

Home Reading.

DR. MUEHLENBERG'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Give praise, all ye people, give praise to the Lord, Alleluia of freedom let freemen accord;

For the sunshine and rainfall, again and again, Our myriads of acres enriching with grain;

For the nation's wide table, so bounteously spread, That the many have feasted and all have been fed;

Ye sons of the avil, the loom and the plough, His the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;

Ye merchantmen princes, your riches behold, The largess of Him whose the silver and gold;

Brave men of our forces, liegward of our coasts, To our Leader aye loyal, Jehovah of Hosts,

Now praise we again for the Union, it stands Unchanged as it came from our forefather's hands

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Recent proceedings in the Hungarian parliament disclosed a most remarkable discovery, which were it not so conclusively authenticated, would be almost impossible to believe.

They agreed to keep their discovery a secret and to explore the mystery. A day or two afterward the shepherds were again at work.

The shepherd climbed the ladder and told his companion of the discovery. Both of them went down together, and walking about, found themselves in a succession of rooms abounding with elaborately carved furniture of a style they had never seen before.

The officers of the Hungarian ministry of the interior began their investigation under the ancient law which makes all such discoveries the

property of the crown, and their report, as communicated to parliament, is still more startling. Their researches clearly establish it as a fact that this subterranean structure was undoubtedly an old Roman castle, built many centuries before the Huns and Magyars left their Asiatic homes to invade this part of Europe.

In one room several skeletons of human beings have been found, but the bones were too much decayed to indicate with certainty the race to which they belong. As a thorough search of this wonderful building is now proposed, further developments may clear up the mystery.

IS MEDICINE A SCIENCE?

Edward Spencer, in the May Atlantic, discusses this question in a fearful fashion. He is a bold man. If he ever gets sick and falls into the hands of Dr. Sangrado, won't he put him through a course of physic from which he may thank his stars if he escapes with his life!

This parable expounds very precisely the whole philosophy of practical medicine. We give the bolts to B, which we have found to act well in A's case, and expect a similar result, although we do not know, and have no means of ascertaining, whether B's burthen be salt or wool—whether there is any likelihood that what is good for A, will in his turn be good for B.

There is no hero or root nowadays fresh brought to notice from California or Australia, but the faculty run just as mad about it as the populace run mad after the well-advertised new nostrum that takes their fancy in the papers.

A while ago, it was acupuncture, or medicated vapors, or iodine; to-day it is transfusion of blood, or hypodermic injection; to-morrow it will be something equally foolish, and fully as ardently embraced. The case stands to-day precisely as it stood when Plinio wrote; and the shops, now as then, are full of overflowing of inexplicable compositions and mixtures, far-fetched, high-priced, promising much and accomplishing little.

It is a nice question, in many cases, which has done the more hurt, the disease or the remedy; whether, for instance, the child's health suffers more from the intestinal parasites which vex him, or from the destructive purgatives employed as anthelmintics; whether the cancer or the knife produces death more speedily; whether calomel and quinine be not pretty much such friends to the sick man as La Fontaine's good-natured bear was to the gardener, whose mouth he crushed while trying to brush the flies off as he slept.

It is an equally nice question to determine whether there ever really does occur a critical period in any disease, when the direct action of actual medicine, per se, can turn back the wavering life from the jaws of death to the flowery meads of re-established health; or, granting the possibility of such a rare occurrence, do we not run too great risk, as a rule, to be able to profit by it! These are nice questions, as I have called them, nor does the present condition of medicine entitle us to expect to see them answered. For these reasons, among many others, medicine cannot be called a science.

It must not be supposed, however, that the doctor's office is to become a snare, because his drugs are voted rubbish and his methods false. On the contrary, we shall need him quite as much, and his advice will be more valuable to us than ever. He will not have it in his power to do harm, and consequently can give

his undivided energies to the pursuit of good.—It shall be his office to teach us the fallacy of physic. He shall present to our minds in all its horrid array the atrocious enormity of medicine as once it was practiced, and so shall save many a poor sufferer amongst us from unconscious suicide. He shall be our perpetual beacon-light against the iron-bound, immovable load-stone rock of quackery, where so many fair keels lie untimely wrecked. In fine, he shall become to us the counterpart of that invaluable member of another profession, known as the chamber lawyer, a quiet man of skill and experience, who abounds with all the wisdom and uncion of pertinent counsel, and who never takes his client into court, where he is bound to lose, no matter how his case is decided.

ANECDOTE OF LAFAYETTE.

A writer in the Somerset Messenger says:—"The following incident in the life of General Lafayette, an account of which has never before been published, was told to your correspondent a few days ago by an aged lady, now a resident of our place, and who was an eyewitness to the occurrence."

When Lafayette was on a visit to this country in 1825, and while being escorted from New York to Philadelphia, he stopped at New Brunswick for dinner, and among the large concourse of people that had assembled to welcome him was an aged lady who resided on the mountain in rear of Bound Brook, and at whose house, during the initial epoch of our country's independence, Lafayette had once stopped for dinner. The old lady, eager to shake hands once more with the illustrious guest of fifty years before, pressed through the crowd to where Lafayette was standing, and grasping him by the hand, exclaimed: "Why General, don't you know me?" Lafayette looked at her some moments, and replied that he did not.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.

A worthy wife of forty years' standing, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good and so well suited to all married people, as well as those who intend entering that state, that we here publish it for the benefit of such persons:

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or no mother, sister or brother, ever presume to come upon you two, or to share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

I will not call vanity and affection twins, because, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affection is the darling daughter. Vanity is the sin, and affection is the punishment; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affection, and then it is complete.

There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former always dwells on great objects and terrible; the latter on small ones and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.

St. Augustine teaches us that there is in each man a Serpent, an Eve, and an Adam. Our senses and natural propensities are the excitable desire of the Eye; and reason is the Adam. Our nature tempts us perpetually; criminal desire is often excited; but sin is not completed till reason consents.

Some people are all quality; you would think they were made of nothing but title and genealogy. The stamp of dignity defaces in them the very character of humanity, and transports them to such a degree of haughtiness that they reckon it below themselves to exercise either good nature or good manners.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than talent; for wealth although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be more intelligible.

We must not hastily conclude it winter in the soul, though the heaven be lowering, provided the earth be fruitful, provided the seemingly deserted soul bring forth fruit with perseverance.

As the most fermenting in a vessel works up to the top whatever it has in the bottom, so wine, in those who have drunk beyond the measure, vents the most inward secret.

It was through the feeling of wonder that men now and at first began to philosophize.

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

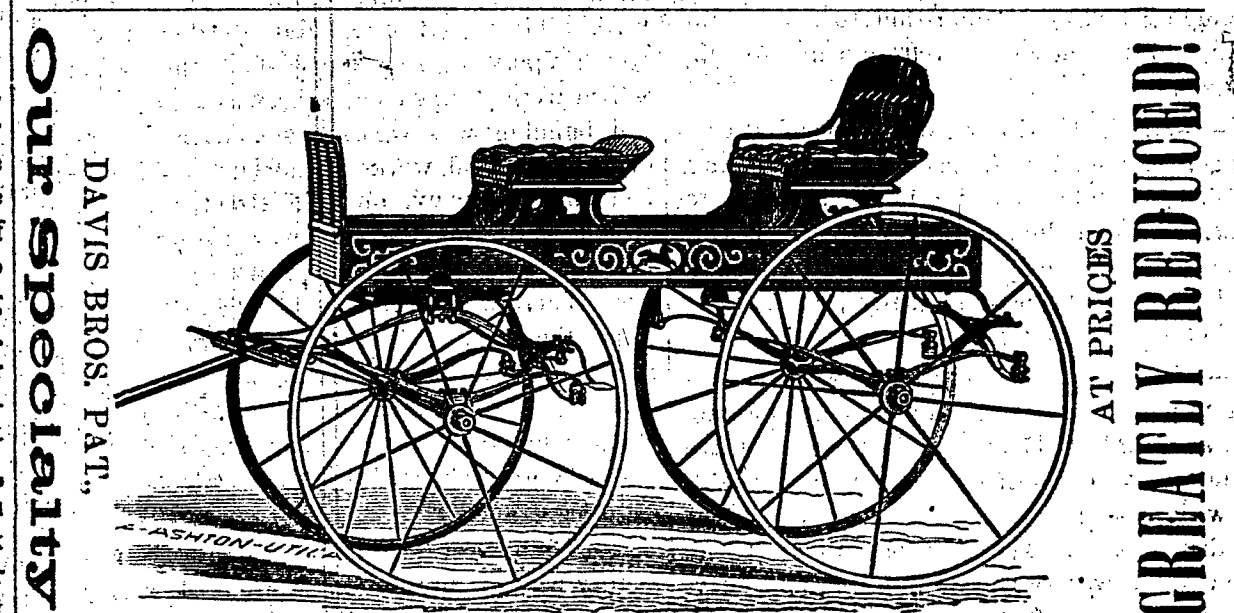
FOR FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS,

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.

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Montrose, May, 3d, 1876. D. D. SEARLE, Proprietor.

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