Kome Reading.

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook that blows the gale. Yet vonder halts the quiet mill; The whirling wheel, the rushing sail. How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain, Thy strength the slave of want may be: The seventh thy limbs escape the chain-A God hath made thee free !

Ah, tender was the law that gave, This holy respite to the breast, To breathe the gale, to watch the win !, And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide, What image charms to light thine eyes ! The spire reflected on the tide Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its noblest worth, The rest from mortal toils is given; Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth. And pass—a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school, Of power from old dominion hurled, When rich and poor, with juster rule, Shall share the altered world.

That fable hath but fooled the hour; Each age that ripens power in man But subjects man to power. Yet every day in seven, at least,

Alas! since time itself began,

One bright republic shall be known; Man's world a while hath surely ceased, : When God proclaims : His own! Six days may rank divide the poor,

O Dives, from Thy banquet hall The seventh the Father opens His door, And holds his feast for all !

MODERN CONVERSATION.

To listen to the conversation, if by such a name it can indeed be dignified, of the young people of the day is, to any one who has been accidentally absent from London for even one season, to listen to an unknown tongue.

Ordinary English is almost entirely eschewed by these young persons, who discourse in a jerky and disjointed manner in an argot of their own, compounded apparently of contributions from the turf, the stable and the vocabulary of the street. Arabs interspersed with ejaculations from Punch and telling morceaux from tropical songs in broad burlesques. You may listen If you choose; but if you fail in the shibboleth you will find yourself calmly ignored and left to comprehend or not as the case may be. But it is not only the manner, it is also the matter of the discourse, that is somewhat appalling to a reflective mind.

Disregard of the refinements of the English language and contempt for the commonest re strictions of grammar are bad enough, but the throwing to the winds of every vestige of decency or reserve is far worse, and it is to this state of things that we are approaching with rapid strides.

Subjects which should not be so much as named or even alluded to in the presence of ladies are now common topics of conversation even before the youngest girls, nay, are often introduced by them, in ignorance, let us charitably hope, of their true meaning. Formerly a married woman of many years' standing would have blushed hotly and have considered that a gentleman had postively insulted her if he had referred to divorce cases and other cognate esclandres. Now the rule seems to be that anything may be said to any one, and women appear to be postiyely ashamed of not knowing every detail of the most unsavory scandal, instead of, as should be the case, being hotly indignant at such things being referred to in their presence. It proceeds from the very low opinion which men now entertain of women, and which they are at small pains to conceal, though they often veil it carelessly and half contempuously under exaggerated compli-

And to what is this low opinion due? Chlefly to the conduct of the young married women who, empty headed and foolish, think it very doll'to be treated with proper deference and respect, and encourage doubles entendres and abandon all womanly dignity for the sake of attracting round them an ostentatious court of fast men, who treat them almost en camarade to their faces, and sneer at them and pity their husbands behind their backs. Even in these free-and-easy days a man is generally quite keen enough to appreciate at once the sort of weman to whom he is talking, and there is but little danger of his commencing a doubtful story without some decided encouragement.

The girls have caught the infection from the fast young married women, and endeavor to emulate them in freedom of conversation, jealous of the manner in which their partners are miblessly lured away from them, and eager to be quoted as exceptions to the dictum of the day that "girls are so heavy in hand." And their mothers, who should be wiser, are weak enough to argue that it is the fashion; that it their gir's are quiet and digrified they will be roted prudish and slow, and that it will diminish their chances of marriage. Indeed, so great is the force of custom that topics of conversation that would once have appalled them now appear perfectly natural, and they "see no barm" in their girls talking like others. But even in a purer atmosphere, where the tains of the fast set has not yet penetrated, conversation, though free from indeliency, is still liable to the indictment of being probably slang and certainly insane.

Polo and "rinking," rinking and polo-on these the charges are rung ad infinitum ; while it is surely a development peculiar to modern days to hear young men gravely discussing toilets in all their details with the keenness of appreciation formerly believed to be peculiar

The reason of the frivolity of general discourse is not difficult to discover; deeper sublect require to be read about and thought ov- Study to be quiet.

er, and the young people of the day would THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS. grudge an hour to what they would consider such uninteresting pursuits.

what was going on in the world beyond her don: immediate circle of friends and round of amusements would have been exceptionally ill-informed; it was expected of her that she should be able to converse at least on such simple subjects, for instance, as the loss of the Deutschand, the tragedy of the Mosel, the Malay war, or even the result of the last election that may have taken place. Now, unless the information is imparted to her by her partners in the ball-room or the skating-rink, she knows nothing whatever of what is passing around her, save, indeed, the newest piece of scandal or the last announced marriage. She has no time, even if she possessed the inclination; in London those morning hours that once afforded at least the possibility of quiet reading and intellectual growth have been ruthlessly swept away by the Juggernaut of fashion and crushed beneath the wheels of the Plimpton skate; in the country she is walking with the sportsmen, even if she herself does not shoot, riding to hounds, rowing in the nearest piece of water when the water is warm, or skating upon it when the frost confines the hunters to their loose boxes. Naturally she is too tired for any literature deeper than a light and probably last novel to prove attractive to her; and, indeed, it physical fatigue did not insure this result, the incessant excitement of the life would have much the same effect.

If the muscles of the body are left long unused they become stiff and comparatively useless; at least as much may be said for the powers of the mind. If day, after day and week after week girls are allowed to live in an incessant whirl of dissipation, never opening a book graver than a novel, and seldom reading eyen that, never speaking of any subject deeper than the last skating fall, the next polo match, or the most remarkable dress of the day, what hope is there that their brains will ever mature into the capacity for better things? Rather, will they not go on from bad to worse? -London World.

THE WEALTH OF BRAZIL.

All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country. Professor Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe, and the one in which it is the easiest to obtain a livelihood. Some who have sailed up the life he loved to paint. He never was at the Amazon declare that a vessel can be load- home with lords and ladies. He has gone into ed with Brazil nuts at an expense of only a magnificent banishment here, where the perpettew cents per bushel. These constitute a valu- ual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is able article of commerce, while the oil extractled from them is very desirable. All the tropi- ite which shuts him down amid unkindred dust cal truits are produced in Brazil almost without where no faintest influence of the sun, no inticultivation. The soil in many parts of the mations of the changing seasons, can come.country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco, or sugar cane, without the flowers. Midsummer went down with him inapplication of manure. No country in the to the grave, and was hid away with him in sor Agassiz states that he saw 117 different kinds of valuable woods that were cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a food, and still another yields a juice which is passionate love and sorrow. used in the place of ir toxicating liquors .-There is a single variety of palm from which the natives of Brazil obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishing-tackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harpoons, and musical instruments. Doubtless the day is not distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes. Brazil is not only a "wooden country," but a country that produces the most wonderful woods in the world.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.

Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition, when the assiduous lover is passing into the matterof-fact husband, and the wooer is gradually changing into the matter. Women, who are so much more sensitive than men, more sentimental, too, and less content to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only while they are being made love to It is not enough to be loved they want to be told twenty times a day, and to have the harmonies of life enriched by a crowd of "occasional notes," embroidering the

solid substance by which they live. Men, on the contrary, get tired of making love. When they have wooed and won, they are content to be quiet, and to take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most-and those the best-practical kindness is better than flat tery, security ranks before excitement and bysteria, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no eyil, knowing no break, and needing no praising, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears, and doubts and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtships and futiguing demonstrations

A pump that is used much brings water quickly, and he who prays much in secret will not have to wait long in public before the spirit comes. Be decided about the matter. Do not be put off. The very idea of waiting implies patience in asking. You must expect the answer, and keep waiting until it comes. Eliinh kept praying and looking for rain until the cloud made its appearance. Then he knew that the answer was coming.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone; the loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away by the camps that have been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

Grace Greenwood, the celebrated American Formerly a girl who knew nothing about authoress, writes thus to New York from Lon-

> Westminster Abbey is the first shrine towards which all good Americans wend their pious way. I found it little changed from the time of my first visit. What is a quarter of a century to the Methuselah of ministers? We sought it in a right worshipful spirity and true and tender reverence, which proved that trans planting had failed to kill the old English root of sentiment—that "many waters cannot quench love." Coming back to the temples of our fathers, faith, to the ancient monuments of our glorious dead, looking into the solemn arches still dim with the morning twilight of our history, we felt like so many "lost sheep of the house of Israel" returned to the old fold.

After attending service, which surely did not lesson our reverential feeling, we walked directly to the Poet's Corner, and in a brief moment were standing on the very slab which covers the grave of Charles Dickens. It is a most unobtrusive stone, bearing only his name and the date of his birth and death. I had come that morning from Tavistock Square, where I had gazed wistfully at the house in which on my first visit to London I had seen Mr. Dickensyoung, happy, brilliant—surrounded by his loving family and troops of loyal friends, and it al' seemed so recent that the bright scene almost effaced from my memory the later picture of Charles Dickens in America, so sadly changed-looking so worn and overstrained, yet so strangely restless—so resolutely and preternatuarlly active-alive in every nerve and fibre of body and brain-to receive and to give out-to enjoy and to suffer. So it seemed to me, as I stood there, that he had gone before his prime, in the morning splendor of his fame; and I could not be reconciled to his lying there in the sombre twilight which better befits the soberness of age, and the pomp and exclusiveness of what is called noble birth.

It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid by his side.-He loved light, and warmth, and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant open burial-ground in or near the great city, with the sounds and move ments of every day life about him. That was like the ebb and flow of a sea across the gran But they say his coffin was heaped high with world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniverthe variety of its forest productions. Profes- sary of his death there are placed on that cold gray slab, the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month-crosses of white lillies and roses, "pansies (for thought," "rosemary for remembrance," and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarhigh polish. One tree fornishes wax that is let geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner used for candles, another a pith that is used for like flowering flame, the very expression of

THE CULTIVATION OF SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is an especial characteristic of women, and its effect upon the human heart may be compared to the action of light upon the optic nerve; it transfers the picture from without and seats it in the soul. By exciting all the feelings proper to the suffering object, it, gives us the most perfect conception of his misery; causes us almost to forget our own situation, and funcy ourselves the sufferers.-Though it is probable this principle is no other than a modification of self-love, yet, as its effects are instantaneous, and habit reduces it to a kind of secondary instinct, experience justifies us in the distinction between this source of benevolence and that which is an act of reason grounded on any principle.

Sympathy is not improperly termed a moral taste, and, like taste in the fine arts, will admit of improvement by reason and cultivation. The sense of danger, frequently experienced, strengthens our antipathy to vice; and the sense of utility increases, by a common effort of the mind, the love of that moral beauty, which we learn to be profitable to us. In very refined persons, sympathy proves a fruitful source of virtue; but, in common minds, its operations are feeble and uncertain; for, as the sympathetic feelings may be increased by proper cultivation, so they may be almost annihilated by false reasoning, by being conversant with scenes of cruelty, or even by neglect.-Reason, then, furnishes us with a rule of conduct, founded on the considerations of our real and permanent interest, and sympathy, by a kind of instant inspiration, prompts us to those benevolent actions where self is not immediately concerned. In the training, therefore, of the future woman, care should be taken to educate the sympathies, in order that the desirable means may be attained which distinguishes between the sympathy of reason and that mere blind impulse dictated by feeling, which wastes its pity on unworthy or undeserving objects.

No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean?-Happiness is not a potato to be planted in mould, and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heav. en. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, teels dropping upon it from amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

Be often remembering what a blessed thing it is to be saved, to go to heaven, to be made like angels, and to dwell with God and Christ to all eternity.

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