Rome Reading.

JEMIMA BROWN. LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Bring her here, my little Alice Poor Jemima Brown! Make the little cradle ready. Softly lay her down. Once she lived in ease and comfort, Slept on couch of down; Now upon the floor she's lying-Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly. Rosy cheeked and fair, With her eyes of brightest azure, And her golden hair. Now, alas I no hair's remaining On her poor old crown ! And the crown itself is broken-Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely, And her nose was straight; And that arm, now hanging lonely. Had, methinks, a mate. Ah, she was as finely dressed as Any doll in town. Now she's old, forlorn and ragged-

Yet, be kind to her, my Alice! 'T'is no fault of hers If her willful little mistress Other dolls prefers. Did she pull her pretty hair out? Did she break her crown? Did she tear her arms and legs off?

Poor Jemima Brown!

Poor Jemima Brown! Little bands that did the mischief, You must do your best Now to give the poor old dolly Comfortable rest. So we'll make the cradle ready, And we'll lay her down; And we'll ask papa to mend her-Poor Jemima Brown!

JOHN AND I.

Neighbor John has houses and lands, But the earth and sky are mine: He keeps his deeds in an iron box; I have a right divine.

The wind that scatters his orchard blooms, Or fills his sails on the sea, Comes over the orchard and over the wood With a sweeter breath for me.

I can lie down on the ferry hills. Watched by the silent stars; John is afraid because of the gold; 3 Under his bolts and bars.

Though the sun shines out, he sits him down And reckons it day by day; But green leaves beckon, wild winds blow, And I am up and away.

I dip my cup in the crystal spring; John drinks the red, red wine; He sits at feast from day to day, And the frugal crust is mine.

But, O! the glory of earth and sky To my free, exulting soul! The world is wide and the world is fair, And I hold in fee simple the whole.

SILLY EXCUSES.

All honor to the brave heart that will acknowledge its own burden of sin, and not seek to lay it on any scapegoat that may be passing by; that, will accept the consequences of its own folly or misdoing without trying to fasten the blame on circumstance, chance, or ill-luck. Ever since the world began, men have tried to shift the moral responsibility of their actions on to other shoulders not their own; pastur ing herds of scapegoats, which they load with their sins and misdemeanors, then drive off into the wilderness, satisfied to have got rid of so much untoward material.

There is scarcely a criminal who makes his confession who does not put his scapegoat in front, behind which he shelters himself.

And what is true of the convicted criminal, as an extreme example, is true of all of us in our degree. When we are dissatisfied with our life, we do not blame our own want of courage to bear cheerfully what is unpleasant, to do heartily what we do not like to do; but we fall foul of circustances as the cause of all. If we only might live in the West when we are planted in the East; if we could but breathe the soft air of the South when we are shriveled up like autumn leaves in the cold breath of the North, all would be well with us.

It is only circumstance that makes us so miserable, we think—the circumstance of an un congenial climate, of cross electric currents, of an eye sore seen from the drawing room window, of an unpicturesque country, through which we have to pass when we walk or drive on our visits to our friends. Perhaps an indulgent fate steps in and lifts us out of our present place, putting us exactly where we say we long to be, and where should we be translated, We are sure all things will go like wedding bells. Are we any the happier? Scarcely. The place was the occasion, not the cause, and no ontward change cures' the inward sore. It is the discontented spirit we carry with us that 10bs our days of their glory, our nights of their peace; that makes the green wood stifling, and the brown moor barren, the corn-fields monotonous, and the ocean wearisome in its incessant thange. Not that we accept the reading. Were We to do so, we should be healed of our spirithal malady; and, if cured ci that, we should and the material conditions of our life good enough-at all events, good enough for cheerfulness, for courage, and, most of all, for duty. And while a sick brother lies at our gate needing what we might bring to him, while a poor child runs untrught about the streets, while a worker toils, or a mourner weeps, we have wherewith to fill our days, wherewith to give life a nobler object thun chasing a plausible looking scapegoat on whom to lay the sin of JEFFERSON'S MARRIAGE.

The affair was quite a little comedy in some aspects, and ended, as all comedies should, with everybody made happy.

"Belinda" had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose, large bazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich soft anburn, formed a combinations of attractions which was eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful she rode, danced, and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the poss ssion of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm heart, and a considerable fortune, and it will not be difficult to understand how this youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married, in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen.

As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors,-Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one.

The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counselor or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related.

One version is that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was af great festival at "The Forest."

Friends and kindred assembled from far and near; there was feolicking and dancing after stage. The recent manufacture of large sheets the abundant old fashion; and we find from the bridegroom's note book that the servants. and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for Monticello, where Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shahwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage, and proceed upon their way on horse back. Stopping to rest at Blenheim, the scat of Colonel Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them -or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Jefferson proceeded to kindle a fire and do the honors. On a shelf behind some books part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomsted by their reception, rowever, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as light hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gayly as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest;" and thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, wing-

ed with laughter, merriment and song. THE WOMEN OF VIENNA.

You can see crowds every where, and, perhaps as splendid equipages, saddle-horses, and toilets as in other places, but nowhere else can you see women so tall, stately, and robust. mantled with that richness of color and glad ness of expression which are the products of a fine physical organization. They are for the most part decided blondes or decided braneites the instrument, it it is always tuned by good -Germans or Magyars-but they all seem to nature, truth, discretion and sincerity. be cast in the same large mold, and invested with the same magnificence. In the vitality and affluence of their charms, and the scale of their ample stature, they seem to be the very women that pray, smile or dance on the warm and glowing canvass of Reubens. This implies, and is meant to imply, that their beauty tant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death is not of the finest order. In that respect our own fair country women are, I honestly believe, unrivalled, but, on the other hand, they are inferior in physique to these Austrian dames-They may speak purer German in Dresden and Hanover, and the German cultus may have no unpolluted shrine out of Berlin, but undoubtedly it is in Vienna that German womanhood attains the highest physical pertection.-Traveler.

our melancholy moods, our hopeless discontent. Avoid profane language.

NATUBAL MAGIC.

In Paris, conjurers are a kind of artists.-They are asked to attend festive parties for the general amusement. When the Duke of Well ington, at the head of the allied army, was supreme in Paris, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, he invited a large evening party to the mansion he occupied in the Place Louis XV. On consideration, he found that the house could not contain all who were expected to attend. "Cover over the garden," said a friend whom he consulted, "and invite a conjurer to entertain the company."

The hint was taken; and through the performances of the orjurer in the garden, the party went off with immense eclat. In particular we can speak with approbation of the ele gantly adroit performances of Houdin. This clever Frenchman, who spoke English fluently traveled about with his wife, who was accessory in his entertainments.

For example, he would declare that madame. while seated blindfold in the middle of the platform, would describe any small article that was handed to him. Responding to his request one of the spectators would hand him a brooch another a ring, a third a pencil case, and so on. Every article was faithfully described to all appearance by the blindfolded lady, which caused no small degree of wonder; but in reality she never spoke at all. She only moved her lips; while her husband, holding and looking at the article in his hand, by means of ventriloquism caused the words to come apparently from her mouth. The trick was exceedingly well per-

The latest and most surprising piece of natural magic has been what is usually called Pepper's Ghost, though it was exhibited years previously, in Paris, by the French conjurer, Robin. The thing, however, is so simple and so obvious that we cannot doubt it had been employed-perhaps imperfectly-ages ago in the conjuring repertory. Every one must have noticed a very ordinary phenomenon. A fire burning in a room is at a certain angle reflected in the glass of a window. Passing through the glass, the rays are refracted or bent aside, and the image of the fire is seen blazing on a bush or other object outside. Such is the principle on which the so-called Pepper's Ghost is made a subject of wonder to an assemblage of people. Shrouding the lights, to give the required dimness, a glass screen is lowered in front of the stage, on which the ghost is to appear; the ghost being nothing more than the reflection of a person performing out of sight of the spectators-probably at a point in front of the glass, or even under the of plate-glass has immensely facilitated the trick. As none of the spectators, on account of the crepuscular light, can't see the glass, the simulation is complete. A ghost seems to be walking about the stage, which the actors affect to see or to grasp, of course without effect, and the marvel is to all appearance incomprehensible. On the like principle, is sometimes shown a "magic head," which answers questions, also a variety of other tricks or optical

SPEECH IN WOMEN.

We are told that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman. Were women admitted to plead in courts of Justisdiction, they would carry the gloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. The first kind of female orators are those who are emthat night. It was eight miles distant, and the ployed in stirring up the passions. The second kind are those who deal invectives, and are commonly called consorious. With what fluency of invention will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behavior of another! With what variety of spice will they tell over the same story? We have known an old lady to make an unhappy marriage the subject of a months conversation. She blamed the bride in one place, pitied her in another, laughed at her in the third, wondered at her in the fourth, was angry at her in the fifth, and, in short, wore out a pair of coach horses in expressing her concern. At length she made a visit to the new married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might become better acquainted.

A third kind may be comprehended under the word gossips. They launch out into dcscriptions and christenings, run divisions upon a head-diess, know every dish of meat, that is served up in the neighborhood.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind. She hates and loves in the same breath; talks to her lap dog or parrot; is uneasy in all kind of weather. She has false quarrels, sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry.

As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, with other characters which gave birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among men as women. Hudibras has given a reason why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency, namely, that the tongue is like a race horse which runs the faster the less weight it carries.

But there is a charm in the music of this lit-

In the use of the tongue God hath distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using of it we are distinguished from one another; and therefore though silence be innocent ns death, harmless as a rose's breath to a disthan of life.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and cut, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

Who has no in ward; beauty, none perceives. thoughfall around be beautiful.

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