

The Montrose Democrat

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

J. J. Gerritson, Proprietor.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, February 11, 1858.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Manufacturers' Insurance Co., Charter Perpetual, Granted by the State of Pennsylvania.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, MONTROSE, PA.

THE subscriber having purchased and refitted and newly furnished the above well known and popular Hotel.

J. S. TARBELL, Montrose, May 13th, 1857.

THE BAR will always be supplied with the Choicest Liquors.

CLOTHS, Cashmere and Vestings, very desirable styles, at prices that cannot fail to sell. Call and be convinced. C. W. MOTT.

MOPSEY. BY CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

From Mrs. Stevens' Magazine for February.

I see old Sylvester Peabody—the head of the Peabody family—seated on the porch of his country dwelling, like an ancient patriarch, in the calm of the morning.

It seemed indeed, on this very calm morning in November, as if angels were busy about the Old Homestead. The fair country lay in a delicious dreamy slumber.

It rained in your brother's bosom like a deluge. There was a tender sadness and wonder in the face of old Sylvester, when a voice came stealing in upon the silence.

"I see you are not alone," said the child, who had come down from the sky to the earth.

"What wonder is this?" said old Sylvester, "I neither see nor hear as I used—nor all my senses going."

"He turned as he spoke, to a woman of small stature, in whose features dignity and tenderness mingled, as she now regarded him with reverence for the ancient head of the house.

"If I have heard the story," the young man continued, "there were two men, friends, one in this neighborhood, Mr. Barbary, the preacher, and your grandson, Elbridge Peabody.

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greatly Mopsey came rushing along at a great speed, for several paces, and suddenly came to a halt, during which her head disappeared, and then renewed her pace, repeating the peculiar manoeuvre once in every ten yards.

It was, in truth, a year ago this day, that an excellent man, Mr. Barbary, the pastor of this neighborhood, disappeared from among living men.

It was a simple, worthy man. The last time alive he was seen in company with your brother Elbridge, by the Locust wood, near the pond where you go to gather huckleberries in the summer, and hazels in the autumn.

"What makes you think that?" Mopsey asked, forgetting in her grandeur of the moment all distinctions of class or color.

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er hush—a still more portentous pause—all eyes are in the direction of the kitchen; the children are hanging round, with their bodies and outstretched necks half way in at the door; Miriam and the widow stand breathless and statue-like at either side of the room.

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