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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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 18, 1861.

NO. 16.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS.
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.
The office of the Montrose Democrat
is supplied with a new and choice variety
of type, and the best of printing materials,
including, &c., in the best style, on short notice.
Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and
other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.
Business, Wedding, and Ball Cards
Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and dispatch.
Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes
Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.
For Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

TRIFLES.

What are trifles—who may guess
All the trifles meeting
Scattered on life's broad field
For a wise one's gleaming
Nought but hath its work on earth,
Fraught with pain or pleasure,
Lies in nature's mystic chain,
Thought of thine messengers.

But a trifle seems a word
All trifles speaking,
Yet the life-sharp wraith low
For a gold string broken,
But a trifle seems the smile
On a kind face beaming,
Yet a trifle seemeth strong
'Neath its gentle gleaming.

Just a look which wakeneth thought
Full of proud resentment—
With a glad contentment;
Little prayers of children fair,
By their mothers kneeling,
Tricks a wren and meadow lark,
Back through years of sorrow,
To the sunny morn of life,
With a bright to-morrow—
And a sweet of heaven's bliss,
On a young brow parted,
With a fount of bitter tears,
For the broken-hearted.

'Twas a single rind of fruit
Strengthened by the fairy draught,
Lo, a flower is bursting;
And an arrow brightly flung
Spreads an oak's broad shadow out,
To refresh the weary.

Trickling from the mountain height,
Through the beech roots stealing,
See a thread of light
Sunbeams are revealing,
Till you drop in gulfers fast,
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JEANNE DARC: THE PROPHESS, THE WARRIOR, THE MARTYR.

A TALE OF THE OLDFEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GEARY.

CHAPTER III.
THE WARRIOR.

"Gentle and lovely form,
What didst thou see
When the fierce battle storm
Bore down the spear?"

It was a strange and stirring sight
To see Jeanne Darc mounted on her beautiful
black war-horse, clad in white armor,
with a battle-axe and the sacred sword
of Saint Catherine at her side, and bearing
in the hand which had once plied the distaff
a snowy standard, embroidered with
feathers.

Inspired by her example, a formidable
list of captains threw their forces into
Orleans, and even the fierce brigands
joined her troops. In her presence they
durst no longer swear, and when on their
march, she had an altar raised, and they
partook of the communion with her—
"They had grown young again, and felt
full of good-will and of hope—they would
have followed their young leader to the
world's end." When Jeanne came to meet
her just before Orleans, she said—
"I bring you the best aid mortal ever
received—that of Heaven's King!"

It was eight o'clock when she entered
the city—eight o'clock on an April evening.
Her fame had preceded her, and the
crowd became so great that her horse
could scarcely move. All at once her
heart gave a sudden bound and seemed
to stand still. Among the escort, that
had preceded her, she had observed, where
prayers had been offered, was a stately
figure. She knew the golden-
brown hair, the regal carriage. It was
Col. Clairmont. At length his steel-gloved
hand grasped her arm, his voice breath-
ed the single word—
"Jeanne!"

For an instant a mist swam before
Jeanne's eyes, and then she replied—
"Colonel Clairmont, I have buried the
past. Never speak to me in that tone
again. Henceforth regard me as I am, a
prophet-warrior sent by God to save France."

"Be it as you will," muttered Clairmont,
and turned away.

Jeanne Darc was now eager for an im-
mediate attack on the English, and im-
mediately the battle to be fought. Glad-
ly heeded the vilest epithets upon her,
but to confess the truth, the English
thought her a sorceress, and felt greatly
alarmed at her appearance. They de-
clared her herald, fancying that they
could break the charm by burning him;
but she felt no fears for him or herself.

Mounted on her beautiful black charger,
she galloped round the walls, following
the people, who had grown almost as fan-
tastic as she. There was one, however,
the archbishop of Rheims, who did not
fully sympathize in this enthusiasm. He
reluctantly repaired to Orleans with the
small army he had detained at Blois. The
Pucelle, with a throng of citizens and
priests, chanting hymns, went forth to
meet them, and the procession passed and
repassed the English bastilles. Jeanne
soon perceived the English, and she
turned on Jeanne's side. It was her
first conquest, but she wept over the field,
and passed the next day in prayer.

Not long afterward the last conflict in
Orleans took place at the Tourelles. The
young enthusiast here threw herself into
the fire, and was wearing a ladder against

the wall, when an arrow pierced her neck.
"The sorceress is wounded," cried the
English commander. "Seize her—make
her prisoner, and the day is ours."

Half-a-dozen men-at-arms rushed on to
obey this mandate, when a sturdy sol-
dier sprang forward and bore her off. It
was Louis Manchon! Very tenderly he
laid her on the grass, very tenderly dis-
posed her to rest, and then, with his
dove, he burst into tears.

"Oh, Louis, Louis, Louis!" she moan-
ed; "how ill I have repaid you for all
your love!"

"Speak not of that. I could not stay
in Domremi, when you had gone. I felt
as if I must follow you, and watch over
you as of old. To me you are not a war-
rior, nor a prophetess, but Jeanne, simply
Jeanne!"

They were now interrupted by other
men-at-arms, who wished to charm her
wound by some incantation. She only
allowed a dressing of oil, and then con-
fessed. Meanwhile the shadows had
lengthened, and night had lit a few silver
lamps in the sky. A retreat had been
sounded, and Jeanne had recommended
the weary men-at-arms to rest and refresh
themselves. Soon, however, the conflict
was resumed, and as the banner of Jeanne's
banner was fatigued, Louis Manchon took it.

"As soon as that banner shall touch the
walls, you can enter!" exclaimed Jeanne.
"It touches it!" responded Louis.

"Then enter, all is yours!"

Inspired with new courage, the French
mounted at a bound, and the English
were attacked on both sides at once. The
victory was won, and ere long not an
Englishman remained to the South of the
Loire. The girl-leader forbade pursuit,
but before they were out of sight, she or-
dered an altar to be raised in the plain, and
had mass celebrated.

The signal success of La Pucelle at Or-
leans gave a new impulse to the French.
History tells us that men flocked daily to
the camp from all the provinces, believing
not only in the sacredness of her mission,
but like her, longing to lead the King to
Rheims. A spirit not unlike that which
swelled the forces of Napoleon, when he
set out for Moscow, led courtiers, politicians,
enthusiasts, and even the indolent young
King to enlist under the standard of
Jeanne Darc.

At starting they were twelve thousand,
but they gathered reinforcements, as they
saw them. They who had no armor join-
ed the holy expedition with no other de-
fense than a leather jack, an archer, or as
cavaliers, although many of gentle
blood.

It was on the 29th of June that the ar-
my left Orléans, and on the 6th of July,
they were taken there, as at Orleans,
the English had fled before the dauntless
maid, and fancied they perceived a cloud
of white butterflies floating about her
snowy banner. A week later Charles
made a triumphant entry into Rheims,
and on the following Sabbath was crown-
ed with the diadem of Clovis in the grand
old cathedral. That coronation has been
beautifully described by Mrs. Hemans in
the lines, communicating—

That was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When Paul on Paul's throne sat,
That was a joyous day,
When Paul on Paul's throne sat,
That was a joyous day,
When Paul on Paul's throne sat,

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