"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1849. NUMBER 38.

Poetry.

(For the Evening Post.)

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

Exotic blossoms! brought to grace
Old Plymouth's rocky glen;
Proud mothers of a noble race
Of stern and Stalwart men;
Strong was the trust with which ye braved
The dangers of the sea,
And strong the unseen power that saved
The mothers of the free!

When swiftly o'er the smiling deep,
The fragile May-flower flew,
While stars their solemn watch would keep
On yonder field of blue,—
Full oft your forms, as slight and fair
As any flower of spring,
Were meekly bowed in trusting prayer,
To Heaven's exalted King

Cold was your greeting from the shore,
That seconed in dreariness fair;
The wintry tempest's sullen roar
Sung ye a welcome there;
The Indian peered above the hill,
With wonder in his eye,
The noisy sea-birds answered shrill
The tempest-spirit's cry.

Oh, Pilgrim Mothers! few the lyres
Your praises to prolong;
Though fame embalms the pilgrim sires,
And trumpets them ensong:
Yet ye were to those hearts of oak
The secret of their might;
Ye nerved the arm that hurled the stroke
In labor or in fight.

The fire of freedom warmed each breast,
Through many a weary day,
Where pillowed soon in dreamy rest
Our infant lads ye lay!
Ye taught them when their simple prayers
Were breathed beside the knee,
The lessons that in after years
Were but'warks for the free.

Ye taught to spurn the tyrant's chain
And bow to God alone!
Ye kindled on their breast the flame
That trembled in your own!
In after years flowed purple gore,
And fields were strewed with dead,—
Form high the starry banner bore,—
Aggression trembling fled!

Oh! Pilgrim Mothers! though ye lie
Perchance in grass unhingwn,
A memory that cannot die
Hath claimed ye for its own:
A sacred dress to that it sheds,
Your dust shall aye compel
Your requiem—the breezes sing,
Your shrine—a mourner's heart!

TRUE DELIVERANCE.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

She who thanks a noble heart
Better than a noble deed—
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis best in human seed—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the noblest—She's the free!

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that charm the soul can throw—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—she's wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips to woo—
Than when love's brow most expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

THE GAMESTER'S REVENGE.

Recollections of a Police Officer.

A little more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted towards me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unravelling a clue which ultimately led to the conviction and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically-contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the West End of London. The chief sent for me; and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

"I think I have met you before," he remarked with a meaning smile on dismissing me, "when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself; I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in *all* ranks of society, and I may, you know"—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—"be mistaken. At all events the testimony of the man whose recommendation obtained you admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behavior in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right or inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you."

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homewards, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of life was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterwards alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective officers would have felt honored to undertake.

"Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers and forgers," concluded the commissioner, summing up instructions. "It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too-lasty zeal of the officers employed; you must especially avoid that error. They are practiced scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is young Mr. Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton. Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is involved. You will call on her this afternoon at five o'clock—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate directly with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered." With these and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearing monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wrecks of my fortune—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately ushered by the domestic in waiting into the drawing-room, where I found the lady and her daughters—a beautiful and handsome girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, feeling, as I did to say it, about on a level from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired and disguised: and it was not till she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous state became mitigated to a glance of lofty scornful credulity.

"Be seated, Mr. Waters," said her ladyship, waiving me to a chair. "I perceive, from the note that you have sent me, that the duty of endeavoring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unfortunately involved himself will be less embarrassing to you than I had imagined."

I was about to reply, when I was fortunately enough to feel a violent pinch on the noble lady's hand, which I was sitting near enough to reach. The pressure was evidently intended as a caution against the supposition that my gentlemanly attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my ready tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honorable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:

Mr. Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally "fallen among thieves." A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his hot and feverish life which was passed at play. A run of ill luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of downright robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was Sanford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honor; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relative in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly, during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sanford, who had been introduced by Mr Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favors I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr. Merton, I took my leave, amply provided with the resources requisite for carrying into effect the scheme I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally on her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report progress by letter through the post.

"If it should be he!" thought I, as I emerged into the street. The bare suspicion had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. "If this Sanford be, as I suppose, that villain Cardon, success will indeed be a triumph—victory! Lady Everton need not in that case seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid penury, would stimulate the dullest craven that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicion may prove correct; and then oh mine enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels!"

Sanford, I have been instructed, was usually present at the Italian Opera during the ballet, the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police; and as I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, I determined on being present.

I entered the house a few minutes past ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked eagerly around. The box in which I was instructed to seek my man was empty. The [illegible] compartment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed when Cardon, looking more insolently triumphant than ever, entered arm in arm with a pale aristocratic looking young man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr. Merton. My course of action was at once determined on. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was towards me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round; and if a basilisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater terror and surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliating; and my two attached friends seemed to invite a renewal of our old acquaintance, greeting my presence with a cordiality which gave the best of omens for my success.

"Not you, certainly, since you are so glad to see an old friend as if he were some long-lost goblin about to swallow you. Ready, I see!"

"Hush! Let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend, he added in answer to Mr. Merton's surprised stare. "We will return in an instant."

"Why, what is all this, Waters?" said Cardon, receiving his second [illegible] the instant we were alone. "I hardly know whether to be angry or pleased at your having ventured to give Mr. Merton, and that under a promise, "on his honor as a gentleman," of inviolable secrecy. It was this:—"Be sure, before commencing play tomorrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table." He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreampt of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr. Merton was insolvent, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determined to recover his losses to the last farthing, and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. "Ah, by the by," exclaimed Sanford as I entered, "Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*," he added in a whisper—"It will soon be returned."

"No, thank you," I answered coldly—"I never part with my money till I have lost it."

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be despatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr. Merton looked at and counted them, and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; he played, or rather lost, with the frenzy of a madman.

"Five thousand, that?" suddenly exclaimed Cardon, from whose Satanic features I had long worn before Merton had gradually slipping. "Did you hear me?"

I hear had caught the sound; and I made no reply, but merely intimated that I had.

"Touch the signal-bell, Adolfe," added the [illegible].

It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. "All right!" shouted [illegible]. "Proceed! The farce is nearly played out."

I had instructed the cheats that two of them in plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the doorkeeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were to be admitted, and they were all to silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned to enter and seize the gamesters. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me; it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing up stairs were filled with police officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked towards the table at which Mr. Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sanford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

"Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!" shrieked Mr. Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sanford's throat: "your devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!"

"No doubt of it," calmly replied Sanford shaking off his victim's grasp; "and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Snivelling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much."

Mr. Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

"Not quite so fast, *Cardon*, if you please," I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. "It does not appear to me that Mr. Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine."

"Dog!" roared Sanford, "do you hold your life so cheap?" and he rushed towards me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the levelled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr. Merton looked bewilderly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

"Wrench the papers from him!" screamed Sanford, recovering his energy, "seize him—stab, strangle him!"

"Look to yourself, scoundrel!" I shouted with equal vehemence. "Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!"

In an instant the room was filled with police, and surprised, panic-stricken, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sanford, or Cardon; but he had half a dozen *aliases*, one of them—were transported for life; the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon after conferred upon me. Mr Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience, never again entered a gaming house. Neither he nor his fishy-mother was ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

Singular Courtship.

A TOUCHY STORY.

We copy the following strange relations from Headly's "Adironack, or Life in the Woods:"

The other day I took a heavy bout to a shoemaker, or rather mender, of whom I was told a capital anecdote. An English emigrant had settled down in a remote part of the forest, where he cleared a little space about him and built a log hut. He had been there but a year or two, when one day as he was abs nt in the woods with his eldest daughter, his hut t ok fire and burned down. His wife was sick, but she managed to crawl out, taking the straw bed on which she lay with her. At evening the husband returned to find his house in ruins. It was a winter night, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. Calling aloud, he heard a faint voice reply, and going in the direction from which it came found his wife stretched on the bed in the snow. Getting together a few boards left from the conflagration, he made a shelter over her. That night she was safely delivered of a child which survived, and is now living. But under the exposure and excitement together the husband took a violent cold, which, having fastened on his lungs and being resisted by no medical treatment whatever, terminated in the consumption. He, however, reared another hut, and during the summer a young settler came in and purchased a tract near him, and during the summer a young settler came in and purchased a tract near him. In a short time he discovered that his neighbor could not survive for the most ignorant in this region knew all the symptoms of pulmonary disease which carries of three-fourths of those who die. Accompanying this conclusion came naturally the reflection what would become of the wife; and as she was good looking and industrious he thought he could not do better than to marry her himself. Acting under this consideration he mentioned the matter to her, remarking that her husband could not live long, and asked her if she would marry him, after he was dead?"

She replied that she had no objection at all it *their husband was willing*." He said he had no doubt on that point, and he would speak to him about it. He did so, and the husband unhesitatingly gave his consent, adding that he was glad she would be so well provided for after his death. So when the widower approached, the young settler would come and 'court' the prospective widow, while the dying husband lay and coughed on the bed in the corner.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.—About twelve or fifteen years ago, two persons, who have since become very distinguished, pursued in the city of Cincinnati, occupations one would have thought not very likely to form generals, statesmen or soldiers, but who have each occupied no small portion of the attention of the world. The first of these, a working tinman and brass founder, became the distinguished Gen. Arista, of the Mexican army; and the second is the famous Garabaldi, then keeper of a *cafe*. At the same time Maroncelli, the companion of Silvio Pellico, taught music in New York. Louis Napoleon was writing his treatise on artillery at Geneva, in Switzerland, and Achille Murat was practicing law and planting sugar in Florida. There are certainly ebbs and floods, in every man's fortune.—*Washington Republic.*

SINGULAR FINDING OF MONEY.—Mr. Dennen, of South Leeds, Me., says that he picked up in the road between Leeds corner and Wayne village, on the 6th of August a small sum of money, with the following note attached to it: "Whoever finds this money I don't want that he should advertise, it, because if any one calls for it, it will be the wrong man, for I stole $1,000 in New York, and shall drop so much in every town that I go into from Boston to Farmington." Mr. Dennen says the owner can have the money by proving property and paying charges.—*Boston Post.*

☞ I like to see a parcel of young men stand before a church door at the close of the service and stare every female full in the face as they pass out—it looks so much like good breeding.

INDUSTRY.—As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickle, so the hardest labors bring forth the sweetest profits.

☞ When you see a person blowing out his wrath against his neighbors in a bar-room or about a hotel, you may be sure that he is a worthless fellow, too lazy to work and too brainless to make his living without work.

Hons. of Representatives, 31st Congress.

The following political division of the members elected to the next House of Representatives we believe to be correct:

	Already Elected.		
	Democrats.	Whigs.	Free Soilers.
Maine,	5	2	
Vermont,	1	3	
New Hampshire,	2	1	1
Massachusetts,		8	1
Connecticut,	3	1	
New York,	1	32	1
Rhode Island,		2	
New Jersey,	1	4	
Pennsylvania,	8	15	1
Delaware,		1	
Virginia,	14	1	
North Carolina,	3	6	
South Carolina,	7		
Georgia,	4	4	
Ohio,	10	8	2
Illinois,	6	1	
Michigan,	2		1
Indiana,	8	1	1
Wisconsin,	1	1	1
Iowa,	2		
Missouri,	5		
Arkansas,	1		
Kentucky,	4	6	
Tennessee,	7	4	
Alabama,	5	2	
Texas,	2		
Florida,		1	
Total,	102	104	9

To be Elected.—Estimate.

	Dem.	Whig.	F. Soil.
Massachusetts,			1
Maryland, (Oct. 3)	3	3	
Ohio, (do 9)	1		
Louisiana, (Nov. 5)	3	1	
Mississippi, (do)	4		
Add number elected,	102	104	9
Total,	113	108	10

The next House will be composed of 231 voting members—the delegates from Minnesota and Oregon Territories (Messrs. Sibley and Thurston) not being entitled to that privilege; of which 116 is a majority. Thus it will be seen that the Free Soilers will certainly hold the balance of power.—Should these members in voting choose candidates from either of the great parties, according to their political affinities, (Messrs. Wilmot, King, Durkee, Julian) would probably support the Democratic nominees, giving that party 118 votes, and the other six blend with the Whigs, viz: Messrs. Giddings, Root, Tuck, Allen, Palfrey, and Sprague—making one hundred and thirteen votes.

The St Louis Defalcation.—The Grand Jury of St. Louis have found a true bill against N. Childs, Jr., charging him with feloniously and fraudulently embezzling from the Bank of Missouri, the sum of $121,000. He is to be tried sometime during the present month.

TAYLOR ANECDOTE.—A few weeks ago, an agent was despatched to our Government by the Canadian authorities, for the purpose of settling upon some plan for the most effectual "reciprocity of trade between the United States and Canada."—The agent having had a lengthy interview with our Secretary of State, was conducted into the presence of Old Zach. After the usual introduction and civilities, the agent narrated to the President the object of his mission—Reciprocity of trade between the two Governments. The words "Reciprocity of trade," seemed to have struck the old General with awe and astonishment. He had heard of "reciprocity of affections," "reciprocity of kindness," etc., but never reciprocity of trade. In this dilemma, the General directed attention to asked the agent' whatever wife [illegible] *had visited Canada.*" The sudden change of the subject bewildered the intelligent agent, and bidding Old Zach adieu he left the White House.—*Balt. Argus.*

The Second Washington.

A gentleman who was in the train which conveyed Gen. Taylor from Lancaster to Harrisburg on Saturday last, (says the Pennsylvanian) gives a laughable account of the speech of the "second Washington" to the young ladies of Mount Joy, a village twelve miles from the former place. "He thanked them for the large majority he had received in that quarter, and had no doubt their husbands had contributed to the result. This made the girls titter. He had heard of the *fat land* of that neighborhood, also of its big horses, and [then there was another fearful pause,]—its wagons! Our informant, who is a whig, said he never was more mortified in his life, and he rejoiced when the cars moved on."

COMING SISTER OF THE SOUTH.—At the late dinner given by the Virginia Legislature to Edward Fisher, a Mr. Gegaleo, whom it is inferred is a resident of the Island of Cuba, toasted that much talked of island as "*the coming sister of the South—the future gem State of the Union.*"

POST-OFFICE ROBBERY.—A young man by the name of Knowles, a clerk in the Post Office at New Hope, Bucks County, was committed in default of bail to jail, on Monday week, charged with breaking the seal of a letter, and purloining $100 which was enclosed therein.

Hon. W. Gwin, formerly of Mississippi, but now of California, has written to his friends in New Orleans, that the people of California will promptly organise a State government, and exclude slavery by an overwhelming majority.

No newspaper ought to support any man for any office in the county in which it is published unless he is a subscriber to it.—The press has long enough been a drudge for the election of illiberal and selfish men.—*Nor. Herald.*

The justice of the above sentiment, we presume, but few will question. It is, however, too generally the opinion, that an editor is a pack-horse, made for the sole purpose of manufacturing great men out of small ones, and entitled to no consideration in return. But we think that an editor, like every other man of proper feelings, should befriend those who befriend him; and if his professions are not worthy the support of political aspirants, his influence is not worth having about nominating and election times.—*Leb. Courier.*

FIRE DAMP!—On the 11th ult. a most frightful accident occurred at the Llety Shenkin Colliery, in the great Coal basin of Glamorganshire, South Wales by the explosion of fire damp, which caused the death of *Fifty-two* persons.

☞ The Germantown Telegraph thinks the "watering" places—especially Cape May—might as appropriately be called the "liquering" places.

*The names mentioned in the narrative are, for obvious reasons fictitious.