

Home Reading.

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook that blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;

Ab, tender was the law that gave,
This holy respite to the breast,

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,

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from Thy banquet hall;

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 turt, the stable and the vocabulary of the street, Arabs interspersed with ejaculations from Punch and telling morceaux from tropical songs in broad burlesques.

Disregard of the refinements of the English language and contempt for the commonest restrictions 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.

And to what is this low opinion due? Chiefly to the conduct of the young married women who, empty headed and foolish, think it very dull 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.

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 matter-of-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 flattery, security ranks before excitement and hysteria, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no evil, 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 fatiguing 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. Elijah 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 amonities of youth, where are they? Swept away by the camps that have been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

The reason of the frivolity of general discourse is not difficult to discover; deeper subject require to be read about and thought over,

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

Formerly a girl who knew nothing about what was going on in the world beyond her 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 Deutschland, the tragedy of the Mosel, the Malay war, or even the result of the last election that may have taken place.

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 even 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.

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.

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 fancy 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 heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels 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.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Study to be quiet.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Grace Greenwood, the celebrated American authoress, writes thus to New York from London:

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 Mathusalem of ministers? We sought it in a right worshipful spirit and true and tender reverence, which proved that transplanted 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 lessen 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. Dickens— young, happy, brilliant—surrounded by his loving family and troops of loyal friends, and it all 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 preternaturally 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 movements of every day life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite which shuts him down amid unkindred dust where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing seasons, can come.—But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold gray slab, the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, "pansies for thought," "rosemary for remembrance," and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowering flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow.

The cultivation of sympathy.

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16 CHENANGO ST.,

Binghamton N. Y

The attention of the readers of the DEMOCRAT, is called to the fact that

Ready-cash is taken in exchange for FURNITURE of all kinds,

At the above named place, and also to the fact that goods bought in this way will prove satisfactory because,

THEY CAN BE BOUGHT CHEAP WHEN CASH IS OFFERED.

The long continued depression in business circles call for cash transactions by manufacturers, and goods bought close for cash can be sold at low prices. To satisfy yourselves of this fact, when at Binghamton, call and examine the general stock of Furniture and prices at 16 Chenango Street.

May 21, 1876.

AVERY CROUSE.

1876. 1876. 1876!

H. & W. T. DICKERMAN,

HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

SPRING DRY GOODS.

Just Received From New York City!

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, and a General Line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BOOTS AND SHOES

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY,

Which will be sold as CHEAP as any fair and honorable competition will warrant.

Our Terms are Cash.

Consequently we have no bad debts to make up for in the way of extra percentage. Our expenses are light, and

Our Motto, CHEAP! CHEAP!

Please call and see us, and decide for yourselves in regard to Goods and Prices. We also have the agency for MRS. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS.

H. & W. T. DICKERMAN.

New Milford, May 10, 1876.—if

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTROSE

New Store and New Firm

WEEKS, MELHUISE & CO.

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Kept in Northern Pennsylvania, And at the Lowest Prices.

at prices lower than ever known before in Susquehanna County. Not excepting prices before the war.

NO REMEMENTS!

Everything New and Fresh at Popular Prices.

3600 yards of best prints in market, sold during the past two weeks, at 6 price per yard, and still there is more to follow.

Don't be deceived by others in trade who represent our goods as inferior quality but come and examine for yourselves. Prices greatly reduced but quality maintained. Montrose, April 26, 1876.

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, successor to Label & Melhuise. We have a large stock of Material, new parts, &c., which enables us to do work more perfect and promptly than ever.

FURNITURE.

MONTROSE

At W. W. Smith & Son's

STEAM MILL.

Extensive Furniture Warehouse you will find the largest stock of

FIRST CLASS AND COMMON FURNITURE

To be found in this section of the country, of his own manufacture, and at prices that cannot fail to gratify the fact. They make the very best.

EXTENSION TABLES

In the Country, and WARRANT them.

Upholstery Work Of all kinds done in the neatest manner.

SPRING BEDS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

PURE NO. 1 MATTRESSES, AND COMMON MATTRESSES

UNDERTAKING

The subscriber will hereafter make the undertaking a specialty in his business. Having just completed a NEW and the most elegant HEARSE in the State, all needing his services will be attended to promptly and at satisfactory charges.

WM. W. SMITH & SON.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 31, 1876.—no5—if.

OATS FOR SALE BY THE LOAD at the STEAM MILL.

FRESH GROUND GRAHAM FLOUR for sale at the STEAM MILL.

Any quantity of MEAL & FEED of the best quality, at the STEAM MILL.

FINE WHEAT MIDDINGS at the STEAM MILL.

WHEAT BRAN for sale at the STEAM MILL.

WHEAT FLOUR, FRESH GROUND, at the STEAM MILL.

OLD WESTERN CORN for sowing. On account of the poor quality of new corn, it is necessary to secure good old corn for seed; 200 bu. at the STEAM MILL.

Anything you can think of, you will find at the STEAM MILL.

Montrose, April 12, 1876.—if.