

# 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.

MONTRÖSE, PA., NOVEMBER 24, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 46.

**THE MONTRÖSE DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS, BY  
A. J. GERRITSON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.  
OFFICE OF PUBLIC SQUARE, OPPOSITE THE P. O.

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with interest. Discontinuance optional with  
the Publisher until all arrearages are paid.

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lines; 25 cents per square for each insertion  
after the first three. One square one year, \$8,  
each additional square, 64c.

Job Work of all kinds executed neatly  
and promptly. **Blanks** always on hand.

**BILLINGS STROUD,**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,  
Montrose, Pa.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
We, the undersigned, certify that we were  
insured in the Fire Insurance Companies mentioned  
by Mr. Billings Stroud, of Montrose, and that,  
having suffered loss by fire while so insured, we  
were severely paid by said companies to the full  
extent of our claims. We have confidence in him  
as a good and effective agent.

Jas. R. DeWitt, ZIRCO COBB,  
LATHROP & DEWITT, H. J. WEBB,  
F. B. CHANDLER, J. LYONS & SON,  
REV. GARDNER, C. L. SEARLE,  
Montrose, Pa., November 14th, 1859.

**S. H. Sayre & Brother,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF MILL Castings, and  
Castings of all kinds. Stoves, Tin and  
Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.  
Montrose, Pa., November 16th, 1859.

**Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co.,**  
DEALERS in Ready-made Clothing, Ladies'  
Dress Goods, Furnishing Goods, etc., etc.  
Stores at No. 24 Broadway, New York City, and in  
Towanda, Montrose, and Susquehanna, Pa.

**L. B. ISBELL,**  
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at  
short notice, and on reasonable terms. All  
work warranted. Shop in Chandler & Jessup's  
store, Montrose, Pa. [Oct 25th]

**DRs. Blakelee & Brush,**  
HAVE associated themselves for the prac-  
tice of the duties of their profession, and  
respectfully offer their professional services to the  
inhabitants of Montrose. Office at the residence of  
Dr. Blakelee, midway between the villages of  
Dimock and Springville. [Sept 20th]

**HAYDEN BROTHERS,**  
WHOLESALE Dealers in Buttons, Combs,  
Suspenders, Threads, Fancy Goods,  
Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Nut-  
tall, Fishing Tackle, Cigars, &c., &c., New Mil-  
ford, Pa. Merchants and Pedlars, supplied on  
liberal terms. [Oct 1st]

**HENRY B. MCKEAN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Office in the Union Block—Towanda, Brad-  
ford county, Pa.

**DR. E. W. WELLS,**  
HAVING permanently located in **Dundaff**  
offers his professional services to all who  
may require them. Also, keeps constantly on  
hand a full stock of Drugs and Medicines,  
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical  
purpose. [Sept 6th]

**DR. H. SMITH,**  
SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and of-  
fice opposite the Baptist Church (north side)  
Montrose. Particular attention will be given  
to inserting teeth in gold and silver plate, and  
to filling decaying teeth.

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,  
Dye-stuffs, Glassware, Perfumery, Vermith,  
Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jew-  
elry, Perfumery, &c.—And Agent for all the  
most popular Patent Medicines, Montrose, Pa.

**DR. E. F. WILMOT,**  
GRADUATE of the Allegheny and Homoeo-  
pathic Colleges of Medicine, Gt. Bend, Pa.,  
Office, corner of Main and Fitzhugh streets, nearly  
opposite the Methodist church.

**M. C. TYLER,**  
SPECIAL Partner, with Lawrence, Griggs &  
Kingsbury, manufacturers and jobbers in  
Straw Goods, Hats, Caps & Coats, Umbrellas,  
Parasols, Ribbons, and all Millinery articles.—  
No. 46, Courtland street, New York. [Sept 8th]

**WM. H. COOPER & CO.,**  
BANKERS. Successors to POST, COOPER  
& CO., Montrose, Pa. Office one door  
east from Post's Store, Turnpike street.  
WM. HUNTING COOPER. HENRY DRINKER.

**C. O. FORDHAM,**  
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES.  
At Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's Store.  
All kinds of work made to order and repairing  
done neatly. [Jan 1st]

**WM. W. SMITH & CO.,**  
CABINET and Chair Manufacturers, foot of  
Main street, Montrose, Pa. [Aug 1st]

**DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,**  
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office over Wil-  
son's store, Lodging at Scott's Hotel.

**DR. JOHN W. COBB,**  
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office on Public  
Avenue, opposite Searle's Hotel, Montrose.

**DR. R. THAYER,**  
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Montrose, Pa.—  
Office in the Farmer's Store.

**JOHN GROVES,**  
FASHIONABLE Tailor. Shop near the  
Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street,  
Montrose, Pa. [Aug 1st]

**NEWS OFFICE.**  
THE New York City Illustrated Newspapers  
Magazines, etc., for sale at the Montrose  
Book Store. A. N. BULLARD.

**MEAT MARKET.**  
On Public Square, near Searle's Hotel.  
KEEP constantly on hand a good supply of  
MEATS of all kinds. CASH paid for  
Beef, Cattle, Sheep, and Lambs.  
Also for Hides. HENSTOCK & HAWLEY.

**H. GARRATT,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &c.,  
NEW MILFORD, PA.—Sole Agent for  
WILL keep constantly on hand the best  
brands of FLOUR—the Sack of Hun-  
dred Barrels—at the lowest market prices. Also,  
SALT—the Single Barrel or Load.  
Will be promptly attended to. Dealers will  
be promptly attended to. Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelt, Hides,  
and all Farmers' Produce in their season.

**The Fall of Missolonghi.**  
"At the siege of Missolonghi, Capasli  
(one of the Primitives) conducted to the Pow-  
der Magazine the weak, the wounded, the  
sick, the aged, and the women and children,  
resolved to bury them alive in its ruins.  
Mothers there tranquilly pressed their infants  
to their bosoms, relying on Capasli. They  
wept not—they had no parting to apprehend  
—death was about to quite them forever.  
From the size and solidity of the building,  
the conquerors supposing the wealth of the  
city was there deposited, crowded about it,  
trying to force the doors, windows and roof.  
Capasli now applied the match, and two  
thousand Turks perished with the Greeks.  
The explosion was so violent, the houses were  
thrown down, large chasms produced in the  
earth, and part of the town inundated by the  
sea."

When Greece, long alambing Greece, awoke,  
And nobly spurned the Turkish yoke—  
When Ibrahim's fierce and scorching band,  
In hostile squadrons swarmed the land—  
And when, long defended well,  
The fatal Missolonghi fell:  
A mournful crowd within the tower  
Await the dread and fearful hour.  
There stood the STRATON, early fired  
By parrot words, with glory's flame,  
Who listened till his soul, inspired,  
Planned daring deeds of future fame.  
But now those dazzling dreams are o'er,  
And hope's bright beacon burns no more,  
He yields him to his darkened fate,  
But still he longs to wreak his hate  
On earth's grim tyrants, one and all,  
And burn the oppressor's madning thrall.

There kneed the maiden, young in years,  
But all unmoved by maiden fears.  
A summer day her life had been—  
A thornless path, a dewy scene.  
Scarce on her calm and beautiful face  
One touch of passion could you trace.  
Scarcely had the hand of withering care,  
Dimmed one bright light that blossomed there—  
A hero wooed—they breathed their love  
Beneath the moonlit olive grove—  
It seemed to them a halcyon spot,  
Upon that charming landscape fell,  
A sudden rapture lingered there—  
A balmy fragrance filled the air.  
But sudden as the dark autumn,  
Spread on their fate a fearful gloom.  
Once more the battle-cry is heard—  
Around the tortured leaguers poured,  
His country claimed her hero's sword,  
A gallant band around him stood,  
And bathed their wounds in Parnon blood.  
In that dread hour he fell, he died,  
And she who should have been a bride,  
By fate was widowed, though unwed—  
A maid affianced with the dead;  
But in her eye and on her brow  
A frenzied hope is beaming now,  
And cherished still her virgin faith,  
She claims a lover's truth in death.  
There bowed the mother o'er her child,  
With looks and words of anguish wild,  
Talked of its sire's achievements done,  
The mead of praise his valor won,  
Till rapt to calmness o'er her theme,  
Her eye resumed its tranquil beam.  
In life's last prayer her babe she blest,  
And strained it fondly to her breast.  
There sat the old, whom Moslem ire  
Had doomed to torture, rack and fire,  
Familiar with a tyrant's rage,  
And sold with service more than age,  
Far readier to demand a grave,  
Than crouch and be again a slave.

There too, the wounded warrior lay,  
Proud victim of that hard fought day,  
And there the loved and honored dead,  
The bravely battled, freely bled!  
By faithful friendship their borne,  
To save from plunder, insult, scorn.  
Here gathered all whose hearts must mourn;  
The tender ties of nature torn.  
Here gathered all also forced to roam  
Far from their country, kindred, home,  
Here all whose souls the boon declined,  
Of life, by base submission gained,  
All men who would not, could not fly,  
To shun their desperate destiny.  
There gathered all that space allowed—  
Here Capasli ne'er known to sverre,  
Stood fixed in purpose, strong in nerve.  
Close at his side the torch was seen,  
And there the full stored magazine lay.  
Far off they heard the clash, the jar,  
The furious shock of savage war—  
Far off they saw, with watchful eyes,  
The Cross descend, the Crescent rise,  
Then nearer, clearer, round them rose  
The eager cry of conquering foes—  
Without was roar, and deafening din,  
But not a whisper stirred within.  
No faltering bosom breathed a sigh—  
No tears bespoke one falling eye—  
No sundering ties had they to fear—  
No fond adieu were uttered there—  
No parting charge to loved ones given  
At once they all would woe in heaven.  
Two thousand Moslems stormed without,  
And raised at once the assaulting shout;  
The fearful moment now had come,  
To sweep them swiftly to their doom.  
Brave Capasli, with dauntless hand,  
Now seized and hurled the blazing brand—  
An instant flash, an awful glare,  
A shock terrific rent the air,  
Bewildering havoc, wild and wide,  
Burst fiercely, forth on every side!  
The strongest bulwarks crumble down,  
The troubled sea invades the town,  
Mensses shook from shore to shore,  
The startled Mores heard the roar,  
And trembled at him! the fearful knell  
That told, when Missolonghi fell!

When Greece, long alambing Greece, awoke,  
And nobly spurned the Turkish yoke—  
When Ibrahim's fierce and scorching band,  
In hostile squadrons swarmed the land—  
And when, long defended well,  
The fatal Missolonghi fell:  
A mournful crowd within the tower  
Await the dread and fearful hour.  
There stood the STRATON, early fired  
By parrot words, with glory's flame,  
Who listened till his soul, inspired,  
Planned daring deeds of future fame.  
But now those dazzling dreams are o'er,  
And hope's bright beacon burns no more,  
He yields him to his darkened fate,  
But still he longs to wreak his hate  
On earth's grim tyrants, one and all,  
And burn the oppressor's madning thrall.

There kneed the maiden, young in years,  
But all unmoved by maiden fears.  
A summer day her life had been—  
A thornless path, a dewy scene.  
Scarce on her calm and beautiful face  
One touch of passion could you trace.  
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Dimmed one bright light that blossomed there—  
A hero wooed—they breathed their love  
Beneath the moonlit olive grove—  
It seemed to them a halcyon spot,  
Upon that charming landscape fell,  
A sudden rapture lingered there—  
A balmy fragrance filled the air.  
But sudden as the dark autumn,  
Spread on their fate a fearful gloom.  
Once more the battle-cry is heard—  
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His country claimed her hero's sword,  
A gallant band around him stood,  
And bathed their wounds in Parnon blood.  
In that dread hour he fell, he died,  
And she who should have been a bride,  
By fate was widowed, though unwed—  
A maid affianced with the dead;  
But in her eye and on her brow  
A frenzied hope is beaming now,  
And cherished still her virgin faith,  
She claims a lover's truth in death.  
There bowed the mother o'er her child,  
With looks and words of anguish wild,  
Talked of its sire's achievements done,  
The mead of praise his valor won,  
Till rapt to calmness o'er her theme,  
Her eye resumed its tranquil beam.  
In life's last prayer her babe she blest,  
And strained it fondly to her breast.  
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And sold with service more than age,  
Far readier to demand a grave,  
Than crouch and be again a slave.

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The strongest bulwarks crumble down,  
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The mead of praise his valor won,  
Till rapt to calmness o'er her theme,  
Her eye resumed its tranquil beam.  
In life's last prayer her babe she blest,  
And strained it fondly to her breast.  
There sat the old, whom Moslem ire  
Had doomed to torture, rack and fire,  
Familiar with a tyrant's rage,  
And sold with service more than age,  
Far readier to demand a grave,  
Than crouch and be again a slave.

There too, the wounded warrior lay,  
Proud victim of that hard fought day,  
And there the loved and honored dead,  
The bravely battled, freely bled!  
By faithful friendship their borne,  
To save from plunder, insult, scorn.  
Here gathered all whose hearts must mourn;  
The tender ties of nature torn.  
Here gathered all also forced to roam  
Far from their country, kindred, home,  
Here all whose souls the boon declined,  
Of life, by base submission gained,  
All men who would not, could not fly,  
To shun their desperate destiny.  
There gathered all that space allowed—  
Here Capasli ne'er known to sverre,  
Stood fixed in purpose, strong in nerve.  
Close at his side the torch was seen,  
And there the full stored magazine lay.  
Far off they heard the clash, the jar,  
The furious shock of savage war—  
Far off they saw, with watchful eyes,  
The Cross descend, the Crescent rise,  
Then nearer, clearer, round them rose  
The eager cry of conquering foes—  
Without was roar, and deafening din,  
But not a whisper stirred within.  
No faltering bosom breathed a sigh—  
No tears bespoke one falling eye—  
No sundering ties had they to fear—  
No fond adieu were uttered there—  
No parting charge to loved ones given  
At once they all would woe in heaven.  
Two thousand Moslems stormed without,  
And raised at once the assaulting shout;  
The fearful moment now had come,  
To sweep them swiftly to their doom.  
Brave Capasli, with dauntless hand,  
Now seized and hurled the blazing brand—  
An instant flash, an awful glare,  
A shock terrific rent the air,  
Bewildering havoc, wild and wide,  
Burst fiercely, forth on every side!  
The strongest bulwarks crumble down,  
The troubled sea invades the town,  
Mensses shook from shore to shore,  
The startled Mores heard the roar,  
And trembled at him! the fearful knell  
That told, when Missolonghi fell!

When Greece, long alambing Greece, awoke,  
And nobly spurned the Turkish yoke—  
When Ibrahim's fierce and scorching band,  
In hostile squadrons swarmed the land—  
And when, long defended well,  
The fatal Missolonghi fell:  
A mournful crowd within the tower  
Await the dread and fearful hour.  
There stood the STRATON, early fired  
By parrot words, with glory's flame,  
Who listened till his soul, inspired,  
Planned daring deeds of future fame.  
But now those dazzling dreams are o'er,  
And hope's bright beacon burns no more,  
He yields him to his darkened fate,  
But still he longs to wreak his hate  
On earth's grim tyrants, one and all,  
And burn the oppressor's madning thrall.

There kneed the maiden, young in years,  
But all unmoved by maiden fears.  
A summer day her life had been—  
A thornless path, a dewy scene.  
Scarce on her calm and beautiful face  
One touch of passion could you trace.  
Scarcely had the hand of withering care,  
Dimmed one bright light that blossomed there—  
A hero wooed—they breathed their love  
Beneath the moonlit olive grove—  
It seemed to them a halcyon spot,  
Upon that charming landscape fell,  
A sudden rapture lingered there—  
A balmy fragrance filled the air.  
But sudden as the dark autumn,  
Spread on their fate a fearful gloom.  
Once more the battle-cry is heard—  
Around the tortured leaguers poured,  
His country claimed her hero's sword,  
A gallant band around him stood,  
And bathed their wounds in Parnon blood.  
In that dread hour he fell, he died,  
And she who should have been a bride,  
By fate was widowed, though unwed—  
A maid affianced with the dead;  
But in her eye and on her brow  
A frenzied hope is beaming now,  
And cherished still her virgin faith,  
She claims a lover's truth in death.  
There bowed the mother o'er her child,  
With looks and words of anguish wild,  
Talked of its sire's achievements done,  
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The tender ties of nature torn.  
Here gathered all also forced to roam  
Far from their country, kindred, home,  
Here all whose souls the boon declined,  
Of life, by base submission gained,  
All men who would not, could not fly,  
To shun their desperate destiny.  
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**A CRITICAL MOMENT.**