

Montrose Democrat

A. J. GERRITSON, Editor.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13, 1866.

The Next Governor.

Our candidate for Governor will be nominated on the 5th of March, and it is hoped that the friends of the White Race will embrace every occasion to consult together and devise the best means of conducting an earnest and thorough canvass for Governor, Congressman, &c. Clubs should be formed in every town, meetings held, newspapers and documents circulated, and the people fully aroused to defeat the efforts now being made in Congress to completely overthrow our good old form of government, and establish an African despotism. Let white men rally! They can win if they will try.

The President and Negro Suffrage.

On the 7th a delegation of the kinky-haired members of the Black republican lobby branch of Congress called upon the President to tune him up to the measures of the party to enforce negro equality. He received, and treated them kindly, in spite of Douglass' impudence, and the result may be understood from the newspaper despatches. Says the Age: "The most noticeable event of yesterday was the conversation between the President and Fred Douglass and a colored delegation, in reference to which it is sufficient to state that the Executive informed them emphatically that he is opposed to negro suffrage in any shape; that it would lead to a war between the races, most destructive in its results. The delegation came off entirely disappointed, and their friends in both Houses are equally indignant at the final and candid statement of the Executive. The question of negro suffrage by Congressional action anywhere may therefore be considered settled, so far as the President can do it. The conservative men are in fine spirits over the result. Day is beginning to break at last. The long night of darkness is rapidly disappearing, and the country has cause for congratulation in having such a President.

The Inquirer, negro organ, saith: "The conversation between the President and the colored delegation, is considered by them as conclusive upon the question of the President's intentions upon the bill granting suffrage to the colored people of the District, they believing that he will VETO ANY BILL that comes to him upon the subject. The subject still slumbers in the Senate, but it is certain to take it up at no distant day, and pass it, whether by a two-thirds vote or not is still a matter of doubt."

Although the President had listened to two speeches from them, made a lengthy reply, and submitted to several interruptions and contradictions from the impudent Douglass, they insisted upon keeping up a controversy with him, until he was compelled to decline spending any further time with them; and they then withdrew and published a manifesto, the ill-temper of which may be seen in an extract: "Believing as we do that the views and opinions you expressed in that address are entirely unsound, and prejudicial to the highest interests of our race, as well as our country at large, we cannot do other than expose the same, and, as far as may be in our power, arrest their dangerous influence. It is not necessary, at the present time, to call attention to more than two or three features of your remarkable address."

One more amendment remains to be adopted by the Black republicans—to amend the White House at Washington by abolishing the word "white," and put a negro into it—which they may do when they get rid of "that man at the other end of the avenue," (as Thad Stevens calls that "foreigner," Andy Johnson) who threatens to veto the negro suffrage bill.

The steamer W. R. Carter exploded her boilers at Island No. 98, on the Mississippi. Many lives were lost. Both boat and cargo were destroyed. Mr. Ross, a Democrat, and a true white man, the other day offered a Rule for the Rump House, that hereafter one day in each week be set aside for legislation for the white folks—to be called the "White Man's Day." The Rule was tabled at once—the Rumpers couldn't stand even one seventh white addition to their delicious black broth.

The Fortage (W.Va.) Register announces the death of Joseph Crelo on the 27th ult., at the age of 141 years. Crelo was born near Detroit in the year 1725, and shown by the records of the Catholic church of that city.

Republican Consistency.

The Governor, in his message talks about reducing State taxation; so does the State Treasurer; so do the shoddy members of the Legislature; and yet the shoddy majority in the Legislature go right ahead to pass bills for doubling the salaries of public officers and for increasing the annual public expenditures beyond that of any previous period. The salary of the assistant librarian has already been raised by the Senate from \$500 to \$900; and a bill has been offered for the doubling of the salaries of the Governor, Auditor, Surveyor and Attorney Generals, besides a heavy increase in the salaries of hundreds of other State officials. Shoddy practice and precedent are about as far asunder as the poles.

STATEMENT

Of the Receipts and Expenditures of Susquehanna County, for the year 1865.

Made and published in pursuance of an Act of Assembly of the 10th of April, A. D. 1854.

Susquehanna County.

Balance of Collectors' Accounts for 1865

Table with columns: Townships, Duplicates, Am't p'd, Exon's, per cent. Lists various townships like Apolcon, Ararat, Auburn, etc.

RECAPITULATION.

Summary table showing Total amount of Duplicates, Amount paid by Collectors, and percentage.

Expenses of Susquehanna County for 1865.

Table listing various expenses such as Commonweal Costs, Road Viewers, Road Damage, etc.

1865. Contra.

Summary table for 1865 Contra showing Co. orders redeemed, Amount paid County Auditors, and Treasurer's percentage.

Susquehanna County.

Balance of State Taxes for the year 1865.

Table with columns: Townships, Dupl's, Am't p'd, Exon's, Per ct. Lists various townships like Apolcon, Ararat, Auburn, etc.

RECAPITULATION.

Summary table showing Total amount of Duplicates, Amount paid by Collectors, and percentage.

Susquehanna County.

Bal. of Collectors' Ac'ts for Dog Tax, 1865.

Table with columns: Townships, Collectors, Dupl's, Am't p'd, Exon's, Per cent. Lists various townships like Apolcon, Ararat, Auburn, etc.

RECAPITULATION.

Summary table showing Total am't of Duplicates for 1865, Amount paid by Collectors, and percentage.

1865. Treas. Statement of Dog Tax, Dr.

To amount of Duplicates for 1865.

Table showing amount of Duplicates for 1865, amount paid by Collectors, and percentage.

1865. Contra.

Table showing various contra items like Exonerations to Collectors, Amount due Treasurer, etc.

1865. Contra.

Table showing various contra items like Exonerations to Coll's, Amount paid County Auditors, etc.

Treasurer in Account with the Common

wealth of Pennsylvania, Dr.

Table showing Treasurer's account with the Commonwealth, including State Taxes levied and assessed.

1865. Contra.

Table showing various contra items like Exonerations, Treasurer's percentage, etc.

Statement of Sheriff's Account for the year

1865. Dr.

Table showing Sheriff's account for 1865, including amount of fines and Jury fees.

1865. Contra.

Table showing various contra items like Am't paid Treas. and charged in his acct., Exonerations, etc.

Statement of Susq. Co. Treasury, Jan. 1,

1866. Dr.

Table showing Susquehanna County Treasury for Jan 1, 1866, including available funds and uncollected money.

Auditor's Report.

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY \$8: WE, the undersigned, Auditors of and for said County, met in pursuance of our duties at the Court House in Montrose, on Monday, the 1st day of January, A. D. 1866, and did audit, settle, and adjust the several accounts of the Commissioners and Treasurer of said Co., all of which, upon thorough examination, we found to be correct. We find in the hands of Nicholas Shoenka, Of County Funds, \$2,500 00; State Tax Fund, \$75 00; Dog, \$250 00.

Auditor's Notice.

WE, the undersigned, as auditors appointed by the Court House of Susquehanna County, upon the estate of JOHN G. CLIFFORD, deceased, will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of Frazer & Case, in Montrose, on Wednesday, March 7th, at one o'clock, P. M., when all persons interested in said fund will present their claims or be forever debarred.

Uncle Obed's Visit.

It would have required no very powerful stretch of Imagination for Mrs. Amber's guests to have fancied themselves amid the light and fragrance of some tropic isle on that festive night. The statey balustrades were wreathed with deeply tinted blossoms, the air was freighted with the perfume of heliotrope and tuberoses, and the chandeliers that hung from the frescoed ceiling, like coronals of quivering fire, threw a noonday brilliance over the crowd.

At the further end of the superb drawing room stood Mrs. Amber herself—a stately matron in sapphire velvet, illuminated by the pale glimmer of pearls. No one would ever have imagined from the smiling self-possession of her manner that this night was the crisis of her life. Through all the hum and murmur of the aristocratic assemblage—through all the crash of arriving carriages, and the stormy melody of the band beyond, Mrs. Amber's quick ear caught one low, hesitating step on the threshold. It was her husband's. She beckoned to him with her jeweled fan, and whispered in scarcely audible voice.

"Just as I expected. We are ruined, can't keep above water a week. Norris has failed and we shall follow suit!" "A week?" murmured Mrs. Amber thoughtfully, "a week!" One can accomplish a good deal in a week. "Have you noticed how attentive Young Gold is to Cecilia?" she added musingly. "He won't be after—"

"Hush!" Mrs. Amber exclaimed with a quick glance around, as if apprehensive that the very walls would hear their whispered colloquy. "If she wins a rich husband before the world learns of your distress, we shall be tolerably safe. For your own sake keep a cheerful face; mingle with our guests—throw off that perturbed frown. I tell you all will be right."

Mrs. Amber shrugged his shoulders and whistled half a bar of some popular strain, then turning away to obey his wife's behests to the best of his ability, while Mrs. Amber, her smooth lips all wreathed in dulcet smiles, resumed the task of receiving her gay friends. Suddenly there was a sort of thrill and of through the apartment—the crowd produced, if to make way for somebody, a path for Uncle Obed to come forward expecting to see the distinguished arrival.

"A be gone to bed, at this time of night, but I see you don't keep New Hampshire habits. Hain't forgotten me, are you? Why, I'm your Uncle Obed Jenkins!"

Mrs. Amber turned pale through all her artificial bloom at the unexpected addition to her company that stood before her, his honest features beaming with delight. It was a ruddy faced old man, in a suit of butternut colored cloth, carrying in one hand a neatly tied handkerchief, containing his wardrobe, and in the other a crooked walking stick, full of knots and gnarls—such a stick as grows only in dense swamps, where the young saplings have to twist their little arms in every direction to get a bit of sunshine, and grow up in the most unheard of shapes.

"I declare," pursued Uncle Obed, "you're fine as a fiddle, Tiddy—and when's them little gals you sent up summer before last, to get red cheeks at their uncle's? Grown up to be young ladies—well, if I ain't beaten."

And Uncle Obed extended a bony hand to Miss Cecilia, who drew back and put up a gold mounted eye glass with an air of well bred astonishment. "I never heard that anything ailed Cecilia's eyesight, Tiddy," said Uncle Obed in extreme perplexity. "And that young feller in the yellow waistcoat is her beau, I suppose? Well, young folks will be young folks, and we old ones hadn't ought to interfere. That's what I always said when you and Jim Amber used to walk in the old side hill orchard, after you'd done the milking."

This unlucky allusion brimmed the already overflowing veins of Mrs. Amber's wrath—she drew her gloved hand from the old man's cordial grasp, with an energy which puzzled him, and spoke with compressed lips:

"I am really sorry, sir, that we were not previously made aware that you proposed honoring us with a visit. In that case we could have prepared ourselves for the pleasure; now, I regret to say, it will be inconvenient to receive you."

away with moisture in his eyes that made curious rings of mist around the glaring jets of flame in the chandelier.

Uncle Obed was wishing himself well out of the heartless scene, when suddenly a pair of plump little arms were thrown around his neck, and a cheek fresher and pinker than a damask rose was pressed to his brown face. It was Mrs. Amber's youngest daughter—his own niece—the incorrigible romp, who had climbed cherry trees and stolen birds' nests innumerable in the meadows of the old homestead, two or three years ago. And there she was—a young lady in pink silk and cameo bracelets:

"Dear Uncle Obed, I have only just heard of your arrival. I am glad to see you if no one else is!" And another shower of kisses succeeded, greatly to the discomfort and embarrassment of the young man who had escorted Miss Amber to the spot, and stood surveying the pretty little tableau.

"Go about your business, Harry!" she exclaimed gaily, "I've got over so much to say to Uncle Obed!" And Harry Latimer obeyed, but rather ungraciously.

"Just the same little Fanny as ever!" exclaimed the old man, patting the curls with delighted fondness. "You haven't changed, though Tiddy has!"

"No; and I will never change for you, Uncle Obed," said the girl. "I haven't forgotten how kind you were to me, up at the old homestead, how you shielded my transgressions, concealed my faults, and always had a smile for naughty little Fanny."

And she chatted on, entirely unheeding her mother's frown of displeasure. Fanny had always been the least manageable of Mrs. Amber's daughters, and the worthy matron secretly resolved to lecture the young lady at her leisure.

Uncle Obed was by no means deficient in observation, and while he related the changes which three years had wrought in the vicinity of the old homestead, he perceived the rosy blood mount to his niece's cheek every time Mr. Latimer passed.

"Now little girl," said he, "who's that young fellow there by the window?" Fanny looked up and then down, played with the middle button of Uncle Obed's coat, and answered very softly:

"Mr. Latimer."

"Humph! I suppose that isn't all you can tell me about him?" There was a minute's hesitation and then Fanny hid her cheek on the old man's shoulder and told Uncle Obed all.

"Then why on earth don't you marry him!" ejaculated the old gentleman, at the close of the little romance.

"He's only a poor lawyer," sighed Fanny, "and papa will never consent. But one thing I am resolved on," she added with sparkling eyes, "I will not marry one else, least of all that odious Col. Woodall, not if he were worth twenty times twenty thousand dollars. I'll marry the one I can love—not for money."

The stamp of her fair foot gave emphasis to the determined words as she spoke. Fanny was very much in earnest, and if Colonel Woodall had happened to be present, he would have concluded that his chances were to say the least of it rather small.

"Twenty thousand dollars, eh?" slowly repeated Uncle Obed. "Well, Fanny, it is a hard world we live in—a hard gripping, grinding world. I never thought so sore, but somehow to night has borne it upon me."

When Uncle Obed went away next day he was comparatively cheerful. The kind words and loving smiles of little Fanny had fallen like drops of balm upon the sore spot in his heart. There it was nestling in the hillside, the gray old farm house, with giant sycamores tossing their silvery branches above it and the lilac bushes nodding before the narrow windows. Uncle Obed thought it never looked so pleasant as now, in the level gold of sunset with the purple woods rising against the bright far off horizon.

manner discovered the state of the Amber exchequer, and wisely concluded that it was not best to waste his personal charms and elegant stock of small talk on so ineligible a fair one as Miss Cecilia. Colonel Woodall had also shown unequivocal signs of withdrawing his suit, not at all to Miss Fanny's displeasure. In short everything seemed to be going wrong, and the only satisfied members of the confederation were Harry Latimer and Miss Fanny.

It was a gloomy morning of rain and tempest, and Mrs. Amber sat in a sort of slovenly dishabille, in a narrow room in one of our third rate hotels.

Her own stately house had fallen a prey to greedy creditors some time since. Mr. Amber at an opposite corner was opening and glancing at his letters.

"Hallo!" he suddenly exclaimed, dropping one and catching it up again playfully. "How you do agitate one's nerves!" groaned Mrs. Amber.

"Hang your nerves, here's something to set them in a flutter—a letter from a New England lawyer announcing that your uncle Obed Jenkins has made Miss Fanny Amber a present of twenty thousand dollars, to become her property on the day she marries Harry Latimer."

"Twenty thousand dollars," shrieked Mrs. Amber and Cecilia in chorus, "and nothing for us!"

"Twenty thousand dollars," murmured Fanny with a crimson spot on her cheek; "Oh, how happy we shall be—Dear, kind Uncle Obed!"

"You're a nice manager," snarled Mr. Amber, turning sharply to his wife. It was for this, was it, that you treated Mr. Jenkins so rudely on the night of your last party?"

"I didn't know—I didn't suppose"—sobbed Mrs. Amber. "He never told me he had any property."

"Of course not!" ejaculated Mr. Amber. "It's enough to make a man rave to have such an idiot as you for a wife.—Twenty thousand dollars would have been everything to me, just now, when there is such a scarcity of ready money in the market. And what's worse, the sum is so tied up that no one but Fanny can touch a cent of it."

Mr. Amber strode out of the room, giving the door a very energetic slam, and Mrs. Amber went gracefully into hysterics, while Fanny sat looking at the letter which had been a messenger of so much happiness to her, with scarlet lips half apart and the light of deep gratitude in her eyes.

"What will Harry say?" she pondered. "Will he not think it a blessed dream? No more weary waiting—no more procrastination. O, how can I ever thank Uncle Obed sufficiently!"

But Uncle Obed was already sufficiently thanked.

When upon Fanny's wedding day, the deed which constituted her a small heiress was delivered into her hand, it was inclosed in a narrow strip of coarse blue paper, which the old man commonly used in his correspondence. Upon this was written one single line, and tears suffused the fair young bride's eyes as she read the words—"In memory of Uncle Obed's visit."

Lowell's Commercial College. But few of our readers are perhaps aware of the extent of this flourishing and prosperous institution in our village. Under the management of its energetic and gentlemanly proprietor D. W. Lowell, it has steadily advanced, and is now unquestionably the first Commercial College in the country. Its accommodations are extensive and fitted up in a superior style, unequalled by any other similar institution. Its various departments are under the care of a large number of teachers, who are men of ability and experience, and thoroughly devoted to their profession.

The course of instruction pursued here is so eminently practical, and vital so thorough, that we do not see how any young man, of ordinary ability and application, can go over it without being decidedly benefited. If any one cherishes the idea that a business education is a humbug, a few hours spent in examining the workings of this institution will convince him, that as taught here, at least, it is the farthest from it possible. The number of students now in attendance is large, coming from a wide extent of country, and includes young men of high character, many of whom will yet undoubtedly take a prominent position in the business community. We are glad to learn that the future prospects of the College are very flattering, and give abundant promise to the proprietor of a long continuation of the prosperity which his institution now enjoys. We feel a sort of local pride in calling the attention of our citizens to this institution, and, we would say to every one who has an idea of attending a Commercial College, if you want to be sure of a thorough course, at a moderate expense, don't fail to attend Lowell's Commercial College.—[Binghamton Republican.]

The tugboat Battle exploded her boilers recently at New Orleans, and sunk. The captain and engineer and three laborers on the levee were killed.