

# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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NO. 39.

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

### The Swiss Soldier.

The mother of one of the soldiers of the Swiss Guards has written an interesting account of her son's life in the regiment. It is published in the N. Y. Tribune.

Back to thy native land,  
Back to thy native land,  
Back to the Alps and the  
From home in the N. Y. Tribune.

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### AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.

#### HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin—May Stevens that had been a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charles Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very mysterious, and I had little hesitation in calling them to no end, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other reason than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and my curiosity pleased to the possession of curiosity. I see no reason why sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth one evening, when we three, Morgan, May, and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled for a talk. There was no use mining matters, was my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly in.

By an accident—for so I suppose I must call it—though really seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall not therefore, awaken him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day.

With this resolution, I slipped quietly into bed and in three minutes was oblivious. What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills and scattered the gray mists of the morning. My bed fellow was breathing heavily but it was broad daylight and there was no more sleep to me, so I was determined Horace should wake up and hear the story of the railroad break down. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion my bed fellow who had lain with his back towards me, sprang to a sitting position. There were such surprises as are without a terror, which actually deprive us of our speech, until the brain has time to get and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and shrieks. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and bed fellow, as we sat upright and stared. Light by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman not more than seventeen, with great, dark, hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the nearest little night cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed clothes with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Her memory of a man but little in such cases, but if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke.

“How came you here?”

“The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction, spoke:”

“Are you Charles Morgan?”

“Well, then, Mr. Morgan,” said the figure, by this time calm, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing room, “I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return till to-day. That is how I was put in the room.”

So here I was sitting *vis a vis* to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, to the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction and a nice style of toilet! And she—she by this time was as cool as the 31st of December, and sat looking me right in the eye as I made some scrambling explanation of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though seeking the most simple question in the world, said:

“What's to be done?”

“Let me jump out of the window as I came in,” I said, in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came in my mind to achieve this end, I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly with a reply:

“No, that will not do, there are people moving about and you will be seen.”

It was now my turn to stammer out:

“What's to be done?” For I saw that the little hazel eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

“You must lie still here while I get up.”

When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity, was her response, delivered in a quiet, business-like manner.

And so I did. Under May Stevens' command I buried my intruding head under her bed clothes, and kept it well covered till I heard the retreating foot steps of the stairs, which was but a few minutes, though it seemed an age, then with a desperate bound I sprang from the bed, turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met. May Stevens had been in the bed I had taken in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and were formally introduced during the ceremony of which, we astonished every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the side of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we never fail to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up.

And now, Cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

### APPLES FOR FEEDING.

For cattle, sweet apples are found to be an excellent substitute for roots—promoting both growth and health. For swine nothing equals an apple, either for relish, or for fattening power. The pig is not very dainty about his pie, however. If you merely cook the apples, and stir in a little bran, he won't refuse the dish; substitute shorts or corn-and-cob-meal, or ground oats, or buckwheat, and it will suit his palate and pile on the fat amazingly.

And, for finishing up a piece of pork, an apple pudding, thickened with good corn meal, is far ahead of hard corn as the corn is, of raw pumpkins. Pork made with apples is sweet, and quite as free from shrinking as the “corn-fed.” *[Genesee Fair.]*

“I never so fully rejoice as when he is reduced to one shirt and two potatoes. Wealth is taciturn and fretful. Stock brokers would no sooner indulge in a party than a second mortgage—Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth she saddles with law suits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a No. 3 mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

### JOHN GRANT AND MYSELF.

BY CATHARINE HAMILTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

To-morrow I am going to be married—I who have been given over as an old maid for an indefinite number of years. The expected event creates quite a commotion in our hitherto quiet household. My mother says, “What can I do without you? Who will make the pastry, and bake—and see to the dinners and the children's clothes? And my dear father, whose work has begun to be sprinkled with silver, says mournfully, “I cannot spare my Margaret,” though I think he is secretly pleased that his pet Maggie is to have such a noble husband, after all. My roughish brother Tom goes about the house singing—

“There is no good, however gay, but soon or late, She'll find the honest carrier for her mate.”

And all this seems very strange to me. I cannot make it real that the bridal dress of snowy satin, with the gossamer veil and wreath of orange flowers, can be for plain Margaret Hudson. But the strangest of all is, that I am to marry “John Grant,” whom I learned to-love years ago, but all thoughts of whom I strove, with God's help, to put far from me.

It is five years now since that morning in early summer, when we walked together through the green woods, the leaves stirred by a gentle wind, and the birds singing their morning songs. We were a little apart from the rest of our party, and we had gathered one hand full of the sweet wild flowers that scattered with profusion at our feet—we sat down upon a flat rock to wait for them. I was happy at that June morning's sunset that mossy rock by the side of John Grant, while he wreathed the buds and blossoms, and the dark green leaves of the trailing arbutus among the braids of my brown hair.

When she had bade me “good-bye,” she would her white arms around my neck, and kissed me, saying in her gentle voice, “write to me often, Margaret, and teach me to be worthy of him.” And she went her way through the avenue leading on his arm, the warm autumn sunlight falling on her golden hair, making her very beautiful.

#### CHAPTER III.

Soon after this John Grant left Elm Wood to engage in business in a Western city. I seldom heard and never mentioned his name.

Mary Wallace wrote to me frequently during the winter; her letters were like herself graceful and charming full of love and confidence. She wrote much of John; how proud she was of him, what letters he wrote, so much better than hers, and wasn't it strange he should love such a child as she was? She went on writing in this way for several months, but at length there was a change in her manner of speaking of John; it seemed as though she was not quite so happy as she had been; she said she began to get discouraged about ever knowing any more, and hinted that John was getting dissatisfied with her—generally ending her letters with a disquisition on our favorite cat or canary.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Two years passed, and I seldom heard John Grant's name mentioned, and I thought of him at all. I believed I had conquered my old attachment. My life had been on a quiet and serene, and I tried to be useful to others, and in regular employment and recreation I was content. There was a capacity for higher happiness unemployed—a craving of my woman's nature ununsatisfied.

One day—a how well I remember the day—I was sitting quietly reading in the falling light of an October day, when I heard a rustling among the golden autumn leaves that lay thick upon the gravel stones, I looked up and saw approaching through the avenue—John Grant.

When he last walked there, she was with him, but he was alone now, and my heart's quick throbbing told me his errand.

Was I weak and wanting in self-respect for me to be at the Suspension Bridge and at Niagara Falls at the same time. Consequently we were without a personal report of Farini's feats on the cable. We, therefore let the Niagara Falls Gazette tell the story for him. The Gazette says: “We heard it frequently remarked that M. Blondin would not undertake to perform such a feat on a rope as slack as Farini's, and he was not to him if such is the case, for it is a frightful operation with everything prepared in the most favorable manner. The Signor's cable is not strictly a tight rope, but it is very slack, and not only settles as he steps on it, but has a lateral motion, which renders it extremely difficult, and of course hazardous to walk on it. Now most people wonder why he persists in walking on such a slack rope. The fact is he prefers to do so, because it shows greater skill and daring.”

Mary Wallace came to see me frequently while she stayed at my house, sometimes accompanied by John. It was an autumn afternoon, full of clouds and sunshine, when she came to pay her farewell call. He was with her watching her every movement with lovely pride, and yet it seemed to me that he regarded her somewhat as a beautiful plaything, winding her yellow curls around his fingers and calling her pet names. We went out into the garden to gather bouquets of the bright-hued fall flowers, and as she ran about talking and laughing, picking flowers and wreathing them in her hair, or decorating John's hat with garlands, she seemed a lovely and bewitching child. John had gradually lost his constrained and embarrassed manner when with me, and excepting that we never approached personal subjects in conversation our intercourse was getting to be something as if once was.

Our tastes in many things were similar, we had read the same books, and admired the same authors, and upon most of the important subjects connected with human life our thoughts were alike. We were speaking of some work we had lately read, and were all earnestly discussing its merits, when Mary suddenly checked her happy play, and with a grave face walked silently for a few moments at John's side. At last she said:

“You never talk that way to me, John, but it's because you don't know enough.”

“You know enough for me, dear,” he answered.

But she went on: “I am a second ‘Dora,’ John, and shall be another ‘child-wife.’ Margaret is just like ‘Agnes,’ she would suit you much better than I.”

“Allowing you to be judge,” I said laughingly, for I saw John could not answer readily.

We said no more on that subject, but I think John asked himself more than once that day, “Is Mary right?”

When she had bade me “good-bye,” she would her white arms around my neck, and kissed me, saying in her gentle voice, “write to me often, Margaret, and teach me to be worthy of him.” And she went her way through the avenue leading on his arm, the warm autumn sunlight falling on her golden hair, making her very beautiful.

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### Rope Walking Madness.

Of course the city, and all the neighboring villages and towns, as well as the hamlet of Rochester, were all agog yesterday, in consequence of the announcement that Blondin and Farini were to cross the gorge of Niagara on their respective cables, each with a respective man on his back. The trains towards the Falls and Suspension Bridge, as a consequence, were crammed—twenty-eight car loads going from here, besides those, amounting to many hundreds, who preferred Capt. Kingman and the Clifton, to the same and the dust of the cars, while Rochester sent forth crowds, as well as every town along the line of railroad and the canal, (we are informed privately that a great many from Lockport, Medina, and Albion, swarmed down to take part in the recklessness of these two dare-devil men,) to see the performance that had brought so many people together.

Suspension Bridge was crowded with pedestrians and carriages—not less than eighteen hundred people occupied it, while the enclosures on each side were inconveniently full, all waiting, anxious, discontented, yet curious.

At four o'clock precisely, Blondin, the immortal, appeared in his usual clothes, resembling that worn by the individuals who put themselves out of joint for a compensation in peripatetic exhibitions called circuses. He immediately took his pole, trotted with a man on his back—indulged in such luxuries as standing on the dug, such delinquencies as disjuncting legs, dislocating his arms and spine, and congealing his brains a little, contented on to the black rope suspended from the middle of his cable over the frightful torrent beneath, and then in the most culpable style slid down a thread to a circle of the slack rope, and tried to make the boiling fluid ashamed of its efforts to involve him in a rope-walking destruction.

Here he kicked up—that is to say he went through all the performance which make a man famous ten feet from the ground in any other place, which in our opinion, on the principle of centrifugal projection, distributed his brains equally at both ends of him—though you could not tell one end from the other while he was revolving. He sprang horizontally up the “swing,” arrived safely at the ropes, and went at quarter horse speed to the Canada side, where he was received with “four times four” by the assembled multitude.

Blondin remained at the Canada side of the river about twenty minutes, when it was seen that he was preparing to return, and almost immediately with his usual eye, Harry Colcord, with his usual every day dress, felt hat, patent leather boots, &c., mounted Blondin, and the latter commenced his frightful walk across the river, when the slightest false step was death—the merest tripod perilous.

But confident, self-reliant, and determined, Blondin bore his burden, which together with his pole in gravitation equaled over a barrel of flour, across that thread of recklessness, calmly and certainly, and resting for awhile (Colcord alighted just over the centre of the frightful river beneath, and relieved for a moment Blondin of his immense burthen), he proceeded on fearlessly in his skill—obstinate for success—fixed in his purpose to carry out his programme.

hold performers showed no signs of fear. After proceeding a short distance, McMillen got ascending on the ropes, and both sat down and rested. They soon resumed their journey, however, and for variety, McMillen walked and rode at intervals. In walking he merely placed his hands on the Signor's shoulders and followed. While both were walking it required a wonderful presence of mind, as well as courage, to preserve a balance. The Signor had himself and the lightning motions of his comrades to attend to. But, it was handsomely done. They made but few steps until they reached the centre of the river. Here, according to the bills, they were to turn around and retruce their steps. While McMillen turned around, the Signor passed under the cable and McMillen, and thus gained the desired position.

After resting some time they started on their return. They accomplished with less trouble from the guys. McMillen was alternately on the rope and the Signor's back. The difficult and hazardous act of climbing upon Farini's back must be witnessed to be understood and appreciated. At times the rope swung so wildly that Farini was compelled to stop and stand, or sit down, until it became steady. The whole performance was trying to the nerves of the spectators. As they came to terra-firma the crowd received them with clapping of hands and other manifestations of pleasure.

We have no time now to comment on the performance as a whole, which character demands. Suffice it to say that it eclipses anything ever before performed on a rope over Niagara river, or anywhere else. We trust Signor Farini will be satisfied with his hard and well-earned laurels, and never undertake to repeat such a daring and truly frightful performance.

“Quill down on all sorts of superstition. Hearing a lady-avow her belief of the opinion that Friday as an unlucky day Quill remarked that he was sorry to find she was an atheist. The lady was shocked at the accusation, and asked him what he meant. “Great-uncle,” replied the philosopher. “If you believe in a Supreme being what becomes of your God on Friday? Does He who rules the world and cares for all his creatures six days in the week leaves one day to the dominion of the devil? Is Friday the divine being's Sabbath more than Thursday or Saturday? Do you find your doctrine in the Bible or only in the imaginations of the ignorant and superstitious?—The Deity whom I worship, Madam, is King of the Universe, and has no interregnum. He is omnipotent, omniscient, beneficent, just and gracious every day in the week, every week in the month, every month in the year, and through all the years of all the ages. Depend upon it madam, the Fridays belong to God, and therefore to you and me; and are by no means the special property of the hangman and the devil.” Quill says the lady made no reply, which is certainly quite as remarkable a fact as that she should indulge in a very common absurd superstition.” *[Boston Post.]*

### A HUSBAND'S WELCOME.

A few evenings ago a party of spiritualists were assembled in Taunton, Mass., for the purpose of witnessing the usual phenomena of spiritistic opposition. One of them, who recently lost her husband, and in the course of the evening the spirit of the deceased made himself known through the medium. Thinking the widow would like to hold intercourse with her late companion, a deputation was sent to her residence to inform her of the fact and request her attendance. It was rather late, and she had retired for the night, but on hearing of the knocking at the door she arose and put her head out of a window and inquired what was wanted. On her being informed that the spirit of her late husband was awaiting her across the way, she replied that when living he had never been known to visit there, and that as he had had retired for the night she could not come to his own home and visit her; but as she did not desire to do so, she would leave them to entertain him as they best could. With that she shut the window, and left her visitor to return without her.

### FATTENING POULTRY.

Many persons do not succeed in fattening poultry according to the plan generally approved by breeders; and after shutting two or three of them up together in the dark, find they do not gain flesh. In such cases they should be at once examined for lice, and if any are found on them, grease them well under the wings, on the neck, and about the roots of the tail; or if they are wild and have never been inclined to eat freely and quietly, they should be fed moderately at first, if possible, and efforts made to quiet them and make them tame, without which feeding no animal will fatten readily. But by all means keep them free from vermin—either by the use of grease as above, or by mixing a little sulphur in their meal at first. The coop must be kept clean, and fresh water given the fowls; but when about to kill both food and water should not be given them for fifteen hours just previous.

A witty young rascal, passing through the town of Alabama not long since, wanted some whiskey, and knowing that could only be obtained by a physician wrote himself an order, signing it with his own name, to which a learned M. D. was attached. He presented it at the drug-store of a gentleman who, though unrecognized by him proved to be an old acquaintance. “Hallo, Frank,” said he, “when did you go to be a doctor?” “Why, when you were a child,” said M. D. to your name for then?” Frank saw he was caught; but determining to make the best of it, put on a very innocent look, and meekly answered: “Oh! that's for ‘mighty dry!’” Of course he got the whiskey.

A paper giving an account of Toulon says: It is a large town containing about 6000 inhabitants built entirely of brick!