

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

MONTROSE, PA., JANUARY 27, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 4.

Miscellaneous.

The "Experience," OR THE METHODIST PREACHER

AND
THE BLACKSMITH.

We take the following from a Methodist paper selected from the Female Companion. The scene is laid in the mountainous regions of Georgia.

Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all ministers and Methodist preachers especially. His stop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he had declared his determination to whip every Methodist minister that passed his shop. This threat he had often exercised that that circuit was dreaded by the preachers, and it was with some difficulty that one was found to fill it. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his first ride through the mountains.

Forgeron had heard of his new vicar, and rejoiced at his size and appearance. He furnished a better subject for his tongue than the stunted frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped that this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his bench, regular himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher.

It was not over an hour before he heard the words—
"How happy are they who fight Satan's army, and have laid up their treasures above!"

"How are you, old slab sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and have to get to the house of my friend before it is dark."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite that the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied meekly.

"Did you know that my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what was Ned Forgeron's name? That goes through the gap?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Forgeron's name, but presumed that he had not met Ned before.

"You presume so? Yes, you are the most presuming fellow I ever met. You presume you are a Methodist, that you will whip every Methodist preacher that goes through the gap?"

"I have not yet professed his willingness to do any thing less than to whip every Methodist preacher that goes through the gap."

"Well, then, three things you have to do, or I'll whip you in a jiffy. First, if you are a Methodist, you must whip every Methodist preacher that goes through the gap."

"The preacher looked on during these words with a face that was almost comical. He was not a little provoked, and he would not submit to it."

"Well, you have got a whaling to submit to then. I'll whip you like a horse, and I'll tear you into shreds, unless you'll get down, you long faced hypocrite."

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to his horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount. When the worthy man made a time of necessity, and alighted.

"I have but one request to make, my friend, and that is that you will not whip me with this overcoat on. It is a present from the ladies of my church, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you business man!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, and the blacksmith, satisfied with the result, drew his right hand from the sleeve, and drew the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him.

CURING A GRUMBLER; OR, THREE DAYS AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.—FIRST DAY.

"There, my dear, I brought you home three quarts of berries," said John Paley, the blacksmith, as he set the basket down upon the table.

"What in the world did you bring these quarts for? I can not use more than two," said Mrs. Paley.

"Oh, well, now I think of it, Mrs. Thompson wants a quart, and she wished me to get them for her, if the man came along today."

"I thought! Now I think of it, I want them myself, and Mrs. Thompson can not have them."

"Never mind; I left a quart at the shop for luncheon to-morrow—she can have them."

"Do without yourself?"

"Certainly; if she wants them she can have them."

"You take good care of Mrs. Thompson," added Mrs. Paley with a slight sneer.

"Because I let her have a quart of berries."

"That is more than she would do for you or me?"

"Oh, no; I guess not."

"I asked her to lend me her wash tub the other morning, and she wouldn't do it," replied Mrs. Paley, rather spitefully.

"Wouldn't do it?"

"Wouldn't lend you a wash tub?"

"Mrs. Paley was astonished and indignant. Mrs. Thompson was a widow who lived in the next house, and he had frequently been called upon to perform sundry little chores which her lonely condition required, and now to have her refuse to lend him his wife's wash tub was the highest indignity, and he resolved on the spot that Mrs. Thompson should not have the berries.

"She isn't an angel," added Mrs. Paley.

"I never supposed she was. She would not lend you her wash tub?"

"No, she would not."

"I am surprised. When was it?"

"Last Monday morning."

"Monday morning? You did not go to her for a wash tub on Monday morning?"

"I did. And what other time should I want a tub?"

"What did she say?"

"Well, I only asked her for it, and it was mean of her to let me have it, after we have done so much for her."

"Well, John, you wanted to say that we like to do good, and mean to do it ourselves; but he did not wish to stir up any more."

"She told me she had clothes in it," continued Mrs. Paley.

"Well?"

"She didn't seem willing to lend it to me; so she offered to take them out and let me have the tub, I told her she needn't trouble herself."

"It was very wrong, Mary, for you to ask her to lend you her wash tub on Monday morning."

"I suppose so; if any one was wrong, I am the one," posted Mrs. Paley, disgusted with her husband's partiality and injustice.

"Never mind, Mary; is supper ready?"

"No; that would you get lost in such interminable stuff, it won't burn at all."

"It is the best I could get, and the best there is, for that matter. I gave eight dollars a pound for it."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

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THE FEELING.

Or, the Indian and his Venison.

"Twas a cold and stormy night in the fall of 1819, and Miner Spicer and his wife had drawn their seats in front of the blazing fire, which roared in the large open fireplace of their cabin, and were talking of absent friends."

Together with his brother, Mr. Amos Spicer, he had removed from New London, Connecticut, to the neighborhood of "Abram's Oak," in 1811, and erected his log cabin in the midst of the forest, which was being thinned out before the strong arm of the new settler, and giving place to green fields and pasture lands.

The hoarse moaning of the wind as it whistled through the boughs of the trees, and the patter of the rain upon the roof, seemed to lighten the comfort and increase the enjoyment of their solitary corner; and it was not to be wondered at when we consider the subject of conversation, that they should sit long after the usual period of retiring in cosy chat, nor dreamed of the passing hours.

A sudden stop to their colloquy was caused by the sound of horses' hoofs approaching the door, and in a moment after a shout from without indicated that some one desired to attract the attention of the inmates of the house. Mr. Spicer arose, opened the door, and passed out into the night. He could recognize the outline of a man on horseback, but the darkness, which shrouded all objects in gloom, prevented him from distinguishing the features, or anything whereby he might guess at the character of his visitor.

To his question of "Who's there?" a volley of sounds was uttered by the stranger—as unintelligible to Spicer as so much Greek or Arabic. He was somewhat angered at such an attempt to answer his simple question, and told the other that he must speak English or he would unhorse him. By this time his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he was able to make out the stranger to be an Indian, mounted on a small steed, and with his bow in his hand, which he held in his master bow, which he carried in his hand, and which he held in his hand, and which he held in his hand.

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