

Montrose Democrat.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1866.

[VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 17.]

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. E. P. HINES,
HAS permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Jan. 15th, 1866.

C. S. GILBERT,
Licensed Auctioneer,
107 1/2 6th St.
Great Bend, Pa.

ROGERS & ELY,
Licensed Auctioneers,
107 1/2 6th St.
Brooklyn, Pa.

PETER HAY,
Licensed Auctioneer,
107 1/2 6th St.
Auburn & Corners, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
107 1/2 6th St.
Friendsville, Pa.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
CRAWFORD, Luzerne Co., Penn'a.—PENNY-PRINCIPAL,
No. 62 1/2

C. O. FORDHAM,
BOOT & SHOE Dealer and Manufacturer. Montrose, Pa. Shop on Main street, one door below the Post Office. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Jan. 15

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. (Jan. 1, 1866)
BELLING STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

LAMBERTON & MERRIMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. No. 204 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
C. L. LAMBERTON. E. L. MERRIMAN.
Dec. 4, 1865.

DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at M. Baldwin's. (July 11-13)

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb & Butterfield's Store. Boards at Seale's Hotel. MY85 1/2

G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over the Post Office. Boards at Seale's Hotel.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints. Boots and Shoes, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisiona, etc., New Milford, Pa.

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

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS AND CONSULTANTS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank. J. S. COLLUM. D. W. SEARLE.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bonny, Back Pat., Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. (Feb. 1866) Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lett. Boards at J. Housford's. J1726 62 1/2

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

DR. WM. SMITH,
DENTIST.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank. All dental operations will be performed in good style, and warranted.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop one door west of Seale's Hotel. All orders filled promptly, in the most accurate style. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan. 60

WM. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over the Post Office. All work warranted as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan. 60

JOHN SAUTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now prepared to cut all kinds of garments in the most fashionable style, and warranted to fit with elegance and ease. Shop over L. N. Ballard's Store, Montrose.

SOLDIERS' PENSIONS, BOUNTY, AND BACK PAY.
THE undersigned, LICENSED AGENT OF THE GOVERNMENT, will give prompt attention to all claims entitled to his care. Charges low, and information FREE.
L. F. FITCH,
Montrose, Jan. 14, 1866.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTY, PENSIONS, And Back Pay!
THE undersigned LICENSED AGENT OF THE GOVERNMENT, will give prompt attention to all claims intrusted to his care. No charges unless successful.
J. B. MCCOLLUM,
Montrose, Aug. 20, '63.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTY, PENSIONS, and Back Pay.
THE undersigned, LICENSED AGENT OF THE GOVERNMENT, having obtained the necessary forms, &c., will give prompt attention to all claims intrusted to his care. No charges unless successful.
GEO. F. LITTLE,
Montrose, June 5th, 1864.

CALVIN C. HALSEY, EXAMINING SURGEON,
For Pensioners, and Applicants for Pensions.
Office in Public Avenue, over the Store of J. L. G. & Son, Montrose, Pa., May 25, 1864.

The Voice in the Heart.

Pierce Richmond took up a letter which had just been brought in, and glanced at the superscription—"Hon. Pierce Richmond!" He had seen his name thus written often enough before; but it suggested, just now, a curious continuation of the train of thought, which had been absorbing him. It was his pride to be a self-made man, and he had been going back, this morning, over a half century, and remembering his boyhood. The little brown cottage, with the thickets of sweet birch round it freighted the summer air with fragrance, was a pretty spot when he lived there—the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He could see it, looking back, as plainly as if the fifty years were only a mist of morning rolling away from before the well known scene. How pale and quiet but tender and long suffering his mother was! He felt again her fond kisses, and remembered how her lips used to tremble when she called him her fatherless boy. And again his veins seemed to thrill with the boyish pride of the old days when he sat beside her and told her that he would grow up stout and strong, able to do a man's work among men, and then she never should toil so wearily with her needle any more.

If he had but lived, and he had had her to work for, perhaps it would have kept his heart fresh and unselfish. "But he shivered again with a throb of the old agony, as he remembered how he had found her one morning with a smile frozen on her still lips, a look of peace on her white face; and known that the lips would never welcome him any more, or the eyes rest on him with their sad tenderness—that his mother had gone from the land where she was a pilgrim to the home eternal in the heaven.

How he pitied himself, this morning of which I write, recalling that time, fifty years ago, when he was only twelve, and his mother had left him alone! A shy, shrinking boy he was then, despite his great faith in his own future—"a mother boy," as the phrase is in the country, and quaintly touching it always seemed to me. He had been all his life under her gentle wing, and now he could find there no more shelter.

Yet his lot was not intolerably hard. He was apprenticed, by the town authorities, to a prosperous farmer; and he had a comfortable home, no more work than was reasonable, and a little schooling in winter. But no one loved him—this boy who had lived, hitherto, in an atmosphere of mother love—and so his proud, sensitive heart grew cold and hard. He cared for no one but himself, and though he did his work faithfully, he endeavored himself to none. He seemed to live in a world of his own, into which he was not disposed to open any doors. Strong purposes grew into his nature in his silent musings. He would make himself a name, a position, a career! But all his plans ended, as they began, with himself; and it is a sad thing when a human being has no one else to live for.

When he was twenty one, with his "freedom suit" on his back, he marched away from Freyburg, and went out into the world, to begin the career which, through all those brooding years of his solitary boyhood, he had been planning. I will not weary you with the processes by means of which he achieved success. Enough that at last he esteemed himself to have reached it. He was a rich man, well known in financial circles; and a term in Congress had given him a right to the title of honor upon his letters.

"Pretty well," he said aloud, after all these memories had passed like a long panorama before him—"pretty well for old Tim Scarborough's bound boy. I think I may call myself a success."

And, if surroundings earthly and temporal are the standard of measurement, you would not have pronounced him far wrong had you glanced about the apartment, half study, half breakfast room, where he had just been taking his morning meal. To be a gentleman had been one of his ambitions, and as soon as he was able to live elegantly he had surrounded himself with the appliances of luxury. On the floor of this favorite room, a soft, warm carpet yielded like woodland moss to his foot fall. Handsomely bound books filled the carved cases from floor to ceiling. Chairs upholstered in Russia leather held out capacious arms to him. His breakfast service was of silver and porcelain, and at the least touch of that bell besides him, itself a dainty toy, trained servants were ready to obey his behests.

These things to day—and, back fifty years, the little three roomed cottage; the mother pale and weary but tender; and himself barefooted, coarsely clad, but young and strong and eager, hopeful, and with all the future's possibilities before him. Was he richer now?

A tap upon the door elicited a half ungracious "come in," for he was not yet ready to break the spell of his thoughts. He had traced the career of that barefooted dreamer of fifty years ago to the present stand point of the Hon. Pierce Richmond. He wanted to look onward a little, and speculate whether any more ground remained to be possessed. But when he saw the new comer he roused himself at once from his dreams, and be-

came the alert, watchful man of business. It was his confidential agent, Solomon Osgood, who was charged with superintending his real estate and collecting his rents. It was the first of the month now, and there were accounts to be rendered in. They seemed satisfactory for the most part; but at last Mr. Richmond, said, in an inquiring tone,—

"And the Widow Maffi?"

"Yes, I was going to speak about her. I hope you will be willing to wait a little for her rent. She has been in trouble."

"Hum! Yes! So she was last month, and the month before, and the month before that," Mr. Richmond said, rather curtly.

"Very true," the agent answered gravely. "Last month her little Jack died, and the month before that he was very sick; and now the only one she has left seems trying to follow in his brother's footsteps. Sickness brings a deal of expense, and comes hard on poor folks."

Mr. Richmond considered a little; then said, with quiet determination,—

"I don't want to be unfeeling, Osgood, so I'll not tell you to send her off now; but I must say plainly that I don't want such tenants. Giving in charity is one thing, and renting houses is another. When I want to give I can give; but I want the interest on my investments, when it comes to a matter of business."

"I'll be security for Mrs. Maffi—you shan't lose by her," the agent remarked, in the tone of one wounded a little. His employer looked at him curiously.

"You're a philanthropist, Mr. Osgood," he said, with a smile rather satirical, yet not altogether unkindly. "I don't care about your undertaking the burden of my bad debts. Seven children and a wife none too strong, are about as big a load as you can carry. Didn't I say you needn't send the woman off now? Let her stay on, through March, whether she pays or not; and see if you can't find me another tenant by the first of April."

"Thank you, sir, as to Mrs. Maffi's part of your remark," Mr. Osgood answered. "As for that about me and mine, I think, Mr. Richmond, if you had the same burden to carry, you'd find it about the pleasantest one you ever bent under."

There was an air of sincerity in his manner, a beam of secret delight in his look, which lingered with the Hon. Pierce Richmond after his agent had gone away. He wondered if there were, indeed, so much blessedness in family ties—if it were good for a man to have wife and weans to look out for. And, so speculating, the bitterest memory in his whole life came back to him—the one sole time since his mother's death when he had loved some being beyond and apart from himself. It was a score of years ago, and he was forty two then, and she—the one he loved—just twenty. He met her in a lodging house, where he had a fashionable suite of first floor apartments, and where she, lodging in the attic, used now and then to meet him on the steps or in the hall, until he learned to think that day dark lit by no gleam of her dun gold hair. How well he remembered the face, sweet yet spirited—"the red young month, and the hair's young gold"—the dainty, little figure, the springing step, the musical, low tones! How it was he hardly knew, but he, the cold, selfish, hardened man of the world, felt welling up in his heart a fountain of sweet waters—and then, when he would have slaked at it his soul's thirst, beautiful and deceitful as a mirage it vanished, and his heart, lacking its sweetness, turned to desert waste.

For not all his gold beguiled the little girl he loved into wedding him. She looked into his face with her pure, honest eyes, this Julia Winsted, and told him some truths hard to hear. He was old for his forty two years, and she told him so; hard and cold, used to living for himself, selfish even in his wish to bind her youth to his stern middle age. Receiving his proposal of marriage as an attempt to buy her freshness and beauty, with her pitiless plainness of speech she made him feel it all.

The next day she left the house, and since then he had never seen her. But he had never forgiven her. She stood in his memory as his enemy—his one enemy, for curiously enough he had made no other in the course of his long life. But toward her his resentment was keen as on the day when he had been so stung by her indignantly refusal to give him her hand when, as she said, he must know in the very nature of things it was impossible for her to give him her heart. He remembered her pitilessly well. If he had been an artist he could have painted the dun gold of the long, fine hair, the violet eyes which the curling lashes shaded, the red lips with their haughty curve. He had never seen her since; but he laid on her memory the blame and burden of his solitary years. But for her, he thought, he too might have been husband and father—not living out thus, unloved and uncared for, his lonely life.

Unloved and uncared for! The words struck bitterly on his ear, and he repeated them over and over to himself, thinking the while thoughts new and strange. What had he done—did he or some invisible presence at his side ask the question—what had he done that any one should love him? Had he ever unselfishly tried

to make one human being happy? Had there ever been day or hour in which self had not been the centre round which all his aims revolved? He pushed away his letter with the Honorable on the cover. He began to doubt whether, after all, his life had been a success. What single good deed had he to be reckoned up in the days when by his works he must be justified or condemned? And now he was an old man—for the first time, he began to feel that—and it was, too late. Ah, it must have been a suggestion of the still, small voice that seemed to penetrate his heart.

"Not too late, O, never too late to begin to live for God and good!"

But what could he do?

"Go and see the Widow Maffi," the voice in his heart answered. "There would be a beginning. If you find her suffering you can help her."

He was acting on new impulses, but the resolute strength which had helped him all through life hurried him on now; and in half an hour he was at the door of Mrs. Maffi's fourth story room. Answering his knock, she did not know her visitor, and stood as if waiting to hear his errand.

"I am your landlord," he said, in tones which no emotion seemed to make other than stern; and then she stood aside and asked him to walk in.

He stepped into the bare, comfortable room. A fire dull for want of fuel flickered on the hearth, and before it, trying to warm his slender fingers, bent a boy of about twelve. Mr. Richmond's eyes, in their comprehensive gaze round the desolate, barren room, rested on him, and remained fixed. He was a slight fragile boy, who might have passed for younger than his years, save for the expression of maturity on his thoughtful countenance. But those violet eyes over which the long lashes curled, the dun gold hair falling softly round the pensive face—whose were they? He had never seen such since the day he parted with her—his enemy. He turned at last and looked at the mother. She remained quietly awaiting his pleasure—a woman of at least forty, worn by sorrow and touched by time, yet with a certain proud grace in her manner, as she stood in the same attitude in which she had stood twenty years before, on a day he could never forget. For this was his enemy! He would not have known her, perhaps, save for the golden hair; but now he saw all her old self in her changed features. She was waiting to learn his pleasure—what was his pleasure? Before to day he could have answered this question unhesitatingly; to humiliate her—to see her starve—to push her to the last extremity—to be revenged upon her by any and all means for the light esteem in which she had held him! Now—would any revenge of this kind satisfy him? Vaguely as something heard afar off some words came back to him—he thought he had heard his mother read them in his boyhood,—

"If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink!"

His heart throbbed strangely, but he kept all emotion out of his voice.

"I hear your rent is not ready, Mrs. Maffi."

"It is not. Frank has been ill so much and required so much of my attention, I hoped you would be willing to give me a little time. I think he will be better when spring opens."

"But you ought not to have expected much leniency from me. You told me years ago that I was a stern hard man. You might have softened me if you had tried then; but I think time has been turning me into stone."

She recognized him now, and her lip curled with a touch of the old scorn. To him of all men she would not sue for grace.

"I was true to myself then," she said, quietly. "I am not sorry, even now."

His enemy still, he thought—his starving enemy. Should he offer her bread or a stone? I have said that new impulses were guiding him, and with him impulses were all powerful. He went to the golden haired boy on the hearth.

"Would you like to live with me?" he asked him. "The fires are bright in my house, and the carpets warm and soft. There are pictures on the walls, and books without end in the cases."

At the sound of books and pictures the boy's eyes brightened; but he answered with a sturdy resolution which reminded Pierce Richmond again of her whom he called his enemy.

"I should like the fires and the carpets; and the books and the pictures better yet. But I'll not leave my mother."

"Will your mother come?" Mr. Richmond turned and looked into the worn face, flushing a little with indignation at his words. "I do not mean to ask any thing you could not grant," he hastened to say, in tones of quiet reassurance. "I am sixty two, and alone in the world. Wife I shall never have; and I need a housekeeper—a woman faithful enough to look out for my interests, and kind enough to nurse me patiently through my old age. If you will come to my home, and keep my house, it shall be your home, and your boy's home while I live, and at my death you shall be ensured against want."

The widow looked a moment into his eyes, and then gave him both her hands in a passion of eager gratitude.

"I deserve nothing of you," she said, "and you have saved me from despair."

But I think as time went on, and the elegant abode where Pierce Richmond had passed so many solitary years took on new aspects of ease and grace under a woman's finger; as little Frank met him whenever he came in with loving eagerness; and he began to understand something of the difference between a house and a home, he never repented that he had shown mercy to his enemy.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—At six o'clock this evening a procession of soldiers and sailors, and such of their friends as sympathize with them in their grateful acknowledgments to the President for his order lately issued, directing Heads of Departments to give preference in appointments and promotions to the subordinate offices to persons who have rendered honorable service in the army and navy, was formed and marched to the Executive Mansion with the Marine Band, to serenade President Johnson, who had signified to the committee that he would accept the compliment.

A very large number of persons of both sexes were previously on the ground awaiting the demonstration. At 5-15 the band played several patriotic airs, when the President made his appearance, and was greeted with applause by the assembled thousands. He took a stand in the coping of the wall, near the carriage-way, on the north side of the White House, when he was addressed on behalf of the soldiers and sailors by one of their number in highly complimentary terms, saying, in conclusion, "in return for your kindness we can but offer our sympathies and prayers, and trust that an all-wise Providence who has brought us through a baptism of blood, and to whom we owe our safety from slavery and by a Nation's tears, will so guide and direct you that you may calm the troubled waters, harmonize public opinion, and restore our whole country once more to peace and prosperity."

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

President Johnson said:—It is not affection in me to say that language is inadequate to convey the heartfelt feelings produced on this occasion by your presence here, and by the presentation of your sentiments, as expressed by your representative in his address, and in the resolutions which you have thought proper to adopt. I confess that in the peculiar posture of public affairs, your presence and address give encouragement and confidence to me in my efforts to discharge the duties incumbent upon me as Chief Magistrate of the Republic; and in what I have to say I shall address you in the character of citizens, sailors and soldiers. I shall speak to you on those terms, and on none other.

THANKS.

I repeat my thanks for the manifestation of your approbation and of your encouragement. (Applause.) We are today involved in one of the most critical and trying struggles that have ever occurred since this Government was spoken into existence. Nations, like individuals, must have a beginning—must have a birth. In struggling into existence a nation passes through its first trying ordeal. It is not necessary for me now to carry your minds back to the struggle when this nation was born. It is not necessary for me to allude to the privations and hardships of those who were engaged in that struggle to achieve the national birth. It is not necessary to point to the bloodshed and the lives lost accomplishing that result.

OUR NATION'S STRENGTH.

The next ordeal through which a nation has to pass is when it is called upon to give evidence that it has strength, capacity and power to maintain itself among the nations of the earth; in giving such evidence we passed through the war of 1812, and through the war with Mexico; and we passed through all the struggles that have since occurred up to the beginning of the Rebellion. This was our second ordeal. But a nation has another test still to undergo, and that is to give evidence to the nations of the earth, and to its own citizens, that it has power to resist internal foes, that it has strength enough to put down treason at home, and treason within its own borders.—(Cheers.)

PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

We have commenced that ordeal, and I trust in God we will pass through it successfully. (Cheers.) I feel complimented by the allusion of your representative to the fact that I stood in the Sen-

ate in 1860 and 1861, when the nation was entering on this third ordeal, and raised my voice and hand against treason, treachery and traitors at home. (Cheers.) I stand here to day holding to and maintaining the same principles which I then enunciated. I stand here to day opposing traitors and treason, whether they be in the South or in the North. (Loud cheers.) I stand here to day as I then stood, using all my powers, mental and physical, to preserve this nation in passing through the third phase of its existence.

The organized forces and combined powers that recently stood arrayed against us are disbanded and driven from the field; but it does not follow that there are still no enemies against our present form of Government and our free institutions. (Applause.) I then stood in the Senate of the United States denying the doctrine of separation and Secession. I denied then as I deny now that any State has the right of its own will to separate itself from the other States, and thereby to destroy the Union and break up the Government, and I think I have given some evidence that I have been sincere and in earnest, and now I want to know why it is that the whole train of slanderers, calumniators and traducers have been barking and snapping at my heels? Why is it that they array themselves against me? Is it because I stand on the side of the people, and when I say the people I include the sailors and soldiers? Why is it that they are arrayed in traducing and vilifying and calumniating? Where were they during the Rebellion? (A voice—"Home in bed!")

In the Senate I raised my voice against it, and when it was believed that it would be to the interest of the nation, and would assist in putting down the rebellion, did I not leave my place in the Senate—a place of emolument, ease and distinction, and take my position where the enemy could be reached, and where men's lives were in danger? (Cheers and cries of "that's so!")

TRADUCERS AND CALUMNIATORS.

While I was thus exposed personally and in every way, some of my present traducers and calumniators were far removed from the foe, and were enjoying ease and comfort. But I care not for them; I care not for that slander. The foul whelp of sin has been turned loose against me. I care not for all that, and let me tell you here to day this, although pretty well advanced in life, I feel that I shall live long enough to live down the whole pack of traducers and slanderers. (Applause.) They have turned the whole pack loose to lower me in your estimation. (Voices, "They cannot do it.") Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, little dogs and all, come along snapping and snarling at my heels, but I feel them not. The American people, citizens, soldiers and sailors, know that from my advent into public life to the present moment I have always stood unyieldingly and unwavering as the advocate and defender of their rights and interests. (Cheers.)

THIRD ORDEAL.

We are now in the nation's third ordeal; we are not yet through it. We said that States could not go out of the Union; we denied the doctrine of Secession, and we have demonstrated that we were right; we demonstrated that the strong arm; yes, the soldiers and the sailors—God bless them!—have demonstrated, by their patriotic hearts and strong arms, that States have not the power to leave the Union. (Applause.) What followed? The Confederate armies were overpowered and disbanded, and there was a willingness, on the part of the people of those States, to come back, to be obedient to the laws, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution of our fathers.

For what have we passed through this ordeal? It was to establish the principle that no States had the power to break up this Government. It was to put down the Rebellion. The rebellion has been put down, and for what? Was it to destroy the States? (Voices, "Never!") For what have all these lives been sacrificed and all this treasure expended? Was it for the purpose of destroying the States? No. It was for the purpose of preserving the States in the Union of our fathers. It was for that you fought; it was for that I toiled, not to break up the Government, but to put down the Rebellion and preserve the union of the States. That is what we have been contending for, and to establish the fact that the nation can lift itself above and beyond intestine foes and treason and traitors at home.

MASSACHUSETTS.

When the rebellion in Massachusetts was put down, did that put Massachusetts out of the Union and destroy that State? When the Rebellion in Pennsylvania was put down, did that destroy the State, and put it out of the Union? So when this last great rebellion was put down, and the Constitution and laws of the country were restored, the States engaged in it stood, as part of the Union. The Rebellion being crushed, and the law being restored, the Constitution being acknowledged, those States stand in the Union, constituting a part of the glorious and bright galaxy of Stars. (Cheers.)

WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION.

In passing through this ordeal what