"The Democrat."
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
S. B. & E. B. Chase,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents per annum, cash in advance; or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year, or time of subscription.
No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publishers.
All communications must be post paid to receive attention.
All letters connected with the office, should be directed to S. B. & E. B. Chase, Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa.
Editors' office over M. C. Tyler's Store.

The Montrose Democrat.

[illegible] Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VII. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1850. NUMBER 40.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (12 lines or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
Business Cards, 4 lines or less,	3 00
Yearly Advertisements, not over 4 squares	7 00
One column, one year,	30 00

Yearly Advertisers will be restricted to the business in which they are engaged.

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*** BLANKS of every description constantly on hand, or printed to order.

Written for the Democrat.

[illegible]

[illegible]

To worship God.

[illegible]

And looked [illegible]
That told [illegible]
In tremulous [illegible]
He lent Earth's [illegible] truths
Of revelation, and [illegible]
Like gushing [illegible]
Unus'd to bend [illegible]
Unwont to weep [illegible]
I went my way [illegible]
How holy was [illegible] day of God.

Written for the Democrat.

[illegible]

OR,

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

BY ELIZA B. [illegible]

CHAPTER I.

It has been my lot, during my past life, to be frequently thrown into the society of the newly married, and to mark, with much interest, the difference which they exhibit in their deportment towards each other, their style of living, habits of industry or ease, frugality or extravagance, and the consequent effect upon the happiness of the married couple; and however much or often the husband may be at fault, I can but admit, as far as my observation extends, that the wife is more frequently the cause of discontent and misery at the home fireside, and even of broken fortunes, than the husband himself, who, however much he may have striven to keep his bark afloat, is nevertheless obliged to bear upon his unoffending head the whole weight of evils which their downfall produces. The want of that cheerful acquiescence in those habits of industry and frugality which the early career of every man obliged to make his own fortune demands from the wife, has discouraged and crushed many a man of good talents and bright prospects, and been the ultimate cause of a ruined fortune and disappointed hopes.

For the better illustration of the principle I have advocated, I will give my readers a story, hoping that its moral may not be without a beneficial effect upon some beneath whose eye it may chance to fall.

Edward Sheldon was a young mechanic of a persevering and ambitious turn of mind, industrious, intelligent, and highly respected in his native village. He was one in whom ambition was an active principle, leading him to foreign countries in the spirit of enterprise, and though fortune at times favored him with success, he was often overwhelmed with reverses, and obliged to commence anew in that struggle for independence upon which his eye was set. But nothing daunted, he would again set him to work, and at the age of thirty-four returned to his native village, successful and prosperous, and there established himself in business.

It was there that he cast his eyes about him for a [illegible], a wife, to share his fortunes, [illegible] and happy, and [illegible] a gay girl of seventeen [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh! I am [illegible]," said she in a careless [illegible] beautiful [illegible] more which Jane Roberts wears; I think I will get one like that, it is so pretty, and I may as well get hold [illegible] and I must get some new ornament for my neck, too, I am tired of this gold chain, and think a string of coral beads will be much more becoming—they are quite fashionable now. And there's that silver [illegible] you gave me a year ago; it is getting quite out of date, and I must have a new silver one, they are more genteel. Let me see—with what I have got I think I can manage with twelve dollars to-day."

During this rapid enunciation of intended purchases, Edward had stood with his eyes cast down, and his cheek blanched with emotion. He had hitherto never refused his wife in her demands upon his purse, however unreasonable they might be; for, possessed of a kind and affectionate heart, he shrunk from discord as from the deadliest ill of life. But suddenly a new spirit seemed to possess him, and raising his head he betrayed a flushed cheek, as he hastily stepped to her side, and stood with her confronting the glass.

"Ellen," said he in a clear, decided tone of voice, "which should dress the better, a man or his wife?"

"Neither, to be sure;" replied she, regarding him with a look of unfeigned astonishment; "they should both appear alike in that respect."

"And who is dressed the better *now*?" said he, glancing at his clothes, which were his best, and though of good materials worn and thread-bare, then at her rich velvet shawl and satin dress,—"who is dressed the better now, pray?"

"And whose fault is it that you do not dress better?" said she in an ironical tone of voice, in whose chords not the least blending of kindness could be detected; "If you do not choose to dress better, I am sure I can't help it. I did not marry you, to [illegible] you, but expected to be dressed decently myself without all this fuss. [illegible] owe me fifteen dollars now!"

Sheldon turned his dark, penetrating eye, upon the face of his wife, and gazed till her own sunk beneath his look, and a blush of shame crimsoned her cheek.

"*I owe you* do I?" said he at length with a heavy sigh, as he threw himself into an arm-chair, and resting his head against the back, seemed for a moment lost in thought. "Yes, Ellen, I *did* stipulate to give a hundred dollars a year for your personal expenses, eighteen months ago, but then business was far better than it now is, and our expenses were less. Then I was free from debt and comparatively happy; now, let me toil as I may, I cannot meet our accumulated bills from week to week, and from month to month the debt is growing heavier on my hand. Look at me—I have not spent ten dollars for clothing the [past] year, and prefer now to appear in this shabby suit, rather than leave my creditors unpaid, while you insist upon the payment of the [sum] I have promised. Our last quarter's rent is not yet settled, and [illegible] you warned me that our washer-woman's bill had run up to [illegible]. You might, Ellen," he continued, and his voice grew husky with emotion as he rapidly proceeded; "you might [illegible]. Our expenses [must] be immediately curtailed one half, [if] you would consent to keep house and do [your own] work; I could hire sufficient room for [illegible] at a moderate rate and by frugality and industry on your part, we might [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] left the apartment [illegible] to his bosom, and [illegible] hoped beyond reason, to soften [illegible] called his wife, to [illegible] duty that she might [illegible] happy. But now all hope was lost; [illegible] last and boldest effort was repulsed, she had turned away callous and unsoftened [illegible] at night have touched a savage heart. He had done all in his power [illegible] and as hope went out in his heart, a firm and settled [illegible] up and prelude of despair. [illegible] my friends to support her," said he, casting his eyes around the apartment [illegible] surrounded by luxury; [illegible] orphan I brought her here, and so [illegible] such shall I leave her. Her uncle, who reared her in charity, is dead, and she will be obliged to earn her bread—a severe lesson, but a necessary one: she must [first] learn to help herself, or she can never be what I hoped to find her." So saying, he left the child in the care of a little girl, and went out.

It might have been two hours after the above-mentioned occurrences took place, that a cab drove up before the door of the house in which Sheldon and his wife boarded, and a moment after he stepped out, bringing a large travelling trunk, which, with the aid of the coachman, was placed on the top of the carriage. He then went back to his room, and immediately returned, bearing his little daughter in his arms, neatly dressed in a little hood and pelisse, and prattling in high glee at the prospect of a ride. A moment more the door closed, the carriage wheels rattled over the pavement, and Sheldon had left his wife and home, that which he had so eagerly sought, and deemed as the highest felicity of life—perhaps forever! But his child was in his arms, or on his heart, and though the burning tears rushed to his eyes, he was still half happy in the innocent caresses of his beautiful and idolized child.

CHAPTER II.

Five years had elapsed since the commencement of our story. Again it was January, cold and biting, and a stormy evening was closing up a dull and lowery day.

Alone, in an humble and poorly furnished apartment, in an obscure part of the city, [illegible] of a diminutive coal fire, sat the wife of Edward Sheldon. She was busily engaged in sewing, and as she rapidly plied her task, would now and then pause, rest her head upon her hand, apparently engaged in deep thought. Once she dropped her work, buried her face in her hands, and while her frame trembled with emotion, the tears trickled through her fingers, and fell fast and thick on her lap. But there was no sound, or murmur of complaint; it was evidently the grief of a contrite heart; and only till she had subdued her emotions, and taken from a little cherry box the miniature of her husband, did she give vent to her feelings in words.

"Oh, that I could recall the past!" said she, at length, in trembling accents, as she gazed on the faithful resemblance of him who should have been more to her than life itself. "Oh, that I could recall my past wedded life, and re-live again those days which should have been the happiest, but were, alas! the most wretched of my life! That proud, selfish heart of mine was wearing the very life-blood from his generous heart—so kind, faithful and forgiving! I *could* have made him happy, I *could* have been happy myself, but alas! it is now too late; I have made him an exile from home, and entailed upon myself a life of loneliness and misery!" and again she buried her face in her hands, and wept long and bitterly.

And well might she weep, for she had merited her sufferings, but was now an altered woman; she had passed through the [illegible] it is woman's lot to bear — she was a deserted wife; and that very desertion had proved a blessing to her.

[illegible]

[illegible] quick sigh, and murmured,

"How like *his* step!"

Again, there was a quick step on the stair—a manly tread—and soft foot-falls, mingling their echoes with the heavier ones. That step—O! how could a wife mistake the step of one who had been the idol of her heart, although five weary years had rolled between her heart and his! It nears—nearer, and nearer—and now it is on the threshold, and as the door swings back on its hinges, with that same impulsive turn it always took from his hand, the wife sank back in her chair without the power of motion or utterance. But the kind, familiar voice of the lost one, breathing accents of love, and mingled with the clear, sweet voice of her child, aroused her, and with a heart full of penitence and gratitude, she threw herself into his arms and wept tears of contrition and thankfulness.

Need I add the sequel to my story, or, [illegible] restored husband and wife were happy? Will any one question if she longer hesitated to conform to what necessity and duty demanded?—or [illegible] it every wish was not gratified?—No! a lesson of forbearance and self-denial were graven on her heart, too deep to be erased by time, and with cheerful and earnest will she performed the various duties of life, and became from that hour a blessing to her husband and child.

From Sartain's Magazine.

A Tribute to the Late President.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

I saw him but twice, the hero of the Mexican war, the chief man in power in the United States, the late President Zachary Taylor; but enough to feel that I saw in him—

"An honest man, the noblest work of God!"

The first time was a beautiful evening, on the green grounds around the White House. The *Potomac glistened in the setting sun*, a band of music on the grounds was playing the "Star-spangled Banner," and a gay crowd of men and women, and *children, with nurses and negroes*, were walking about enjoying the evening, the music, the green grounds, and the view of the noble river, with the Washington Monument in giant proportions rising on its banks. *President Taylor was among them*, not as the kings of Europe when they come down among the people, surrounded by guards or star-spangled attendants; no, but unattended, alone, plain in attire as the *plainest of the citizens* around him, the greatest part of whom were strangers to him. Yet he seemed to feel that he was among friends, and his honest face, and his unassuming bearing, his straightforward, friendly manner, the firm and cordial pressure of his hand, made a friend even of the stranger who was for the first time introduced to him. He stood there serene, smiling to the children who were running about and tumbling in the grass in unconstrained liberty. He spoke of the pleasure they gave him.

It was truly a republican scene—one of those we fain would see more often on earth,—where all distance between men, all difference of rank and fortune are done away with and life is again an Idyl full of innocence and beauty in the lap of great nature. May the star-spangled banner float wider and wider over such scenes, such banquets of life!

The next time I saw President Taylor it was in one of the splendid rooms of his mansion, and with him his beautiful daughter, the sister of the Graces, Mrs B[illegible]. Political questions, to which he was called to attend, detained him for some time from us. When he came, he was cordial and simple in his manner, as before on the green grounds. Yet he seemed to me not quite well and as if he was trying to cast off from his mind a cloud. And so he did, as a gallant man and a true American gentleman attending to ladies. He spoke to us of the Indians, among whom he had been much, and whom he knew well. And as he spoke he brightened, and his speech flowed on so pleasantly and so cheerfully, that, had we been egotists, we would have forgotten how time flowed on, as we forgot the storm which gathered without, and rattled at the windows.

It was a few days afterwards that I heard, in the Senate, the low, thrilling tones of Daniel Webster interrupt the discussion going on, to announce that "a great misfortune threatened the land," that the President of the United States was dying—was not expected to outlive that day. And that very evening, how changed was the gay scene in the White House! Death was there, was laying his heavy hand on the beloved father of the family—on the elected head of the Republic of the United States.

Yet serene was he even now. In death he grasped the hand of his wife, and said: "My dear wife, I am not afraid to die. I have tried to do my duty!" And the storm in nature so fearful to many—came to him in his death bed, as a comforter, as a song of triumph. But he had long, long since made death a friend. Duty had been and was the spring of his life and actions. His friends and his foes [illegible] those unswerving qualities of his mind. In these virtues he was great.

I saw him but twice, and for a little while, but as I saw him and with what I have heard of him I can well understand that brave men, his companions on the battle-field, have wept as children at his death; and that there is, within the White House, a heart who, after that death, never more will feel the joy of life.

Yet happy is she, who can live and glory in such memories! And happy the man who lived and died as he, who, on his death-bed, looking over a life of great military and civil import, could serenely say, "I am not afraid to die: I have tried to do my duty."

A Man-Eating Lion.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

On the 29th we arrived at the small village of Bakalahari. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons upon the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. On this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month, and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which inclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trek-tow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal with Hendric, my first wagon-driver—I cutting down the trees with my axe, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting-place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into the darkness some distance from the fireside to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a bloodthirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the kraal, and consign one of us to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendric got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark, and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burned it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieking out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold—Hendric is dead! Oh God! Hendric is dead! Let us take fire and seek him"—The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after [illegible]. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey.—He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely laid down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket) with his appalling, murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backward round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh God! men, help me!" After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, seizing a large flaming brand, had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendric, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around.—Poor Hendric! I knew the fragments of *that old coat*, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate *after-rider*. Hendric was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon-driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging: his loss to us all was very serious. I felt confounded and utterly sick in my heart; I could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after elephants to divert my mind. I had that morning heard them breaking the trees on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village of my intentions, and having ordered my people to devote the day to fortifying the kraal, started with Piet and Ruyter as my after-riders. It was a very cool day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. These bulls unfortunately joined a troop of cows, and when we came on them the dogs attacked the cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could ever see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs. I hunted this cow, and finished her with two shots from the saddle. Being anxious to return to my people before night, I did not attempt to follow the troop. My followers were not a little gratified to see me returning, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. The lion would most certainly have returned, but *fate had otherwise* ordered. My health had been better in the last three days: my fever was leaving me, but I was, of course, *still very weak*. It would still be two hours before the sun would set, and, feeling refreshed by a little rest, and able for further work, I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendric up a native foot-path that led up the river [illegible] path. We found fragments of his coat along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards [illegible] our camp a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much [illegible] cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great [illegible]. The lion had left the foot-path and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to make loose the dogs. They walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs: a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed—it was the lion on bounding away.

Several of the dogs were extremely afraid of him, and kept rushing continually backward and springing aloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyl and Bles took up the spoor in gallant style, and led on the other dogs. Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase, whose conclusion [illegible] the only small satisfaction that I could obtain to answer for the horrors of the preceding evening. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but never [illegible] open. Here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

On beholding him my blood boiled with rage. I wished that I could take him alive and torture him, and, setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of [illegible] "Your time is [illegible]." I halted my horse and placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot.—He rose, however, again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now came up in wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and fore-paws and bring them to the wagons, and, mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*.

PITY HIS FAMILY.

A man falls into embarrassments, which ultimately overwhelm him in bankruptcy or drive him into roguery and crime. He was yesterday respected, influential and supposed to be affluent, and his family were treated and treated themselves accordingly; but to-day he is disgraced and steered clear of—without resources or prospect—very likely in prison and exposed to ignominious punishment. "Vile wretch," say the million; "it is good enough for him, but we must pity his poor family."

Certainly, we must pity them—pity all who suffer; still more all who sin and suffer. They need pity, and there is no danger that we shall pity them too much.—But the impression conveyed of the innocence of the fallen man's family and their unmerited exposure to want and ignominy, is often very far from the truth.

In fact, half the men who are loathed as dragging down their families to shame and destitution are really themselves dragged down by those families driven to bankruptcy, shame, and crime by the thoughtless and basely selfish extravagance of wife and children. Let a man be in the way of receiving a considerable money, and having property in his hands, and his family can rarely be made to comprehend and realise *that there is any limits to his abilities to* give and spend. Fine dresses and ornaments for wife and daughters, spending-money and broadcloth for hopeful sons—costly parties every now and then, and richer furniture, and more of it at all times—these are a few of the blind drains on "the governor's" means which are perpetually in action. "O, what's a hundred dollars to a man doing such a business?" is the indignant question in case of any demur or remonstrance on his part. Not one of them would bear to disgrace him by earning a dollar; they couldn't go out shabbily dressed, for fear his credit would suffer. They can't see how a man who can get discount in Bank need ever be short of money or stingy in using it. All his talk of difficulties or hard times they regard as customary fables, intended to scrimp their drafts on his purse or enhance their sense of his generosity. When it is so easy to fill up a check, why will he be so hoggish.—Let him give fifty dollars to any philanthropic object, or invest five hundred, however safely, in any attempt to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor, and they now see clearly that he has hoards of gold, and can just as well give them all [illegible] and jewels as not. Thus the man of means or of business is too often regarded by his family as a sponge to be squeezed, a goose to be plucked, an orange to be sucked, a spring to drink from when thirsty without at all diminishing its flow. The staff is there