

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1863.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

HENRY C. TYLER,
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Umbrellas, Yankee Notions, Boots and Shoes, Shovels and Forks, Stone Ware, Wooden Ware and Brovals. Head of Navigation, Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa., May 13, 1862-17

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turnpike-st.

J. B. COLLEMAN, D. W. SEARLE,
MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS AND CONSULTORS AT LAW.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

DR. WILLIAM W. WHEATON,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST,
WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON,
Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, recently of Binghamton, N. Y. tender their professional services to all who appreciate the "Reformed Practice of Physic;" careful and skillful operations on Teeth; with the most scientific and approved styles of Plating. Teeth extracted without pain and all work warranted. Jackson, June 14th, 1860.

DR. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

J. C. OLNSTEAD, J. L. READ,
DRS. OLNSTEAD & 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 calls in the line of their profession. Office—the one formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Olmstead in DUNSTON.

JOHN SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop over I. N. Billard's Grocery, on Main street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance—pledging himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa., July 24th, 1860-17.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Read, Watsons & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan. 19, 1863.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-class style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery at Shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, 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 over Tyler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Feb. 7

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dry Goods, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa.

DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa. He will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Tilden Hotel. New Milford, July 17, 1861.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER,
LATE GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually, that may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations, and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. All sorts of country produce taken in payment, at the highest value, and CASH NOT RETURNED. Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862-17

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides, Sheep Pelts, Fox Skin, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and shoes constantly on hand. Office, Talmers, & Shop on Main Street. Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. KEELER

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THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,
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Has Established an Agency in Montrose.

The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.

CASH CAPITAL PAID IN \$500,000.
ASSETS OVER \$1,300,000.

THE rates are as low as those of any good company in New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among the first for honor and integrity.

CHARLES PLATT, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres. Montrose, July 15, 62. BILLINGS STREET, AGT.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.

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ASSETS 1st July 1860, \$1,461,619.27.
LIABILITIES, 43,068.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President. John McGee, Asst. Sec'y. A. F. Wilmartin, Vice.

Policies issued and renewed by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.

BILLINGS STREET, AGT.

THANKSGIVING, Christmas & New Years.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"How handsome!"

"Isn't it a beauty?"

"I wish somebody would make me such a present."

Winnie Waldron was unpacking her trunk. Her cousins Gracie and Mattie had pounced upon her photograph album and gone into ecstasies over it.

"What handsome binding—royal purple!" cried Mattie.

"The clasps are pure gold, ain't they, Winnie?" asked Gracie.

Winnie nodded, piling skirts and dresses on a chair.

"Why, it must have cost forty dollars."

"Papa paid thirty for it, I believe," said Winnie. "His picture is first. Isn't it a good one?"

"Oh!" and the curly heads of the sisters bent together over the likeness of a very plain gentleman standing by a chair, with his hat in his hand.

Winnie went on steadily with her work, speaking gently now and then or smiling quietly. She was not pretty like her cousins, Mattie and Gracie. She was dark and pale and reserved-looking—her eyes handsome sometimes, when she looked up brightly, but her features cut after too heavy a pattern ever to be pretty.

"It's a capital picture! How much you look like your father, Winnie!" said Gracie.

"That's a doubtful compliment," replied Winnie, taking out the last shawl. "I am hardly proud of the family resemblance."

The sisters laughed. Mr. Waldron was very plain. It was hardly possible that a child resembling him could be a beauty.

"I shouldn't mind if I was homely if my father was as rich as yours," said Gracie, who always would be blunt.

"Why, Grace Burtonshaw! Do you think yourself homely, Winnie?" asked Mattie, led to the question by her cousin's curiously quiet face.

"Yes," said Winnie. "Don't you?"

Mattie hesitated a moment; then came boldly up to the truth.

"Why, yes, you must be, with such a big nose," said she; "but then I never think how big your nose is, Winnie, because you are so good."

A curious look fitted over Winnie's face. A few minutes after she had finished her work, and the three girls went down stairs. Little cousins Bess, and Lu, and Kiss and Baby thronged around her; Bess, a handsome, ten-year-old roan, was Winnie Waldron's pet. She vaulted bars and swung on the birches, waded brooks and climbed trees in a way that Percy, her oldest brother, home from Boston for thanksgiving, declared perfectly shameful. But Winnie looked admiringly at the robust figure, free movements and blooming face of her little cousin, and knew that Percy would yet be proud of the vigorous child whose heart was as pure and sweet as a wild blossom. That broad brow under masses of coal-black hair promised much for her womanhood.

At dinner that day Bess said—

"I wonder Mr. Florian don't come."

Bess was eating her dinner with a relish that Winnie admired exceedingly, though she could not imitate it.

"Who is that?" asked Winnie.

"Oh, he's my thanksgiving company," said Bess.

"He's Bess's school-teacher, or was when we were at Studley Corners," said Aunt Ellen. "He is coming here to spend thanksgiving. He petted her wonderfully when she was at his school."

"He must have a strange taste," said Percy.

"Mr. Florian is perfectly splendid," exclaimed Gracie, from the foot of the table. "He's as handsome as a picture, Winnie."

"Is he?"

"Yes. All the girls are dead in love with him."

"He knows it, too," said Percy, scornfully.

"I don't see how he can help it very well, as long as he isn't deaf, dumb or blind. I'm sure they don't take any pains to conceal it."

"A lady's man," muttered Percy, taking a pickle.

"He isn't!" broke in Bess. "He's no more a lady's man than you are, Percy Burtonshaw. He don't care anything about any girl but me."

Winnie Waldron heard a great deal about Mr. Florian before the day was out. She began to wonder what kind of a person he was.

The clatter of the stage-coach announced his arrival the next morning. He had

come from Studley Corners.

He was too handsome. His face was regular, and beautiful, and calm, so calm that Winnie was prejudiced against him.

She did not believe Mr. Florian exactly conceited, but she thought him self-satisfied—contented with himself. In the course of the day he showed himself gentlemanly, intelligent and sensible. But Winnie would not be pleased by intelligence and sense. She turned steadfastly from Mr. Florian.

He had brought Bess a set of dominoes, and that first evening taught her how to play with them. The whole large family were assembled in the great sitting-room—a monstrous fire of logs in the wide fireplace, their light flashing broad and warm over their happy faces. Winnie sat upon a cricket on the warm hearth, with her head in Aunt Ellen's lap—her eyes wandering now and then to the calm, beautiful face opposite little Bess' at the table. There were a host of other little heads around—Nannie, and Lu, and Kiss were all eager to find the meaning of the spotted bits of ivory. Winnie observed how kindly tolerant Mr. Florian was of their multitude of questions, and little, meddling fingers, and how Bess, with her flashing face understood his explanations. How suggestive the sympathy and confidence between him and the handsome child! Winnie thought if she was able to write stories she could plan a fine romance from the sight of those two faces. How handsome he was! She didn't like him, though! Dear Winnie, why do you keep repeating the assurance?

Gracie, who had been reading the Harper's Magazine at a stand in the corner, suddenly looked up.

"I declare, that's too bad! These folks didn't get married after all," she said.

"Why?" asked Mattie.

"Oh, the heroine didn't love the man who loved her, but another one, who proved unworthy. So she never married, or that splendid devoted hero, either! I think it's a perfect shame to have a story turn out so."

"I read it," said Mattie. "At least I never should love any one—a man—unless I was sure he loved me."

"Not if he was worthy of your love?"

"No. I should want to be loved first."

"Draw, Bess," said Mr. Florian. "Four or six."

"You mean that you would exercise the feminine privilege of concealing your love, not that you would love?" said Winnie, from her quiet corner, thinking her cousin had made herself generally misunderstood.

"No," said Mattie, shaking her curls.

"I mean just what I say. I never love anybody until I find out that they like me."

Mr. Florian was drawing to match a three or a blank, and Bess was laughing at his poor success. He did not appear to be heeding anything but his game, and the subject was dropped. That evening passed, and two more days and evenings.

Mr. Florian had been inclined to cultivate Winnie Waldron's acquaintance at first, but glancing thoughtfully into his handsome face, which always seemed so confident of success to her, she faintly rebuffed him, taking a kind of cold pleasure in showing a perfect indifference to his attentions. She never once gave him credit for seeking her society for its own sake, or for his sake, or for any reason only to give her an opportunity of knowing him, that she might admire him as did the rest. In truth, Winnie had taken a very unreasonable antipathy to Mr. Florian. By way of explanation I can only offer the suggestive fact that she was a woman.

Thanksgiving came—the great dinner was eaten—and the next morning Winnie went home.

Christmas drew near. Winnie received a letter from her cousins at Harford, saying that she must come and spend Christmas Eve with them. They were going to have a Christmas tree, and celebrate the occasion in regular English blood in the Burtonshaws.

Again Winnie Waldron was at her uncle's great country house. After the girls had pulled off her wrappings and kissed her breathless, and admired her new sash, they marshalled her into the parlor to see a little company of friends—among them Mr. Florian. She returned his greeting so coolly that Percy told her afterwards that he was proud of her. He was glad there was one girl who wasn't in love with Florian. This commendation Winnie received in silence.

She had arrived on the day before Christmas. That evening was a merry one. The tree, with its myriads of tiny flames and gaily colored gits, was a beautiful sight. The children went wild around it. At length the gifts were distributed.

There was a reticule of purple morocco for Mattie, a bracelet for Gracie, a photograph of Mr. Florian and a napkin ring for Bess, and toys without number for the little ones. All the young folks gathered about Bess to look at the photograph of her handsome teacher.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Florian," cried Bess, "it doesn't look like you!"

"Doesn't it?" replied Mr. Florian pleasantly. He was making a harlequin dance for Kiss.

"No. I don't like it half as well as I do the ambrotype you gave me the last examination day. It's too cross! I don't like it a bit!"

"Why, Bess!" said her mother.

"I'd make you another present if I was Mr. Florian," said Percy.

"You shall have another one, Bess," said Mr. Florian. "Your royal highness shall be suited, my queen."

Queen Bess was his name for the child.

"Then who wants this?" she cried, holding aloft the picture.

All wanted it. Winnie Waldron put out her hand.

"Give it to me, Bess," she said.

Bess gave it to her. Winnie glanced at it, then looked up at Mr. Florian, who was regarding her attentively.

"I don't want it, because I care for the original, you know," she said with an audacious smile; "but it is very handsome, and will look well in my album!"

The people around laughed. Mr. Florian nodded gaily, but as he turned away, vowed a vow. And Winnie retained the picture.

Winnie had intended to spend only two days at Harford, but the family insisted that she should stay until after New Year's day, for they were to have an evening. So Winnie settled down for a week at the comfortable old country house of the Burtonshaws, wishing her father's lonely, stately mansion could by any means be made such a happy home. She had no mother or sisters, and the Burtonshaws were all the relatives she knew.

Mr. Florian was there several times during the week—making his appearance just after supper, and being gone in the first stage when the family assembled at breakfast. And all that day the girls would be full of what Mr. Florian had said and done the evening before; but Winnie was very silent.

New Year's day came. Winnie kissed back kisses and wished back wishes, until she was actually tired. She had her gifts to give and her gifts to receive, and after the highest exuberance of spirits among the young folks had worked off, the family sat down to a late breakfast.

After breakfast Bess came and begged Winnie to ride with her. The day was clear and cold—the roads frozen hard, for a rain had worn off the snow.

"I should like nothing so well!" said Winnie, and flew up stairs for a habit.

There were three horses at the door when Winnie came down.

"Who rides with us, Bess?" she asked.

"Mr. Florian. Didn't you know that he was here?"

"No," said Winnie Waldron, very decidedly.

"He always rides with me when he can," said Bess, vaulting into the saddle. She rode like a young Indian. Mr. Florian was trying to teach her to ride like a lady.

He came out at that moment. There was no drawing back then, and Winnie allowed him to put her up. He sprang to his seat, and the party cantered off.

They were two miles from home, and riding very swiftly, when Mr. Florian's horse slipped on the ice and fell, throwing his rider. Bess screamed in terror, but Winnie slipped from her horse, seized the bridle of the prostrate mare, and assisted her to her feet. Then she fell on her knees beside the still figure lying on the frozen ground.

"Mr. Florian!"

She put back the rich, fair hair, and peered into his face. It was still, and cold, and pale as marble. She could not see him breathe—she could not feel his heart beat. He looked like a beautiful corpse.

"Bess, ride home and tell them," she said, faintly.

The child was gone in a flash. Winnie was alone on the desolate road, with the pallid face of Mr. Florian gleaming upon her from the ground. The deathly calm upon it rendered it doubly beautiful. She understood that calm now—now that it was too late. He had made her feel the dignity and self-reliance of his character before he died. It was a manly heart lying still in that cold bosom. Her tears came hot and bitter, and fell. For what he might have been to her, she would kiss the beautiful, still mouth once. She bent her head, and pressed her lips passionately

ly to his. He opened his handsome blue eyes.

"I thought you did not care for the original," he said quietly.

Frozen still with intensity of feeling, Winnie said never a word.

Mr. Florian leaped to his feet, and drew her to his arms.

"You are a foolish girl, Winnie," he said. "If you hadn't been so fearfully proud I might have saved myself that tumble. It's a very inconvenient way of proving you. Will you go home now?—I think we shall be married before next New Year's."

They were.

On the night of their wedding, said Bess (for they were married in the old country house of the Burtonshaws)—

"Mr. Florian, how nicely you showed me how to keep my horse from falling when he stumbled to-day! Do you know I think it is strange that you were thrown last New Year's?"

"I don't think Phycbe could have thrown me if I had not chosen," replied Mr. Florian, quietly, an ambiguous remark to all but one in the company.

A Live Yankee in China.

Some months ago a brief notice was given of an American named Frederick Ward, who, by his daring, added to a stroke of good luck, had ranked himself high in the list of Chinese Mandarins.

A Shanghai letter in the New York Herald gives a full and interesting account of his character, and of the means through which he obtained his dignity and his fortune—estimated to be immensely large—from which we take a few extracts:

Two or three years ago the mate of a coasting vessel came to Shanghai. He was neither better nor worse than mates usually are. He was a green boyish looking fellow, with a fair skin, and long black hair which fell in glossy waves to his shoulders.

"There was no great peculiarity about him, except that his eye showed a vigorous constitution and a most indomitable pluck. He was pretty hard up, and was unknown. He appeared hardly old enough to have been much of an adventurer, yet his life had been a romance from the first. He had been with Walker in his earlier expeditions, and had had a taste of civil warfare in the South American States. But it was not in the petty struggles of such marauders alone that he had been schooled. He had been in the Crimea during the terrible war which was enacted there. He had seen all the world in fact. He had occupied almost every position in the social scale, and at last came to Shanghai the mate of a coasting vessel, sound in health, and the owner of a great deal more brains than the people gave him credit for. His name on the ship's articles was then plain Frederick Ward.

Soon after his arrival, the city of Shanghai being threatened and pinched by the native rebels, neither the imperialists nor their allies, the English, could defend it. In this strait Admiral Hope, R. N., proposed and perfected with him a plan by which Mr. Ward might strike a blow at the rebel headquarters at Soonkong, a very well fortified city on the Wousung river.

Ward organized a band of eight Manilla men, ran up the river, took the place by storm, for which service he was paid the sum of forty thousand silver taels.—His blood was up, and he wanted to take another city some thirty miles beyond Soonkong, where the rebels had retired and entrenched themselves more strongly than before. The Touché chinned him exceedingly, and told him to go. He did go in, or at least as far as the walls, and fell, shot in three places. He did not die, however—his constitution was too strong for that—but fell back on Shanghai, to recover from his wounds and plan another campaign.

He was out again in a few days, but with a hole in the roof of his mouth of the size of a cherry stone, which gave a sort of nasal twang to his speech. Meanwhile the gazettes came down from Peking, announcing his promotion to the rank of Colonel. He became a Chinese subject—married a Chinese woman of the small footed kind, and was created a mandarin of the blue button.

When the rebels threatened Shanghai, the French and English Admirals and Ward put their heads together and planned out a campaign against the invaders. Ward's Chinamen were placed alongside the English and French forces and they didn't disgrace themselves. They fought as well as any troops can fight, showing that good soldiers can be made even of Chinamen. The allied forces cleaned the rebels out pretty effectually, news of which reached Peking, and the gazette announcing that Ward was promoted to the

rank of General, and had his button raised another grade.

Ward has offered Prince Kung to put down the rebellion, for ten millions of dollars, and the Prince asserts that such a reward would be insignificant in comparison with the extent of the labor. Ward is now quietly drilling his new recruits and swelling his army daily, preparing for the next coming down of the rebels, which will ensue upon the approach of winter. Dozens are applying every day to join him—members of the police force, marines, and sailors from the men of war and the shipping; he is very judicious in taking them into his employ. He has now some thirty or forty European officers under him, and he has his head quarters at Soonkong, where the strictest discipline is enforced.

So far as personal appearance goes, Ward is the very ideal of a hero. His face now, from much exposure, is badly bronzed, but naturally very pale and full and round. His hair is the deepest black, and he wears it in falling curls to his shoulders; and a slight and imperial mistake serves to make toe pallor of his face more noticeable. His person is slight, but all muscle. Although not above five feet in height, and with a build exceedingly diminutive, he has been known to whip half a dozen six-footers with ease and rapidity truly astonishing.

Editors Exempt from Draft.

A Fortress Monroe telegram, received recently, informs us that the new "Military Exemption Act," passed by the Rebel Congress on the 4th ult., "secures the liberty of the press by exempting editors, and such help as they require in their business." We consider this action on the part of the Rebel Congress, eminently wise, and we trust that our Congress will pass a similar act exempting the above useful class. Editors should be exempt for all means, for the following excellent reasons:

1st. Because they would sooner stay at home than go to war.

2d. Because there is more fun writing about war than "joining in" and helping to stop rebel bullets.

3. Because if they haven't all large families of small children depending upon them for support, no one knows but that they may eventually be placed in that responsible position.

4th. Because there are enough "dead heads" in the army already.

5th. Because it is pleasant to be for one's country at home, amid the budding flowers of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, with familiar forms around you, and to be buried in the family burying ground, than to be knocked into the middle of next week by a four hundred pound ball, and left on the field to help manure some miserable secess farm.

6. Because, as we remarked before, they would much rather stay at home.

We trust the Government will attend to this matter at once. If Congress will only exempt as fellows, we will esteem it a great favor, and do as much for them sometime.

The Administration a Failure.

All parties agree that the present administration—supported though it has been by the hearty sympathies and active influence of the whole people of the entire North, and furnished promptly with all the men and money it has asked for—has proved a most magnificent fizzle, the last quarter of the second year of its reign, finding it unfruitful of other results than universal mourning throughout the land, national bankruptcy, unprecedented taxation, a worthless currency, and present or threatening ruin on every hand. This terrible failure, being in no sense attributable to the people, who have made every needed sacrifice to uphold the authority of the government and preserve the Union, must be charged directly to mismanagement of the President and his advisers and agents, growing out of gross incompetency on the part of some of them, and gross dishonesty on the part of others. An Executive without pretensions to statesmanship, falling naturally into the error of organizing a Cabinet out of the most incongruous material—one interested for the restoration of the Union under the Constitution, another for letting "the Union slide" rather than restore it with slavery in it, with a majority of both interests holding the integrity of the nation as an object altogether secondary in importance to the continued ascendancy of the Republican party—and what, we ask, could be expected but disgraceful failure, from an administration thus constituted?—So says the Owego Gazette, which has supported all the military and political measures and candidates of the administration party since the war broke out.