

Montrose Democrat.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.
E. B. CHASE & ALVIN DAY, Editors.

Montrose, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1854.

From the Flag of the Union
Long Ago.

Often times will memory ponder
On the days of old gone by;

Till, within myself I wonder—

At the scenes that greet my eye—

Surely believing that "the treasures

Which the past's dark heavens show,

Were indeed sweet, living pleasures—

Owned by me, long, long ago.

Where amid the grandeur of bays—

Of youth's boundless, glorious life,

Catching sunshine—not the shadows,

As along life's path I strayed,

These were many hours of gladness,

O how swift would they go,

All untinged by care or sadness,

In the days of long ago.

And, like a leaf of India Balsam,

That leaf wither'd, wavy, yellow'd,

Now my longing heart could find

That now could fill the flowers

Which alone in memory grow,

And one more enjoy the hours

That have fled in long ago.

Cheered forms now gather round me,

For a long time hours have bound me,

Have the last so dear to me,

That in memory's hall I wander,

By her rivers' soothing flow;

Loving still to dream, and ponder

Of bright scenes in long ago.

Fire-Side Reading.

Taking Things Easy—a Philosophical Woman.

An exhibition of the right kind of people for this world, we give place to the following letter of a woman to her husband in California. It is had enough for a woman to be left, "to her own resources," without being visited with other misfortunes in addition. She appears to take it easy—as she should:

"My Dear Husband—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying good health, on the whole. Just as present two of the boys have got the small pox, Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever. Betsy is down with the measles, Sam got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off seven of his fingers with the hatchet. It is a mere boy didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well, and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us."

I almost forgot to say that Sarah Madeline eloped last week with a tin peddler. Poor girl! she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she's married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to slope, though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find the baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dig into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family."

The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate. In fact, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes that the house would go too, for it is very inconvenient but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury.

Some boys went into the orchard the other night, and stripped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit."

Give the Boys a Chance.

Do you know of anybody that wants to hire a boy? We confess we never heard of such a boy! We are, however, in the most common of inquiries without a feeling of sadness, and never say no, without a hearty wish that we had something for a boy to do.

Poor little fellows, kindly kept, and poorly clad, turn their anxious faces up to you, in the hope to find a favorable answer, and thus to end a long and painful quest for the means to earn a mouthful of honest bread. They move on with drooping heads to repeat for a thousand times the inquiry, and to receive the same response, in tones of every variety of indifference. "A boy" is learning his first bad lessons, in the coldness of the world and the hardness of life. We will not be beyond him to see what aching heart there is, in some poor home, that with mingled hope and fear has sent him forth on his thankless mission; for that boy himself should be obliged to go and ask again, and be refused the opportunity to be useful, is sad enough of itself.

In this fast age—this struggling, crowding world, there is little room for the boys; and there is far too little thought given to the obligation that rests upon men to make places for them. These materials of which are neglected, and we are too prone to forget what an element we ourselves are in settling the question, whether they are to be good or bad. We have a plea to make for the boys. Words of kindness and encouragement to those who are first launching their frail bark upon the voyage of life, are worth thousands of dollars spent in processes to reform such as through neglect and despair have forgotten their good impulses, and suffered themselves to be led into courses of transgression. A little work may stimulate a hope that glimmers on the verge of extinction, into a motive strong and unerring to impel its owner forward in the paths of usefulness and honor. Be kind to the boys!

And to the boys we would say, never despair. If one man does not want a boy, try another. You have the right to make the inquiry. The world was made for you, as well as for the men, and God has determined that you shall have a place in it. The hopes of the world are in the boys—the poor boys—the insignificant and placeless as you feel yourselves, your mission is important, and if you are worthy, your day will surely come.

There is another thing. Go to the country; chances for useful employment are numerous and various, in the agricultural districts. Avoid the town, with its places of low amusement, and low dissipation. Determine to be men and honest men, and the time will come when you will be disposed to thank even the hardships you have suffered, for their effect in developing your energies and fixing your character.

The Home-Mother.

Some one writing for the Masonic Mirror has drawn a charming picture of home-loving, child-loving mother:

"We must draw a line, are a broad line,

between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flies but to opera and party,

dressed in rich robes, and followed by a train of bawd and heartless as herself. She who,

forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge,

and leaves them to the care of hirondines while she pursues her giddy round of amusement."

"Not so with our home mothers! blessing

be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of maternal duties. How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use or adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little faces dimples with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma has seen them before they go to school! No, you but can, warm the hearts and overclothes of the comforters round their necks!"

There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprisons a good night kiss on each little rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleek and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A might arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends weekly to the hand that she has shamed, and turns with a warming love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to live. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with a strong untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill. Blessings be on the gentle home-loving mother—Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will endow her as a garment."

"I was Young, but now I am Old."

What a volume of thought is awakened by these words of the old poet king of Israel, especially when, as we repeat, we find our own experience corresponding with his. We were young a long time ago, and all youth's delicious dreamings, and exquisite hopes, and cherished illusions have been ours. We looked upon the world as a fair and beautiful life garden, whose every green shoot was to bear some fragrant flower or luscious fruit—How we revelled in the anticipation of friendship and loves that seemed to beckon us to their bosom! How we rejoiced in the confidence of achievements and triumphs that awaited us in life!

How we built our castles in the air with all the assurance that men ever felt when building on granite or adamant.

But we are getting old. Gray hairs are sprinkled here and there where formerly black and white were, and all the desireable complexion faded away.

Hoary—A fine assortment for Ladies, Gents and children.

Ribbons—a fine assortment for Bonnets, also satin and tullestring, in all widths, and every color.

Domestic Goods—Sheetings, bleached and unbleached muslins, Tickling, Crash, Diapers, Table Covers, and Napkins, in fact, all the desirable styles in this department.

Shawls—Printed Delane, French printed wool, printed cashmere, Broche, black silk, &c., a fine stock of them.

Ladies Shoes, of every description, at low prices.

Bonnets, Caps, and cuffs, in great variety.

Hats CAPS AND STRAW GOODS.

We have very fine stock of Hats, and Caps, Canada Straws, Pompoms, Marabou, Bound Canton, Leghorn, Cassimere &c., for summer wear, which are very desirable, and selling cheap.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF LADIES BOBBINS, MITS, and CHILDREN'S FLATS, HATS, &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

In this branch of our business we can fail.

Our stock of Clothing is very extensive, and well suited to all the various styles.

We would especially invite our friends desiring anything in this line, to give us a call.

Gentlemen's FANCY AND WINDSOR GOODS.

We have very fine stock of Hats, and Caps, Canada Straws, Pompoms, Marabou, Bound Canton, Leghorn, Cassimere &c., for summer wear, which are very desirable, and selling cheap.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF LADIES BOBBINS, MITS, and CHILDREN'S FLATS, HATS, &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

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Our stock of Clothing is very extensive,

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G. & W. H. FULLER.

Montrose, April 19, 1854.

AUSTRALIA, California,

Or any place on the globe, cannot present greater inducements than

KEELER & STODDARD'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

WHICH is now filled with a wide and extensive variety of goods, embracing a general variety of new and elegant styles of Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, among which are Ladies French, Silk Lasing and Precious Gaiters, Kid and Embroidered Polka, Kid Patent leather and brocaded French, Kid and Ties; gentlemen's French and Philadelphia Gaiters, Kid and Brocaded, Bow Congress and Edge Gaiters, Montezuma and Washington Boots, Toilet Slips, Morocco, calf, and Calfskin, Boots, &c.

KEEPER & STODDARD'S

Montrose, June 1, 1853.

NSQUEHANNA COUNTY.

STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT.

L. WEBSTER & CO. would respectfully

inform the people of this county and the

people in general, that they have opened an establish-

ment of the above kind in Montrose, at the old stand of Sayre and Webster, one door north of the Hotel, opposite the Bank, where they intend to keep on hand a large quantity of tinware, and articles of hardware, and to furnish all kinds of household articles, and to supply the wants of the public.

They will be open from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. per day.

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