

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1864

VOLUME XXI, NUMBER 8.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, DUNN, Back Pay, Pension, and Extension Claims, Montgomery, Pa.
Office first floor below Lloyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. G. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susquehanna Co., Penna.
Jan. '64.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
OFFICE, Post, Cooper & Co's old Banking House. Surgery in particular. For References see Experience. Montrose, May, 1863.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lee, Boards at J. H. Hoffer's. July 20, 1863.

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provision, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. 127 Public Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb. 24, 1863-17.

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, all of which are sold at the lowest prices.

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

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

DR. WM. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST—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. England's Grocery, on Mathews Street. Pleasing for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same, and is pleased to guarantee that all work done on short notice, in best style. Montrose, Pa., July 21, 1863-4.

P. FINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Pitter. All work warranted, as to fit and durability. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan. 20, 1864.

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

E. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chamber and Jewell's store, Montrose, Pa. Oct. 11, 1863.

WM. W. SMITH,
CARPET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 17.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Dewitt's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repaired cheaply.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oil, Yarns, Sewing Machines, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c. Agent for all the most popular PATENT MACHINES—Montrose, Pa. Aug. 17.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(Continued.)

There he is! Ecco! the tall, slight, and slender figure of the Englishman, who had been the guide to the Lamb, and who had been the cause of his capture. "We shall see what the Lamb has to say to all this poverty of yours." "The Lamb?" said I half unconsciously, striving to recall the American's account of the celebrated freebooter who bore that incongruous name.

"Sit! L'Agello himself!" said the brigand, thrusting me forward into the fire-light, and doffing his hat to his leader.

"Who's that?" The Salernitan. Good. And what sort of a foreign sheep have you there?" called out the chief, shading his eyes with his broad hand, and staring hard at me. "The Englishman, the Englishman, for a gold-ounce! Welcome, milord!"

And with a grotesque mockery of courteous deference the brigand leader rose to his feet and took off his hat, bowing low, while those around burst into a roar of laughter. I looked anxiously at L'Agello, on whose good pleasure my fate probably depended. He was evidently a great dandy, his equipment being more picturesque than that of his followers, for he wore a suit of green velvet, with silver buttons and embroidery, much tarnished, but still handsome, a yellow silk sash; two gold watches, whose chains were festooned across his waistcoat, and a lady's gold chain about his neck. His stiletto and pistols were stuck in a crimson belt, and under his hat was a kerchief of a brilliant red color, which waved and flapped like the kefia of a Bedouin Arab, setting off the swarthy complexion and grim features of the wearer. When the brigand chief had replaced the hat which he had doffed in salutation, I ventured to renew my protest, declaring that I was no "milord," but an artist, and a very poor one, in a word, not worth trapping. The Lamb grinned incredulously.

"Basta! For what do you take me, Englishman, for you deafen me with lies. So you are poor, then? You, who arrived at Portici with a carriage grand enough for the Holy Father to ride in, with trunks and imperials, courier and valet, and a fourgon to carry the heavy luggage—a veritable train de prince?"

This last speech, spoken with an air of the profoundest conviction, and in bad French, eked out here and there by a word of Italian (the Lamb was, as I afterwards learned, not a little proud of his abilities as a linguist,) sorely puzzled me. I could not doubt that the brigand believed what he said to be true. His jeering aspect was giving place to a gloomy frown.

"Enough of this play!" he said at length, in a more menacing voice. "You see that I know you. You are the Englishman who gave old Geronimo Valleri, at the inn beside the Ponte Nerone, a hundred and twenty golden Napoleons for two old pictures the rogue had to sell?"

It now flashed upon me for the first time that I had been mistaken for a rich young Englishman, of rank and fortune, who had lately arrived at Portici, and had that day very abruptly left the inn where I had been staying. He was, as I remembered, said to be a liberal, if not a very judicious connoisseur of art, and was of about my own height and age. I even recollected that he, like myself, was addicted to solitary rambles, which circumstance had probably been reported to the brigands; who have their spies in most places, and hence in all likelihood the ambush and the capture of the wrong man.

I could not help shrinking from the awkward office of undeceiving the chief, whose grim visage grew more and more and more like that of a hungry tiger as he watched me. "I could guess," I said, "for whom I had been mistaken; but, so far from having arrived at Portici with four post-horses, a fourgon, a valet, and a courier, I had made my humble entry in a hired calessino with straw cushions and calico lining, and drawn by a couple of stunted ponies. So far, too, from having lately given an innkeeper a hundred and twenty Napoleons for two old pictures, I should be happy to sell four or five new ones for the same price, and was perfectly willing to take the portraits of all the members of the band, gratis, as the only ransom in my power."

By this time a great many of the brigands, attracted by curiosity, had crowded around me, and among them was a ragged lad, who cried out in a squeaking voice—

"Why, that's no more the milordo in the green carriage than I am. Body of Bacchus! it's the English artist that came on Piero and me as we were eating our bread and melons by the well, and gave us a batocchio apiece to stop quiet while he sketched us. The milordo is later, and has red whiskers."

Indeed, an inspection of my passport and sketch-book convinced the brigand leader that I was not the wealthy traveler whom he had endeavored to ensnare. This discovery threw the Lamb into a paroxysm of dangerous fury. He began by cursing my captors for "blind bats," who did not know the difference between a beggarly speller of canvas and a "batocchio of the first quality." They proceeded then to themselves for their blunder by endeavoring to make me the effect that might have been

English were wealthy folks, and I were unable to pay, probably I had killed and then would have my safety. Finding that resource, were there not consuls and ambassadors of England, who might, could, would, and should forward the necessary cash to save the life of a British subject? To facilitate matters, L'Agello would give two weeks' grace, and would lower the terms to fourteen thousand ducats; but sooner than take a misadventured life, he would rather see me to be cut off and forwarded as a present to the Syndic of Portici, as the case of Tommaso Potti, the victim."

Thus spoke the Lamb, not angrily, but with a kind of good-humored ferocity, and in the course of the afternoon a number of the robbers sauntered into the hut, and one and all advised me in all seriousness to comply with their leader's recommendation. Some of them of the younger men especially did not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my injured feet were very painful, and I could not stand as yet, and they patted me on the back with rough kindness, and bade me fear nothing, as I should be well used among them. But one and all agreed that unless I obtained the sum demanded, it would go very hard with me.

"The Lamb," said one tall youngster, who had been a boatman at Palermo, and was very proud of the five or six English words that he had picked up when plying among the foreign shipping. "The Lamb was out of temper yesterday, for three of his traps have caught mice. There was the Cardinal, for whom we watched for a week on the Sorrento road, a prince of the Church, whose ransom would have made us all rich as Jews, to say nothing of the absolute he could have given us while we had him fast. Well, he slipped through our fingers, and so did the Notary of Salerno; old Signor Tazzi, who is wealthy enough to eat gold and drink lacrima every day if he was not a skindiver; and so did the milordo of the green carriage. The Lamb is not often so hasty as you found him, but he is a man of his word; and, per Demone, you had better recall yourself to the memory of such of your friends as have the plump purses and the softest hearts."

Excellent counsel, no doubt, but, like much other advice of the same sort, easier given than followed. There was no one to whom I could turn for help in this sore strait. The sum demanded was a large one, about two thousand pounds of English money, and I could as soon have liquidated the National Debt as have raised the title of it from any resource of my own. Rich friends were no more plentiful with me than they generally are with a man who is at once poor and self-willed, and I had no living relation, who either could or would pay my ransom. The only hope, and that a desperate one, seemed to be that of an application to the British Embassy at Naples, and I knew too much of routine to expect such from this. Time was life to me, and most likely, long before a dry official reply should be returned to my letter, I should be past all power of diplomatic success. Moreover, it was not improbable that my appeal would be treated as a hoax or an impertinence; there was "no precedent" for such a solicitation as a correspondence between a prisoner and L'Agello and the Envoy of Her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the two Sicilies.

In this emergency I bethought me of the stranger, the English engineer, with whom I had been conversing immediately before my capture by the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service, should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well take him at his word. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that the bandit leader required as the price of my liberty, but I thought, that if my new acquaintance were to press my case, on the notice of the officials at the embassy, I should have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given me by the mysterious S. D.; and a young brigand undertook to carry this missive to the nearest lowland village, whence it could be conveyed to Naples through that customary channel of the post.

Day after day went by, and my feet were so far healed, thanks to the ointment and chewed leaves which old Caterina daily applied to them; that I could hobble about the camp, which I was allowed to do pretty freely, for I was by far too lame to escape over the rugged and stony country that lay between me and safety. I was not ill-treated; the points and meat was always assigned me, even when, as sometimes occurred, there was a scarcity of food in the bivouac, and I was always offered wine and brandy when I drew near one of the fires, and when the wild groups were after sunset, I had been appointed to paint after sundown to the band, and finally after midnight justified and squabbled with his infernal features transferred to the blank leaf of my sketch-book. A strange set they were, and I never saw any of them in their hours of calm, except that they were leaning on their arms, and

having a devious idea of each other's character, but in general as "brothers." And I am sure, if my friends and brothers, for Lucy is now my wife, and the happiness of calling her mine, with such of the world's good report and worldly prosperity has fallen to my lot, I owe, undisturbed, to the man whom I looked upon as a gold-epoch, George Graham. His account of me at the hour of my greatest need, at a pecuniary sacrifice which was not trifling one, for he was not then rich—broke through the cynic disbelief in human goodness that was gathering round my heart. Cheered by George's example, I led a new life, applied myself assiduously to my art, and, in four years or so, was able to repay the large sum which Graham had advanced for my ransom. By this time I was well known as an artist, and in receipt of a fair income, and on the day of my marriage with Lucy, which took place in the fifth year of my probation, George Graham grew a wealthy man, insisted on setting ten thousand pounds on his sister and her husband.

The brigands were not idle. Frequent expeditions were undertaken with varying success, but no prisoner was brought up into the hills during my stay, though more than one marriage was stopped and its occupants plundered. On one occasion only was there any collision with the gendarmes, and on that the detachment came back sullen and discomfited, with the loss of two of their number, who had been wounded and taken prisoners. This misfortune did not tend to make the Lamb more amiable. He gruffly intimated to his followers that they must prepare to set out for another foraging place, since their unlucky comrades, in spite of the tremendous oaths by which the banditti are bound to keep the secret of their companions' retreat, would probably be tempted by promises of pardon to reveal all they knew. And it was just possible that the authorities would take active measures to destroy the wags, when one certain where their nest was to be found. Under these circumstances, the Lamb notified me that he must, within my lease of life by two days, and that if in twenty-four hours my ransom did not arrive, he should simply matters by cutting my throat. Nor could there be much doubt that he would keep his word.

Life is dear to us all, and it was with a heavy heart that I prepared to die. But I had no hope. I even despised myself for the weakness which had made me reach the slightest hand to the professionals of S. D. Why, after all, should I expect an acquaintance like the Engineer to trouble himself regarding me? "Nothing for nothing," thought I, "is the rule of the world; it matters little to your little Lucy will soon forget me, and—"

"But, Englishman, your skin's safe this time," said L'Agello, breaking in on my gloomy meditations, and holding a heavy bag of gold as he grinned encouragingly at me. "Your ransom is paid, and the priest who brought it up the mountain will show you the path, and let you ride his mule. I bear you no malice, and am just as glad as yourself to pouch the cash, instead of seeing what color your blood is." "So be off, and keep clear of my ways for the future," he said.

The surprise almost strangled me, but it was delusion. "The ransom?" had really been paid; and that in full; and I, with whom the robbers had a good understanding, was there to confirm the Lamb's account. All he could say, however, was that the money had been conveyed to him by an English signor, who refused to give any other name than "S. D." and who had ridden down the valley to return, as he believed, to Naples.

I did not tarry long before I went, my watch and chain were restored to me, and these I bestowed as a parting keepsake, on the kindly old crone whose capricious tenderness had saved my life, and the brigands gave me a cheer by way of farewell, as I descended the mountain side, mounted on the Priest's mule. That night I slept at San Paolo, and by noon of the next day reached Naples, and hurried to the Via Stretta. I was eager to see and thank my unknown preserver, ignorant as I was of his name, or real rank. I found the senior partner of the firm of Burbridge and Styles in his back parlour. He pushed up his gold-rimmed spectacles to the middle of his wrinkled forehead, as he listened to my earnest request to be told to whom I was indebted for my life. "S. D., my dear sir," said the banker, "Well, the question is a little out of rule, but I have never been asked to keep silence on the subject. I do not therefore, think any professional confidence will be violated in this case; if I say that the gentleman in question is Mr. Graham, as the brigand mentioned to my face, I shall be as the blood mounted to my face."

"Yes, Mr. Graham, the railway contractor. He met me, I understand, not long since, and— but here he is to answer for himself."

I turned, and there in the doorway stood the English gentleman, and with me Burbridge and Styles, the man I had met, and who had saved my life. His undiminished happiness, his noble generosity, smote me to the heart, and I dropped into the chair, covered my face with my hands, and burst into tears.

"Has Burbridge been telling tales?" said the new comer. "Pray don't allow yourself to be misled. Mr. Graham is quite the bygone."

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. United firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember a little present punishment, when it is much more effective than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. Do not allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another.
11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of false bearing.

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day, an elderly gentleman of the old fogey school, huddled into the wrong shop.

"Is the doctor in?"

"Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old documents.

"Oh! I thought this was his office?"

"Next door?"

"Pray, sir, can you tell me, has the doctor some patients?"

"No, he is not here."

The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

A Delightful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solodino was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; and the other had none. On the evening succeeding what harvest, the older brother said to his wife: "My youngest brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shodds and place with his, without his knowledge." And he did so.

The youngest brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives said with himself: "My eldest brother has a family, and I have none; I will arise, take of my shodds and place them with his without his knowledge." And he did so.

Utterly of their astonishment, when, on the following morning, they found their respective shodds undiminished! This course of events transpired several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, and on the following night, they met each other half-way between their respective shodds with arms full.

"Ah! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shodds than add to it a single sheaf."

We are authentically informed that General Burbridge said in this city last week that of 500,000 "contrabands" in the department, assigned to him, fully one-half had died during the past year, owing to destitution, starvation and disease. Abolition of slavery has thus brought practically, abolition of negro life and personal freedom will teach us that "all species of philanthropy" could have no other result. We do not observe that the radical papers here make any allusion to the statement of General Burbridge on this subject. — Boston Courier.