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We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 18. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1861. NO. 14.

Written for the Democrat. HAPPINESS. BY MARY E. LOOMIS. O that to me the wings were given...

Down a Crevasse.

I arrived in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman, like myself.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrible crevasses which interest glaciologists.

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom.

We were up betimes in the morning. It was a glorious morning and promised well for our expedition.

Just then, our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated some twenty feet from us in a steep slope of ice.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow traveler and the guide. My own sensations cannot be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls

of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was being hurled to utter destruction—to a horrible death.

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended.

I called to my fellow traveler to know if any one were in sight. There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be in sight.

My companion and I ascended the Brevent, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace.

I was working diligently at the second foothold, when I heard a joyful shout from above.

I steadied myself on my terrible narrow and slippery footing, in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when

thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!"

With the assistance of my deliverers, I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

A STORY THAT HAS THE MERIT OF TRUTH. The parish of Bethgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the

As was common then in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer day was wearing low and the field-work was over they

There's a man for ye here, Geordy," said she; "we're on weighty business."

"I could wish to be blessed with the precious gift of hearing," and what's better, I saw them!

The vessel and the kite were the only dependants known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

"Whur's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments.

The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of an Englishman.

"To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which such spoons are printed."

"What is known as the 'upper end' of Pike county, Pennsylvania, there is a man who has the ironic sobriquet of 'Whispering John Ricketts.'"

"What is the matter, my dear sir; has anything happened?"

"I am well, but I'm so froz I can't hardly talk."

used for that purpose was instantly produced. "Well," said Geordy, "I lapped in one day, and seen't the silver unguarded, thought some ill-guided body might covet it and just laid it by, I may say, among the leaves of that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be hoped turned her attention more to practice.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to go into the interior of this remarkable building, that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you

"Very respectfully, yours,"

"Whispering John."

"What is known as the 'upper end' of Pike county, Pennsylvania, there is a man who has the ironic sobriquet of 'Whispering John Ricketts.'"

"What is the matter, my dear sir; has anything happened?"

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 Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and improved printing press, of the latest and most perfect construction, and is now prepared to print pamphlets, circulars, etc., on the most elegant and durable paper, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and other kinds of work in this line, at the lowest rates. Business, Wedding, and Hall Cards, Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and dispatch.

Justices and Constables' Blanks, Notes, Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order. Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

Distress in Holland. The following is an extract from a private letter from Holland:— "Dear— A few days ago I wrote you about the terrible distress of the Dutch coast. At that time twenty-one flourishing villages, with about forty thousand acres of land, were inundated, and twenty thousand industrious men in a few days deprived of all their possessions, and many of their wives and children, who were drowned amidst the ice."

The King and the Princess went with the Governors in person to the inundated spot, where eight ships were sunk in consequence of the force of the ice. All people were providing bread, &c., for numbers of the sufferers—many of whom, during three days, could not be approached, when at last many were found dead amidst the ice and water, or on the roofs of their inundated dwellings.

Whispering John. In what is known as the "upper end" of Pike county, Pennsylvania, there is a man who has the ironic sobriquet of "Whispering John Ricketts." This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in conversation) as if he were a major-general on parade, or to be a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

Several Vices.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any matter with a familiar tone, and do you suppose with the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime into sensuality, into perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any inquiry you please; regard yourself to converse in a dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who approves or relishes it, and I need not tell you how soon your moral sense will lower down its level.—Becoming intimate with it you lose your horror of it. This obvious principle, if still, furnishes a reason for watching the tongue. [F. D. Huntington, D. D.]

Small Difference.—At a trial in this country a short time since after the rendition of the verdict, the defeated party broke out in a tirade of abuse against the presiding officer, and said he could "purchase up twenty such courts with a peck of beans." He was immediately summoned to answer for a contempt of court, and on being told he must take back the offensive language or be committed, he chose the former alternative, and "took it back," in the following handsome manner:—"Your honor, I acknowledge that I said I could purchase up twenty such courts with a peck of beans. I now take it back; but if I had said that I would have stuck to it till I got down to the gravel."