THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors. TRUTH AND RIGHT; GOD AND OUR COUNTRY. Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CTS. EXTRA.

VOLUME 30. MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1873. NUMBER 46.

THE DEMOCRAT

Is Published Every Wednesday Morning,

By E. B. Hawley & Co.

TERMS:—$2 a year in advance, or $2.50 if not in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Three-fourths inch of space, or less, make one square. One square, 3 weeks or less, $1.00; 1 month $1.25; 3 months $2.50; 6 months $4.50; 1 year, $8.00. Quarterly, half-yearly and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. When sent without any length of time specified for publication they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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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 M. Dessner, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl 69

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, apl 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

AMI ELY,
UNITED STATES AUCTIONEER. Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

J. SAUTTER,
ASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's store. Montrose Feb. 10th 1873.

NEW TAILOR.
Shop over Drake's Book Store, next to the postoffice. Work done in the best style. Give me a trial. Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873—3m GEO. O. WALKER.

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ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exten on Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Crossmon. Montrose, Sept. 5th, 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE & CO
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72.]

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

ABEL TURRELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1848. [Feb. 1, 1873.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y. WM. H. SCOVILL, June 18th, 1873. JEROME DEWITT.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional service 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,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 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

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. R. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, puffs, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

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, Pa., Nov. 6, '72—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
M. J. HARRINGTON 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. 25, 1873.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their *New Office*, opposite the Tarbell House.
R. B. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

BILLINGS STROUD.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
July 12, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

B. T. & E. H. CASE,
HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blankets, Whips and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style.
Montrose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1872.

J. D. VAIL.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 6, 1871.

VALLEY HOUSE,
GREAT BEND, PA. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot. It is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and cheap rates. Good accommodations, and all things comprising a first class hotel. HENRY ACKERT,
Sept. 10th, 1873.—tf. Proprietor.

F. CHURCHILL,
Justice of the Peace: office over L. S. Lenheim's store, Great Bend borough, Susquehanna County, Penn'a. Has the settlement of the dockets of the late Isaac Beckhow, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.
Great Bend, Oct. 26, 1872.

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

SELECT POETRY.

Shipwreck.

On the smiling sea was never a curl,
On the bright sky never a frown,
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark with her costly freight
In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
Well framed with a arms to cope,
By youth and courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Love's own hand,
The rudder was held by Hope.

The merciless sun shone full and fair,
The pitiless waves were calm;
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sullen jar on the sunken rock;
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the slumberous day;
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds, with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone;
With no cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gaily past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
Sunk deep to the sea-weeds brown,
The great world turns, and the great waves break,
What should either heed of the moan we make
When a life or a ship goes down.

Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small!
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though oft it were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

But oh! beyond this shadow land—
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless time
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

KITTY'S STRATAGEM.

Such a little witch as she was, this Kitty Day, of whom I write. She couldn't help flirting if she tried, and it wasn't her fault, of course, if men were taken in by the round, childish face and great innocent blue eyes; for they were scores of them, and Kitty went on her way rejoicing—completing their bewilderment by the shy looks and smiles and blushes that really meant nothing, but were very effective, nevertheless.

But in an unlucky hour for Kitty she said "Yes" to a dark, melancholy young man who had been her shadow for months. She wasn't in earnest, but did it for the "fun of the thing," and because she wanted to know how it felt to be "engaged."—It resulted seriously however, for in spite of express commands to the contrary, the accepted suitor went directly to her father and told him all about it. Mr. Day looked at his daughter mischievously that night as she sat behind the tea urn with such a comical assumption of dignity.

"So I'm to loose my little housekeeper before long, am I?" questioned he, significantly.

"Why, papa, what do you mean?" And Kitty blushed scarlet.

"Mr. Gilbert called on me to day. He is an excellent young man, and the son of one of my oldest friends. I heartily approve your choice, my dear."

"He promised to keep the engagement a secret," said Kitty in a vexed tone.

"So he told me, but concluded afterward to break his promise rather than act dishonestly; for it wouldn't have been quite fair to have concealed the engagement from me."

"I don't know why, I'm sure. It's only a bit of my fun, any way. I never meant to marry him."

Mr. Day looked at her sternly.

"I'm not jesting," she added pettishly. "He threw himself into such a passion that I fairly frightened into saying 'yes', and sorry enough I've been for it since."

"Are you in earnest, Kitty?"

"Yes, I am;" and the blue eyes flashed defiantly.

"Is it possible that a daughter of mine has so little feeling and principle?"

"Now, papa, what is the use of lecturing? You know me of old. I'm in trouble, and want you to help me out of it."

"But you have given your word, Kitty, and must abide by it."

"Didn't he break his?"

"Yes, and was justified in doing so; but you are not. Still, I'll give you a choice of two evils, if you think the marrying of young Gilbert one. Few girls would.—Either keep your promise and make the best of circumstances, or break it and pass the winter in the country with your Aunt Dorothy; for I'm not going to have you play fast and loose with honest hearts after this fashion.

Kitty looked up in her father's face disbelievingly, but determination was written there, and, filled with sudden dismay, she began to plead for a reprieve of the sentence; but Mr. Day wouldn't listen.—"You can stay in the city and participate in its gayeties on one condition only, and that I've mentioned," said he.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" muttered Kitty after her father had gone down town. "Aunt Dorothy lives in a forlorn-looking old place, and it's a perfect wilderness around her, and papa knows that she is the crossest old maid in existence. But I'll be even with him yet."

The next morning Kitty announced her intention of remaining in the city.—"But, papa, if Mr. Gilbert himself should grow tired of the engagement after knowing me better, you'll not punish me for that, will you?" and her eyes trembled mischievously.

"Certainly not, child. What a question to ask."

But Kitty had a motive in it. A plan had suggested itself to her mind for outwitting both farmer and lover. But she didn't mean to hurry, and began to pave the way for its success cautiously. As good luck would have it, who should call on her that morning but Cousin Joe, the firm ally and abettor of all her childish mischief, and as ready to help her now as then.

"Oh, Joe! such trouble as I'm in;" and she clasped her hands with a pretty little gesture of appeal.

"What, you, Kitty?" Is your canary bird fractious? or is it something about a new dress or bonnet that don't equal your expectations?"

Kitty looked at him so reproachfully that he was sobered in a minute.

"I'm engaged." And if she'd been announcing her own funeral she could not have done it in a more solemn voice.

Joe flushed to the roots of his hair, and clasped and unclasped his hands in a nervous sort of way, but didn't say anything. Kitty watched him maliciously.

"It's to that young Gilbert. He's a splendid fellow, and has great dark eyes and the dearest little moustache. You know him, don't you?"

"No—yes—a little," stammered Joe, to the delight of his listener. "But what's the trouble about? Won't your father consent?" And he looked so utterly wretched that Kitty, with a faint twinge of remorse, hastened to tell him the true state of the case. He brightened up wonderfully. "Then you don't love the man, after all?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know," she answered meditatively. "I never looked into the matter much. I suppose he's as good as any one, but I'm not in a marrying mood at present."

Joe's countenance fell again. "Will you tell me just what you want?" said he a little sternly.

"Now don't be cross, Joe; you're the only friend I've got in the world—" and Kitty raised her soft eyes imploringly.

He was mollified at once. "Why not break with Gilbert, and accept the alternative?" suggested he. "Twon't be so very dull at Aunt Dorothy's. I've a college friend in the neighborhood, and I can visit you occasionally."

Poor Joe! The idea of having her all to himself was delightful, and he waited for an answer with subdued eagerness.

"Is that the only plan that has occurred to you?" answered Kitty sarcastically; "you haven't much ingenuity if you can't devise some other way of getting me out of this dilemma. I've no intention of becoming an animated fossil. Now listen to what I propose."

Then Kitty disclosed her plot, and Joe listened approvingly, and the two heads were still bent close together when young Gilbert called, an hour later. He entered unannounced, and Kitty gave such a start and blush at him that Joe's hopes sank to zero. But if he'd been sensible, he would have known that her embarrassment was the result of surprise rather than emotion. She was very arch and winning that morning until after Joe left, (the little witch knew he was on nettles all the time,) then she grew cold and distant. "So you had to tell papa, after all," she sneered; "men can't keep a secret."

Her lover tried to explain, but she would not listen, and she gave him such a rating as would have done credit to the shrillest and noisiest of varagoes.

"Is this a specimen of her temper?" he thought, escaping into the street as soon as possible.

"Who'd have thought her soft eyes could flash so, or the lines of her face sharpen in such a curious way? She really looked dangerous."

Had he seen Kitty laugh and clap her hands as he vanished from the scene, he'd have been more puzzled than ever.

The next time they met she greeted him with such a charming smile and looked so naive and unconscious, that this little episode would have passed from his memory if it hadn't been for one circumstance. He accidentally (?) overheard a conversation between her cousin and another gentleman. Kitty was the theme of the discourse.

"She's a dear little girl, but a regular virago," said Joe. "Everybody's afraid of her when she gets into one of her tantrums. She just raves and goes on in a way that's perfectly frightful. There's a taint of insanity in the blood, you know; her aunt and grand-mother died in an insane asylum."

Young Gilbert listened, shuddering.—These words explained a scene that had puzzled him before and awakened forebodings for the future.

"You saw her father come down town last week with his head all bandaged up, and heard him tell, perhaps, how terribly he's afflicted with neuralgia," continued Joe. "Poor old gentleman! 'twas Kitty did the mischief, for in one of her angry fits she threw the flatiron across the table and it hit him in the temple. He's anxious to marry her off, and I hear Gilbert's to be the happy man."

That individual turned pale. He remembered Mr. Day's eagerness in forwarding his suit, and the wish he had expressed that his daughter's marriage should take place at an early date. Though his love for Kitty was as strong as his shallow nature was capable of feeling, a vixenish wife would be unendurable. But wasn't it possible that her cousin was mistaken, or had colored the picture a little too highly? He resolved to wait for further developments.

They came speedily. A week later he called on Kitty—just at dusk—and was ushered by mistake (?) into the library.—The door between that and the dinning room stood slightly ajar; a woman's shrill voice reached him from thence. Was it Kitty's? Yes, he recognized it; he heard it once before pitched in the same high key.

"Don't tell me you didn't mean to," she screeched more like a mad woman than anything else. "You did, you did, you little wretched imp!" Then there was the sound of a heavy blow and the shriek of a child.

"O! Don't, don't, Miss Kitty!" wailed a pitiful voice. "'Twas so dark I couldn't see when you run up against me, and then I stumbled and fell, and the pitcher got broken, and I tried to keep the milk off your pretty dress, but couldn't."

"You stumbled and fell," mimicked Kitty. "Well, I'll teach you not to another time. Take that, and that," and that," giving the child blow after blow that resounded through the room. "Stop your snivelling, too. Do you hear? I'll make you, if you don't."

The sobs were hushed up, and Kitty went on: "'Twas the prettiest dress I had and it's spoiled completly and all through your carelessness, you little imp! Oh, if I'd only a cowhide, 'twould do me good to give you such a whipping as you deserve."

"Kitty, let that child alone," said a new voice; and Gilbert recognized it as her cousin's.

"I shall do no such thing! Get out of the way, and mind your own business!" she shrieked, and there was something that sounded like a bottle whizzing through the room and crashed up against the wall. Then a man's groan was heard distinctly.

"Oh! Kitty, how could you?" said her cousin reproachfully; "you've cut my cheek terribly; see how the blood runs!"

Gilbert didn't wait to hear any more, but fled from the house, resolved that he would not marry such a vixen, though she had the face and form of a Hebe.

The front door had no sooner closed on him than the actors of the above drama went off into spasms of merriment.—Kitty stood revealed in the gaslight with dress uninjured; there was not a cut to be seen on Joe's face; the child was nowhere visible.

"Oh! oh! 'twas too funny!" gasped Kitty; "that whine would have deceived anybody, 'twas so natural. I half-started myself, thinking 'twas really a child's voice instead of yours. You deserve a reward of merit for such splendid acting."

"Give me one, then, and let me choose it myself," whispered Joe.

"Well, what will you have?" and she looked up archly.

"Yourself."

"What a modest demand!" There was a mocking smile on her lips, but her eyes fell beneath his.

"Do you think so?" and taking the mischievous little face between his hands, he scanned it closely. What he saw there was evidently satisfactory, for he kissed it over and over, and Kitty, though she resisted a little at first, finally submitting with a very good grace.

"'Tis well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," whispered he slyly. "Gilbert's done for, and I've stepped into his place."

"But he didn't treat me in this way," pouted she.

"I hope not"; "would be worse for him if he had: I'd shot him in a minute;" and Joe tried to look belligerent but failed woefully.

Mr. Day was surprised the next morning by a call from Kitty's late suitor.—The young man seemed ill at ease, and stammered a good deal in making his errand known.

"I understand, sir, that insanity is hereditary in your family," he began awkwardly, "and—and—" he paused and tried to collect his ideas, that Kitty's aunt and grandmother died in a lunatic asylum."

"All a mistake," responded Mr. Day pompously. "There never was a case of insanity, either among my own kindred or that of my late wife."

"But your daughter, sir, has a peculiar disposition, and I find it isn't suited to mine at all. We should be miserable together. I desire, therefore, to withdraw from the engagement."

"And have you told her this?" thundered his listener white with rage; for Mr. Day really had a violent temper, and didn't need to feign its possession, like Kitty.

"Dear me! the father is worse than the daughter," thought the young man.—Aloud he answered: "Oh, no; I came to you first." The fact was he didn't dare face Kitty with any such proposition.

"Well, sir, all I have to say is that you're a mean, contemptible villian, and if you don't get out of my office this minute I'll kick you down stairs;" and before the words were fairly out of Mr. Day's mouth he started to make his threat good.

Young Gilbert made a hasty retreat, convinced that not only Kitty but Mr. Day also was partially insane.

Kitty listened demurely to her father's version of the affair and the anathemas he hurled against her recreant lover.—Once, though, during his narration she shook so with laughter that he looked at her suspiciously. But she put on at once such an air of wretchedness that he ascribed it to wounded pride. It was not till two years afterward that he learned the truth, and Kitty was married to Joe, who, I forgot to say, was not her own cousin, though she called him so, but a sort of distant relation. Mr. Day received the revelation good-humoredly, (Joe had always been his special favorite) and was ready enough to laugh with the rest over the way in which he had been outwitted.

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman—the fumes of whose pipe were annoying him—if she thought she was a Christian?

"Yes, brudder I spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you can not enter the kingdom of heaven, because there's nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why I expects to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven."

WHEN a clock is wound up it goes.—When a firm is wound up it stops.

How a Girl Helps Clean House.

She is perfectly willing to help, she tells her mother she would just as lief stay home a week as not, and informs her teacher, with a semi-triumphant air that she has to stay home next week and help clean house.

The carpets are taken up first, and that girl, delicately reared though she be, bravely sits down in the middle of the floor and reads a paper while her mother and hired girl take out the tacks and make frantic efforts to use the same form of prayer that the head of houses uses when his boots don't come on easily in the morning.

The carpet is rolled up and taken into the back yard and hung on clothesline to be dusted. Now that girl comes out strong, and shows the latent energy that is in her. She seizes an old broom and starts toward that swinging carpet with an air of determination. On her way she spies her friend Kate passing, and goes off to the side fence to talk about an hour and a half about—well, about whatever girls do talk about under the same circumstances, then she goes into the house and eats her dinner and complains of being tired.

In the afternoon she begins dusting and arranging the books in the book-case.—She finds, pretty soon, one of Ouida's novels, and sits down on the floor to read, while the ink, from a bottle she knocks over when she throws her duster on the table, runs all over the parlor curtain stuffed under thee hair near by. Her mother finds her and sends her into the parlor to gather up her music ready for to-morrow's campaign. She gets along well enough with her finger exercises and marches, but presently she comes across "Don't be angry with me darling," that Robert gave her last week, and begins to hum it. She opens the piano to find the key note, to be certain she can take the high note nicely, and begins to sing. It don't sound well without the accompaniment that Rob't thought so sweet, so she sits down and begins to play. While she is practicing Robert comes along He hears her. He stops. He enters. She stops. He wants to hear that sweet song. Come in only for that. She is to hoarse. She couldn't think of singing with her hair tied up in a towel—but she does.

Robert sighs as the song ends, and she proposes a game of croquet. They go out and play croquet until tea time.

IT is related that a plain, honest farmer, a friend of Clay, being solicited to be candidate for the Legislature, called on the great Mr. Clay and sought his counsel as to the propriety of serving his country as the maker of laws. "My advice to you," said Mr. Clay earnestly, "is to keep out of politics. They will make all kinds of charges against you and ruin your character." "But," replied the honest old farmer "they can't say anything against my character. Everybody knows that I have led a blameless life." "Try it," added Mr. Clay who knew how it was himself, "try it." The good old man did try it, and before the canvass was over he withdrew from it in very deep disgust. Meeting Mr. Clay afterwards he was asked what were his chances for election. "I have withdrawn," he replied somewhat earnestly. "Do you think," said he "They not only charged me with stealing a sheep once, but what is worse, they caimed—d near proving it! I am done with politics."

SAID she, "Pray tell me if you can, why men so bashful are? They fall in love, and dream, and sigh, and worship us afar; but when they strive to tell the tale, they stutter, hesitate, and fail. We ladies like a man, you know, not afraid to speak—" And here I thought a blush appeared upon the maiden's cheek; then to myself I said, "I see this maiden's heart belongs to me." Then out I spake, "O, lady fair, my heart, my life, is thine! Since I boldly my speak my love, pray, wilt thou not be mine?" "No, sir," said she, with wondering stare—"Strange, how presuming some men are!"

"PERMIT me," said an eminent Senator to a stranger, the other day, to "introduce you to the authoress of the world. "I beg your pardon," quickly replied Miss Grundy, (Miss Snead.) "I do not care to have myself designated as the wife of Adam."

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" cried a celebrated tragedian.—"Wouldn't a jackass do as well?" inquired an effected young man, rising in his seat. "Yes," triumphantly exclaimed the actor, "just step up this way, sir," The young man sat down.

THE principal of a young ladies' seminary, up town, whose especial attention is devoted to deportment, was horrified the other day to find the big girls playing "leap frog" in the back yard.

AN active bachelor in Maine claims to be one hundred and two years old; but he "makes his own bed," according to a local paper, "so he must lie."

AN editor once wrote: "We have receive a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumferance."

"LIGHTNING saws," are announced by some dealers in hardware. That people see lightning during a thunder storm is plain enough, but why they should saw lightning is a problem.

MRS. Charles Sumner has taken her maiden name. Skipping two husbands, she now calls herself Alice Mason.

The hardships of of the ocean—ironclads.

Music by Handel—that of the organ-grinder.

"Spirit of the press"—a glass of cider.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves!
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring.
Beautiful leaves!
Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years, that change your tint,
Mark upon us their autumnal print!
Beautiful leaves!
So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
Beautiful leaves!
May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of Beautiful leaves!

[Communicated.]

ON ASTRONOMY.

BY JASPER T. JENKINS.

Of all the known sciences that have occupied the minds of human kind, none stand forth more interesting, grand, and sublime, than the science of Astronomy. In the pursuit of this great study, we look directly upon the mighty works of an Eternal, Over-ruling Power, which the most skeptical mind can never gainsay. This science of the heavenly bodies, dates far back among the older nations of antiquity, and hence the name of the five planets visible to the unassisted eye, bear names derived from the ancient heathen Mythology.

The Chinese Hindoos, Chaldean and Egyptians, were the first who sought to cultivate this branch of knowledge; but the thories they advanced, were many of them without reason, and some even bordering on the ridiculous. The Hebrew Bible, which is the most ancient writing known to the world, describes the objects connected with astronomy just as they appear to the naked eye. The earth is represented as a great level surface, supported by "foundations that can never be moved" The other luminaries are made to appear as mere lights hung up in the great etherial arch, to send forth their rays upon a world of darkness. The heavens are described as a firmament, dividing the waters above from the waters below; and this firmament had windows, or openings through it to pour out rain upon the earth. From this it is very evident that the ancient Hebrews had no conception of Astronomy as a science.

The Chaldeans had two astronomical theories each wild and fanciful. One was, that the sun and moon were on fire on one side, and dark on the other, and their occasional turning over produced eclipses. Their other opinion was, that these luminaries were carried around the heavens in great chariots, which were made close and tight all over, with the exception of a round perforation on one of the sides, through which the refulgent rays shone forth. They imagined that the occasional shutting, or partial shutting of this perforation, cut off the sun rays, and thus produced eclipses. Such was the rude views of mankind respecting science in the early ages of the world.

The Egyptians advanced the science but little; but it is said the Chinese calculated eclipses more than 2,000 years before Christ. This however should be received with distrust, for we know nothing of their astronomical views at that early date.

About 600 years before Christ a new theory was advanced by Thales, the celebrated Grecian astronomer. He believed the moon received her light from the sun; that the earth was a stationary round globe or sphere, and that the stars were balls of fire revolving around the world, in vast paths or circles. According to his theory, the heavens were divided into five great circles, and the solar year consisted of 365 days. He is said to have foretold the celebrated eclipse of the sun, which occurred May 28th 585 years before Christ, and which led to a peace between the Medes and Lybians; but this we must think somewhat doubtful, when we take into consideration the views he held respecting the science of astronomy. But if he left many false theories, he also left many facts; and these were taken up by his successors, and the science was pushed ahead more rapidly. Among the successors of Thales may be named Anaximander, Anaximanes, Anaxagoras, and Pythagoras. Pythagoras, who contributed greatly to the rising science, flourished about 540 years before the Christain era. His theory was more rational. He declared the sun to be the centre of the Universe—that the earth was round—that the moon shone by reflection from the sun's light—that the stars were worlds like ours, and that the comets were stars which wandered off through the vast regions of space, and appeared visible only in the lower portions of their orbits. He supposed the milky way to be myriads of small stars, and he was the first observer, who found the planet Venus to be both morning and evening star.—About two hundred years after the birth of Christ, the science of astronomy was advanced still higher, and to more perfection, by Hipparchus, who fixed the length of the year at 365 days, 5 hours and 52 minutes, which only lack four minutes and three seconds of the true time. The golden age of the sublime science had now been reached among the ancients. Grecian astronomy had arrived to its climax of glory, and now it was about to be overthrown.

About this time, Ptolemy, and Egyptian prince and philosopher, appeared upon the stage of action, and another theory was laid before the world. He taught that the earth was the immovable centre of the Universe, around which the sun, moon and stars, with all the luminaries of the heavens revolved. Some time after this the Saracens dispersed the men of science, and the Ptolemaic system became the prevailing theory of the world. The dark age of the world now came on, and for hundreds of years this mundane sphere of ours lay buried in ignorance. But it was not always thus to be for in the year 1473, a man was born in Thorn, in Prussia, who was destined to sweep the old Ptolemaic theory to the dust; and bring forth the immutable truths of astronomical science. This was Nicholas Copernicus, the real founder of astronomy as we see it to day. Thus was the theory of Pythagoras revived, and again was the sun declared to be the centre of the system around which the earth and other planets revolved, at different distances, and in different periods of time. He commenced to promulgate this theory about the year 1510, or 18 years after the discovery of America by Columbus, and in a few years it had become popular among several of the philosophers of Europe. Galileo now invented the telescope (1610,) and by the aid of this wonderful instrument new discoveries were made, which to his mind, was proof conclusive of the truth of the Copernican system; yet the people would not believe him. They could not see the simple fact, that the actual revolution of the earth eastward upon its axis every twenty-four hours, would cause the apparent westward revolution of the sun, moon and stars.

Perhaps no great mind ever made a new discovery, or introduced a new invention, without receiving the jeers and taunts of the multitude. When Harvey declared his discovery of the circulation of the blood, he was met on all sides by the greatest opposition. The celebrated Robert Fulton, whom all will now acknowledge as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, was obliged to bear the laughter and jeers of the people; and his first steamboat was called "Fulton's folly," in ridicule of its distinguished inventor. Thus were the doctrines of Copernicus and Galileo received. But in those days they went further than to laugh and jeer. They called persecution to their aid—their doctrine was declared to be heretical, and they were compelled to renounce. But the world was now becoming more enlightened; and men began to reason for themselves. Other eminent astronomers appeared—more powerful telescopes were invented, and the Copernican theory at length prevailed. The Copernican system is the astronomy of to-day. It has advanced much and yet like all other sciences it is in its infancy. New discoveries are constantly being made, and what may be brought to light in the next few centuries it is impossible to conjecture. Such is a brief history of the science of astronomy, from the earliest records to the present day. Who shall say that it is not a progressive field of study?

[Communicated.]

ROBERT BURNS.

BY D. H. C.

In every period of the world's history, there have been men who have borne in themselves all the evils of the times in which their lot is cast, and who have pointed, sometimes in their own despite, to the remedy it needed. These are the prophets of their age, the men who, above all others, their fellows have need to sympathize with and understand. Such a man was Robert Burns, a prophet involuntary and unconscious, no doubt; teaching as much by his life and sufferings as by what he said.

Born in 1759, in an humble cot, which stands about a couple of miles from the town of Ayr, the external circumstances of his childhood were similar to those of most other Scottish peasant boys. But if we compare them with those which surrounded the childhood of William Huntington, we shall see in a most striking manner how great the contrast between the peasantry of Southern Scotland and Southern England. Not indeed, in their dwellings, as any one may see who will compare the picture of Burn's birthplace with that of Huntington's The Ayrshire cottage had but two rooms, was built by Robert's father, William Burns, with his own hand, and was as simple and humble a home as decent people could shelter themselves in.

William Burns occupied no higher position in society than Huntington afterwards rose to, that of a gentleman's gardner; but the contrast between his home and that of a Wealden peasant was as great as could well be conceived. Doubtless its high character was due in no small degree to the personal influence of its head, but there was much that was typical about it, many of its best features were common to the homes of the Scottish peasantry. The Burnses, both father and son, were eager to learn. Robert had a hundred inquires to make, about the French; his father some questions to propose in moral or natural philosophy, while the good wife was in and out, even more anxious to listen to her husband's remarks than to any one else. For William Burns was reverenced and beloved by his family, his word was law, and the slightest chastisement gave heartfelt pain, and produced a flood of tears. His son has shown the source of the high tone which pervaded his early home in one of the noblest poems to be found in any language, it is as follows:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha' Bible, once his father pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His hyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide.
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Burns in the consciousness of doing right, he was very happy, perhaps never more so in any period of his life. In his note book on the first Sunday after he had taken possession of his farm, he wrote—

"Farewell men to those follies, those vanished vices, which those half sanctified by the bewitching levity of wit and humor, are at best but thriftless idling with the precious current of existence, nay, often poisoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jerico, *the water is naught and the ground barren*, and nothing short of a supernaturally gifted Elisha can ever after heal the evil."

It was a wise resolution; true progress in life would Burns have made had he known how to abide by it, and if a sweet and touching ideal of a pure domestic hearth has power to regenerate the soul diseased by sin, then Burns should now have been reclaimed to a noble life, for no ideal could be brighter than the one he pictured to himself,

"To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

WHEN the souls utter words, or makes petitions, if the spirit accompanying approves, the prayer is made with ease. If the spirit do not co-operate, the words are uttered with difficulty, or not at all. God takes the place of self in the soul, and there prays for things agreeable to his will. This is the state of the soul, in which it has no desire to originate prayer, but loves to be silent in the presence of God.

A "HONEYMOON car" is now run on the Pacific Railroad.