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MONROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17.

MONROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1860.

NO. 25.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS. DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT. NEATLY AND PROMPTLY. AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

The office of the Monroe Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and improved type, etc., and we are now prepared to print all kinds of work in the best style, at short notice.

Poetical.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

[Daniel Webster said of the following poem: "This beautiful hymn, 'The Rock in the Wilderness,' from the pen of General Morris, contains the spirit of the leading of the Pilgrims. It is the best ever written, besides the shorter.]

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our steps, From bondage that over the rocks rolled; And to that altar they knelt the free, Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.

The Pilgrims of old example have given, Of mild resignation, devotion and love, Which beams in the stars in the blue vault of heaven, A beacon-light ever to guide our way.

In church and cathedral we kneel in prayer— Their temple and chapel were vain and ill— But God is the same, the same in all, And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

Popular Tales.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S SON.

BY ANNE M. LOVERING.

Now for school teaching I was no better fitted than for the ministry—I mean as far as patience was concerned—yet it came into my head very suddenly one morning, as I sat in the old kitchen of my father's house, with my little brothers and sisters about me (indeed, there was goodly number of them) that it was about time for me to do something in the world; something—outside the narrow round of household duties which I performed day after day; something, perhaps to relieve my father in a small way, of the burden that rested upon his shoulders.

And so I started. How that was bro't about, it would be tedious enough to relate; but this much I can say, that, because of the idea born to me on Sunday, on that spring morning, I was chosen—of the numerous applicants—teacher of some forty scholars at a distance of twenty miles from Cranston. I need not add that this was a source of great gratification to me, and that because of it I entered into a vast number of vague, happy speculations as to how the summer would glide away—how the days, the long summer days, would seem as short as the shortest of winter ones—how I would teach the little children to love me, and by and by find a ready way of introducing them to that heavenly volume, into which I had a good-sized volume to write all that I imagined and dreamed of the summer that I was to spend in the little village of Lester.

But a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams; not before I left home, because in such a case I might never have found courage to have left it, but just before I arrived at the scene of action. "You are to teach in Lester village this summer, if I understand you rightly," said the most gentlemanly of gentlemen before I left the cars at Lester.

The question was not an impertinent one, and so I answered it in all good faith, a little pompously perhaps, for I was greatly impressed with the importance of my calling. "Yes, sir, and I anticipate a very pleasant summer of it," I said.

He spoke in a quizzical tone, while the wisest and most inexplicable of smiles crossed his face. "Yes, sir, and why not?" I asked, forgetting that my question was abrupt, and my manner somewhat disturbed. "Nothing, only to realize your pleasant anticipations, you must meet a different fate than your predecessors for years back."

"And why, sir?" I questioned, my face getting redder every moment. "Because of all the children under the sun those of Lester village are the most unmanageable. In the course of a summer they usually succeed in detroning two or three teachers."

to have stocked a million of commonly rough boys. Gain an advantage over him in one way, and he was doubly certain to gain one over me in another. If I attempted to reason with him, his answer would set the whole school in a hubbub, and if I threatened to punish him, a look of sheer defiance settled upon his bright face. He troubled me so deeply, that I could not rest night or day, in school or out. That I grew pale and thin is not to be wondered at.

When my trial was at its height, I chanced to meet my acquaintance and prophet of the cars. Who he was, or what he was, I did not trouble myself to think. I did not even care. I had hoped to meet him, but I preferred to have it at the time of my victory, not at my vanquishment.

"And how are you pleased with your school?" he asked, walking by my side in a careless, easy way, as though he was an acquaintance of years. "I am delighted," I answered. "I cannot express to you how much so."

He laughed heartily. Looking into his face at that moment, I thought I could trace a very strong resemblance between him and the doctor's son, Frank Eldridge. A most unpleasant thought dawned upon my mind. "A little angered I determined to make the most of it."

"The scholars are very well," I said, half maliciously. "I suspect that the trouble lies with their parents. The ring-leader of all the mischief seems to have grown up in a most unhealthy atmosphere. I should say that his father was a very devoted friend of sabbath schools, and of the proper training of children."

"My words took immediate effect. A little flash of color appeared suddenly upon the gentleman's face, and spoke plainer than words could have done. Seeing my advantage I continued in a tantalizing way."

"People tell me that this Eldridge boy has not known a mother's care since his earliest infancy. That is self-evident. I have been more lenient, remembering this. But if it is a mother's care that he needs, I would advise his father, most heartily, to make an attempt to secure to him the care of some good, true woman."

"You would be fully in the face as he asked the question. I was not equal to the ordeal. I grew suddenly confused, and, trying to answer him, stumbled upon three or four answers at the same time. "Your advice is most excellent, Miss Lakin. I hope the unfortunate gentleman will be able to act upon it."

"I hesitated. I saw that I was going too far. The gentleman smiled, and the conversation could go no further. "A good morning," he turned away, while I entered the school room. "Who was that gentleman?" I asked of a child, standing by the door. "Dr. Eldridge, Frank Eldridge's father," was the reply.

whip and ruler, then I would wield them. I would conquer or be conquered. I did not resolve upon this fully until I was informed that the school would be lengthened out six weeks into autumn, allowing a vacation of one week in the meantime.

So the days dragged along, not one passing without Dr. Eldridge making his appearance somewhere in my way. Sometimes I was pleased to see him, perhaps always; but he had a strange, mischievous way with him that worked against my temper constantly. I think he liked my little fits of passion, however, or he would not have provoked them continually.

"Can any one tell me who planned my dress to the chair?" I asked. "There was a deal-silence. I repeated the question. Still no answer. I could not help but feel that I was being teased. I did not know how to answer. I did not know how to answer. I did not know how to answer."

"You don't dare scold me, my father?" he began. "Let your father come here, and I will scold him too," I said, interrupting him. "I'll tell him so," he cried out. "Do so, by all means," I answered.

"I am very busy now, can you come in and wait?" "Until after school do you mean?" "Just as you please—I have no time to spare now—I suppose you have come to undo my work of yesterday."

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STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER.

The snows of many winters have left their whiteness upon my head, but many events of the war are still fresh in my memory. During the long and bloody struggle for independence I was compelled to witness many horrors.

My father was one of the early settlers of the Kennebec. I was the oldest of four sons. Before the commencement of the war, my father had built him a cabin quite comfortable enough for his purpose, and commenced clearing—converting the savage wilderness into a garden, to team with corn and grain.

I and my brothers of course assisted him in his labors. The war broke out the second year after our settlement on the Kennebec. At first we apprehended but little danger from the savages as they had hitherto manifested a friendly disposition. But we were soon conscious of danger.

"But one, did you say?" said my father. "Only one," I replied. "Now see what you can discover of the other side of the cabin."

"I did so, and to my surprise saw three more of the rascals crouched like serpents in the grass. I reported this also. The knocking continued until it became furious. My father of course turned a deaf ear to his entreaties for admission.

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he by a similar operation could do the same favor for me. The night was not very dark, and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Having arranged matters in this manner, we felt but little apprehension in regard to a surprise. The hours rolled on. I felt very sleepy, and hardly able to keep my eyes open.

"About midnight my attention was arrested by a bush which I did not recollect seeing in the early part of the night. At first I gave little heed to so slight a circumstance, but at length began to fancy that it came nearer. Still I strove to persuade myself that the appearance was to be attributed to my eyes, rather than to reality. After watching for half an hour longer, I could no longer doubt that the bush was in motion.

"I waited with breathless anxiety until it was within gunshot. Taking deliberate aim, I fired into the bush. It fell instantly and I heard a heavy groan. "What have you done?" said my companion.

"We kept our position until sunrise, for fear of a surprise. Upon examination, we found the body of a stout Indian lying in a pool of coagulated blood under the bush. He had taken this method to reconnoitre. As it happened, it proved fatal to him and his purpose. I have passed through many scenes, but I never shall forget the hollow stump and the moving bush.

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had taken up his abode in Jerusalem, to settle himself more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry; for they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow would be of the greatest possible service to him.

"The day will come," was his invariable answer to all such advice—the day will come when some one will shoot me with a revolver through my back, just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come. What have I to do, then with a wife or children whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort or a home? I shall leave them when the pistol-bullet sends me to my grave beside my friend," said the German locksmith.

So much for what I learned from my friend the surgeon, concerning the past life of the singular man by whose appearance I had been so powerfully struck. Of the remaining portion of his history, the particulars came under my own knowledge, and with the circumstances of its termination I was myself to a certain extent mixed up. My revolver was sent back to me repaired, and just as I was about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and was in some haste, I set off without trying it. In the course of a day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, apparently in pistol shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him.

The weapon missed fire. On examining it, I found that the defect this time was exactly the reverse of what had been before. The lock went so loosely that the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless, sent it again on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to ascertain the cause of the defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done on the former occasion. Mark how it returns to him again and again! Why not have done his work at once? The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state as it was of perfect repair. This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but at the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pill at the trigger as I might.

"There is something radically wrong here," I said. "I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it, without delay."

"What could I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that ugly grin? I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt that even if these had not proved as they did wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service to him in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands, and told me so, and he did so carefully on a shelf, at the back of his shop.

"Above all things," I said, as I left the house "above all things, remember that the revolver is loaded."

"I shall not forget it," he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile. "This, then, was the third time that the pistol was taken back to the German for repairs."

It was the last. The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the simple and mechanical parts of his trade. He was not of much use, a stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day, soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and standing jolly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver. The locksmith, turning round from the place where he had taken it, saw the lad with the pistol in the place where he had taken it. He had not had time, he said, to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having said this, the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, while the lad, who had been so naturally suspicious, had restored the pistol at once to its shelf. The boy's curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and instead of looking at it as he was bid, he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

mine the wound the surgeon said to those standing around. "The ball has entered his back; his chance it should have passed round by the ribs; as will sometimes happen, this wound will not be fatal."

"It is fatal!" said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. "Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fall to its work when it comes? It is fatal," he gasped again, "and I shall die—just not here."

I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true. The German locksmith started up from where he lay, and pushing aside all that stood around him with an unusual strength. His body swayed for a moment from side to side, and then he darted forward. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He ran along the streets—the few people who were met giving way before him, and looking after him with horror as he flew along. His clothes cut open at the back, blood stained and dripping, and with death in his looks. Not one name, not an allusion in his speech till he reached the firmery, passed the man who kept the door, and up the stairs he flew, not stopping to come to a bed which stands beneath the window and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to sink.

It was the bed, on which his friend had breathed his last. "I must die here," said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. "It is here that I must die."

"And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death, was justified. The presentment had come true at last, and when the thunder-cloud, which had hung so long over this man's life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were then lighter, for the shade had passed away.

Who death the name for a release like this? Who could look upon his happy fate, as he lay upon that bed, and say so? It was not the end of a life—but the beginning.

A Deliberate Legend. There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other of none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, and reeve off my shocks and place with his wife, his knowledge. Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished."

This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent the wonder and admiration of the world. Also in these days, how many would sooner steal their neighbor's whole stock than admit it to a single sheep!

Who Drove the British out of New York?—In one of the little villages in Westchester county, there lived a fellow, somewhat fond of his glass of toddy, and hanging around the bar-rooms of the village taverns, to hear the gossip, and occasionally indulge, and sometimes to an excess of which he was afterwards very much ashamed. He went by the name of "Old Sam." It was really by the name of Washington, and was according to his own story, the cause of the British evacuation of the city. "Come, Sam," some village tavern lounge would say, "tell us about your driving the British out of New York." "Well, now, 'Squire, I don't exactly say that I did it, but I will give you the facts, and you can draw your own conclusions. You see the fact was, I knew the British were in New York; and I knew and we all felt that they had been there long enough, and for one I was determined they should be there no longer. One night after we had been talking about it some time, before going to bed, I said to our folks, 'I shall ride to the city tomorrow morning, and be there before day-break; and I shall go armed.' I went right out to the stable, with a lantern three hours before daylight, saddled our old white mare, put too loaded pistols in the holster of the saddle, and took my father's sword that he carried at Bunker Hill, and I got into New York early in the morning, and—the British had left!" "Do you mean to say that you had evacuated the city?" "I mean to say they had retreated—gone—run away! Now, I don't mean to say the British, know that I was coming, but I do say that it looked very much like it!"

A Storekeeper purchased of an Irishman a quantity of butter in lumps intended for pounds, which he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Shure, it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy in reply to the complaints of the buyer, "it's your own fault, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought these myself that I weighed them with." The storekeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

The Hurdles Case.—The Chancellor has denied Harden's application for the granting of a writ of error.

An exchange says that "seven hundred industrial individuals gain a respectable livelihood in the State of Ohio, by manufacturing counterfeit money."

Always speak the truth.