

# Montrose Democrat.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NORTHERN PENNA.

E. B. CHASE & ALVIN DAY, Editors.

Montrose, Thursday, Aug. 10, 1854.

**The Horse and the Locomotive.**

"Ha!" said the horse, and he capered with glee.

Ran the meadow that skirted the way,

There will be very little more use now for me

To be harnessed to carriages—heigh ho!

In answer to our inquiries as to her business,

she answered :

" At it please you, honor, I am a poor girl,

With such much larrin', and you see, place

you honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the better

than him doesn't prate in old Ireland, has

been writing of me a letter—a love letter,

place you honor, an—an—an."

We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered

to relieve it by reading the letter.

Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers.

"Shure," she resumed, "it's just that just what I want, but it isn't a gentleman like yourself that would be knowing the secrets between us, and so here she twisted the cotton quite nervously, 'till it'll pass you honor, while you reading it so that yet may not hear it yourself, if you'll just put this cotton in your ears an' stop up yer hearin' and thin the sareates will be unknown to ye."

We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident.—  
Exchange.

**Theodore Parker.**

Fanny went recently to hear Theodore Parker, (the Abolitionist,) who entertains an audience every Sabbath day at the New Music Hall. Her impressions derived from the occasion are thus stated:

"Do you call this a church? Well, I heard a great singer here a few nights ago; and bright eyes sparkled, and waving rings kept time to moving fans—and open glasses and oglings and fashion and folly reigned for this once triumphant. I can't get up any devotion here, under these laticed balconies, with their fashionable freight. If it were a good old church with a cracked bell and unknown rafters, a pine pulpit with the honest sun staring through the windows, a pitch-pipe in the gallery; and a few old-world rustic scatterings around the unadorned seats, I should feel right; but my soul is in fetters here—wings snarled wings are earth clipped. Things are all too fine. Nobody can come in at the door whose hat and coat and bonnet are not fashionably out. The poor man (minus a Sunday suit,) might lean on his staff in the porch a long while before he'd dare venture in to pick up his crumb of the bread of life. But, thank God, the unspoken prayer of penitence may wing its way to the ethereal throne, though our mocking church spires point only with aristocratic fingers to the rich man's heaven."

The hymn was beautifully read; there is poetry in the preacher's soul. How he takes his seat by the reading desk—now he crosses the platform and offers his hymn book to a female who has just entered. What right has he to know there is a woman in the house?

It isn't clerical. Let the busses find their own hymns.

Well, I take a listening attitude, and try to believe I am in church. I hear a great many original—great many startling songs. Said I see the gauntlet thrown at the dear old orthodox, Calvinistic sentiments which I nursed in with my mother's milk, and which (please God) I'll bring to tatters. I see the polished blade of satire glittering in the air, followed by curious, eager, youthful eyes; which gladly see the searching "Sword of the Spirit" parried. Meaning glances, smothered smiles, and improved nods, follow the witty clerical salty. The orator pauses to mark the effect, and his face says, that stroke tells; and so did for, the "Athenians" are not all dead, who love to see and hear some new thing. But he has another arrow in his quiver. How his features soften—his voice is low and thrilling his imagery beautiful and touching. He speaks of human love; touched skillfully a chord to which every heart vibrates, and stern manhood is struggling with his tears as his smiles are chased away.

Others' intellect there; there's poetry there; there's genius there; but I remember Gethsemane; I forgot not Calvary! I know the "rocks were rent," and the heavens darkened; and its stone rolled away, and a cold chill strikes to my heart when I hear Jesus of Nazareth lightly mentioned.

O, what are intellect, and poetry, and genius, when with Jewish voices they cry, "Away with him!"

With "Marry," let me bathe his feet with my tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head.

And so I went away sorrowful that this human preacher, with great intellectual possessions, should yet face the "one thing needful."

**The Shadow of Life.**

"All that live must die."

Passing Nature to Eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved one whose living smile was the sun-light of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life; and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our fears. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great Law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frail flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shone the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass; and the countless multitudes that swarm the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore;

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,

Each wave will wash from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of man, the instinct of immortality so eloquently attested by the death-devoted Greek finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is Nature's prophecy of the life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate his betrothed Clementine asks if they shall not meet again. To which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All, all were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face I feel there's something in the love which mingles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN." CLEMENTINE.—N. Y. Mirror.

**Reading a Love Letter.**

An amusing incident of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:

Molly, our housemaid, is a model one, and handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy

for soap suds that amounts to a passion. She is a laughing, busy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, blushing Hibernian, who loves about our book-shelves, making wpon our papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and undusted corners.

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered :

" At it please you, honor, I am a poor girl, and have much larrin', and you see, place you honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the better than him doesn't prate in old Ireland, has been writing of me a letter—a love letter, place you honor, an—an—an."

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**A Rat Story in Rhymer.**

Once as I lay in bed, I heard a light, slow tread, which quickly thronged me with a sudden fear. I knew not how or why, as I was sleeping heavily, that sound mysteriously fell on my ear. The tread was soft and light, yet froze my blood with fright, on that dreadful night.

I could not sleep. The sound fell on my ear, how yet distinct and clear as ominous as dream—fearfully and deep. And now I strained my sight, peered deep into the night, in hopes to see my spirit, but all was dark. The darkness was profound, Barago to vials, in green, blue and brown, Black lace walls &c.

**Rid Gloves.**—Ladies and Gent a large assortment of the best quality.

**Mits.**—long short, black, Mohair and silk.

**Silk Gloves.**—Black, white and colors. Lisle thread, and cut to a doff assortment for Ladies, Gents and children.

**Ribbons.**—fine assortment for Bonnets, also satin and lace-trimming, in all widths, and every color.

**Domestic Goods.**—Sheets, bleached and unbleached muslin, Ticking, Cloth, Diapers, Tabby Covers, and Nippkins, and in fact, all the desirable styles in this department.

**Shawls.**—Printed Delaine, French printed wool, pattern cashmere, Broche, Black silk, &c., a fine stock.

**Ladies Shawls.**—of every description, at low prices.

**HATS CAPS AND STRAW GOODS.**

We have a fine stock of Hats and Caps, Canada Straws, Palmetto, Gamico, Maracoco, Bound Canton, Lughorn, Cassimere, &c., for summer wear, which are very desirable.

**Domestic Goods.**—Sheets, bleached and unbleached muslin, Ticking, Cloth, Diapers, Tabby Covers, and Nippkins, and in fact, all the desirable styles in this department.

**PAINTED CLOTHING.**

In this department we cannot fail to suit. Our stock of Clothing is very extensive, and well made up, in late and desirable styles.

We would especially invite our friends desiring anything in this line to give us a call. Gentlemen furnishing Goods, of every description.

A large stock of Wall Paper and Bordering Books, Stationery and Yankee Notions, in great variety.

**READY MADE CLOTHING.**

In this department we cannot fail to suit. Our stock of Clothing is very extensive, and well made up, in late and desirable styles.

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**G & W. H. FULLER.**

Montrose, April 10, 1854.

**Medical Use of Sarsaparilla.**

In many cases of a disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of sarsaparilla is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of sarsaparilla to a pint of cold water, drink it and go to bed—it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems dead from racing a very heavy load, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing it, without the head must be wrapped with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit the foot should be placed in warm water with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible.

In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two tea-spoonsful of salt completely stayed the blood.

**KELTER & STODDARD'S ROOT AND SHOE STORE.**

WHICH is now filled with a new and extensive assortment of articles in their line, embracing a general variety of new and elegant styles of Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, among which are Ladies French, Silk, Lasting and Prentiss, Satin and Embroidered, French and English Buttons and Ties; gentlemen's French and Philadelphia tan-tanned calf skin and kid Boots, Congress and button Galets, Monterey and Washington Boots, Boot, Slippers, Morocco, calf, and Cowhide Boots, &c. Boys' cap and cowhide Boots and Boots; all kinds of Misses' and Children's wear, including the various kinds of Linen, Muslin, Cambric, &c., and Japon, Linen, Wool and Cotton Pamps, Chain Pamps, Cloth and Gearing.

All kinds of Custom Work done on short notice, and at most reasonable terms. Our motto is "All kinds of Produce at keen in exchange for Wares. If you don't believe it, call and see."

A. L. WEBSTER & CO.

Montrose, June 1, 1854.

**THE Shadow of Life.**

"All that live must die."

Passing Nature to Eternity."

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**TAILORING.**

THE subscriber continues to carry on the Tailoring business in all its branches, at present largely occupied by Lines & Reynolds over Hawley's & Motl's store, where he will attend to all calls in his profession, in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

C. D. VIRGIL, Surgeon Dentist.

Montrose, April 15, 1854.

**REYNOLDS.**

Montrose, April 15, 1854.

**New Goods.**

J. WEBB has received his 2d stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and for sale on the usual terms.\*

BENTLEY & READ.

Montrose, June 1, 1854.

\*P.S. Hope our neighbors won't find fault with the above modest advertisement.

## NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

### The One Price Store.

GOODS AT LOW PRICES AND FOR READY PAY.

THE undersigned having associated themselves together in the Mercantile business, are now prepared to offer to the public, a very desirable stock of Goods, consisting in main of Dry Goods, and Ready made Clothing, Utsils, Caps and Straw Goods, Books and Stationery, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, &c., &c.

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