

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, OCT. 29, 1867.

[VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 44.]

AUTUMN.

There is a glory on the earth to-day,
There is a spirit in the changing trees,
There is a soft, low murmur in my heart,
And on the breeze.

Sweet autumn sheds a gentle influence
now,
The world is clad in beauty and in light;
The sunshine shimmers softly through the
trees,
And all is bright.

Some spirit has made love to every flower
That breathes its life out on the passing
breeze,
Some magic hand has thrown a witching
garb
Upon the trees.

For all the blossoms blush—they seem
rare gems
From the bright land of dreams. In earth-
ward flight,
Some Seraph's wing has swept the trees
and left
Glances of its light.

Above us bends the silent, cloudless sky,
And o'er its depths a lone bird wings its
flight;
Seen for one moment, then like gilded hope
It fades from sight.

The Spirit of the wind has struck his harp,
But altered is the music of the lay;
The notes are wailing, and the burden is,
"Passing away."

We love to linger out. The deep, blue sky
Seems nearer now than when the summer's
here;
The rustling leaves a melting murmur cast
Upon the ear.

Yes, the spirit of the mighty Past,
They wake a chord in each heart as they
sing
"Bright days fly fast."

STONE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

BY DUTTON COOKE.

It was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. By some this may have been said of him disparagingly, though others undoubtedly applied the words in a complimentary sense. Practicality has its eulogists, but it has also its censurers. There are people who will find fault with prose because it isn't poetry; the same sort of people consistently denounce practicality, because of its deficiency in speculativeness. For it is a common form of criticism to condemn a thing not so much for what it is as for not being something else; that desiderated something else being, in most cases, something entirely antipodean and irrelevant to the original and disrelished thing.

If Ned Stone had ever fault found with him on the score that he was practical, and that he wasn't poetical, he might have answered with Mistress Audrey—supposing (and it's a doubtful case) that he was informed of the existence of that rustic—"I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" Certainly in both word and deed he was himself honest and true. For things that were otherwise he was quite without sympathy. Indeed, he was for the most part without any knowledge concerning them; being a simple, straightforward gentleman, who went his own way, lived his own life, did what it fell to his lot to do, in a curiously sober, steady, homely fashion. He never swerved to the right or to the left. It did not occur to him, apparently, to deviate from a compact plan of consistent conduct. He never seemed to say anything he did not mean, or to mean anything he did not say; the while his openness had not about it that element of offensiveness which characterizes the unreserve of some people; with whom "speaking their minds," as they phrase it, is rather like cracking a bad egg—an operation better pretermitted than performed.

Ned Stone's mind ran pure and clear as a brook. You were of course at liberty, if such was your humor, to deride it as being merely a water-brook after all—preferring a fount of strong claret, perhaps. Still the former, be it remembered, is available at all times, and delectable ever in its own mild way; whereas, the latter is only for occasions of festivity at long intervals, never running for any protracted period, nor always quite clear, and, with all its charms, capable, upon provocation, of giving you a headache, or of throwing you into a fever.

He was a broker in the city—nothing more nor less than that. Whether his labor and profits had to do with tea and sugar, or ships or stock, I am not certain. I found it sufficient to know that he was a broker of some kind in the city. The fact conveyed a certain idea to my mind. If I had sought to enlarge the idea by clarifying the fact, I might have found myself less enlightened, than further confused about the matter; for inquiry, I notice, often bewilders as much as it instructs. He had been very poor at one time of his life, and had had to work very hard. His industry, however, had in the

end met with its due reward. Arrived at middle age, he was very comfortably circumstanced, and he saw no reason to doubt that his prosperity would continue. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking to himself a wife, it was felt generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one, and only what might, under all the circumstances of the case, have been reasonably expected. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Miss Georgiana Warren, the daughter of a wealthy East India merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by the lady, we of course hastened to tender him our hearty congratulations on the happy occasion. When I say "we," I must not be understood as employing the editorial first person plural by way of veiling my own individuality; but as speaking on behalf of myself and various other friends of Ned Stone's, who were also my friends, and who cordially agreed with me in wishing joy to our friend upon the proposed important change in his life.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way. "Well, you know I'm getting on," he said, "and if I am ever to marry, it's about time I should think of setting about it. A few years hence it will be too late. I shall be settled down then in a bachelor kind of life, have adopted bachelor views and habits, and bachelor ways of looking at things, which I shouldn't be able to alter or get out of at any price. A few years ago I couldn't have afforded it, to put the matter plainly, and so it was out of the question. But I always looked forward to getting married when I could afford it; and so now, when I can afford it, I'm going to carry out the notion.—You're very kind. I think I shall be happy—in fact, I've no doubt, to be married. One ought not to expect too much, of course. But I'm fond, in my way, of this Georgiana Warren; and I think that she, in her way, is fond of me. She is not too young, nor too old; not too good-looking, nor too plain. She's sensible enough, and accomplished enough; and I don't see why she shouldn't make me a very good kind of wife; and similarly, I don't see why I shouldn't make her a very good kind of husband. I know I'll do all I can to make her happy and comfortable, and I've no doubt she'll do the same on her side. What more is there to be said? Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father; and perhaps also old Warren, the father, isn't very fond of me. But still I don't see that that need matter very much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by and by; meantime we must rub on as well as we can; and I must try and make the best of the old gentleman's humors, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid. We needn't be meeting so very often, you know. And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of anybody else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of me. And if Georgiana likes me (and she says she does), and if I like Georgiana (and I know I do), that seems to me the chief part of the business. I don't think I need trouble myself much about the old man's views on the subject. You see it's our affair—Georgiana's and mine—and not his; though it's hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will all come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgiana when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She's very good sense, and I think she looks at the matter very much as I do—only, of course, she can't help feeling he is her father; whereas, thank goodness, he is not mine. I'm much obliged to you all for your good wishes, I say again."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As for "writing a woful ballad to his mistress's eyebrows," I don't fancy he could have accomplished such a feat, even if his life had depended on his doing so. His pulse beat ever steadily and punctually. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency towards a rise.—Let Cupid do all he could, it did not seem that he was able to work very vital changes in these respects. Stone, it was evident, persisted in contemplating love and marriage from the prosaic and practical point of view. Notions of poetry and sentiment on those or any other subjects were not possible to him. His constitutional serenity refused to be disturbed at all by "the quotidian of love." There was nothing about him demonstrating "a careless desolation." The "marks of love," as they are ordinarily understood, were not discernible upon him. He was, indeed, a great disappointment to conventional ideas in relation to the lover. Many, perhaps, would be inclined to think that he was not to be regarded as a lover at all—that he was simply a man going to be married—which character does not necessarily involve the former more attractive and showy role. Certainly he did not attitudinize, or specchify, or behave in the eccentric way which is popularly expected of a lover. He affected no particular raptures as to the proposed change in his life, though he looked forward to it with a sort of calm satisfaction. He never said a word as to the anticipated state of his breast, or the excitement of his feelings. He did not regard

Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess; probably he would have been the first to contradict any allegation that might have been made to the effect that she was anything of the kind. Passion did not perplex or discompose his vision. Miss Warren seemed simply to him what she seemed to everybody else—a nice-looking, sensible English girl. If he was to be considered a lover at all, why then it was as a lover with a large infusion of the man of business. At the same time it would be noted that as a man of business Ned Stone was a strictly honorable and thorough-going gentleman.

It was interesting to a looker-on; if it could be called a romance at all, it was unquestionably a dull one. Yet there was something respectable about it, too. His affection was not all for display, but wholly for use; a solid and durable-looking article, and in that light commanding attention. It was not a wine that sparkled and effervesced, bubbling over the glass brim in rose-inted foam; yet it might, for all that, be of a sound, still and potent vintage.—Possibly, too, it would be found to keep better than its more dashing and sumptuous rival.

"O, haven't you heard?" he said quietly. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair's off; our engagement has come to an end."

"You do not mean that?"

"Yes; the thing's 'broken off,' as people say. It's a bad job, and I'm sorry about it—but it can't be helped."

Had the lady resented his serenity and dismissed him? I asked myself. As though he had heard the question, he went on:

"It's the old man's doing. I hope he's satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet with."

"But what did he do?"

I liked the man. His worthiness, indeed, commanded the regard of all.—Moreover, he was a staunch, generous fellow, a most trusty and resolute friend. To me the progress of his love affair was a matter of curious study. I was often considering the question, Would it change him much? would his practicality ultimately succumb? was his philosophy wholly proof against passion? would he not rather like to meet the lady coolly he might enter on the matter, and at least an unexpected fire kindling and crackling in his breast?

I called upon him one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and he held in his hand a small sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent topics; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgiana Warren.

"Well, we fell out about the settlements;—that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle upon his daughter—it wasn't much, after all—just as he pleased; I didn't want to touch a halfpenny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as strictly as ever he pleased; or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted, and not his money. And for my part, I'd take care that my wife didn't come to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit, in case of my death, covenanting, of course, to pay the premiums regularly, and to keep up the insurance in the usual way. I thought that a fair arrangement enough; but it didn't content him. He wanted, to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a ha'porth of confidence in me. He gave me credit for no sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money I might in future become possessed of I should covenant to bring into the settlement. It was most absurd. Of course I didn't consent to it. I had my business to consider. It may be very desirable by and by to invest further capital in it.—Why should I be hindered from investing my own money in the way I might deem best? Of course my wife and my children—if I ever have any—will reap the benefit of it just as much as I shall. However, he wouldn't listen to me; so there was nothing more to be said. He wouldn't give in; and I wouldn't. I told Georgiana exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her whether she'd marry me without the old man's consent. Poor girl!—she was in a dreadful way. But she didn't dare do that. She shrunk from offending her father; so there's no help for it—the thing's broken off, and I'm not to be married, it seems—this time, at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of temper. I endeavored to console him in a common-place sort of a way. It was a difficult matter to know what to say upon such an occasion, and consolation at all times is apt to run into rather common-place forms.

He opened the small packet he had been holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said. "Here are all my letters to Georgiana. And here's a little present I gave to her, sent back to me."

There were not many letters. They were written, I could see, in my friend's

usual bold, plain, legible hand. Their contents I could guess: little enough like conventional love-letters probably—very unecstatic compositions—yet simple and to the purpose, and unmistakable enough. The present was a ring, a large diamond, heavily set in plain gold—just the valuable, substantial, simple present I could have fancied Ned Stone selecting for his betrothed.

"I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgiana's letters to me," he said. "Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way when engagements come to an end like this?"

He rubbed his chin and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said presently; "and let's talk about something else; this is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell us what you've been doing with yourself lately."

So we fell to talking about this, that, and the other. Presently I left him. As I went away he said quietly, "I think I shall try and see Georgiana once more, for a particular reason."

I did not ask what that particular reason was, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterwards I saw him again. He was at no time subject much to change of mood, or at any rate seldom betrayed any variation of that kind. Yet it struck me that, if anything, he was in rather better spirits than usual.

"You didn't mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a particularly good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said, "because, as it happens, the engagement isn't broken off; or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgiana again. Well, I knew that she often went with her father and other friends to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. I couldn't call at old Warren's house, you know, because I understood that I was as good as kicked out of that. So I went to the Zoological. I've a friend who's a Fellow, who gives me a ticket for Sundays whenever I ask him, and I discovered her, with Warren, and a lot of other people. She saw me, and understood by my signs that I wanted to speak to her on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of the party went to look at the kangaroos, she slipped with me into the snakehouse. She looked rather frightened, and the tears stood in her eyes; so I put my arm around her—it didn't matter to me who saw me, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I then told her that I was sorry that I had not sent her back her letters as I ought to have, but the plain fact of the matter was I couldn't do it. 'You love me still, then, Ned?' she said. 'Of course I do, Georgy; I said; 'who's been telling you I don't?' Then she began crying terribly. 'Come, Georgy,' I said, 'let's be married, whether papa likes it or not; only say the word.' She didn't say the word. 'Poor child! I don't think she could speak for crying; but she looked at me, and she gave ever such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw. Of course I kissed her; and then I turned, and who should be standing close at my side but old Warren! Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make believe that she was only looking at the boa constrictor. But of course that didn't do; so I said to old Warren in a cherry sort of way, putting on my hand, 'Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it us.' He was so astonished, that before, I think, he quite knew what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing around and looking on. 'Of course he couldn't go back after that; and so—and—so the thing was settled.'

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance, "How lucky it was you didn't send back Miss Warren her letters!"

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her; I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you."

At last, then, he'd been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he explained; "I couldn't send them back because—I hadn't kept them; I'd destroyed them."

"Yes; what was the good of them? I only kept business letters; they're all regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters, they were of no use. It was no good in keeping them. I made them into pipe-lights!"

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me enquire you, whatever you do, don't give Miss Warren your explanation about the letters."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason; because they were so dear to you that you couldn't part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

"Do you think so?" he asked musingly. "But if Georgy's made any mistake about the matter, I think I'm bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice. For fear of accidents, set her right—if you must set her right, after the wedding ceremony, you know."

Whether or not he took my advice I'm not aware. He was married in due course to Miss Warren; and I know that that lady was often heard to declare subsequently she had married the best husband in the world.

His practicality had answered; and it may be a good plan to convert love-letters into pipe-lights; still I shrink from laying it down as a rule that such a course should be invariably adopted. Lovers must be left in that respect to pursue their own devices and to do what may seem right in their own eyes. It must be owned, however, that the story of Stone's love affair shows that there is something to gain in favor of practicality.

Fattening Swine.

Farmers begin to fatten swine too late. The consequence is that the animal scarcely gets under way, when the time comes for slaughtering him. Our best managers make it a rule to keep the animal growing without intermission from the period of its existence until ready for the pork barrel.

If kept over winter, they are fed and kept comfortable throughout, and the regular fattening process is commenced early in the spring. A bushel of corn given thus early in the season to a vigorous growing animal, is worth much more than the same amount fed in autumn, and far more than if fed in cold weather or in winter.

One reason that some farmers find it unprofitable to fatten pork, is that a large part of the process has to be performed when the weather has become so cold that much of the feed is required merely for the best pork raiser we know of, in one instance grown a pig eight months old so as to weigh about four hundred lbs. and in another 450 lbs. in ten months.—He has the corn ground to meal, and prepares it by pouring into a covered tub 4 pails of boiling water to each heaping pail of dry meal. After standing a day or two more it will become nearly a solid mass, and make excellent feed.

The animals are kept perfectly clean, dry and comfortable, (not in a close pen, but in a small yard), are fed with great regularity, and never quite so much as they will eat, surfeit being carefully avoided. He finds that pork thus manufactured costs him only five cents a pound when corn is a dollar a bushel.

Farmers who have not begun to fatten their swine regularly, as they should have done months ago, should commence immediately. By attending to the particulars just mentioned they will find the business far more profitable than the too frequent process of feeding in the ear, giving the feed irregularly both as to time and quantity, and paying no attention to cleanliness and comfort.

The skillful farmer whose practice we have already described, finds that the mixture of meal and hot water makes twice as much pork as corn fed on the cob, according to careful weighing and measuring.

Mrs. Lincoln's Finery.

The widow of President Lincoln has insisted upon largely advertising her true character to the American people, and to the world. An intensely vulgar woman, her conduct throughout the administration of her husband was mortifying. The gaudy bad taste with which she dressed, and the constant effort to make a show of herself disgusted all observers.

She was always trying to meddle in public affairs, and now she will have it known to the whole world that she accepted costly presents from corrupt contractors. Her relatives were nearly all accessories, and it was suspected that her sympathies were rather with the rebellion than the nation; and her highest dream of ambition to be recognized as one of the Southern aristocracy.

After the death of her husband, her conduct was disgraceful. She lingered at the White House, and when she had to leave it sought to appropriate as her personal property articles that belonged to the house.

Mr. Weed shows that she deliberately sent in a bill for a dinner to the Prince Napoleon to the Secretary of the Interior, charging three times the cost of the dinner; and at length got her money under a false pretense that was acquiesced in rather than make a scandal.

Having been charitably permitted to sink into obscurity, she demands notoriety at the expense of public shame, and we have no doubt she enjoys the large advertising she is receiving from the press of the country.

She had plenty of money to live comfortably with, but she wants show, and regards it her right to revel in barbaric pomp. Hence her cries about the ingratitude of the people and the need of money. If she had had the good sense to return to return to her old house in Springfield, and to live modestly there, she with all her fault, would have been respected, and perhaps in time she might have been revered by the American people.—She could not think of such a thing, however. Her complaint of straightened circumstances is unwarranted.—Cincinnati Commercial (Radical).

Kind Inquiries.

Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down to Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there.

Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza where she was enjoying the evening air, in company of two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony.

After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the silence—

"How's your father?"

Which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your mother and father?"

"Quite well, both of them."

This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the air ring.

No Stamp on it.

A good joke came off quite recently at a court house. A person living a short distance out of the village is in the habit of frequently coming into town and drinking to intoxication. At such times he usually called upon his honor, Judge M.—Recently he made one of his visits, became decidedly tipsy, called upon Judge M., and desired the Judge to write him a pledge, asserting his intention to cease drinking.

His honor wrote the pledge as desired, and the tipsy individual affixed his name thereto. He then desired to have the pledge that he might take it home and exhibit it to his wife.

His honor thought he was himself the proper custodian of the important agreement, but yielded to the solicitations of the man, at the same time assuring him that if he broke the contract, and appeared before him again in a state of intoxication, he would have him locked up.

A week elapsed, and the Judge was confronted by the same man, as tipsy as ever.

"How is this?" said his honor. "Did I not tell you I would have you locked up if you did not keep your agreement?"

"Judge M.—," said the tipsy fellow, "do you think I am a fool? I know what I am about. I'll show you if I am a fool!" and he drew forth his wallet from his pocket, took out his pledge, unfolded its worn creases, and holding it up triumphantly, exclaimed:

"Will you just show me the United States Internal Revenue stamp on that agreement?"

The Judge caved.

A Limited Circle.

When the celebrated Lord Castlereagh was stopping once to change horses at some very poverty-stricken post-station in Ireland, his carriage was surrounded by beggars who implored him in all the eager accents of native entreaty for a charity. Taking no notice of their appeals, he sat cold and unmoved until the horses were ready to start, when a very miserable looking fellow approached the carriage, and said in a voice of persuasive entreaty:

"One sixpence, my lord—only one sixpence, and it will treat all your friends in Ireland!"—Blackwood's Magazine.

—When Artemus Ward was in Virginia City, Nevada, the hardy pioneers forced whiskey upon him every three minutes during his stay. When he came to go away, they surrounded the coach and cheered him. He mounted the vehicle and said:

"Good bye. Take care of yourselves. I was never in a place in my life where I was treated as well as I have been here, nor, I may add, so often."

—In the sinner's life, the roses perish, the thorns are left; in the good man's, the thorns die and the roses live.