

The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1852.

VOLUME IX, NUMBER 35

Port's Corner.

My Mother's Grave.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shining flowers—
The stars shine brightly—
Save me, I beseech.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall I wave
Above thy child!

A sweet flower—yet must
Thy light leaves to the coming dappled bow.
Dear mother, 'tis thy emblem:—
Is on thy brow.

I should love to die—
To leave, unloved, the dark, bitter streams,
As thou, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To see the plume of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

As must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last leaf fall, untimely ere,
Went down with thee?

Oh! from life's withered bower,
I still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on the lonely flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,
Behold me mourning on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night wind's wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And smiling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And ever thy religion's holiest shrine—
Oh give this spirit undivided
To blend with thine.

Strictly True.

FARDOROUGHIA;

THE MISER.

[Continued.]

During the few days that intervened between

his birth and his christening, Fardoroughia

was engaged in forming some

idea of the manner in which he should

conduct himself in the world; and

in this task, he imagined that

the father presided over the miser almost

without a struggle; whereas, the fact was,

that the simple, eager more ingenious than

the miser, changed his external character,

and in the shape of affectionate

foremost respect for the wants and

interests of his child. This gross description

of the miser's heart, he felt as relief; for though

the world, he did not escape him; for

the miser's heart, all his circumstances

and his position, ought to have caused him

to be contented with his lot; but he was

not contented; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

ambitious; he was ambitious; he was

waste, as I said, and I won't give it to it. You

don't consider that your way of life will spend

much more in one day as 'ud clothe him two or

three years.

'May I never sin this day, Fardoroughia, but

one 'ud think you're tired of him already. But

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

not 'girt in to what's decent you know you'll

summers, Fardoroughia's character as a miser

was not only gone far abroad through the

neighborhood, but was felt by the members of

his own family, with almost merciless severity.

From habits of honesty, and a decent sense of

independence, he was now degraded to rapacity,

degrees degenerated into cunning; and by what

was commencing life, was looked upon only

as a saving man, had now become notorious

for extortion and avarice.

A character such as this, among a people of

generous and lively feelings like the Irish, is in

every state of life the object of intense and

disgusted abhorrence. It was with difficulty

that he could succeed in engaging servants, either

for domestic or agricultural purposes, and, per-

haps, no consideration, except the general kind,

had induced any person, whatsoever, to enter

into his employment. Hence, the miser, in

what in them they to make the dependence of

the family experience as little of Fardoroughia's

gripping tyranny as possible, yet, with all

their kind-hearted ingenuity and ac-

count bounty, they were scarcely able to render

their situation tolerable.

It would be difficult to find in any language,

no matter what pen might wield, a capable of

portraying the love which Fardoroughia's

mother bore to her child, and her own

son; Ah! there, in that last epithet, lay the

charm which wrapped her soul in him, and in

that related to his welfare. The moment

that he was not the will of God to bless

them with other offspring, she heart gathered

around him with a jealous tenderness which

trembled into agony at the idea of his loss.

Her love for him, then, multiplied itself in-

to many hues; for he was in truth the prism,

when it fell, all the varied beauty of

forth the music of a single instrument, but

breathed the concord of many. Fearfully

different from this were the feelings of Fardoroughia,

now twenty-two years of age, and request

them, besides to prepare for the gloom which

is about to overcloud our story.

We have already stated that Fardoroughia

was not only an extortioner but a miser.

Now, as some of our readers may be surprised

to find a man in his station of life could practice

extortion, we feel it necessary to inform them

that there exists among Irish farmers a class

of men who stand, with respect to surround-

ing poor and improvident, in a position

precisely analogous to that which is occupied by

a few or money-lender among those in the

higher classes who borrow, and are extrava-

gant and unscrupulous. For instance, a

struggling small farmer, who has a

needy landlord or an unfeeling agent, who

threatens to seize or eject if the rent be not

paid to the day, perhaps this small farmer is

forced to borrow from one of those rustic

gentlemen, at a valuation dictated by the lend-

er's avarice, and his own distress, the oats, or

potatoes, or his which he is obliged to dis-

pose of in sufficient time to meet the demand

that is upon him. This property the miser

draws home, and stacks or houses it until the

markets are high, when he disposes of it at a

profit which often secures for him a profit a-

mounting to one-third and occasionally to one-

half above the value which it has in the

market, interest is accumulating. For in-

stance, if the accommodation be twenty pounds,

property to that amount a ruinous valuation

is brought home by the accommodation. This

perhaps sells for thirty, thirty-five, or forty

pounds, deducting the labor of prepar-

ing for the market, the miser is left with

twenty-five or a hundred per cent. profit, prob-

ably ten per cent. interest, which is all the

profit he derives from the property. This class

of persons will also take a joint bond, or joint

promissory note, or in fact, any collateral en-

gagement they know to be valid, and if the con-

tract be broken, they immediately pounce

upon the guaranties. They will know, by a

mark of their anxiety to assist a neighbor in

distress, receive a pig from a widow, or a cow

from a struggling small farmer, at thirty or

forty per cent. beneath its value, and claim

merely of being a friend into the bargain.

Such men, we feel, are not to be despised, but

especially to notes issued by paper money,

which they never take in payment, but

which, if person could forget the distress

of these men producing an old stocking, or a long

black leather purse, or a calf-skin pocket-

book, and counting down, as if he gave in

the specific sum, uttering, "I have some time

ago, most inglorious history of his own poverty,

and assuring the poor wretch he is deceiv-

ing him, he will ultimately become the victim

of their avarice. In no case, however, do

they ever take in payment, but which, if

person could forget the distress of these men

producing an old stocking, or a long black

leather purse, or a calf-skin pocket-book, and

counting down, as if he gave in the specific

sum, uttering, "I have some time ago, most

inglorious history of his own poverty, and

assuring the poor wretch he is deceiving him,

he will ultimately become the victim of their

avarice. In no case, however, do they ever

take in payment, but which, if person could

forget the distress of these men producing an

old stocking, or a long black leather purse,

or a calf-skin pocket-book, and counting

down, as if he gave in the specific sum, ut-

tering, "I have some time ago, most inglori-

ous history of his own poverty, and assuring

the poor wretch he is deceiving him, he will

ultimately become the victim of their avarice.

In no case, however, do they ever take in

payment, but which, if person could forget

the distress of these men producing an old

thing," said Connor, somewhat sharply, for he

felt hurt at the obtuseness of the other, in con-

ceding to a subject so distressing to him; but,

for goodness sake, tell me, Bartle, end to the

discomfort. I'm sure it must be un-

pleasant to both of us.

"It doesn't signify," replied the young man,

in a desponding voice—"she's gone; it's all over

with me; I'm a beggar—I'm a beggar!"

"Bartle," said Connor, taking his hand, "you're

too much down-hearted; come to us, and first

deal with him. Never mind the other; we'll

help you up decent wages; an' sorry I am

that you're in this way; you poor fellow!"

"Bartle," said Connor, "I know you'll find

Connor's hand was all the more firm, and

shrinking eye on him as he replied—"I

live to thank you, better yet, and if I do, you

needn't thank me for any return I may make

to you or yours. I will close with your father,

and he'll never be the worse for me; for

Connor, I haven't a house or a field, nor a

place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

nor a place under God's canopy where, for a

"I am sorry, Connor," said he slowly, "I am

sorry that I hired your father's horse; but

"And I'm glad of it," replied the other;

"Bartle made no answer for some time, but

looked into the ground, as if he had not heard

"Why should you be sorry, Bartle?"

Nearly a minute elapsed before his abstraction

was broken. "What is that?" said he at

length; "What were you saying?"

"You said you were sorry."

"Oh, ah!" returned the other, interrupting

him; "but I didn't mind what I was saying

"I was thinking of something else I was—

of the best way's to drop all discourse about

that forever."

"You'll be my friend if you do," said Con-

nor.

"I will, then," replied Bartle; "we'll change

it. Connor, were you ever in love?"

"Donovan turned quickly about, and, with

a quick glance at Bartle, replied,

"Why, I don't know; I believe I might once