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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

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Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCollum, Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. 1873-1874.

D. W. SEARLE, Attorney at Law, Office over the Store of M. J. Bennett, 1873-1874.

W. W. SMITH, Attorney and Chain Manufacturer, 1873-1874.

M. C. SUTTON, Auctioneer and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa. 1873-1874.

A. M. ELLY, United States Auctioneer, 1873-1874.

J. C. WHEATON, Civil Engineer and Land Surveyor, 1873-1874.

JOHN GROVES, Auctioneer's Store, 1873-1874.

A. O. WARREN, Attorney at Law, 1873-1874.

W. A. CROSBY, Attorney at Law, 1873-1874.

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LAW OFFICE, F. W. WATSON, Attorney at Law, at the office of Justice of the Peace, 1873-1874.

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JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY KIND!
Executed Neatly and Cheaply
AT THIS OFFICE.
Try Us.

POETRY.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

BY JOHN O. BAKE.

"Good-bye!" the driver said,
As the coach went off in a whirl!
And the coachman bowed his handsome head
As he turned to go—
"Be good to yourself—my girl!"

Al! many a loud good-bye I have heard,
From many an aching heart,
And many a friendly farewell word,
When strangers come to part.

And I've heard a thousand merry quips,
And many a senseless joke;
And many a fervent prayer from lips
That all tremble.

And many a bit of good advice
In smooth, provincial phrase;
And many a wish—'till little price—
For health and happy days.

But mingling the human soul,
Whate'er the fate may be,
Still measures by its own control,
Its greatest good or ill—
Of benedictions, I protest,
"Mid many a shining pearl,
I like the merry coxswain's snarl,
"Be good to yourself my girl!"

"THE GIFT OF A ROSE."

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I send thee, Mary, a sweet young rose,
That bright with the hues of the sunset glows;
It is beautiful, it is full and brief,
It will come to thee with a withered leaf,
But the fervent kiss that my earnest lips
Have left for thee on its crimson tips,
Will not fade from the fading flower department,
But come all fresh to thy lip and heart,
For 'tis a breath of the love and trust
That will live when our lips and hearts are dust.

Mary, dear Mary, pray love this flower,
It has for thee the bloom of a spell of power;
For I tucked it from the garden walk,
On the blooming edge of that garden walk,
Where we strayed together so deeply blissed,
When the sun shined on the golden weed,
And nurtured our loves in burnings words,
With warm lips to the flowers and birds,
And lingered on the leaf, sweet spot!
While our warm kisses kissed, though our lips did not.

Mary, dear Mary, my thoughts still cleave
To each memory sweet of that blessed eve,
To each more dear than the sweetest lily,
To each more dear than the sweetest lily,
To each more dear than the sweetest lily,

"THE THREE TRAVELING BAGS."

There were three of them, all of shining black leather, one on top of the pile of the other, on the ground, one in the center of the pile, and one on the side, all waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggage man bustled, fuming, from one pile of baggage to the other, dispensing chalk to trunks, checks to the passengers, curses to the porters, in approved railway style.

"What's this?" cried a stout, military-looking man, with enormous whiskers and red face, crowding forward as the baggage man laid his hand on the first bag.

"Won't you please give me a check for this now?" entreated a pale, slender, carefully dressed young man, for the ninth time holding out bag No. 2. "I have a lady to look after."

"Say! be you again? to give a check for that, or not?" growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short, portmarked fellow, in a shabby overcoat.

"That's right, gen'l'men. Here you are," said the check-taker, rapidly distributing the three checks. Philadelphia, this? "Yes, sir—1092—170411—1020. All right."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "Whoop! whoop!" responded the locomotive, as the train moved slowly out of the station house.

The baggage-master meditatively watched it as it sped away in the distance, and then as if a thought suddenly struck him, slapping his thigh, he exclaimed "Blas't if I don't believe—"

"What?" inquired the switchman.

"That I've gone and got them in a fol-lers the wrong checks. The cause, little black 'things' was all alike and they both—"

"Telegraph," suggested the switchman.

"Never you mind," replied the baggage-man. "They was all going to Philadely. They'll find out when they get there."

They did.

The scene shifts to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia—front parlor, upstairs. Occupants, the young gentleman alluded to above and a young lady. In accordance with the fast usage of the times, the train had been made one in holy matrimony at 7:30 a. m. and they had departed at 8:45, and deposited at the Continental, bag and baggage, at 12:55.

They were seated on the sofa, the black broad cloth coat-sleeve encircling the broad chest of the gray travel dress, and the jetty coquette in equally affectionate proximity to the glossy curls.

"Are you tired, dearest?"

"No, love, not much. But you are, aren't you?"

"No, darling."

"Kiss and a pause."

"Don't it seem funny? said the lady.

"What, love?"

"That we should be married."

"Yes, darling."

"Won't they be glad to see us at George's?"

"Of course they will."

"I am sure I shall enjoy it so much."

"Shall we get there to-night?"

"Yes, love, if—"

"Rap-rap-rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between man and wife—to opposite ends of the sofa, and there it was—

"Come in."

"If you please, sir, it's a M. P. is waiting to see you."

"I see. A policeman?"

"Yes, sir."

"There must be some mistake."

"No, sir, it's yourself, and he is waiting in the hall below."

"Well, I'll go to—no; tell him to come in."

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the M. P. with a huge brass star on his breast, appearing with great alacrity at the waiter's elbow.

"Believe this is your black valise?"

"Yes, that is ours certainly. It has Julia's—the lady's things in it."

"Suspicious circumstances about that're valise, sir. Telegraph comes this morning that a burglar started by 3:45 Philadelphia train, with a lot of spoons in a black valise. Spoon marked T. B. Watch the ferry. Saw the black valise. Followed it up here. Took a peak inside. Sure enough there was spoons. Marked T. B. too. Said it was yours. Shall have to take you in charge."

"Take me in charge?" echoed the dismayed bridegroom. "But I assure you, sir, there is some strange mistake; it's all a mistake."

"S'pose you'll be able to account for the spoons being in your valise then?"

"Why, I—I—it isn't mine; it must be somebody else's. Somebody has put them there. It's some villainous conspiracy."

"Hope you'll be able to tell a better story before the magistrate young man; 'cause if you don't, you stand a smart chance of being sent up for six months."

"O, Charles, this is horrid. Do send him away. O dear? I wish I was at home," said the little bride.

"I'll tell you the real story of the bridegroom's bursting up with indignation, 'this is all a vile plot. What would I be doing with your putty spoons? I was married this morning in Fifth Avenue, and I am on my wedding tour. I have high connections in New York. You'll repent it, sir, if you dare to arrest me. It is incredible before. 'I have heard stories like that before. This ain't the first time swindlers have traveled in couples—Do you s'pose I don't know 'nough?' 'Tain't no use; you've just got to come along to the station house. Might as well go along peaceably. It's all right, it's all right."

"Charles, this is perfectly dreadful! our wedding night in the station house. Do send for somebody. Send for the landlord to explain it."

The landlord was sent for, and came; the waiters and chamber-maids and bar-room lingers, and all the other people who appeared to regard as a delightful entertainment, got expressly for their amusement.

"Then you say this 'ere is yours?" said the policeman, relaxing his hold on the bridegroom and confronting the Captain.

"Yes, it is mine."

"You can come by the spoons?"

"Spoons, you jacksnappers!" said the Captain. "Pistols—ducing pistols!"

"Do you call these pistols?" said the policeman, holding up one of the spoons marked T. B.

The Captain, astounded, gasped, "It's the spoon, and it comes to you to account for them 'ere stolen spoons. Have to take ye in charge, all four of ye."

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" roared the Captain. "I'll send you to—I wish I had my pistols here, I'd teach you to insult gentlemen!" shaking his hat.

The spoons were waxed fast and furious, the outburst being without being sent and there is no telling how it would have ended, had not an explosion followed by a heavy fall and a scream of pain, been heard in an adjoining room.

The crowd rushed to the scene of the new attraction.

"What was that?" said the young man. "It was soon burst open and the mystery explained. The thief who had carried off the Captain's valise by mistake for his own, had taken it up to his room and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, thrusting his hand in after the spoons, and his fingers catching on one of the hair triggers and the pistol went off, the pistol making a round hole through the side of the valise and a corresponding hole in the calf of his leg.

The wounded rascal was taken in charge by the policeman and then by the Doctor; and the duelists and the wedded pair broke up a friendship on the score of their mutual misadventure, which culminated in a supper, where fun was abundant, and where it would be hard to say which was in the best spirits—the Captain for recovering his pistols, the bride for getting her right cap, the bridegroom for escaping the station house, or the duelists for escaping each other. All resolved to "mark that day with a white stone."

A gentleman at a dance remarked to his partner, a witty young lady that she was not too close the must go to get some air. After an absence of half an hour he returned, when she asked him "if he had not been to the graveyard, as his breath smelt of the beer."

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow and the other for stealing a woman. "Here, Mike, what's that clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other.

"An' sure, Pat, I haven't my timepiece handy, but think it is about milking time."

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?—Parting with them as they go.

A Wielded Oyster Legend.

There is a sad and wretched story of an oyster-boat, which still floats around the shores of Baltimore, where oyster-boats do congregate. One morning, it was years ago, the sloop *Martha Mary* came from the oyster bed on the Chesapeake, laden gaily deep with prime oysters, and was moored safely along a Baltimore pier.

The skipper, pleased with the prospect of his voyage, lounged on the wharf awaiting a customer. There came to this captain a lean, lank, and shallow-faced man, who said in a cavernous voice, "I would eat some oysters." "Plenty on board there," was the bluff reply. "But I would pay for what I eat," interposed the stranger. "All right, go aboard, eat your fill for a quarter," cheerily replied the skipper, for in those early times oysters were worth not more than fifteen cents a bushel. "Willingly," said the thin man producing with alacrity the old Spanish quarter with the pillars on it, the oyster-boat man, who said in a large, rusty oyster-knife from his pocket, the thin man opened the hatch of the little vessel and dived below.

The captain went to his breakfast. The meal over, he returned to his sleep deck. How he heard the measured clink of an oyster knife. "He has a good appetite," he only said. "He has a good appetite," he only said. "He has a good appetite," he only said. "He has a good appetite," he only said.

Next morning early, as he approached the wharf, still his bright eye heard the clink. He could stand it no longer. Rushing below, scattering aside whole heaps of shells, he found the lean, lank, and cadaverous man, still opening away at the top bottom of the vessel. "They was good," said the cadaverous man, swallowing with artistic flit a singularly large oyster, "but scarcely as salty as I like 'em. If I had had a cracker, or just a dish of vinegar, I might have enjoyed 'em more. S'here, capturing, its just a case of such weakness and corruption, where has been so much strength and purity? You partisan ranting, instead of the lofty, patriotic eloquence in the earlier and better days of the Republic! How wide the contrast and painful the reflection! It would seem that the illustrious champions of Liberty, who, in time past, moved upon that elevated field of action with few exceptions, have fallen and now, regardless of their glorious victories for the Right, the so most interested in the present, are in a quarrelling over the spoils of war. Even the tramp of *Justities* is heard and the sound of *armis* in ambuscade, where, *mea* *heer* *troop* and *mighty* *guns* thunder. Occasionally, it is true, some heavy piece of dialect, but only at such long intervals, that the effect is nearly, if not quite, destroyed. And all this beneath the waving and mercurial flag of the Stars. But to drop the metaphor. That the law is true, not many will deny. It is a just and equitable law, which, how vainly come appeals for relief. When, indeed, from such a source is financial prosperity, and the confidence of the country to be restored? Let the people answer as they surely will in the "good time coming."—the dismay and destruction of many who now sit in high places and wield the sceptre of illegitimate power. Something besides of the Mobiler, Salary Grab, is required of Legislators for this great nation, which they will thoroughly understand at no distant day. Even now the stone is rolling away from the Sepulchre, that the Spirit of Freedom may rise again.

While in Washington I had a curiosity to see and hear the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, who is associated with something of the Past and Present in the history of this country—Over the Red Sea of Civil War, and the grave of Secession, he has returned again to perform his part in the government of the Union. What vicissitudes of fortune! Advanced in years and broken in health, he spends but little time in his official seat, so called upon his duties in the National Hotel. I found him a clean, neat, fresh, and very sociable. During conversation his dark eye shined, and his pale face brightened as if moved by inspiration. He was not the little being of 75 pounds, but a man with a giant intellect. The transformation was truly wonderful. Few possess so much magnetic power. Finding, upon inquiry, that I was from Pennsylvania, he expressed a pleasant interest in the State as being the Key Stone of the Federal Arch, and also, as the *bone* of some of his relatives about the Junata. But upon matters of government he was most eloquent. This, indeed, is his favorite theme, and for a long time he delivered himself of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," through which I saw the impassioned orator and the great statesman. While not oblivious to the Past, he spoke in hope of the Future of the present as the gray drawing of a future. Feeling he would weary, I took advantage of a brief pause and arose to depart. He appeared reluctant to close, but finally, with a grasp of the hand and a "God bless you," he bade me "good night," and we parted. I would scarcely believe I had been in the presence of a grandeur. And as I terminated my interview with the ex-Vice President of the defunct Southern Confederacy, but, not intellectually, one of the ablest men in Congress. Nonchalantly, upon Butler is a kind of a leader in the House, while the wise man, the Ulysses of the Senate is, without doubt, Charles Sumner. There is something about him that reminds one of the old Statesman, that lofty yet quiet dignity which always belongs to cautious strength. But in neither branch of the National Legislature, must one look for Webster, Clay or Calhoun. Their seats are comparatively vacant, and generations may pass before they are filled again. In dismissing this subject, let me say of the Senate that, as a parliamentary body, it has much decorum, while the House is exactly the reverse, with disorder reigning supreme, and confusion more confounding. Perhaps it is mutually understood that very little of nothing there uttered is worth hearing, so nobody pretends to listen. Correct.

With Washington as a city, I was favorably impressed. It is really of "magnificent disas-

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MINNIE J. OWNEY.

In a cabin by the hillside,
Stands my early childhood's home;
There my thoughts will ever wander,
Though afar I roam.
There are memories that will linger,
Long as I have power for thought,
And the dearest of these to me,
Is that lowly, humble cot.

There's the hearth-stone where we gathered,
Sister Lill, and John, and I,
Where we told our youthful stories,
As the evening hours flew by,
There's the chair in which my father
Sat and smiled our joys to see;
There's the room in which my mother
Taught sweet, simple prayers to me.

There's the spring near by, that bubbled
Forth its waters, cool and sweet,
Shaded by a tree whose branches,
Kept it from the noon-day heat,
There's the hill where, in the winter,
We came flying down on sleds,
Sometimes landing in the snow-drifts
Crying with half-broken sleds.

There's the garden where the roses
Twined and crept by mother's hand,
Scented the sweetest of all flowers,
Now I love with them to stand;
For they bring a mystic presence,
And their fragrance, lasting now,
Though I know, the holy angels
Have enrolled her name above.

There's the porch whose banister is thin-worn
By the ones now in repose;
There's the door that will be lifted
Here again at daylight's close,
By the hands now silent ever,
Resting in the woodland near;
Where we played when we were children,
They have laid the loved, so dear.

In a cabin by a hillside,
Stands my early childhood's home,
There my thoughts will ever wander,
Though afar I roam.
There are memories that will linger,
Long as I have power for thought,
And the dearest of these to me,
Is that lowly, humble cot.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Editors of DEMOCRAT:—On my way from the west to New York, I recently passed through Washington, D. C. where I stopped several days, and will now give you a word from the same. First, of a sitting, meditative and obscure, under the drooping dome of the *Senate* (the U. S. Congress). From what I knew of its composition, I did not anticipate a very great "feast of reason," or "flow of soul." And yet I was somewhat disappointed. The ability and integrity of its members, in my humble opinion, are even below the average. Such weakness and corruption, where has been so much strength and purity? You partisan ranting, instead of the lofty, patriotic eloquence in the earlier and better days of the Republic! How wide the contrast and painful the reflection! It would seem that the illustrious champions of Liberty, who, in time past, moved upon that elevated field of action with few exceptions, have fallen and now, regardless of their glorious victories for the Right, the so most interested in the present, are in a quarrelling over the spoils of war. Even the tramp of *Justities* is heard and the sound of *armis* in ambuscade, where, *mea* *heer* *troop* and *mighty* *guns* thunder. Occasionally, it is true, some heavy piece of dialect, but only at such long intervals, that the effect is nearly, if not quite, destroyed. And all this beneath the waving and mercurial flag of the Stars. But to drop the metaphor. That the law is true, not many will deny. It is a just and equitable law, which, how vainly come appeals for relief. When, indeed, from such a source is financial prosperity, and the confidence of the country to be restored? Let the people answer as they surely will in the "good time coming."—the dismay and destruction of many who now sit in high places and wield the sceptre of illegitimate power. Something besides of the Mobiler, Salary Grab, is required of Legislators for this great nation, which they will thoroughly understand at no distant day. Even now the stone is rolling away from the Sepulchre, that the Spirit of Freedom may rise again.

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With Washington as a city, I was favorably impressed. It is really of "magnificent disas-

The streets are usually wide, paved and paved with concrete and wood, and kept remarkably clean. In addition, the numerous parks, fine dwellings, and cosmopolitan, give it a rank in the world. But the public buildings are the greatest attraction. The Capitol itself is one of the grandest structures in this or any other country. It is 751 feet, and 4 inches long, 200 feet wide, and the figure surmounting the dome 207 feet above the level of the ground. The material of which it is built is sand stone and its marble, elaborately wrought in various styles of architecture, and richly ornamented with the famous bronze doors, splendid statuary, and elegant paintings. Situated upon an eminence, it commands a fine view of the city and surroundings. Next to the Capitol, the "Patent Office" is almost proportioned, in the Doric order, and occupies a wide square. The "Cash Room," in the Treasury Department, is however, one of the most beautiful rooms in the world, constructed entirely of variegated marble, highly polished. Though plain in external appearance, the Smithsonian Institute contains an excellent museum with so many curiosities and treasures that it is, probably, more interesting to the public, and even to months of examination could hardly do it justice. But space, and I fear the reader's patience, forbid much further description of this sort, so to the exclusion of a number, and referring the usual method, and last but not least the White House, which I consider a very ordinary affair, as also, the President who occupies it—

But I did not intend to occupy it as a *daily* subject to my reports as being a *faithful* *re-ly* *of* *my* *visit* *to* *Mount* *Vernon* *and* *I* *close*. *One* *lovely* *morning*, *on* *the* *last* *of* *the* *home* *and* *now* *the* *town* *of* *Washington*.—Not without feelings of reverence I touched the shore and approached the spot so sacred to liberty and humanity. Upon the gently elevated and shady banks, overlooking the placid river, repose the ashes of him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Not a mansion, but an unpretending structure marks the final resting place of the mighty dead. And then, upon the Sarcophagus is simply the word *Washington*, which to him has a *name*, *how* *noble* *stronger* *than* *several* *days*, *and* *will* *now* *give* *you* *a* *word* *from* *the* *same*. *First*, *of* *a* *sitting*, *meditative* *and* *obscure*, *under* *the* *drooping* *dome* *of* *the* *Senate* (the U. S. Congress). From what I knew of its composition, I did not anticipate a very great "feast of reason," or "flow of soul." And yet I was somewhat disappointed. The ability and integrity of its members, in my humble opinion, are even below the average. Such weakness and corruption, where has been so much strength and purity? You partisan ranting, instead of the lofty, patriotic eloquence in the earlier and better days of the Republic! How wide the contrast and painful the reflection! It would seem that the illustrious champions of Liberty, who, in time past, moved upon that elevated field of action with few exceptions, have fallen and now, regardless of their glorious victories for the Right, the so most interested in the present, are in a quarrelling over the spoils of war. Even the tramp of *Justities* is heard and the sound of *armis* in ambuscade, where, *mea* *heer* *troop* and *mighty* *guns* thunder. Occasionally, it is true, some heavy piece of dialect, but only at such long intervals, that the effect is nearly, if not quite, destroyed. And all this beneath the waving and mercurial flag of the Stars. But to drop the metaphor. That the law is true, not many will deny. It is a just and equitable law, which, how vainly come appeals for relief. When, indeed, from such a source is financial prosperity, and the confidence of the country to be restored? Let the people answer as they surely will in the "good time coming."—the dismay and destruction of many who now sit in high places and wield the sceptre of illegitimate power. Something besides of the Mobiler, Salary Grab, is required of Legislators for this great nation, which they will thoroughly understand at no distant day. Even now the stone is rolling away from the Sepulchre, that the Spirit of Freedom may rise again.

While in Washington I had a curiosity to see and hear the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, who is associated with something of the Past and Present in the history of this country—Over the Red Sea of Civil War, and the grave of Secession, he has returned again to perform his part in the government of the Union. What vicissitudes of fortune! Advanced in years and broken in health, he spends but little time in his official seat, so called upon his duties in the National Hotel. I found him a clean, neat, fresh, and very sociable. During conversation his dark eye shined, and his pale face brightened as if moved by inspiration. He was not the little being of 75 pounds, but a man with a giant intellect. The transformation was truly wonderful. Few possess so much magnetic power. Finding, upon inquiry, that I was from Pennsylvania, he expressed a pleasant interest in the State as being the Key Stone of the Federal Arch, and also, as the *bone* of some of his relatives about the Junata. But upon matters of government he was most eloquent. This, indeed, is his favorite theme, and for a long time he delivered himself of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," through which I saw the impassioned orator and the great statesman. While not oblivious to the Past, he spoke in hope of the Future of the present as the gray drawing of a future. Feeling he would weary, I took advantage of a brief pause and arose to depart. He appeared reluctant to close, but finally, with a grasp of the hand and a "God bless you," he bade me "good night," and we parted. I would scarcely believe I had been in the presence of a grandeur. And as I terminated my interview with the ex-Vice President of the defunct Southern Confederacy, but, not intellectually, one of the ablest men in Congress. Nonchalantly, upon Butler is a kind of a leader in the House, while the wise man, the Ulysses of the Senate is, without doubt, Charles Sumner. There is something about him that reminds one of the old Statesman, that lofty yet quiet dignity which always belongs to cautious strength. But in neither branch of the National Legislature, must one look for Webster, Clay or Calhoun. Their seats are comparatively vacant, and generations may pass before they are filled again. In dismissing this subject, let me say of the Senate that, as a parliamentary body, it has much decorum, while the House is exactly the reverse, with disorder reigning supreme, and confusion more confounding. Perhaps it is mutually understood that very little of nothing there uttered is worth hearing, so nobody pretends to listen. Correct.

With Washington as a city, I was favorably impressed. It is really of "magnificent disas-

OCCUPATION.

What a glorious thing occupation is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When griefs dawn, holds his beads, and mournfully feeds upon his own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is alone of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the torments, rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

Chastise your passions that they may not enslave you. No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likely to be a lover of mankind. Riches are not among the number of things that are good. It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires. Deliver yourself from appetite, and you will be free. He who is discontented with things present and allotted, is unskilled in life.

It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want heart to give it.

Wm. G. Orser.