

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum in advance;  
otherwise \$2 will be charged and fifty cents per annum  
added to arrears, at the option of the publisher, to pay  
expense of collection, etc. Advance payment preferred.

Advertisements will be inserted at the  
rate of 10 cents per square, for ten lines or less, for the first three  
weeks and all extra for each additional week—pay down.

Merchants, and others, who advertise by  
the year, will be charged at the following rates, viz:  
For one month, or less, one week, with charge, etc.  
Each additional square, at the rate of 10 cents.

No credit given except to those of known responsibility.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**W. M. H. COOPER, CO.**  
BANKERS, 209 North Second St., Successors to J. B. Cooper  
& Co. Office in Lathrop's new building, Telephone 141.

**MCCOLLUM & SEARLE.**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, in Montrose, Pa.  
Office in Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.

**HENRY B. McKEAN.**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, in Montrose, Pa.  
Office in the Union Block.

**DR. E. E. WILMOT.**  
GRADUATE of the Allegheny and Homopoeutic Col.  
College of Medicine, at Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner  
Main & Elizabeth sts., directly opposite the Baptist  
Church.

**L. W. BINGHAM & D. C. ANEY.**  
PHYSICIANS SURGEONS AND DENTISTS—New  
Millford, Pa.

**DR. G. Z. DIMOCK.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Montrose, Pa. Office  
over Williams' Store; Lodgings at Seaver's Hotel.

**DR. WILLIAM W. WRIGHTON.**  
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST.  
WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON.

**DR. H. H. SMITH & SON.**  
SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa.  
Office in Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.

**J. C. OLDFIELD.**  
DRS. **OLMSTEAD & READ.**  
WOULD ANNOUNCE to the Public  
that they have entered into a partnership for the  
Practice of **MEDICINE & Surgery**  
and are prepared to attend to all cases in the line of their  
profession. Office in Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.  
J. C. Olmstead, M.D. J. H. Read, M.D.

**DR. N. Y. LEET.**  
Physician and Surgeon, Franklin, Pa. Office  
opposite the Hotel.

**DR. LEET'S** special attention to the treatment  
of all diseases of the Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat, and  
all kinds of skin diseases, and all cases of the most difficult  
nature. For treatment of the patient in the most difficult  
cases. For treatment of the patient in the most difficult  
cases. For treatment of the patient in the most difficult  
cases.

**SOUTH WORTH & VADAKIN.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN  
American and Foreign Goods, in Montrose, Pa.  
Office in Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.

**WM. A. SNOW.**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Grand Jury, Pa. Shop  
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.

**JOHN SAUTTER.**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop  
on New York street, opposite the Western Hotel.

**P. LINES.**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop  
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.

**JOHN GROVES.**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop  
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.

**L. B. ISBELL.**  
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the  
lowest rates. Shop in Chandler and King streets,  
Montrose, Pa.

**WM. W. SMITH & CO.**  
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot  
of Main street, Montrose, Pa.

**C. O. FORDHAM.**  
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose,  
Pa. Shop on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.

**ABEL TURRELL.**  
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc.  
in Montrose, Pa. Shop on Main street, opposite the  
Western Hotel.

**PROF. CHARLES MORRIS.**  
BARBER and Hair Dresser, Montrose, Pa. Shop  
in Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.

**HAYDEN BROTHERS.**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**YANKEE NOTIONS**  
**FANCY GOODS.**

**P. E. BRUSH, M. D.**  
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY AT  
**Springville,**  
will attend to the duties of his office promptly.  
Office at Lathrop's Hotel.

**DR. J. S. SMITH.**  
THE INVENTOR, and DENTIST,  
has invented a new and improved  
method of treating the  
teeth, which is  
simple, safe, and  
effective. Office  
in Lathrop's  
new building,  
opposite the  
Bank.

**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 the best  
type, etc., and we are now prepared to print  
pamphlets, etc., at the best rates, 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  
Docks, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.  
Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

**A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.**

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

It was past midnight of the thirtieth  
of August, commenced my grandfather,  
but though the river was in front of us,  
and the forest stretched for miles behind  
us, and away to the right and left, I  
could not catch even the sight of a leaf  
of the ripple of the water, so sultry and  
brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits  
that day for it was the time when we  
dreaded every hour to hear of the long  
anticipated bombardment of New York;  
and though in the house of Thomas Oakley,  
first cousin to my father, I had nearly  
all day there had hung over me such  
a leaden and dread that I could not help  
feeling lest some evil had happened to  
my parents, who were still in the city.

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts of  
fancies teased my brain. My roof, like  
all the others, was large, and furnished  
in a style that now seems so quaint to your  
young eyes.

The chimney-piece was tiled with porce-  
lain curiously wrought into illustrations  
of Scripture. The bed and furniture,  
that had all been brought from England,  
was tall, dark, stiff and carved, while the  
walls were hung with sombre family por-  
traits. And as I lay wishing for day, the  
tiled figures seemed to move and glower  
at me in the midnight light that came  
through a loophole in the window; while  
I thought the eyes of the portraits were  
one and all, fixed on me with a solemn  
stare, and as I lay on my side I heard the  
old clock strike one, two and three,  
and was just falling into a doze, when  
there came a light step along the hall,  
and cousin Grace called in a strange  
sacred voice, outside of the door—  
"Helen, Helen!"

"I was up in a moment, and out to where  
she stood, looking at a silver clock, and  
she there and fair hair all about her, and  
I remember the thrill of astonishment  
with which in spite of my fright, I saw  
that she was already dressed, and held in  
her hand a small powder flask.

"Put on your clothes as quick as you can,  
Nellie," she said, in a voice that trembled  
with the power of doing her best to  
keep calm. "Brant's men are coming and  
father wants you all down stairs!"

Brant's men! It is difficult to make  
you understand the horror with which  
that name was pronounced and heard, or  
to express the terror with which I hur-  
ried on my clothes. I thought of Grace and  
wondered in the power of these merciless  
savages. No wonder that I trembled in  
every limb, or that Thomas Oakley and his  
stalwart sons—men not easily daunted—  
looked pale as they moved about in the  
dim morning light.

I don't know as have spoken to you  
before, but I thought I would tell you  
the result of my life, and of a noble presence,  
with a grand face that looked as if it  
had been chiseled out of marble, and hair  
as white as snow though he was scarcely  
past his prime. We have no such men  
now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little  
cabinet, and you may see it, if you  
like, but he looks as he was—a kind and noble  
gentleman.

**A Shabby Young Man.**

BY FRANCIS DOWNE.

Brookland, which now forms an elegant  
and retired suburb of New York, about  
the end of the last century consisted  
of a few country houses, scattered like  
a sort of hamlet, along the banks of the  
Hudson, and built by those wealthy citi-  
zens who from fortune enabled them to  
promptly to retire from the crowd and  
bustle of the town. The families resident  
there were all of the same grade in society;  
their habits and pursuits were similar.

The greater part were more or less  
connected, and, as short distances pro-  
duced greater separations in these days,  
many long ones in ours, the little com-  
munity stood in genteel isolation from the  
neighboring city; lived on its own money  
and independence; maintained colonial  
etiquette as established in the time of  
Governor Keith, and believed itself of  
great consideration in the State. Among  
the old gentlemen who looked after their  
gardens there, got their letters once a  
week from town, and spent their abundant  
leisure in discussing the War of Independence  
even (then but a few years over) there was  
none who stood higher, in his own es-  
timation, than Seelye, Smith, Esq.

His family had been among those early  
settlers who founded the English town of  
New York, or of the Dutch colony of  
New Amsterdam, little more than a cen-  
tury before the period of our story. His  
father was one of the first booksellers in  
the city. He made a business for himself,  
which his son inherited, and Seelye, Smith,  
Esq., had now through a careful manage-  
ment, with no struggle, no difficulties  
in its course, and very little distinction,  
except in his own opinions. He had married  
well, and perhaps wisely.

His wife was the daughter of a flourish-  
ing merchant; she had a dower equal to his  
estate, and she was, in all manner of  
colonial housekeeping, from the making  
of buckwheat cakes to the scouring of  
old silk gowns, which, however incredible  
to the ladies of modern Brookland, was  
then the mode on the banks of the Hud-  
son. Mr. Smith had brought up sons and  
daughters with a little trouble, as any  
family man could expect, and he had  
settled them all—some in the  
city, some in the neighboring townships,  
and gathered them around him in Thanks-  
giving week, the Anniversary of American  
Independence, his own birth day, and  
his expected day of high celebration. Mr.  
Smith had now in his possession, per-  
haps, but got through them with little  
trouble or loss. He was not a man to  
peril his hands for the public weal. What-  
ever he undertook he supported for the time,  
although he never went further on one  
side than a friendly neutrality.

When the loss from Seelye, Smith's  
estate, through the flight of the British  
army, had been ascertained, when the  
dangerous prospecting, when the  
Association declared for independence, and  
Gen. Lee, with his Connecticut Militia  
marched into New York, Mr. Smith con-  
sidered the Union was decidedly right.

When the British troops took possession,  
and the Americans were defeated at Long  
Island, it was his opinion that rebellion  
never prospered. But when the peace of  
Paris was signed, when the patriot sol-  
diers were returning to their homes and  
farms, and Washington was taking leave  
of his officers in front of Francis' Hotel,  
Mr. Smith occupied a very prominent  
place in the crowd of spectators, and said  
it was the proudest moment of his life.

With the quiet imitation of the Vicar  
of Bray, Seelye, Smith, Esq., had come to re-  
pose, not under his laurels, but in his  
handsome country house, with everything  
that dollars could purchase, about him,  
and in a high satisfactory state of mind,  
regarding himself, his doings, and his con-  
sequence. In common with most men  
who never tried the strife, Mr. Smith had  
a mighty admiration of success. With  
him it was the proof of talent and the evi-  
dence of desert. Men who had achieved  
and proceeded to a quiet life, were the  
saints of his calendar, and at the head of  
them all stood Benjamin Franklin.

Whether because the printing business,  
which the famous doctor had followed in  
his unknown days, was in some degree re-  
lated to bookkeeping, or that the lightning  
conductor, which kept his house safe in  
thunder storms, made Mr. Smith sensible  
of the services done to the world by the  
Philadelphia philosopher, certain it was  
that, next to himself, Franklin occupied  
the highest place in Mr. Smith's esteem.  
He quoted his maxims on every possible  
occasion; their sound, worldly wisdom  
acted a reflected glory on the prudences  
of the ex-bookkeeper. He kept his complete  
works bound in Morocco, with gilt edges,  
in his best leather case, and showed with  
special pride, a copy of his first essay on  
"Liberty and Necessity," printed in Lon-  
don, 1726. All Mr. Smith's friends were  
acquainted with the curious chance by  
which the now highly prized pamphlet  
had come into his hands. It was in the  
habit of returning it regularly to every  
visitor at his house, and one of the fact that  
the essay had remained on one of his lum-  
ber shelves fully twenty years before he  
knew it was Franklin's. That was the  
first copy ever printed. There was not  
a copy so early to be found in all the Uni-  
on.

Before the meeting of Congress, and Mr.  
Smith was not only most forward in the  
crowd which assembled to meet the philo-  
sopher, but, by dint of influential intro-  
duction and hospitable importunity, con-  
trived to make him accept an invitation  
to spend that evening at his house, and  
proceed to New York early on the follow-  
ing day.

The entire elite of Mr. Smith's circle  
were gathered to dinner in the evening.  
The master of the mansion sat in a tri-  
umphal chariot, and the guests, who were  
resembling that of the Roman con-  
queror, with spoils and captives following  
his chariot. The quiet, sensible old gen-  
tleman who had signed the Peace of Paris,  
and won his name throughout the world,  
was at times half amused and half  
provoked at the boundless fuss made  
about him; but Benjamin Franklin was  
accustomed to such doings; he let things  
take their course, and the dinner went  
off in the best manner, having before and  
after, all the guests, in the fashion of the  
world, and Mr. Smith took the opportunity  
to display his library, which opened con-  
veniently from that apartment. The best of his books had  
been brought with him when he retired  
from business, and but few collections in  
the United States could equal his at the  
time.

Franklin admired the books and their  
bindings, applauded Mr. Smith's taste, but  
that gentleman, being in a flush of enthu-  
siasm, which the claret had probably  
heightened, brought down from his high  
place in the book-case, the long treasured  
pamphlet, marked in the fashion of its  
publishing time, "A Dissertation on Lib-  
erty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain,"  
and introduced it to the doctor's notice  
with a considerable flourish about the  
more than a half century it had been in  
his possession, and how much he prized it  
above his entire library.

"It is a London edition," said Franklin,  
turning the rough pages with an absent  
look. Perhaps he was thinking of the  
time when Sir William Keith sent him to  
England, with every manner of promise,  
not one of which was kept; and he, an  
American bred youth, poor and friendless,  
in great haste to London, worked by a  
journeyman printer in Bartholomew Close,  
saving money to pay his passage home,  
and writing the "Dissertation" after busi-  
ness hours. "There were but few print-  
ers," he continued; "not above two hun-  
dred. I was not aware that any had been  
sold in New York."

"It was never sold, doctor," said Mr.  
Smith, catching at the glorious opportu-  
nity to tell his story, for which he put  
himself in the accustomed attitude, by thrust-  
ing his hands deep into the pockets of his  
buckskins, and sitting exceedingly up-  
right. "It is almost sixty years since  
that work came into the possession of my  
family. We lived in the Old Slip then—it  
was reckoned a highly re-  
spectable place of business. I was very  
young, but had learned to assist my father  
in the store; he was a prudent man,  
doctor, and never allowed much play-  
ing. Our store man had carried a penny  
because my father would not increase his  
salary; and it was not easy to fill his place,  
for he had been seven years with us, and  
good store men were not plentiful at that  
time than they are now. We talked to  
our friends on the subject, without suc-  
cess."

"At last my father advertised in the  
American News Letter, the only paper  
New York had; it came out every Sat-  
urday, and on the following Monday—a wet,  
cold evening it was—just when we were  
going to shut up, and my mother was  
laying supper for us in the back parlour—  
I missed it. I think it was purged by the  
head doctor; my mother went ahead in  
housekeeping—in walked a very shabby  
looking young man, quite below anything  
we could think of employing. His hair  
had no cock, his hair looked as if it had  
never been cut; he had not a morsel of  
ruffe, in one hand he carried a penny  
roll, and under the other arm two books.  
All these he laid down on the counter in a  
decidedly vulgar manner—told my father  
he had seen his advertisement in the News  
Letter, and came to apply for the situa-  
tion."

"Of course my father could not en-  
gage a person who carried a penny roll  
and showed no ruffe; but he asked the  
young man if he had ever been in a book  
store, and if he could show a testimonial  
of character from any man of station in  
New York. These questions seemed  
rather to wake him up to the knowledge  
of his own presumption—said with a  
good deal of stammering, that he had  
served in a store of any kind, but he  
knew something of books, and would en-  
deavour to learn the business; that he was  
a stranger in New York and knew nobody,  
but there were respectable people in Bos-  
ton who would recommend him."

"My father could not help smiling at  
his ignorance of the world. He advised  
him to go home to Boston and get a  
situation there, for he would receive no  
man into his store who could not produce  
testimonials and did not understand the  
book business. I supposed the young man  
was ashamed of his adventure; he  
picked up the penny roll and the largest  
of the books he had laid down, and in his  
confusion, forgot the smaller one, which  
we did not notice till he was out of sight—  
and it proved to be this inestimable pam-  
phlet."

"Did you see the young man again?"  
asked Franklin, who had listened to the  
narration with his usual grave and placid  
look.

about New York, and searched street and  
store in vain for employment, when your  
father's advertisement caught my eye in an  
humble coffee-house. It was likely my  
last chance and I went to apply before  
the store should be shut. The penny roll  
was bought on the way for my supper.  
The larger book was a volume of DeFoe,  
containing his "Essay on Printing," which  
first turned my attention to printing and  
philosophy; it was then the only book I  
possessed, and with it I carried this pam-  
phlet, in the vague hope that your father  
might be induced to purchase a few cop-  
ies and give it a chance of circulation in  
New York. The republic I had with  
my application for the office of storeman,  
made me not only abandon the attempt  
to sell, but also to forget my book. The  
mind is easily confused in youth."

"But, doctor, if we had known, if we  
had dreamed that it was really you—"  
gasped Mr. Smith, ready to drop from his  
chair with shame and confusion. "No man  
exact; sixty-two years make great changes  
in this world of ours. They have what  
George III and his ministers called a re-  
volutionary colour; and you see that in flu-  
same space of time a tolerably respectable  
member of Congress has been made of a  
man who carried a penny roll, and wore  
no ruffe."

Mr. Smith's friends never could under-  
stand how he recovered his composure on  
that trying occasion, but he did; his dis-  
tinguished guest having contrived to turn  
the conversation once more to his books  
and bindings; and the end of the evening  
went off remarkably well. Next morning  
he accompanied Franklin in what proved to  
be the doctor's last visit to New York;  
saw him take his seat in Congress; saw  
Washington sworn into the Presidency,  
and returned to his country house in the  
accustomed glow of enthusiasm for the  
successful and established man.

How far profited by the lesson of  
that evening could never be guessed by  
his most intimate acquaintance. Besides  
the long treasured pamphlet, he was ac-  
customed to exhibit the chair on which  
Franklin sat in his library many a year  
after the famous doctor had passed to the  
house appointed. But nobody who  
heard him rehearse the story of "The  
Shabby Young Man."

What I BEGIN TO BELIEVE.—Bubbles  
of the California gold era, furnished  
that paper, under the head of Notes and  
Coincisions, with the following:  
I begin to believe that now-a-days money  
makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that the purse is  
much more potent than the sword and  
the pen put together.

I begin to believe that those who sin  
the most during the week, are the most  
devout upon Sundays.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best  
of policy—to speculate with until you gain  
everybody's confidence, then line your  
pockets.

I begin to believe in lumbaggings (the  
people out of their dollars. It is nei-  
ther stealing or begging; and those who  
are lumbaggued have themselves to blame.