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TUNKHANNOCK WYOMING CO., PA.-WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, 1868.

Myoming Democrat.

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all kinds neatly executed and at prices to suit

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M. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Of-fice in Stark's Eric & Block Tioga St., Tunk

J CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa attention given to settlement of deco-

J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Col-lecting and Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands de. Scranton, Pa. 38tf.

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W, RHOADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attend promptly to all calls in his pro-May be found at his Office at the Drug at his residence on Putman Sreet, formerly upied by A. K. Peckham Esq.



DENTISTRY

e on second floor of New Jewelry Store, on

PACIFIC HOTEL. 170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street

OR ABOVE CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.) \$2.50 PER DAY.

g sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore an the too common exaction of an inordinate e is fully able to meet the downward tenden-rices without any falling off of service. Il now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain shed the favorable reputation of the Pacific, thus enjoyed for many years, as one of the travelers' hotels. ravelers' hotels.
TABLE will be bountifully supplied with

E ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and bliging.

E LOCATION will be found convenient for whose business calls them in the lower part of try, and of ready access to all Rail Road and about Lines.

JOHN PATTEN.

HUFFORD HOUSE. TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA

refited and furnished in the latest style, tention will be given to the comfort and Tunkhannock, Pa., June 17, 1868.-v7n41.

BOLTON HOUSE. HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already comenced such alterations and improvements as will sender this old and popular House equal, if not supeor, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.

Acontinuance of the public patronage is refpect-GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE

IIS establishment has recently been refitted an furnished in the latest style. Every attention T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

MEANS' HOTEL TOWANDA. PA D. B. BARTLET. PROPRIETOR.

MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST

C. Detrick. TUNKHANNOCK, PENN'A.

Latest News.

Late arrival of New Goods.

Great Bargains at the New Store of

Having just returned from the City, I am now

FALL GOODS and one of the lorgest and richest assortments ever offered in this community. Consisting of

RICH AND FANCY COL'RD DRESS

SILKS,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS
EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS,
POPLINS, PAREMETTOS,
BLACK AND COLORED
ALPACCAS WOOL, ARMURE, PEKIN AND MOUSELIEU DELAINS, INPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufactures and Latest Styles.

Ladies Cloths and Sacqueings, Cloths, Satenetts,

Jeans,

Drills,

Ticks,

Checks,

Stripes, Stripes,
Sheetings
Bleached

Shirtings, Sontags, Hoods.
Furs, Ludies' Reticules, Shopping Bags and Baskets,
TRUNKS, VALUES, and TRAVELING BAGS,

the times.

Latest !Styles,
All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, Cotton Hosiery, Notions, Toilet and Fancy

GOODS, FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY.

Black and Colored Velvets, Ribbons,

Ruffles, Frills, Fringes, Braids, Beads, Ball and Bugle Trimmings

-:0:-A Large quantity of BEST STYLE HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETTS, select from Manufacturers, at greatly reduced prices,

FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities. READY MADE Clothing, AND GENTS'

Furnishing Goods. HATS AND CAPS of Latest Styles,

CALF, KIP, and HEAVY, BOOTS & SHOES, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Kid Prunelle Mo-rocco and Calf Gaiters, Shoes, and Slippers, Wall and Window Pape Window Curtains, & Curtain Fixtures, Carpets & 0 il

O ilClo ths. China,
Glass, and Stone Ware,
Tinware,—made expressly for this
Trade, and warranted to give satisfaction,
20 per cent. Cheaper than the usual rates in section,

ils,
Spikes,
Iron.
Steel.
Horse Shoes.
Horso Shoe Nails,
Nail Rods,
Paints,
Pay

Material, Putty, Window Glass, Kerosene O Hall, Parlor, Stand, and Hand Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp Chimnies, Shades, and Burners.

COAL,

ASHTON, TURK ISLAND, & BBL. SALT

ASHTOE,
FLOUR,
FEED,
MEAL,
BUTTER,
CHEESE,
LARD,
PORK,
HAMS,
HAMS,
Wes, Mr. Smith, I think so

COFFEE

SPICES, SYRUP, & MOLASSES, WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

CORDAGE. BASKETS, BROOMS, PA LS. TUBS.

WASH BOARDS, SWEEPERS,

BRUSHES, of all kinds.
PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, and DYES
FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.,

These goods have been selected with great glee and satisfaction. with great care to suit the wants of this community, and will be sold as heretofore, at the lowest living rates for cash or exchanged for country. produce at market prices. Thankful business, to mcrit a continuance of the same, and will try to make the those fiddles and let the baby cry. I have

C. DETRICK.

Hoetry.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

With the first beams that light the morning sky, Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare, Lift up thy thoughts on high; Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care ! Morn is the time for prayer !

And in the noontide hour, If worn by toil or by sad cares opprest, Then unto God thy spirit's serrow pour, And He will give thee rest; Thy voice shall reach Him thro' the fields of air :

Noon is the time for prayer ! When the bright sun hath set-Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies— When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met Then let thy prayer arise For those who in thy joys and sorrows share-

Eve is the time for prayer ! And when the stars come forth-When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth To pure bright dreams of heaven— Kneel to the God—ask strength, life's ills to bear-

Night is the time for prayer ! When is the time for prayer ? In every hour while life is spared thee-In crowds or solitude-in joy or care-Thy thoughts should heavenward flee ; At home-at morn and eve-with loved ones ther Bend thou the knee in prayer !

THE PRINTER'S TOIL.

Blow, ye stormy winds of winter, Drive the chilly, drifting snow, Closely housed, the busy printer Heeds not how the winds may blow

Click, click, his type go dropping, As he stands for hours popping Every letter in its pla

Every comfort mortals need. For our nights were dull in winter

Sad would be the world's condition If no printer boys were found; Ignorance and superstition, Sin and suffering would abound Yea, it is the busy printer

Rolls the car of knowledge on. And a gloomy metal winter Soon would reign if he were gon Money's useful, yet the winters Fill not half so high a place

As the busy, tolling printers, Fingering type before the case. Yet while the type they're busy setting, Oft some thankless popinjay, Leaves the country, kindly letting

Printers whistle for their pay. Oh! ingratitude ungracious! Are there on enlightened soil-

As to slight the printer's toil ? See him ! how extremely busy, Fingering type before the case, Toiling, till he's almost dizzy, To exalt the human race.

Men with minds so incapacious

STRONGER, -After the election of 1864 the Democrats had the Governor of but a single State in the Union, Delaware .-Bramlette, of Kentucky, was not then a Democrat, having been elected by what was called the "Union" party. After the election of 1868, we have the Governors of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and California. We have also recovered the State of Oregon which east its vote for Seymour, and the States of Georgia and Louisiana, by immense majorities. These three States will have Democratic Governors in another year, which will give us the control of the executive power in ten States. This shows the recuperative energy of the Democracy. Next year we shall defeat Geary, which will bring Pennsylvania once more into line. We are growing stronger. Courage, Democrats! Forward in the good cause! Now is the time for effective work. Your neigbors' heads are cool at present. Talk

A FAIR TURN .- "I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything meater

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I think so." "Ahem! Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a

thing as well as I can whittle." "Pooh! nonsense, Mr. Smith! Talk about whittling-what can you whittle as

nice as I can turn ?" lar if I do not do it to the satisfaction of the ring of gold. these gentlemen present." (Here Mr.

Smith tables the dollar.) "Ahem! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for a trial, you know-you whittle the one while I turn the other."

was quickly disposed of by those present, ly on.

for the past liberal patronage, I shal once in a theatre in that city where a woendeavor by strict attention to my man had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra commen-ced to play, a man in the pit cried, "Stop STARRANGED Houses in the country—It up in the most modern and improved style pains are spared to make it a pleasantand efficial to customers.

The same, and will try to make the bady customers and increase and let the bady can to most modern and improved style future still more attractive and benefficial to customers. The

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

All my life-long I had known Mary Moore. All my life had loved her.

Our mothers were playmates and first the door.

"Mary Moore." cousins. My first recollections of a boy, in a red frock and morrocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed sunny-haired blueeyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself-Harry Church; that blessed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chair up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occassions for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! How sweetly her blue eyes looked at me ! · How gaily rang out her merry laugh! No one but Marry could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from the days of my chilhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth-I followed it though the heated noon of manhood-and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are vet strong, and that, even in gray hairs, I am

following the music still. When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for then stilling the tempest of my heart, by a three long years. This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things . "Lizzie, don't you know me?"

my nineteenth year. I had grown into a She weft as if her heart would break. tall, slender strippling, with a very good to image how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful coxcomb, I knew but as youth and good looks have fled. I trust that I may be be, lieved when I say, that self-conceit has left

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up life's choicest blessing many a joy remained apparently connected with a watch in one all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home for two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore .-She had gone to a boarding-school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered out a sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself a man

three years at the very most, I will return and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be that fell to the floor. why, then, perhaps, I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. -I never thought of the possibility of her re- hand. fusing me-never dreamed that she would

not condescend to accept my offer. man. When at the end of three years I boy still."

of romance and gold, for the friends I had think for the better." hoped to meet; the gift for Mary Moore, I engraved inside-that was all, and yet the ery day." sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me

as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet suggesting some thoughts, added, lifting the infant in his arms, and me." perhaps by its elegance, of the beautiful "Anything-everything, Mr. Jones. You white hand that was to wear it. But not Harry, there is not such another in the just name the article that I can't whittle to me-how much was embodied there-all world. Don't you think she looks very that you can turn, and I will give this dol- these delights were hidden within that lit- much like her mother used to?"

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheeful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to A fair "sell." Mr. Smith started a mo- the door, and I might greet my family ment, and vamosed. The forfeited dollar when no strange eye was looking careless-

But no-a servant answered my summons They were too merry in the parlor to heed At one time a woman could hardly the long absent one who asked for admited smile on the servant's face.

audience applauded the sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance, amid unbounded enthusiasm. | a tiny delicate form followed and a sweet | looking out of the window.

childish face, with blue eyes was lifted to "Mary-Mary Moore," I said in a low, MATTERS IN WHICH THE LADIES mine-so like those of one who had bright- eager tone, "have you no welcome to give ened my boyhood, that I started with a to a wanderer?" sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked, while the wondering servant held

"And what else?" I asked quickly. She lifted her hands to shade her eyes.

she answered in a sweet, birdlike voice: "Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child. My heart sunk down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright hopes of my knew the meaning of happiness, until that Speak of a young gentleman as being probyouth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was the child-his child and

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow and hiding my face in my hands, leaning against the door, while my heart wept tears blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a slight step and a pleasant voice sav-

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?" I looked up. There stood a pretty sweet faced maiden of twenty, and much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she I left college in all the flush and vigor of cried, and threw herself upon my breast. I could not weep. I drew her gently in-

before them all. There was a rush and cry of joy, and mental attainments, and never thinking wards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh. how sweet such a strangers made their appearance. One of greeting to the way-worn traveler And as I held my dear old mother to my breast pleasant to have a man sleeping in a public and grasped my father's hand while Lizzie clung beside, I felt that all was not yet such as the sleeper, who had a fine-looking lost, and although another had secured gold chain displayed on his waistcoat, and

for me in the dear sanctuary of home. There were four other inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister and in a distant corner, to which she had In a year, I thought, as the vehicle hurriedly retreated, when my name was whirled away from our door, in a year, or spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains

> over. Lizzie led me forward with a timid it to the owner's pocket. grace, and Frank Chester grasped my

But now I know that, had Mary met me "You have changed so that I would have then she would have dispised me. Perhaps never known you, but no matter about ors required to be informed the time of day. in the scented student she might have found that -your heart is in the right place I plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I know." "How can you say he is changed?" I had a drop too much last night, and for hould perhaps have found myself mista- said my mother, gently, "to be sure, he got to wind up my watch." ken. India was my salvation, not merely looks older, and graver and more like a man because of my success, but because my lathan when he went away; but his smiles forgot to wind it up? You'd be puzzled to borious industry had counteracted the evil and eyes are the same as ever. It is a do that, I should say; wouldn't you now? in my nature, and has made me a better heavy heart that changes him. He is my

prepared to return, I said nothing of the Heaven help me! At that moment I reformation of myself which I knew had felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept on her bosom, They loved me as I was, I murmured to as I had done in infancy. But I kept down myself, and they find out for themselves the beating of my heart and the tremor of whether I am better worth loving than for- my lip, and answered quietly as I looked culiar style of the watch. At last one of full in his handsome face --

I packed up many a token from that land "Qou have changed, too, Frank, but I

"Oh, yes,-thank you for the compliselected with a beating heart; it was a ring ment," he answered with a hearty laugh. of virgin gold, with my name and her's "My wife tells me I grow handsomer ev-

> His wife. Could I hear that name and keep silence still?
> "And have you seen my little girl?" he

kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, "Very much!" I faltered.
"Hallo!" cried Frank with a suddenness which made me start violently. "I have

forgotten to introduce you to my wife :I in your younger days—yes Harry!" and ous.

They all stuck to it that he had no watch, believe she and you used to be playmates ent surprise, and asked if they were serimanage the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing walk through the streets of San Francisco tance. A bitter thought like this ran towards me. A gleam of light and hope, when, touching a spring in the bit of wood, without having every one pause and gaze on her, and a child was so rare, that from the parlor and saw the half-suppress-Mary."

I hesitated a moment before making my- I must have betrayed my secret to every son for preferring so odd-looking a case self known or asking for any of the family. one in the room. But nothing was said, for his watch, with which his dupes might And while I stood silent a stranger appa- even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this feel satisfied or not. He had received rently grew up before me; from behind time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the their money to the extent of £40; and they of day."

She turned and laid her hand in mine and said hurriedly-

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words, and yet how, blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up that moment for an emperor's crown.-For there was the happy home group and

I had seen that very attitude in another, in the dear fire-side with sweet Mary Moore. my boyhood, many and many a time-and The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night, were fallen beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope well-spent life .-And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man? Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with youth to regard as a weakness, to make her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or changed. The heart that held her infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out until life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for love still lives

A WATCH TRICK.

The following adroit trick was recently played upon the frequenters of an English village inn

A genteelly dressed man walked in and professed to be tired. Having taken refreshments, he said he would like to take a opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore it was a very business-like way, in a chair, and sound nap he seemed to enjoy. Before it expired the usual somke-pipe company began to drop in, and, among the rest, two the company remarked that it was un room with valuable property about him, of his pockets. To this remark one of the strangers replied:

"Pooh! that's no gentleman, I'm sure he's one ov them ere swell snobs as is al ways a takin' ov the people in. I dare say he has no watch at all ; but I'll soon see.' Suiting the action to the word, the stranger softly drew from the sleeping man's pocket a piece of wood, round and about the size of a watch.

"I thought so," said he ; "there's a pretty watch for you," holding it up so that the When the first rapturous greeting was company might see it, and then returned

By-and-by the sleeper awoke, and called briskly for a glass of brandy and water. "Welcome home my boy!" he said with He assumed a patronizing way with the loud cheeful tones I remember it well. - farmers, which soon raised a desire to put him down. Accordingly one of the seni-"Why," said the gentleman, "the fact is,

"Just so!" ejaculated the senior, "y

"Well, sir, you seem to take more notice of such a trifle than there is any call for : but the truth is, I have not a watch key about me, and mine is rather a peculi-

ar watch." Here a burst of laughter ensued, and a number of jokes were passed about the pethe company loudly told him that he had no watch at all about him ; whereupon the amazed individual hastily clapped his hand to his waistcoat pocket, declaring that, unless the watch had been stolen since he had been in the room, he had one. Satisfied. apparently, by the external application to

his pocket, he said : "It's all right; my watch is here; thought you had been playing a trick with

"I'll bet you five pounds you have n watch," bawled out one of his tormentors. Another offered to bet him ten pounds and one of the strangers said he hadn't five, but there were two sovereigns which he would like to double by betting in the same

way.
The awakened looked at them in appar-

of old times and because you were not at and then he took out his purse and prothe wedding, I will give you leave to kiss duced five and ten-pound notes to the her once-but mind old fellow you are not amount of bets offered him. The stakes to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she were posted, and then the thoroughly awais, and I for one want to see how you will kened sleeper coolly pulled out the piece of wood, at which a hoarse laugh arose again. The laughter was soon on the other side,

Love.-The strongest passion of the human heart, is the one most lightly regarded and most stoutly denied. How many thousands of beings are victims of the power of love! The current of how many lives have been changed for better or for worse by that subtle power, which the whole world pretends to scoff at, to deny, and to ridicule! The shallowness, superficiality, and hypocrisy of the age cannot be better illusted, than by its claim to a sort of stoical indifference on the subject of love .-ably in love with a certain lady, and he replies with some coarse, unfeeling remark. the effect of which is to impress his hearer with the idea of his contempt for a sentiment which may even then be shaping the course of his future life. He is ashamed. indeed, of being even suppected of enjoying that dearest feeling of the human heart. As soon would he be charged with the commission of a crime, as to be even suspected of loving. This he learns from earliest light of it, and to study to be a stoic. Why all this duplicity? Why deny the laws of nature, and mock the purest and holiest sentiment which God gave to mankind? Why lower the estimate of that Heaven, from the blisses and joys escaped from whose pearly gates, mankind gets its first realization in loving and being loved ?-Why should a pure woman blush for the loving of a worthy and true man? Why speak lightly and frivolusly to her companons of the love or loving of others? In ther words, why be ashamed to be a natral woman or a natural man!

Home, Sweet Home.-How few of those blest with good and happy homes are competent to appreciate the trials and sufferngs of the homeless wanderer on earth's barren and cheerless highway! He who has no home, who enjoys not the fragrance of the heart's summer flowers of the hearth, who is alone, without wife, or child, or is indeed a stranger in a strange land; and yet how many such wanderers roam about ver the earth, seeking, but never finding, that rest and sweet peace for which the oul cries aloud in its sadness! Paine, the author of that beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home," was one such. No home's happy door opened its welcome invitation to receive the sad spirit which pined for its rest, and its loving, and its cares. He was a homeless wanderer in the world, and died ultimately in a strange land, unknown and uncared for ; but his soul cries aloud for "home, sweet home," and thousands of hearts feel the yearning and answer his sad spirit, by intuitive responses, whereever his sweet song is sung.

YOUTHFUL MARRIAGE. -There is a great

of opinion on the subject of youthful or early marriages; but we think this difference is attributable to a want of sufficient knowledge of philosophy, the character of the races, climatic influence, and other matters upon which the subject ests. We do not believe that in the Uni ted States early marriages are best, particularly in the Northern, Eastern, or Western States; while in tropical countries, here can be no surer moral code invoked than that of youthful or early marriagos. In all cold climates, it is well known that mankind develop less rapidly but enjoy greater longevity than in tropical climates. where all nature is luxuriant, of rapid development, and where life-time is confined to a briefer period than elsewhere. A girl of sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, or even twelve years of age, is a ripe woman in the tropics. In the States, at sixteen young ladies are only contemplating marriage; while at twelve, they are but children : in the tropics they are mothers with one or more children. In the States, the woman of thirty is in the prime of life : in the tropics she is past middle age, or regarded as well advancing. Yet the climate rule is not absolute; for there are, no loubt, hundreds of girls fully developed in our land, competent to make good mothers at fifteen, but they are rare cases compared with poplation, and may oftenest be found in the Southern portion of the Union. But the question of early marriage is not confined to this country, but has elicited comment and critical examination in England and elsewhere. In Scotland marriages of this kind are unusually rare, although in that happy kingdom minors are not required to obtain the consent of their guarlians before slipping on the matrimonial loose. The census returns of 1861 show that in Boston 45 husbands and 175 wives were married at the age of 15 and under. Bromley 51 husbands and 147 wives of the same precocious age. Stockport, as a local ournal wrote, "asserted its proud pre-eminence" by contributing to the census returns 59 husbands and 179 wives who were united before their fifteenth birth-day had passed. We believe, however, that it is best for women not to take the responsibility of becoming mothers until eighteen and The gentleman gave a very plausible reapast, and experience proves that the healthiest and happiest mothers and grandmothers are those who, as a general thing,

married long past twenty. But we do not

vice.