

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1864.

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 1.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
OFFICE, Post Office, and City of Banking House.
Surgeon in particular. (Reference 20 years experience.)
Montrose, May, 1858.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office, at the corner of the Court House at Friendsville. July 20, 1853.

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Wood and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. 172 Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb. 24, 1852.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Fish, Flour and Salt. Office, at the corner of the Court House at Friendsville. July 20, 1853.

Lowest Prices.
Lathrop Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1852.

EVAN JENKINS,
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.
[Post Office address, Foundation for Smith Gibson, Susquehanna County, Penn'a.]
Feb. 3, 1852—1850

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
DEALERS in Groceries, Flour, and other household goods. Office, at the corner of the Court House at Friendsville. July 20, 1853.

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Commissioners of Land. 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 SAUTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over J. N. Ballard's Grocery, on Main Street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of pleasing business, and is prepared to do all cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa. July 20, 1853.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop in Friendsville, over the store of Read, Watson & Foster. All work guaranteed to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa. July 20, 1853.

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

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. Shop in Chandler and Jewell's store, Montrose, Pa.

WM. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

C. O. BODDAN,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Denton's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repaired done neatly. July 20, 1853.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dry Goods, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Green Glass, Rock Glass, and Putty. Also Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES. Montrose, Pa.

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER
LEAVE GRADUATES of the MEDICAL DEPARTMENT of YALE UNIVERSITY, and in 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 value of the services.
Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations, and all such, particularly attended to.
Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. All sorts of country produce taken in payment, at the highest price. Office over Webb's Store. Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1852.

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides, Sheepskins, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and shoes constantly on hand. Office, Turpike, & Shop on Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Feb. 24, 1852. A. P. & L. 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 \$1,200,000.
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, '52. BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS July 1860, \$1,451,519.97.
LIABILITIES 43,068.58.
J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President. John McGee, Ag't. A. F. Simmons, Vice-Pres.

Policies issued and renewed by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 21 PARK ROW, New York, and 6 State Street, Boston, are agents for the Montrose Democrat in those cities, and take advertisements and subscriptions for sale at lowest rates.

J. B. HAZLETON,
Ambrotype and Photographic Artist, Montrose, Pa.
Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, in the best style of the Art.

FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHERS, with directions how to use them, for sale by ABEL TURRELL.

Imperishable.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirits yearning cry,
The strivings after better hope—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That gives a friend indeed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When Justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, these lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell;
The thrilling wail of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes are bounding high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to awaken love—
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
"These things shall never die!"

THE DREAM LESSON.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"Your partner's wife has them, Frederick, and I should think you would try and keep up with him, when your income is precisely the same. I have been mortified to death every time Mrs. Denham has called."

"Pity, isn't it?" was the laconic reply, and the lip of the young husband took a decided curl, as he busied his eyes upon the contents of the morning paper, which had been lying unnoticed beside him. Mrs. Percival pushed her plate away, and rose from the table with a dissatisfied air, and entering the parlor adjoining the cosy little breakfast-room, commenced pulling abstractly at the brown leaves that had hidden themselves among the bright green of the vigorous plants occupying one window of the pleasant parlor, and now and then she would bestow a contemptuous glance upon the plain, white curtains that shaded the upper part of the window.

"How meanly they do look," she said to herself; "I will not give up so. Frederick," (aloud) "I wish you had the least bit of pride in the world."
"You have enough for us both," was the quick response, as the husband threw down the paper and joined his wife.

"But, Affie, truly these plain shades suit my taste much better than these gossamer curtains."
"I know everything is as cheap and mean as it can be," was the unpleasant reply. "If you only had a little of Danham's spirit, things would wear a different look."

"Affie, you know Mr. Denham has done comparatively nothing toward furnishing his house; for Mrs. Denham is the only child of wealthy parents, who supply her with everything she wishes. Had you been such, you could have been furnished with luxuries, perhaps."
"Don't fling my poverty in my face, Frederick Percival," was the quick retort, while the fair face flushed with anger. "I wish from my heart, you had married a rich wife."

"And you a rich husband?"
"I did not say it."
"But you thought it. Very well, I wish you had."
Mr. Percival turned into the hall, with a deep cloud upon his brow, almost the first that had been visible there since the happy morning, one year before, when he had brought his bride to the pleasant home, in one of the most beautiful of the suburban towns near the thriving metropolis, where he had just entered into business upon the capital he had carefully hoarded through the long years of his clerkship. This home had looked very sweet and beautiful to the newly wedded pair; and the new furniture, carefully and tastefully selected and arranged, had looked quite elegant to Affie. But long before the first year was over, she had seen the article in her nicely kept rooms, they were trampled in her eyes by the contrast presented in the newly furnished home of her husband's partner; and for weeks she had been growing more and more dissatisfied and unhappy—constantly urging some trifling change, which her husband made or as kindly refused, till, wearied by her constant importunities, this morning had brought an open disagreement.

The young husband put on his overcoat in the hall, and, without the usual parting kiss and kind "good morning," went out, and Affie watched him from the window, as he hastened down the street, hoping for some token of love, but there was none. He stopped a moment to hail a passing car, and jumping quickly upon the platform, was carried beyond her sight.

Sorrow and anger were mingled in her heart for a moment, but the latter quickly gained the ascendancy, and, returning to the breakfast room she commenced cleaning the table with such a resolution as to cause the little maid, who was the only servant in the household, to leave her breakfast unfinished, and gaze eagerly into the troubled face of her mistress.

Oh, what hard, bitter thoughts rolled over and over in the mind of the young housekeeper, as she went about her morning duties!
"To think how I have to drudge and delve," were a portion of her thoughts. "I don't get any time to read or practice, and my hands are getting so black and dingy, and I grow old and faded every day of my life. Oh, dear! and then to think, after all I do for him, I can't have anything I want!"

But when the work was all nicely completed, and a cheerful fire lighted in the parlor, Affie went in and sat down to her sewing. It was a dress for herself she was making, of a new and costly pattern which Frederick had placed beneath her pillow a few nights previous, and had proved such a welcome surprise. Now it had lost all its beauty, her thread knotted, her stitches looked long and uneven, and at last she threw it down impatiently, and taking a book which was lying upon the table, tried to interest herself in its pages. Frederick had heard her wish for that, too, and it was his hand that had traced the loving lines upon the fly leaf the day previous. Somehow, everything she touched appealed to her better nature, that her husband was not such a hard-hearted wretch, after all; but she was hardly ready to acknowledge it to herself just then, so she petted and nurtured the hate, reviving in feelings till she dropped asleep upon the sofa.

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The vision of an elegant home rose before her. The hangings upon the wall were choice and costly; the carpet was of the finest texture; the rich furniture and all the accomplishments of wealth and luxury surrounded her; while before the windows hung the identical shades which had filled her waking moments with such anxious wishes. But she the mistress of it all, was still unhappy. A vague, undefined fear found its way through the maze of sleep. Her husband's affections seemed alienated from her, and she was alone at nightfall anxiously awaiting his return. A confused murmur of voices ran through her dream; heavy footsteps were treading the hall, the door opened, and the lifeless body of her husband was borne into her presence. So sudden and terrible was the shock, she only gazed in speechless agony upon the motioned body of her beloved companion. The strangers that had borne him hither withdrew, and she was left alone with the partner of her husband, who approached her, and grasping her arm firmly, said, in tones of deep sternness:

"Woman! behold your work. In your foolish pride and ambition, you have wrecked the happiness of that noble, generous soul. One hour since he came into the store with a pale face and agitated frame. 'Walter,' he said, feelingly, 'I am a ruined man. To gratify Affie's ambition and have peace in my household, I have bartered soul and body and now the end has come. I am overpowered with debt; I cannot meet the eyes of the world nor the reproaches of my wife; and before I could detain him, he had taken his life in his own hands, and ended his miserable existence. You have sent him un-called and unprepared into eternity. His blood be upon your head!"

In agony Affie awoke from her troubled sleep, and springing up gave one eager glance around the apartment.

"Thank God," broke fervently from her lips, "it is only a dream."
Never before had her own little parlor looked so sweetly in its plain substantial dress; and even the despised shades wore a changed look, now that she no longer saw them through a distorted vision.

"Dear Fred what a naughty wife I make you. I ought to be ashamed, and I am, truly. You are yet hardly started in business, and of course want to be prudent till you know how you are to succeed; and I am burdening you with reproaches, and teasing you for everything that comes into my little willful head. Oh, what if that dream had been true! It must serve me for a lesson, at any rate. I was no happier in my sleep, than I had all those beautiful objects around me, for which I have been wishing so constantly, and what would they all be worth if Frederick did not love me? While I have him, and the wealth of his deep affection, I ought to and will be satisfied. The tears flowed down the flushed cheeks—not the bitter tears of unsatisfied pride, but of heavy, generous repentance. Before they were quite wiped away, the door bell rang, the new shades had come.

"Mr. Percival sent them. In which room will you have them hung?"

Affie was not expecting them, and there was only a momentary struggle before she answered firmly.

"I am sorry to have troubled you, sir; but since my husband went out, I have concluded to do without them. What shall I pay you for your inconvenience, and get you to take them back?"

"Not anything, Mrs. Percival," was the hearty response. "Indeed, I hardly knew how to let your husband have them, as they were partly promised to another; but he seemed quite to have set his heart upon them. It will be all right, I promise."

The clerk went down the steps, and Affie turned back to the parlor, with a happier heart than she had ever known at the gratification of her most cherished desires; and when, on the same afternoon she received a call from the partner's wife, so fair a face had her home put on, she forgot the contrast between the two, and ceased to feel the least mortification at her own humble lot.

The day wore away slowly, and long before the usual hour, Affie had tea ready, and stationed herself at the window to watch the coming of the absent one. The warm breath that left its faint impress upon the glass against which her anxious face was pressed, came a little quicker as the familiar form came up the street. She ran to open the hall door, as usual, but blushes nestled in her cheek, and there was an embarrassment mingled with her joyful greeting.

Her husband met her kindly, but a faint remembrance rankled in his heart, and he could not forbear the thought.

"I should have met with a cooler reception, had it not been for the shades;" consequently his first glance was toward the window, but it came old curtains occupied their place.

"Didn't Mr. Webster send those shades as I ordered?" he asked, a trifle impatiently.

"What shades, Frederick?" inquired Affie, with a strong effort to control the mirth that was speaking from her eyes, and which she vainly strove to suppress by the history of the day.

But as she proceeded, tears took the place of smiles, and the eyes of her husband presented a sympathetic appearance, as he pressed her more closely to him, and said:

"Bless you, my little wife, and forgive me, too, for harboring such unkind, unjust thoughts toward you. I went into town feeling very bitterly, and everything went so badly, it only increased bad feelings. After a little time, Mrs. Denham and her cousin came in. I was hidden from them by a pile of goods, and the first words I noticed were from the younger lady.

"We are going to call on your partner's wife this afternoon, Mr. Denham, and I am prepared to love her dearly, from Hester's account."
"She is a paragon of perfection in her eyes, I believe," was the reply; "and she quite merits it, for she is truly a charming little woman."

"Oh, Fred, Mr. Denham didn't say that about me?" chimed in the young wife, in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, and that's not all. Mrs. Denham went on to speak of you in terms of the warmest praise, and then she said, 'she is a capital housekeeper; I am going to ask her to give me lessons, when we are a little better acquainted. Her house is so neat and nice, when I come from a call there, I feel really ashamed at my lack of taste!' By the way, Affie, I guess that is a way you ladies have of seeing other people's houses. Well, then, I thought I was a perfect monster. I knew the conversation was true, every word of it, and I determined at once to spare nothing that would add to your gratification, and show others what a model housekeeper I had for a wife. That was how the shades happened to come."

"Ah, Affie, in my pride of and for you, I might indeed, have realized the bitterness of your dream, had I not reached the fatal ending. Let us wait awhile, dear little wife, till we are established in business, and be sure not to go one cent beyond our income now, and perhaps one day we may have luxuries, too."
"And don't we have you, dear Fred? Isn't it a luxury to have you come home so strong and well, and to hold so much love for each other within our hearts? How foolish I have been to envy Mrs. Denham, and make myself wretched, and you, too. Forgive me, just this once, and I promise never to forget *The Dream Lesson*."

A RIDE TO A WESTERN WEDDING.

Among the checkered scenes of missionary life on the frontier, there are not many more pleasant than a genuine Western wedding. The heartiness, the bold dash, the generous hospitality of the things, and often the novel phases of social life which it reveals, together, of course, with the fact, which is really in proportion to the ability of the parties, make the event quite welcome to the toiling preacher.

One day, on answering a modest knock, there stood before our log-house door a young man, bare footed, coatless, with coarse, well-patched pants and rimless straw hat, his face beaming with a bashful happiness, which would at once have suggested his errand, were it not for his garb or rather want of garb.

"Are you the minister?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

Then followed a pause.

"Is there anything," said I, breaking the silence, "that I can do for you?"

"Yes—I came to see if you would come down to Mr. West's Thursday and marry a couple."

"Where does Mr. West live?"

"Seven miles below on the other side of the river. They want you at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"I will use my best endeavors to be there at the time," said I, "but who are the parties?"

"O," he replied, with a look which was its own interpreter, "you will know when you get there."

After getting all the directions needed for finding the place, I was about closing the interview, but my caller lingered as if embarrassed, asking what I charged for marrying folks.

"I generally leave that to the parties," I replied.

Then ensued another pause, broken at length by his saying in a depressed tone—

"I have no money now; perhaps you would not come down and marry us, and wait for my pay?"

every day occurrences, adding poverty to privation and hardship.

And, as I looked down into the bosom of the river, there rose to view the image of that ragged, barefooted, coatless, moneyless bridegroom, and memory recalled certain facts which I had learned about his borrowing articles of apparel for himself and bride and materials for a wedding supper. Now, to disappoint persons in such condition was hardly to be thought of. So, chirping to my steed, we made the plunge; a deep plunge it was, for the animal above as well as the animal beneath. The horse, however, soon rose to the surface, permitting his rider, by a happy exercise of unworldly agility, to strike the saddle, *a la Turk*, which position I prudently kept till the opposite shore was reached.

Clambering up the steep bank, my horse, rowed steed went at a break-neck pace the remaining five miles to our destination. It was a small framed house, perched on a swell of land in the midst of a wide prairie, dotted with an occasional cabin. The dwelling was covered only with the rough boards, between which the ever-restless wind came and went as will. Alighting at the gate, a gray-haired man—the bride's father—who was cutting wood in the little front yard, laid down his axe, and came forward to take my horse. He had, as I afterwards learned, served in the Mexican war, and had still a soldierly bearing. Taking the bridle, he said:

"You're the minister, I suppose? We had given you up; thinking you would not come in such a storm as this. But how did you cross the river? We heard the bridge was gone."

"Horseback," said I.

"A well," said the old soldier, his eyes kindling, "a minister that can do that, can preach, I know."

I had fulfilled my engagement partly from sympathy and the pleasure of conquering obstacles; there was, besides, a sort of presentiment that urged me on—no did I regret that I had yielded to it.

The interior of the humble dwelling, and its occupants, I shall not soon forget. What taste and neatness under the most discouraging circumstances? What method and fertility of arrangement where all was plain and rough and scant! It is on the frontiers, where the appliances of housewifery are impossible, that woman's skill most strikingly appears—of the making her rude log house and simple homely furniture wear an aspect of comfort and taste not infrequently wanting in homes of luxury.

The household consisted of the father already introduced—mother, three daughters, and the young man who had called for my services.

"Mother is not well, and would like to see you a moment," remarked one of the young ladies, showing me into an adjoining room, where loving hands had spared no pains to fortify its pining inmate against exposure, and soothe the anguish of suffering.

A bed, with its snowy counterpane and tasteful curtains, stood in a corner of the apartment. On it reclined the dying mother—the emaciated frame and hectic cheek marking her a victim of consumption.

"I am glad to see you," said she, extending her hand. "It is a long while since a minister of the Gospel has entered our door; and yet I regret you have been put to so much trouble and exposure in coming. God will reward you! But I wished to speak with you about this marriage."

From her remarks I learned that the family was from New England. Her husband, on his return from the war, removed them to the West, making two or two permanent locations, then selling out and going still further into the unsettled woods.

It was while on their way out that the young man, to whom their daughter was now engaged, made their acquaintance and joined his fortune to theirs. It was under circumstances of great trial to them, and his presence and aid were peculiarly acceptable—indeed, indispensable. With untiring zeal he devoted himself to their comfort; and, whether on the long journey in the emigrant wagon, or in the toils incident to making a new home, he was like a son or brother.

"We came here," said the mother, because of my health—hoping that the climate might do for me what medicine would not. I now see that it was too late. But for my husband and George's sake, who have sacrificed to my account, I hope this last settlement may prove productive some day. They have secured a good tract of land, that must prove valuable by and by; but we have found poor now—all our money is gone. Another season, however, no time our crops will bring us something more than the necessities of life. George is like a child to me, and what is more, he is a Christian. Annie and he are tenderly attached, and despite our poverty, I shall rejoice in knowing that they are united before I am called away from earth."

But the few friends who had been invited had come in; the simple words that made the minister's presence so welcome in the table for supper was laid and bridegroom propped forth their joy in Christian song. "Strangely touching was