was silent for several moments, while their unwieldly raft whirled along in the current, rolling from side to ride, and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last

Beckey. Will you mar"Not if you were the King of England," completely over and tip the interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down to what are we to do?" her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying she passed into the house and slammed the door behind her.

of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazzs, from the Fred Eckerson a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved, with missal from the woman he loved, with met life she was dependend on a man.

For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected was not so much with himself as his pocket. Becky a young lady of my acquaintance remarked, much with himself as his pocket. Becky a young lady of my acquaintance remarked into the more than half an insurperable objection to siding there, whom I have some intermediately in the way willed. The daughter of a tion of bringing into the neighborhood."

There was no help for it, and she relative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either. It was Becky who spoke first. "Fred," she said.

"If poor George had not blowed into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow, "Yes?"

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"Happy to do it any day," he remarked, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"It hank you very much."

Gonz is the very nerve of sorrow.

wealthy Louisians planter, reared in luxury and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin-money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month sine had no im- write to her to come any way. Besides, it had been intimated to her that Jean, which will be eveneuient for me as a neighbor planter of unusual aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetions eyes. To be sure, he was old and ugly, but he was rich and in the sure in th mediate idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that ous eyes. To be sure, he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and, in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky.

Newton did not desire to allow such a "I exp

Newton did not desire to know such chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip replied.

"Marry her! Why, you—you proposed But alse for human nature! If Becky vas really so i different to Fred Eck real by did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean pillow shams by crying herself into hysterics on the bed? It was not all wrath, not all vexation not all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky Newton's heart a feeling yery much akin to remorse. Sie was not sure that she would not one day be sorry for what she had done. She no doubt she would be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife, after sll.

"But," she cried, growing hot with the recollection, "he was so rude, and so insulting! I never could live with such

nearly at the height of its annual "spring nearly at the height of its annual appring rise." Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly towards the sea, had nearly filled the banks, and in many places had broken through the leeves and flooded the low-lands for many miles. A crevasse of this description had been made in the farther bank nearly corposite to the banks and bank nearly opposite to the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, not laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream tore upon its coffee colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared carrying with them the

rees which overhung the stream. Now it happened that, by a curious co-incidence, Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears and potting on her hat, 'slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon tound tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass, and tolled by the bubbling of the rapid fixed beneath her, she soon fell asleep. Had he possessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last think the feature, it would have been the last think the feature, it would have been the last think the feature, it would have been the last think the feature, it would have been the last think the feature out, but she was warm and comfortable. Raising her bank the feature of the feature of the feature of the feature of the same sheadow. future, it would have been the last thing she would have done, for although it was very pleasant dropping asleep there in the shade, with the soft sunlight filtering through the leaves overhead, the awaken ing was not all to her mind. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath her; the tal cottonwood toppled and fed; and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around or, and she felt herself lifted up and al. c. d somewhere in the sunshine though precisely where she was 28 yet too bewild ast, she found Ford Eckerson's whiskers

nearly brushing her face. "Well!"

"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering "You are in the middle of the Mississippi replied Fred," and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are

royaging toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can carry you." "How came you here?" "In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you and I and the the brown flood. Quick as thought, Fred

tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which, I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or their perlious posi

tion, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

"How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the

tree when you came." "You had no right to be up there." she said coloring-"a spy upon my more-'Nonsense!" he replied. You intrud-

"Thank you for your service, I'm sure,"

she said, bridling.
"You snored awfully."
"Mr Eckerson, remove your arm from

"Then put yours around my neck."
"Indeed I shall do no such thing."
"You will fall into the river if you don't." Becky was silent for several moments, and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last

"I think, now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied.
"To New Orleans!" exclaimed Becky,
"It is a hundred miles."

"If we don't go to New Orleans, and "If we don't go to New Orleans, and There was another long silence, broken if we get safe out of this scrape, I shall only by the sound of the horse's hoors

ing, you see."
"She is an intimate friend, then?" said "I expect to marry h r before long," he

of some doubt whether, had rice ...

of some doubt whether, had rice ...

nomen', sitting astride that cottonwood leg, with his feet in the water and his aims round her walst, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tamble into the river. She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was worth a thousand which was a supported her was

ed the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation a man—never."

When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of his feelings on the plazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The dississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was at that time hearth at the height of its annual "spring of the house, was not quite washed to this day, when Mrs. Beeky and the total the theight of the house, was not quite washed to the height of its annual the height of its annual the height of the height of its annual the height of the height son. Besides, she did not hulf believ

Their clumsy vessel floated on, root first, sideways, and now half submerged by the beiling current. Their pre-carious hold became more uncertain as their frames became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatend to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the hore. The cottenwood retained a course nearly in the middle of the stream, too far from either bank to make their outcries of much avail. As it grew dark, their situation seemed more and more helpless, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from certain death, either by drowning in the darkness or by exhaus-

tion before daybreak. Yet to die in this man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think if death must come, of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible she loved him, and needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart? Had

"You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing."
"No, I ain't; I took it off because it was so awind hot;" and taking out his hudkercolet with his disengaged hand, le made pretense of wiping the perspiration

from his brow."

"How long have I been asleep?" "About three hours. We are drifting in shore now."

"Shall we be saved?"
"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine

Booky did this time as she was bid. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but she laid her head upon his bringt without the slightest hesitation. In imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom.

shore for some time, and now it shot sud-dealy under a large sycamore which over-hung its banks and trailed its branches in

with all his might. with all his might.

The headlong course of the cotton wood was checked; it plunged heavily, and partly turned over its top became entang-led in the sycamore, and a terific crack-ling of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the protecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick re-bound that the two travelers were nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred half supporting, half dragging Becky ed on my privacy, and while you slept I half supporting. half dragging Becky, watched over you, like the sweet little cherub that sits aloft."

"Thank you for your service, I'm sure," discredit to Blondin, and in a moment

The is never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to bimself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket.

"I was fool to good her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her," he exclaimed aloud. "By Heaven I'll have her, cost what it may!"

Very different was the Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson a few moments ago, receiving his dis-

"Quite welcome. I'm sure." upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habi ual case, for

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I s'pose so."
"Hadn't you—better—try—again-

"I expect to marry h r before long," he replied.

"Marry her! Why, you—you proposed to me this morning."

"Yer, but you refused me. I told you then you would never he another chance."

Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water and his log, with his feet in the water and his log, with his feet in the water and his log.

mured, "I have loved you all the time but I never knew it till last night."

I had grown reckless after I moved to M -; that is, I fell in with a crowd of professed friends, who drank, swore and cared nothing for morality in general. At first I held back, I had not been used to it; but I could not withstand the sne r ng laugh of my companions which always greeted me when I refused to join in any of their wicked acts, and by degrees I became very reckless. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. I had never been blessed with a sister's love.

had never been blessed with a sister's love. I resided with my mother in this village of about four hundred inhabitants. Many a night when I would go reeling home from the shop at the north end of the town, I would find my dear mother watching for her son—listening if perchance she could catch the sound of his unatendy step. Many a time did I waken from my drunken alumbers and hear that from my drunken slumbers and hear that from my drunken slumbers and hear that fond mother sending up a petition to God view. Men hear praises of deceased perin behalf of her intemperate sor. Oh! sons who in life forgot all duties, and natwhat a wretch I was. I knew that I was urally their faith in the necessity of being what a wretch I was. I knew tout I was bringing dawn her aray hairs in sorrow to the grave. She began to look aged and careworn; but I kept on my sinful ways until a circumstance occurred to stop me

in my downward career. In my downward career.

I was starting out one evening to the grog-shop, when I suddenly remembered that I had spent all my money at that place the evening before. I remembered also that I had seen my mother put a few pennics (her hard earnings) in a cup that day. I was tempted! I tried to resist. but my appetite was too strong. I slip and a strengly to the cupboard, removed he money from the cup deposited it in my pocket, and was starting from the house, when my mother entered. I did not turn my head for I felt guilty—guilty of what I never was before—a theft. My mother called me; there was some-

Oh, Willie! do stay at home with me to-night,' she exclaimed, grasping my hand in both of hers. 'Don't drink to-

night; take my advice just once." Oh! how many times since I have wished that I had taken her accide that that I would not stay long. I wended "Hold fast now," he cried." Hold on, for your dear life."

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time and an arrangement of the some time and a surface to some time and a surface time and a and for once I did not stay what I called late; but when I reached home the bells

late; but when I reached home the bells in the neighboring city was tolling the midnight hour.

A strange feeling seized me as I approached my home. The light was placed in the window as usual to guide the window and loked in. There sat my mother in her easy chair; her eyes were closed and I thought she slept. I tried to chase my fears away as I went around to the door; my hand trembled when I laid it on the latch, and it thrilled my very heart when it arose with a sharp click. I had never known such feelings before. I entered; I beheld in my mother's hand the very cup from which I had removed the money. I laid my hand on mother's shoulder and spoke to her. She moved not; I spoke louder; still no answer. I listened but could not hear her breathe. I laid the regently on the bed, brought water and bathed her white forchead. Reader, imagine my joy when I saw that dear moth. in the neighboring city was tolling the

I was courting a beautiful girl one night,
Whom I worshipped as almost divine,
And longed to hear breathed the aweet little
word
That told me she would be mine; I was praising the wealth of her chestnut hair And her eyes of matchless blue, When she laid her dear cheek on my shoulde

and said,
"Hurrah! That's bully for you!" started in terror, but managed to keep

From showing my intense surprise, And pressed my lips lightly on brow and e cheek,
And then on her meekly closed my eyes,
told her my love was as deep as the sea,
(As I felt her heart go pitti-patter.)
I would worship her always if she would be

mine; And she whispered, "Oh! that's what the

Her teeth the famed Orient pearl;
And the ocean's rich coral could never compan
With the lips of my beautiful girl.
That her voice was like music that comes to the

ear In the night time—and sweet was her smile As that of an angel, and she breathed "On that you can just bet your pile !" Funeral Sermons.

"Say nothing but good of the dead' has become so common a maxim, that preachers generally accept it as a rule in framing funerals sermons. As good can not be said truthfully of every man, whose friends have wealth or influence encogh to procure the services of a cler-gyman at his interment, it naturally fol-

gyman at his interment, it naturally follows that those whose profession is to be better than others, set an example of insincerity and falsehood. A maxim that their resolutions."

Some one, feeling that actions are better than words, has said; "We read of the Acts of the Apostles, but never of their resolutions." has such consequences cannot be sound wisdom or morality. All those who knew the deceased, will have observed in his life some errors of greater or less magni-tude, and no laudation, however enthusiastic or sweeping, can deceive them. Strangers will generally care little for what is said on such an occasion, and if they happen to give the matter any attention, their knowledge of average man nature tells them at once that char-

acters so pare and unceptionable as the heroes of funeral sermons do not exist in real life. Therefore, no one is deceived in believing them true, and it is the prohibiting all merest wisdom to do that which will not effect the purpose, however desirable, for which it is intended. But the custom is still more obnoxious in a moral point of really good wavers and decreases; for if villainy and worthlessness are to be ap-plauded in the same terms as honesty and purity, what can be the use of striving to our neighbor's good opinion? obtain our neighbor's good opinion; Shall funerals sermons, then, be catalogues of the faults of the departed? By no means. It would be in the highest degree indecent for any man, however as alted his learning or piety, to drug private vices from the grave's oblivion and expose. them to the gaze of a valgar and censor lous crowd. When therefore, the char acter of a man is open to suspicion or ex

ception, self respect and honesty require a preacher who is asked to officiate at his funeral to be silent. We do not, to sooth the feelings of a bereaved family, say that the feelings of a bereaved family, say that ugly persons are beautiful, and we ought not for any such reason, say that wicked persons are good. This whole business of funerals tend to bring the clergy into a contempt which it would be hardihood to call undeserved. And a man who professes to teach truth should rigidly, consistently and infessible metrics it to the sistently and inflexibly practice it, not by or crimes of the dead, but by refusing to praise, unless applause has been justly the various department of the State Government of the State Government of Papparlies to see Government of the State Government of th

The Man of Long Life.

There is a great deal of truth in the following portraiture of the conditions favorable to longevity:

favorable to longevity:

He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thickset. His complexion is

more both had reached the ground in safety.

That's a business we are well out of, he said, when he had regained his breath. "Now, where are we?"

He look about. A light was glimmering from a habitation behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter, who was not lacking in hospitality. Here there wants were quickly attended to, and, under the cheerful influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

They drove homs the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servant the day after. The

never become too violent or destructive.

If he ever give way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, and artificial and gentle fever without an overflow of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an optionist, a friend to nature and domestic fellicity, has no thirst after honorage rich.

THE custom of paying their annual sal-ary to members of the French Academy speak a word. Once a year a young matinged to this day.

About one sixth of our entire popula-

tion have no church accommodation A ROMAN CATHOLIC cathedral is to be erected at Hartford, Coun., at a cost of balf a million dollars.

CHURCH attendance in Berlin is slim. Out of 650,000 Protestant inhabitant, only 13,000 are church-goers.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleyeland, Ohiot has issued a pastorial letter demanding seperate schools for Roman Catholics. KIND thoughts are the spice islands of the spirit, making a man's character breezy

with sweetness. A NEW religious society called "The Brothers of the Lord" has been organized

in Newport, Ky. THE Episcopal Church establishment in India costs the British Government

\$25,000 a year. THE Churchman and the Independent, are discussing the relative merits, in a geligious view, of hair shirts and baptismal pante.

THE Presbyterians of Scotland are now moving in favor of disestablishment.— The days of State Churches are number-

Do not dread possible worldly trials; porhaps they will never come, and if they do, God will strengthen you.—M. Francis de Sales.

A METHODIST divine, in the Baltimore Epizcopal Methodist, advocates the removal of all limitation upon the pastoral term; but the Methodist doubts the wisdom of

the change, THE Young Men's Christain Associa-

tion have organized in Rome and are prospering greatly. They have two-branches, one of English and the other of Italian young men. A BILL is before the New York Legisislature to change a usage of sixty years' standing in the Baptist Churches, namely prohibiting all non-church members from having a voice in the secular interests of

THE Papal treasury is stated to be ex-ceptionally full, and it is said that several millions of francs have been sent by Cardinal Antonelli to this country for invest-

ment to the Pope's credit. Many brilliant points in sermons preached are lost by the neglect of sextons to provide congregations with pure air. Ministers will soon be called upon to supplement their appeal, "Let us breathe?"

breathe P MARY, Queen of Scots, is to be made a Saint, and put upon the Calerdar. Poor Mary. She was very unfortunate, and nobody thought she was a Saint when she lived or died. But time works great changes, and now Mary is canonizad!

For the Ladles.

Women are grandually working into all the school offices throughout the country. A WASHINGTON belle speaks five different languages, but cannot bake a loaf of

bread to gave her life. Women preachers are increasing rapidsistently and inflexibly practice it, not by ly. Ten new names have been added to brutally insisting on exposing the faults the list, within the last six months.

> ernment of Pennsylvania, so says Governor Hartraust. REV. Mrs. Van Cott has so many calls

> to preach that she always says "No" whenever she sees a man with a white neckeloth approaching her.

tionist, a friend to nature and domestic natio Asymm on Discavella Island, who felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, contents himself with little, and ban-ishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

Indic Asymm on Discavella Island, who became deranged from disappointed love, her betrothed baving suddenly left and married another. Day after day she sits silently staring at vacancy, and no persists. ary to members of the French Academy speak a work. One a year a young in a small bag of gray brown paper originated in the time of Cardinal Bichelieu departs. There is here the suggestion of the work of the Academy started and is contained to this day.

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVERUS.