

# The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1851.

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 37.

## POETRY.

Upon the whole scene around us  
Not help thinking that "all save  
me is divine." There is nothing  
but a summer evening in this  
one. The air, which has been so  
oppressive all day is now fresh,  
light and there is only one thing  
fellow's comfort, and that is the  
musquitoes continually singing  
some songs in one's ears, or nibbling  
they continue singing and nibbling

## LATEST

**Particulars**  
The *Galena* 20 confirms the fact effected by  
The treaty by the coronation  
seals on the parunouth sign-m  
The presents: several hours of  
of cordialities. By this Treo  
United States square miles of  
about twice as England, and co  
land suitable for its abundance.  
The amount of \$68,000 a year  
merchandise. The Government  
ratified without

## DEATH

**DEATH**  
The most cold-blooded, but yesterday  
we have been favored with fine  
which were received very gratefully  
paraded gardens as well as ourselves.  
Bastling the "ruling of the Dog Star"  
the absence of a great number from the  
are still considerable life in New-Or  
Buildings are going up in all direc  
and there is no little commercial busi  
going. But the theme now on every  
tongue is the Cuban Revolution. Meet  
to hold every evening in some parts of  
where the mass express their symph  
the lacking patriots, and I assure  
there is no lack of eloquence on the  
And our city is manifesting its sym  
no substantial way than their me  
money and arms are collecting  
On Sunday seven hundred brave  
was Gen. Lopez at their head left for  
Panama, a steamer, which they  
for the purpose, and with a few big  
board, and if one can judge from ap  
there was "fight" in them. On  
the hundred more left, and are no  
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Well, what true American does not  
heart leap up with joy when he hears  
long down-trodden and oppressed tyr  
Where is the man in our wide and  
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of prohibition those brave hearts who  
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the halberd, and the god  
freedom to visit them. I am a Bemo  
the broadest sense. I believe that man  
it a higher destiny than to bow to  
cap." I believe that freedom loses  
extension, and that like the sun it  
its influence over the whole earth.  
that wherever man is suffering op  
should America pour out her  
So you have my creed, and I  
I cannot conceive of a true Ameri  
I do not desire that others  
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long down-trodden and oppressed tyr  
Where is the man in our wide and  
country who would not cheer with his  
of prohibition those brave hearts who  
of a crown, and saved by a  
the halberd, and the god  
freedom to visit them. I am a Bemo  
the broadest sense. I believe that man  
it a higher destiny than to bow to  
cap." I believe that freedom loses  
extension, and that like the sun it  
its influence over the whole earth.  
that wherever man is suffering op  
should America pour out her  
So you have my creed, and I  
I cannot conceive of a true Ameri  
I do not desire that others  
the priceless blessings which he

## DEATH

**DEATH**  
The most cold-blooded, but yesterday  
we have been favored with fine  
which were received very gratefully  
paraded gardens as well as ourselves.  
Bastling the "ruling of the Dog Star"  
the absence of a great number from the  
are still considerable life in New-Or  
Buildings are going up in all direc  
and there is no little commercial busi  
going. But the theme now on every  
tongue is the Cuban Revolution. Meet  
to hold every evening in some parts of  
where the mass express their symph  
the lacking patriots, and I assure  
there is no lack of eloquence on the  
And our city is manifesting its sym  
no substantial way than their me  
money and arms are collecting  
On Sunday seven hundred brave  
was Gen. Lopez at their head left for  
Panama, a steamer, which they  
for the purpose, and with a few big  
board, and if one can judge from ap  
there was "fight" in them. On  
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## MISCELLANY.

### The Odd Fellows' Secret; Or, a Warning to the Ladies.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Some wise man has suggested that, if certain legal proclamations should commence with, "Know one woman," instead of "Know all men by these presents," the object of such proclamation would be much better effected. It was probably the same creditous reasoner who argued that the Mohammedan doctrine of "no women in Paradise" must be correct, because St. John, in the Apocalypse, expressly states, "There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour." But, however much the other sex may ridicule the cogency or the falling propensities of their weaker sisters, the latter researches into the history of the "heroic women of the Revolution" have proved most conclusively that, in the midst of danger, and in the face of death, some of the sex can keep the tongue from betraying the well-kept secret of their hearts, and that, in the hour of peril, and in the hour of triumph, a most worthy number of the once honored and honorable fraternity of Free Masons, also accord some weight to the conclusion. That secret, the boast of knights masculine, and guarded by the pomp of imposing ceremonies, has once been committed to the porcelain lips of a woman's heart; and strange to say, the delicate was neither burst by the explosive nature of its contents, nor overflowed with its abundance.

But, nevertheless, we frankly acknowledge that all of our sex are not thus gifted. There are some who, as the brave men of the Revolution, are not without the strength of arm, and the strength of purpose. At any rate, Mrs. Woodbury, though she had great confidence in her own power of secret-keeping, was known throughout the neighborhood for her love of gossip, and her insatiable thirst for the marvelous. Her husband, who was a man of the water out of the neighbor's well, and running her out of her neighbor's distillery, and how much she gave per yard for all she bought. She learned how many dozen eggs her neighbor had sold during the season, and she never rested quiet until she had afterwards until she found out how many eggs this same lady put in her squash pies.

She was particularly prying into the affairs of newly-married ladies and young housekeepers; her secrets, could she once get hold of her, were not only rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel, but were digested, and re-digested, as if she had the two stomachs of a ruminating animal. She never attended parties; for she was a member of the "Old South Presbyterian Church," not the noted Old South in Boston, dear reader, but one thus named in the flourishing village of Glastonbury.

There were two streets in the village, one called North Street, in which was situated the Meeting-House; the latter South Street, where Aunt Woodbury lived, and where also she went to meeting very regularly, in the large old-fashioned high-backed wooden pews. Well, as I said, she never attended parties; that self-denial was a part of her creed, one of the steps of the ladder which elevated her above some of her neighbors; but, in lieu thereof, she was a most punctual member of the Sewing Society, and no one did better service with fingers and needle. It was also two must present the bright side of her character; a most punctual attendant upon every church meeting. Her husband, "Good Brother Woodbury," as he was called in the neighborhood, was an elder, and of course, conversant with all the private business of the church, and in honor bound, to never reveal it even to his loving spouse, unless under peculiar circumstances, which circumstances we shall presently explain. Well, some times of their private business would sometimes leak out in the church meetings—often in the prayers—at other times in the remarks of brethren, who, when hearts were burned with care or sorrow. Whenever one prayed, or when the brother who had gone astray, or that the "Achan might be removed out of the camp," then Sister Woodbury's wits were suddenly set to work.

"Well, pa," she would say, as soon as she arrived, and had deposited her bonnet and shawl in its place, and seated herself by the fire—"Well, pa, what now? Who have you got up before the session this week? It does seem as if wickedness increased in high places. I thought when we got Mr. Clark out of the church for going to see Mr. Hall so much, we should have some peace. But do pray tell me now."

"Nothing particular that I know of, my dear."

"Nothing particular, Mr. Woodbury! Just as if I didn't know any better. Do you suppose Mr. Green would pray as he did if he had no trouble? But that's just the way with you men, afraid to tell your wives anything. Just as if I couldn't keep a secret."

"Well, to tell the truth," said the patient husband, on one such occasion, "I did not attend the last session meeting, and there may be some business that I know nothing about. It does strike me that there was something rather peculiar in the prayers to-night."

"Yes, indeed there was; and I should like to know what it is that troubles the elders so. You, as one of them, ought certainly to know. It is very strange that you should neglect the meetings."

The good elder did not answer; for, had he told the real cause for his non-attendance, it would have excited his wife's combativeness a little more than he cared to do just then. The truth was, he had not attended, not because he was unable to overcome, and which placed him completely in the power of his wife whenever he was intrusted with a secret. It had caused him much trouble, especially when finding, some years after his marriage, that his wife's head, or rather her tongue, was totally deficient in secret-keeping. He could conceal nothing from her. For, however he might resolve, and resolve, to lock fast within his inner sanctuary any important matter, he invariably found that, before he was aware, she was mistress of his treasure. He never tempted her, like "Blue Beard," with his key, but alas! she possessed a duplicate. You may wonder, my dear reader, how it was that she was so deficient in secret-keeping. It is easily explained. Elder Woodbury talked in his sleep; and his wife, by asking questions curiously, could elicit correct answers on almost any subject she chose to select. Again and again have the elders wondered how matters known, as they supposed, only to themselves, should be village talk.

At last, the following incident gave them some clue to the mystery. It seems that Mrs. Woodbury had judged correctly in supposing that the session had some cause for praying as they did. There was one offending brother, and Elder Woodbury, having the leading of the matter, and knowing his peculiarity and his wife's falling, had resolved to be absent from the meetings.

His safety lay in his ignorance. But he was defeated in this plan. The next afternoon, when the session was to meet, he found, on his return from his place of business to dinner, that his wife had altered his clean shirt, brought out his coat, and made ready his shaving materials. His favorite dinner was smoking on the table, and his wife said pleasantly—

"Our minister has been here, and says that he hopes you will not fail to attend the meeting this afternoon. He has many burdens to bear, and needs all the sympathy and aid his church can give him."

Poor Mr. Woodbury! He did sympathize with his minister, and no one in the church was more ready to bear his share of the burdens; but he wanted to have no more secret cases of discipline intrusted to his keeping. He was warned by his dinner, and pleased with the good humor of his wife, he was persuaded to go, hoping that he should hereafter be able to keep watch and ward over himself, even in his sleep.

Alas, for his resolution! He came home quite late, and very tired, with his mind perplexed and disturbed by the most favorable state of sleep talking. He said little; neither did his wife ask any questions. There were several for the occasion. After reading the thirty-seventh psalm, and praying with his family, the good man retired. Mrs. Woodbury, as was her custom, bustled round awhile. She prepared her coffee for boiling, washed the potatoes, put things in the stew-pan, and then, to herself, "Never mind; I'll find out their secrets."

Her husband was sleeping soundly when she lay her head upon his pillow; but she had no idea of following his example. A good, strong cup of green tea had produced its relieving effect, and the elder became more restless, and began to mutter in his sleep; his wife pushed her night-cap from her ears, and listened with all the eagerness of a cat when she hears the scratching of a mouse. She could catch nothing distinct at first. "What is that he says?"