

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1863.

VOLUME XX. NUMBER 8.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**EVAN JENKINS, Licensed Auctioneer, FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.**  
[Post Office address, Dundaff, of South Gibson, Susq's County, Penna.]  
By the 29th section of the act of Congress of July 1, 1852, it is provided, "That any person exercising the business of auctioneer, without taking out a license for that purpose, as required by said act, shall for each and every such offence, forfeit a penalty equal to three times the amount of such license, one half to the United States and the other half to the person giving information of the fact, whereby said forfeiture was incurred."  
Feb. 3, 1853.—3150

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

**WM. HUNTING COOPER, HENRY DRINKER, WM. H. COOPER & CO., BANKERS.**—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turpike-st.  
J. H. McCOLLUM, D. W. SEARLE,  
**MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,**  
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

**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.

**JOHN SAUTTER,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop over I. N. Bullard'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 24, 1860.—11

**P. LINES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Read, Watson & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 70

**JOHN GROVES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turpike-st. All orders filled promptly, in the most satisfactory manner. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

**L. B. ISBELL,**  
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery at the 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 Taylor'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, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa.

**DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,**  
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa. will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Ferris 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 entrusted 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 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. All series of country produce taken in payment, at the highest value, and cash NOT REFUSED.  
Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862.—187

**TAKE NOTICE!**  
**Cash Paid for Fiddles,**  
Shrimp, Peas, Fox Milk, and other articles of Farm. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, & Shop on Main Street.  
Montrose, Feb. 28th. A. P. & C. KEELER.

**FIRE INSURANCE.**  
**THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,**  
AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
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. COPPIN, Pres.  
Montrose, July 15, 62. BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

**HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
Of New-York.

CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.  
ASSETS July 1860, \$1,451,519.27.  
LIABILITIES, " " " 48,068.68.

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

Police issued and renewed, by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.  
novers 7 BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

**REMITTANCES**  
To England, Ireland and Scotland.  
BRADSHAW BELL'S SON'S DRAFTS in sums of one pound and upwards, payable in all the principal towns of England, Ireland and Scotland for sale by  
Feb 20—63 WM. H. COOPER & CO., BANKERS, Montrose, Pa.

## Poetical.

### What is Life?

BY HARRIET J. REAN.

It is starting in a pathway,  
Going onward through the years—  
Sowing seed along the wayside  
Where at length the fruit appears.

It is being, thinking, acting,  
With some purpose, high or low;  
Marching onward through the hours,  
While the seasons come and go.

"What is life?" Oh, weary pilgrim,  
Has thy heart no power to tell?  
Art thou thinking, striving, acting  
Wisely, earnestly, and well!

Many rosy paths are leading  
From the straight and narrow way,  
And the pleasure-seeking pilgrims  
Live and toil but for to-day.

Duty's path, though dark with shadows,  
At a golden gate will end,  
Opening to a land of sunshine  
Where all joys together blend.

## EDUCATIONAL.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS DESIGNED FOR THIS COLUMN SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO A. N. BULLARD, MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENNA.

### CULTURE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

"The human mind is as ground; which is such as it is made by cultivation."  
Herbert Spencer says, "The suppression of every error is commonly followed by a temporary ascendancy of the contrary one; and it so happened, that after the ages when physical development alone was aimed at, there came an age when the culture of the mind was the sole solicitude; \* \* and the getting of knowledge the one thing needful."  
The truth of the above is evident to every thinking observer; and it needs no argument to prove that the latter is the age in which we now live. That the education of the intellect is of great importance cannot be denied. It is when conducted without regard to the sentiments and affections in man's nature that it contributes to the soul's perverseness. While those philosophers and philanthropists who have labored so assiduously in the cause of education, have in latter years accomplished results which entitle them to be regarded as benefactors of their race, their ideas of education seem to have been deficient in some particulars, among which is the affectional nature in man. This has been left comparatively without any specific culture or direction, to remain barren or to develop under incidental and miscellaneous influences, and to blind impulse; while the great and almost only object has been the mere education of the intellect, as if this were almost the only good to be obtained. Ideally, Veneration, friendship, fraternal and filial affection receive but a small share of attention compared with the all-absorbing question of "disciplining the intellect." Yet this comparatively neglected department of the physical man is the most fundamentally important of all others. It embraces the sympathies and loves, and these constitute the very life. No imaginable amount of intellect can compensate for the dearth in that man's soul who can contemplate without emotion, the many tender, beautiful and sublime aspects of thought that lie within the sphere of his comprehension. There is a living death, when the pulses of life beat unimpededly, when the body lives like a mere vegetable, and the soul is enshrouded like selfish darkness; reaching out to no ardent friendship, seeing no sights of beauty, feeling no heart-throb of sympathy, aspiration, or faith, destitute of charity, and indifferent to the welfare of humanity.  
The affectional are the controlling powers. They influence judgment and will, stimulate and direct intellect; and if in their intensity they are misdirected and perverted to evil, the life of the man will, so far as they have influence, be necessarily a life of evil, which the development of intellect can only serve to give increased potency.  
The human affections are requisite as a foundation of all true development. Without them man could put forth no special efforts for the attainment of special ends; for one thing would never be valued above another; and all individual and social conditions would be the same. Hence they are the master faculties, and their cultivation and right direction becomes the highest duty of parent and teacher. We sometimes fancy ourselves generous and kind, until we go out into the world where there is need to resist temptation and exercise charity, and then we find how selfish we are; how irritable,

vain and ambitious. These temptations bring out our latent qualities, and show us what we are. So in training of a child; the qualities or affections of its nature cannot be pruned and directed aught until brought out by cultivation and exercise. Once ascertained, they may be modified, suppressed or developed, in the young mind, almost at will. But when the spiritual organism has become knit into the most sinewy tissue by constant activity during a long life, change and restraint are difficult, if not impossible; and it is absurd to suppose that those spiritual affections which have never been exercised, but have lain dormant until old age, can then spring into active exercise and subject the propensities. Every one who reflects upon and observes nature, knows that this is a universal law; all things, and all human powers, from possibilities become ultimates by exercise and cultivation.  
We have submitted these suggestions, crude though they are, because we believe more attention should be given to the subject in the school, family, and individual experience. Education to be successful and complete must be adapted to every aptitude and every appetite of our nature, (to correct or develop,) and contemplate the unfolding of the whole being. And thus we shall see all those distinctive features disclosing themselves which go to constitute society, binding it together by an adherent cohesive force in itself, in all its parts, which human laws can neither strengthen or relax, and which defies all other force to sever.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

One fine morning in the summer of 1830, a handsome, but poorly dressed boy called at the door of a rich mansion in L-square, in New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house. The kind look which she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment, had never vibrated.  
"She is very lovely!" he exclaimed, mentally, but she is the daughter of a great millionaire—she can be nothing to me."  
"I am young," he continued to himself. "Would I could make myself worthy of her; and his thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.  
A week passed, and the little boy again stood, with palpitating heart, at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received the money from the white hand of the fair being, whom from the moment he first saw, he dared to love. She spoke kindly to him and bade him call again.  
He did not forget the order. He called again, but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.  
"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning. "I am sorry, for it was a great pleasure for me to call here, but we may meet hereafter."  
The young heart that fluttered in the bosom of that young girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that she would remember him.  
"We shall meet again Miss, when I promise you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy."  
Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country had not reached the flood, and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his elegant carriage on their way to Trinity Church. Charlotte was just "sweet sixteen," and the bud was changing to the open rose. She was fair indeed.  
The service had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the church door; the elegant caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily, a liveried footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his daughter to the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.  
Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly admirers?  
A young but plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door, and her gaze for a moment is riveted on his features.  
Who can it be? No she cannot remember.  
The carriage rolls slowly toward the

stately mansion of the man of wealth, and the father discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.  
"My dear Charlotte, are you ill?"  
"No, father, no—I am very well."  
They arrived at the door—the stranger was there. They alight—he extends a very slight but respectful bow to the heiress, and moves on.  
A blush tinged that bright cheek—she recognizes him. Charlotte retires to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him.  
Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of 1835, and the memorable 16th of December. A fire had broken out in the evening in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at early morning on the succeeding day a great portion of the city lay in ashes.  
The millionaire was comparatively a beggar; his furniture was sacrificed, his mansion disposed of, his splendid horses and carriage passed into other hands, and even Jesse, Charlotte's coal black favorite, was doomed to pass from them under the hammer.  
"Poor Jesse!" sighed his mistress, "I hope he may fall into good hands."  
But nobody wanted Jesse, and he was finally purchased and thrown away on a stranger.  
"Who did you say was the purchaser?" inquired Charlotte of her father.  
"A Mr. Manly, I think," said her father.  
Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed in rapid succession, and the revulsion of 1837 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement appeared in the paper of the day.  
"Will be sold at auction, on Wednesday next, on the premises, the right of redemption to that beautiful cottage, with about an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob Astor for the sum of ten thousand and three dollars, &c. Sale positive—title indisputable—possession to be given immediately—terms cash."  
The rich man, that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security—the times were hard—people sometimes would live too fast—it wasn't their fault—very sorry, but could not help him.  
From bad to worse he succeeded, and now, reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application of his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, he had no security to offer, and the cottage was sold.  
It was a bright day in autumn—the purchasers were few; there was but little competition, and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith. And what was to become of the lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, and that fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated.  
He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to the last stroke of affliction.  
He, too, wept—it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep!  
But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred had well-nigh past. The afternoon was bright and balmy, the father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the high road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon, for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had before had an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.  
"O, father!" shouted Charlotte, forgetting for the moment her sorrows; "look, there is my darling little Jessie," and a knock at the door called her at once to recollection.  
The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the princely mansion in L-square. Before him stood, curious looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.  
"That is my name, sir, and I have the honor of addressing—"  
"Mr. Manly, sir, now the owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from my attorney, and with your permission shall be very glad to examine the estate!"  
"Walk in, sir, you are master here, and

I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it," he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. "This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage."  
"The person whom you once knew only as the poor strawberry boy," continued Manly, as he took her extended hand.  
"My dear sir," said Manly, addressing the father; "I am the owner of this cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment of fruit, which I carried to the door of the then affluent Mr. S., of L-square; I was but a boy, sir, and a poor boy; but poor as I was, and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have traveled many leagues, I have endured many hardships with but a single object in view—that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has not been niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success; and I came here to-day not to take possession of this lovely cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for herself alone."  
Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterward did she mount her favorite 'Jessie,' at the side of her fond and devoted husband, and roam through the romantic scenes which abounded in that far famed island.  
**MISS I-COMMAND.**  
A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

There was a very nice looking girl, who was called Laurette Armand. She was generous, pleasant and industrious. But she had one fault, and that was she wanted to have her own way with her brothers, sisters, and all her young friends. She carried it to such an extent that they gave her the name of Miss I-command.  
She was never satisfied with anybody else's ideas; but her own ideas, she thought, were always excellent. As she was ingenious, and also older than her sisters, they yielded to her invariably when she invented new sports for their amusement. And no one could be kinder to a little child than Laurette was to little Augustine, her younger brother.  
Alphonso was two years older than Laurette, and very naturally he did not want to be governed by her in everything. He went to college, and was a very diligent student, but did not think it beneath his dignity to enjoy and share in the amusements of the children. He loved his brothers and sisters very dearly; but he was very much vexed at times when Laurette always wanted him to submit to her will.  
One day Madame Armand told the children that they might choose some day out of the next week to go on an excursion into the country. So they all met together to select the time that suited all the best. Caroline said Tuesday would suit her the best, and Helen said that was the very best day that could be taken, for she had something fixed for all the rest of the week.  
Just then Alphonso came in, and the two girls clapped their hands from gladness, and said they knew he would agree with them. But Laurette did not give him time to say a word. She said that no other day would suit her as well as Thursday. She had arranged all her plans for that day, and she was determined not to alter them.  
"I won't go on any other day," she said in conclusion.  
Alphonso said: "But don't you see, Laurette, that Tuesday suits us better than any other time? I should think you would have arranged your matters to suit us as well as yourself."  
"Well, Alphonso," she replied, "if you are going to make things your own way, you can do it. I won't go at all; and with that she went out and slammed the door.  
Madame Armand heard the conversation growing quite loud. So she came down stairs after she heard the noise of the door which had been slammed so violently.  
"What is the matter, children?" she asked. They all cried out at once that they wanted to go out in the country on Thursday. More than this, that she declared she wouldn't go at all.  
Laurette was immediately called down and her mother began talking with her. I will not tell the whole of the conversation that passed between them. But the substance was that Laurette was informed by Madame Armand that she would not only be deprived of going into the

country the coming week, but that she should not go on the monthly excursion for four months.  
Laurette's mother was one of those women who, when they make a promise, knew very well how to keep it. But the punishment was very good for her daughter. Laurette did all she could to get rid of her overbearing spirit. Every day she asked God for strength that she might be submissive, and she promised her mother that she would never command her brothers and sisters again.  
So when the four months had passed by, and the children left home for the country, there was no better girl who rode out of Paris that morning than Laurette Armand. People soon forgot to call her Miss I-command, and everybody knew her only as the mild and gentle Laurette.  
**Byron's Freak at Cambridge.**  
There is an amusing anecdote of Byron current in the University, which I do not remember to have seen in print. The roof of the library of Trinity College is surmounted by three figures in stone, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. These figures are accessible only from the window of a particular room in Neville's-courtyard, which was occupied by Byron during his residence at College. The adventurer after getting out of this window has to climb a perpendicular wall, sustaining himself by a frail leaden spout. He has then to traverse the sloping roof of a long range of buildings, by moving carefully on his hands and knees, at the imminent risk of being precipitated fifty feet into the court beneath. When the library is gained, a stone parapet has to be crossed, a bare glance at which sends a thrill through the spectator who surveys it from below. This feat Byron performed one Sunday morning, while the heads of the dons and dignitaries were yet buried in their pillows, "full of the foolishest dreams." He had abstracted three surplines from the college chapel, which he bore with him along the dangerous route described. When the bell at eight o'clock rang out its deep-toned summons to the usual morning devotions, and the fellows and undergraduates hurried on their way to the chapel, they were startled to behold Faith, Hope, and Charity clad in surplines which reached in snowy folds to their feet, while their heads were surmounted, helmet-wise with bed-chamber water-ewers. An inquiry was instituted by the indignant college authorities. A few select friends knew, and the rest of the college guessed, that Byron was the author of the outrage, but it was never brought home to him. No undergraduate beholds these statues now without a hearty laugh.—Continental Monthly.

**A Child's Faith.**  
In the Highlands of Scotland, there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in the crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eye flashed, and he said:  
"I will go if my FATHER will hold the rope."  
And then with unshrinking nerves, and heart firmly strung, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm, and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.  
**FINANCIAL.**—By the annual report of the Banks and Savings Institutions of this State, for 1862, we glean that there is in this State ninety-two Banks, eight of which are Savings and Deposit Banks.—The sources of them all amount to \$111,061,688.86, with a balance in their favor beyond liabilities of \$615,312.24. The amount of gold and silver in their vaults, at the last report, the 5th of November, was, in the aggregate, \$9,467,234.80.

**IN** the interchange of iron and leaden compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than receive.