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TRACY'S SECOND WIFE.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"What makes you so late to-night, Tracy?"

Frank Tracy laughed and reddened a little as his room-mate, Howard Leigh, carelessly put the question.

"Blushing, eh?" pursued the latter, with a spice of mischievous malice in his voice, "then of course I am to conclude that you have been in the charming society of some young lady."

"Your guess is partly right," said Tracy, lightly, "but the lady is a very little lady. To tell you the truth, I have been spending the evening at Mrs. Walton's, and playing with that baby of hers. I never saw such a little Hebe in my life. Why, I could have sat for hours with that baby on my knee!"

"Then I am to conclude that she neither chewed your cravat ends nor jerked at your watch chain, to say nothing of crying?"

"Not a bit of it. She's the most perfect little piece of flesh and blood I ever saw in my life; if I thought she would grow up half as pretty as she is now, upon my life I'd wait for her!"

"And what would Leonore Warren say?"

"Ah, what indeed! I'm glad you've recalled me to loyalty, though certainly Leonore can't very well be jealous of my tiny flirtations with Mrs. Walton's pretty baby. Heigho, I sometimes think I've made a mistake in engaging myself to Leonore Warren. She is as beautiful as an angel, and yet somehow we don't seem to be congenial."

"Rather late to think about that, I should imagine, when the wedding day is fixed, and passage taken in the European steamer for the wedding tour. By the way, Frank, how long shall you remain in Europe?"

"I can't say, some years I believe—Leonore thinks a residence in Paris will be delightful. I don't agree with her; but brides, you know, are privileged to have their own way. I'll tell you what, Howard, the prettiest pink coral in Naples shall be sent to hang around the ivory neck of Mrs. Walton's baby."

"Frank, how fond you are of children?"

"You're wrong there, my boy—I am not fond of children, generally speaking, but I don't know who could help loving that little brown-eyed seraph."

Frank took up the newspaper as he spoke, and the conversation gradually merged into the all entrancing subject of politics, foreign and domestic.

Twenty years have abbed and flowed in the broad channel of time, and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had just taken possession of their elegant home after a long residence abroad. It was evening. The gilded clock on the mantel pointed to the hour of seven, the fire burned clearly in the ornamented grate, and the flowers in the several vases on each side of the chimney-piece, were scarcely brighter in their hues than the pictured blossoms on the superb velvet carpet. Frank Tracy, who had changed from a handsome youth into a tall, stately man of about forty, stood thoughtfully before the fire, while his languid, faded-looking wife, reclined on a sofa in the lustrous shine of the glowing chandeliers. There was only one guest present to break the monotony of the conjugal *le-ta-te*, and he was our old acquaintance, Howard Leigh.

"I do wish, Frank, you wouldn't keep drumming with your fingers on that mantel, it makes me so nervous, but of course you do not care for that," exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, petulantly.

"I beg your pardon, my love; I was not aware that I was annoying you."

"Why don't the servant bring up the chocolate?" pursued Mrs. Tracy, elevating her eyebrows.

"Shall I ring and enquire?"

"No, it isn't worth while. If we had only remained in *la belle Paris*, where the servants understand their business."

"Then you preferred Paris as a residence," said Leigh.

"Oh, by all means, but Frank never could be contented there. It is the most absurd whim of his, returning to America!"

"You forget, Leonore," said Frank, somewhat gravely, "that America is home!"

Mrs. Tracy tossed her head and took refuge in a bottle of smelling salts. Her husband turned carelessly to Leigh and resumed the conversation that her petulance had disturbed.

"I haven't asked yet whether my old acquaintances, the Waltons, are living or dead. You have not forgotten my penchant for the beautiful baby?"

"Oh, the Waltons disappeared long ago from the current of New-York life. He failed, or something—blew his brains out, I believe. She died of a broken heart, *La Belle* was sent, I understood, to an orphan asylum, where she has already sprouted up into a gawky, red-haired woman."

Tracy was silent a moment contemplating upon the sad facility with which people slip from the cares and memories of their friends in the whirl of large cities.

All at once the door was thrown open, and two or three rosy little children bounded into the room, with long shining curls hanging on their white shoulders, and

eyes all in a sparkle with infantine merriment.

"Don't come near me, you noisy little monsters!" hissed Leonore, waving them away with her snowy, jeweled hand; "you'll crush my silks and laces ruinously!"

No word of reproof, however, fell from Frank Tracy's lips, as the little ones climbed on his knee and hung around his neck. Those children were the sunshine of his life; he endured his wife, but he idolized his children.

"Poor Tracy, it's quite plain to see that he is not happy," said Leigh, that evening, as he was taking his ease within his cozy home circle. "That wife of his is enough to drive a man distracted. I wonder he don't commit suicide!"

"And so, some days afterwards, when the sudden death of Mrs. Tracy was announced in the newspapers—ailment, disease of the heart—his first thought was: 'What a lucky thing for Frank!'"

It was scarcely a year after Mrs. Tracy's decease, and the widower was sitting alone in his study, when Howard Leigh was announced.

"Well, my dear friend!" was his smiling salutation, "what news do you bring me?"

"Capital news!" said Leigh. "Do you know, I've just engaged a splendid governess for your children?"

"I am heartily glad of it; the little rebels are getting quite beyond my management. They need some gentle, affectionate female influence."

"And they will have it. This is one of the finest girls I've seen for a long time; she has been teaching in an academy, but thinks she should prefer a situation in some private family. She is all grace and gentle dignity—a jewel of a governess!"

"I am delighted at your success. When will she come to take charge of my children?"

"This evening. But I haven't told you the strangest coincidence of all! Who do you suppose she is?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine."

"Her name is Agnes Walton; she is the same whom you took such a fancy to in the days of her babyhood. I can tell you, she don't know you were an old bean of hers, else she would shrink from assuming this responsible situation in your family!"

"Nonsense," said Tracy, half laughing, half embarrassed. "But I am sorry she is reduced to the wretched life of a governess."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and several times that afternoon it recurred to Frank Tracy's mind. He wished he could see her.

The gas had been lighted, however, and the little girls were safely tucked up in bed, after having said their prayers on "papa's" knees, before the new governess was announced.

"Miss Walton, pray be seated."

He saw at the first glance that the pretty baby had grown into an exquisitely lovely girl of twenty-two, with soft tender eyes like a Madonna, and sad, quivering lips. Poor Agnes—she had been so much accustomed to rebuffs and cold neglect at the hands of the world, that Mr. Tracy's chivalric politeness affected her nearly to tears. He noticed it; he observed the delicate, shy refinement, and the timid glances from beneath her lashes. Frank Tracy was a great physiognomist, and he drew his own inferences from those things. After a few gentle questions he asked:

"But, Miss Walton, why did you leave the Academy?"

"The principal was harsh and unkind to me, and the place was noisy. O, sir, if you knew how I have hungered and thirsted for a quiet home!"

"My dear Miss Walton," he said, smiling, "I commissioned my friend, Howard Leigh, to find a governess for me, but I am in much more need of a wife. I think you would suit me in that capacity. Will you accept of the home as a permanent engagement, and me as the encumbrance thereof?"

Agnes looked a moment into his kind eyes, and placed her little hand confidently in his and said, "I will!"

And thus concluded their extremely brief courtship. Yet when Frank told her of the many years he had secretly worshipped at the shrine of "Mrs. Walton's pretty baby," she didn't think it so very strange after all.

Thus it was that Frank Tracy married his beautiful second wife, and the little ones, instead of a governess got a mamma, whom little Minnie confidently informed her sister, "she liked a great deal better than the old mamma who was always afraid of having her hair or collar disarranged, while new mamma liked to have her daughters hug and kiss her."

And Howard Leigh was satisfied that his friend had married the right person at last.

The papers inform us that "one Joseph Merrick, of Lowell, Mass., got drunk a few days since and tried to swallow a large piece of tripe without mastication, which resulted in his being choked to death!" Something like that happened to the Radicals. Getting drunk on power, they tried to swallow the negro whole, and, like "Joseph Merrick," got choked to death.

Reception of Judge Woodward.

On his return home from Europe, Judge Woodward was received by a large concourse of his fellow citizens, at Wilkes-barre. On behalf of the people, Gen. E. L. Dana welcomed him as follows:

HONORED SIR:—This large concourse of your fellow citizens and fellow townsmen, have assembled this evening, to give you a cordial welcome home. It would be far more gratifying to them, as I doubt not it would be to yourself, could they come forward individually, and grasping you by the hand, express each for himself his pleasure at your safe return, his congratulations that He who rules the sea has conducted you safely "to the haven where you would be," and restored you to your country and your friends. As such greetings is however impracticable with this large assemblage, they have commissioned me in their names, in their behalf and in their presence to bid you welcome.

They desire to evince by this public demonstration, their respect for you as the Chief Justice presiding over the highest judicial tribunal of Pennsylvania, a tribunal comparing favorably in learning and ability, with any in this or other countries.

Your discharge of the duties of this high office has received, as it merited, the unqualified approval both of the profession and of the people, and your reelection for another term, except for your declination of the honor, would have been effected, probably, without opposition.

Your fellow citizens further desire to bid you welcome as one of themselves, as a friend and neighbor, in whose happiness and advancement they find occasion for rejoicing, and in whose sorrows and recent bereavement they deeply sympathize.

They desire, however, more especially this evening to give you welcome and greeting, as their member elect from the 12th Congressional District of Pennsylvania. They have come here to-night to ratify and confirm the new relation between themselves your constituents, your principals, and respectfully yet confidently to claim you as their representative and accredited agent.

For months past indications, feeble at first, but increasing in force and significance, as events rolled on, gave promise to the friends of Constitutional government, that the great mass of conservative people were carefully scrutinizing the condition and future of our country, that such scrutiny would be likely to result in essentially modifying the policy of the dominant party, in curbing the revolutionary excess of radicalism, and in revoking the authority of those who had abused the trust committed to them, and who, in the struggle for place and the perpetuation of party supremacy, had forgotten the vital interests of the common weal.

It was becoming obvious that the assumption of an unwarranted power, whether by Congress or by the Executive, would be no longer tolerated. That the maxim "*inter arma, leges silent*" was no longer an excuse for usurpation. The clash of arms having ceased, and all occasion for their employment removed, it was time that the supremacy of the laws be re-instated, that their voices be heard and their mandate obeyed. It was equally obvious that great questions were awaiting solution, that high interests were neglected, whilst minor subjects obtained undue prominence and received exclusive attention. The hour had arrived when integrity and state-manship were demanded, were promised opportunity of employment and the prospect of achieving important results.

At such an hour, in such a condition of the public mind, the Convention of September met to select, in accordance with Democratic usage, a nominee from the 12th Congressional District to the fourth Congress of the United States. In connection with your own, the names of gentlemen of high social and political standing, of tried ability and integrity, were presented to the Convention, yet impressed by the considerations to which I have referred, called upon by the demands of the hour, without your knowledge, without solicitation on your part, against your then entertained wishes, in your absence beyond seas, an absence to be prolonged beyond the close of the canvass, you were selected with an enthusiasm and unanimity unparalleled. A contest of some bitterness, conducted with great energy and vigilance by the opposition, watched with intense interest in other districts and in other States, resulted in your and our success.

In selecting you for this position, the electors of the District claim that they "have deserved well of their country."—In presenting themselves to receive you to-night they do not for a moment indulge the assumption that in their choice they have conferred upon you either honor or reward. It was with no purpose of rewarding your past services that you were selected, nor was the idea entertained that your election to Congress would in itself add to your wide and well earned reputation. Higher considerations than these induced the choice.

Your fellow citizens, who for more than thirty years have known and observed

you in social and public life, recognizing your commanding abilities, your matured and large experience as a statesman and a jurist, have assigned you to this position for their own and the public good. They have placed an office in your hands not as an honor but as a solemn trust and duty.

They are not here to-night to claim rewards or consideration or influence for having given you their support and their suffrages. They are here to urge your acceptance to the duties to which they have voluntarily named you. They make their appeal to your patriotism, they plead the wants of our common country, its cry for help and your ability to aid it. Persuaded that you will sink personal convenience and considerations, and acquiesce in the call thus made upon you, we beg leave to assure you that you will enter upon your duties untrammelled by pledges, with freedom to pursue the course your judgment and conscience shall dictate.— That in addition to the commanding influence which your known abilities will secure, you will also possess the influence of a representative of the people in its true and primitive sense, as one voluntarily selected of them and by them. And in your consels their presence will be felt; in your words theirs will also be heard.

We cannot credit that public virtue is so far lost that a consideration like this will be without force. It has ever been the fond dream of philanthropy that again as in some distant golden age of the past, the time would come when office would seek the man rather than the man the office. But when since the days of the illustrious patriot whose honored name you bear, until now, has this dream been realized?

I dare not detain you and this waiting audience longer than to remind you that although chosen by the electors of this district, other districts throughout the State, in their present stunted representation, have hailed your selection with a pleasure only equaled by ours. Nor is this feeling confined to Pennsylvania alone. The friends of constitutional government everywhere, in every State, unite in the greeting to this evening give you. In addition to this vast surrounding sea of upturned faces, lit up by the lurid glare of their torches, you have other constituents not of this fold, who equally look to you as their champion in the conflict of the Constitution with fanaticism, of order under the laws with revolution.

I should be happy to refer to the cheering indications which reach us from all sides, that a brighter day is dawning. A secondary purpose of the meeting to-night was to rejoice, not over defeated opponents but over the triumphs of our cause and our principles already secured, and in the prospect of those anticipated in the future.

The clouds which have shrouded us during these long weary years are breaking away, the bow of promise begins to form its arch upon the receding clouds, resting its eastern extreme upon Maine, its western upon California, with the Keystone in its place, and New York and New Jersey soon to add their segments. A little more light, a little more sunshine, and clearing up of the mists are needed to complete the ancient symbol of promise, and to give assurance that we shall not soon again be visited by another deluge.

Fellow citizens, I have the pleasure of introducing to you your Representative elect, the Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

JUDGE WOODWARD'S RESPONSE.

My Fellow Citizens—Friends and Neighbors as I prefer to call you—Ever since I set foot on my native shores, on my return from a hasty tour of Europe, I have been overwhelmed with expressions of sympathy, confidence and affection.

As soon as I landed in New York, and all along my route homeward, and here at home, my fellow citizens received me with so cordial a greeting that they mitigated, as far as it could be mitigated, the heavy affliction which had just fallen upon my family, and to which your eloquent spokesman has alluded so touchingly. And this demonstration to-night, following and ratifying my election to Congress, whilst I was absent from you, is another emphatic expression of popular confidence.

Gentlemen, for all the great and unmerited honor you have done me I thank you. And through you I desire to return my hearty thanks to all the Democratic people of the 12th Congressional District. I wish they were all before me now, that I might make my grateful acknowledgments to every man of them in person.

I want to be a little more precise in my acknowledgments, and before I forget it, I improve this opportunity to say, that I have long considered myself under a great debt of gratitude to the people of Luzerne county. More than 40 years ago I came among them, a stranger, a stripling, and they adopted me as a son. They gave me whatever of professional reputation and rewards I gained. They first introduced me to the Pennsylvania public by sending me to sit in the Constitutional Convention by a larger majority than any other member of that Convention had received; and from that day to this, they have never had an opportunity to record a vote in my favor that they have not recorded it.

Luzerne has yet to cast her first vote against me. (A voice in the crowd—

"that she will never do.") No matter what the office, whether Judge of the Supreme Court, Governor of the Commonwealth, or member of Congress, this county has always sustained me with a hearty good will, and I am proud to make this public acknowledgment of her generous confidence.

My relations with the people of Susquehanna county have been less intimate, but I used to practice law to some extent in that county, and among her very intelligent people I had many personal and political friends.

It gives me great satisfaction to learn, as a result of the late election, that while a majority of the people of Susquehanna are still joined, like Ephraim, to their idols, it is by a diminished majority, which, it may be hoped, will grow small by degrees and beautifully less, until it disappears altogether.

I have been thus distinct in alluding to my obligations to the people of the 12th district because out of these grows the plain duty to accept the trust now imposed upon me. I am bound to serve a people who have so long honored and sustained me by their friendship. And therefore, though I did not desire the nomination, and sent home a declination which I understood was published in the papers, and though I would have been glad if one of the several very respectable citizens whose names were before the convention had been preferred to me, yet since it is the will of the sovereigns that I should go to Congress, to Congress I will go, and will represent you to the best of my abilities. If it involves any sacrifice I make the sacrifice cheerfully for such a constituency. A people who have done so much for me have a right to demand the best I can do for them.— If therefore you are not satisfactorily represented in Congress it will be because I cannot represent you. The best I can do shall be done.

Whilst I may well distrust my ability to serve you acceptably, I can be at no loss about the course you would have me pursue. You have elected me to fill out the unexpired term of your late noble representative, the Hon. Charles Denison, and have intimated thereby that you would have me walk in the path illuminated by his clear intellect. I am to finish his unfinished work. And however unable I may be to do it as well as he would have done it if life and health had been spared him, there can be no doubt what the work is. His opinions on public questions were known and read of all men. The restoration of the dissevered States to their places in the federal Union—the committing suffrage and all other local and domestic questions, which the constitution does not expressly control, to the free and unconstrained action of the several States—the strict subordination of the Military to the Civil Power of the country—the admission into the two Houses of Congress of such loyal white representatives as the States may send by a due exercise of suffrage, uncontrolled by federal bayonets—the restoration to the people of their constitutional currency of gold and silver at the earliest date the business of the country will bear it—the adjustment of all revenue laws upon such a basis that public credit may be strengthened, revenue increased, and taxation lightened—the revival of trade, industry, and commerce throughout our whole country, and to this end the cultivation of a fraternal spirit of amity and concord between the States and the people of the States—these were the great objects for which my predecessor longed, and toiled and suffered, and which it will be my duty as it will certainly be my pleasure to promote.

And my fellow citizens, let me say that these were the ends for which the Government was instituted. I take my stand, as Mr. Denison did, beside the Constitution of the United States, and I say let it have free course, and it will pour out blessings upon all the people of the land. Of passion and angry crimination we have had enough—enough of jobbing and self seeking—enough of mere party strife—it is time the substantial interests of the country should have attention. This wide continent cannot be governed by a military despotism which tramples upon the rights of white men in the interest of the negro race. The founders meant no result so preposterous—posterity will never pardon us for prostituting our institutions to such unworthy ends. The negro is an object for our kindest sympathies, and should be protected in all his natural and civil rights, but let him never be set up to rule over the white man. Since the days of Ham he has proved himself unfit for this, and it is madness, the madness of Bedlam, to attempt it in a country like ours. But if the States can be left to the enjoyment and exercise of their just rights, protected and fostered, but not oppressed, by the Federal Government, the whole continent we inhabit will not prove too wide a theatre for the development of the principles of American liberty, and the imagination of man cannot set bounds to the social happiness and material prosperity of our people. We shall become the joy of the whole earth, and will welcome white men from all quarters of the globe to share with us this "land of the free, and home of the brave."

My friends, whilst the general principles to which I have adverted were very dear to your late representative and were emphatically endorsed by your election of him three several times to Congress, and therefore are most worthy to guide my steps, I beg you never to forget how powerless I shall be to enforce them.— Do not expect too much of your representative. Remember the small minority to which he will belong—the overwhelming and talented majority that have possession of both Houses of Congress. It is not for any one man or party of men to correct our social and political disorders. The remedy must come from the people themselves through the ballot box. And I rejoice with you that all the late indications are auspicious. My eloquent friend has referred to the late elections in terms which stir the heart like a trumpet. I trust that New-York and New-Jersey are not going to part company with California, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, but that they will come up to the rescue of our institutions from meditated degradation, and assist in the glorious work of restoring them to the true foundation of the constitution.

My friends, since I last had the pleasure of meeting you, I have taken a hasty look at foreign countries. The population of Luzerne county has always been so largely compounded of Germans and Irishmen, and I have had so many warm personal and political friends among them, that I confess to a desire, long felt, to see the countries from which so many of my fellow citizens emigrated.

I went through the most part of Ireland and never saw a more beautiful country. But it is sadly mis-governed and the laboring classes are sorely oppressed. They feel that their only remedy is to come to this country. America is to them what the promised land was to the Hebrews and I verily believe a grand exodus would occur if the multitude were not too poor to pay for the passage. The root of all their evils is in the fact that the 600,000 farms in Ireland are owned by some 20,000 landlords. To pay the annual rental, equal to about 75 dollars per acre of our money, to support the church of their choice and to pay church rates for the support of the National Church, on a soil though naturally good, now much exhausted by long culture, is to subject agricultural labor to a burthen too heavy to be borne. And here is the cause of all their discontent. It is not that they are a turbulent, a disorderly or a lazy people, but they are oppressed by a landed aristocracy, and no Fenianism or other revolution is going to relieve them, for that aristocracy is backed up by the overwhelming power of the British Government.

In Germany the case is very different. There the land is well divided among the people, taxes are light, no church rates oppress labor, and besides an excellent agriculture in general, they have an enormous grape culture which makes every landholder however small quite independent. Our friend Judge Reichard assured me that for fifteen years there had not been a failure of the grape crop, and that the people in all the little German villages which are scattered thick through the rural districts had paid off the mortgages on their homes and had money's worth at interest. Still however the population is redundant. There are more people than there are acres. And the best thing the surplus population can do is to come to this wider and newer country. The Germans have peculiar claims on Pennsylvania for William Penn found, upon actual experiment, that they made better colonists than the English and promoted emigration societies at Frankfort and other German cities, and under the stimulus thus given to emigration, Germantown was a part of the city of Philadelphia, now a first settled and large portion of those wealthy counties that lie around and near to Philadelphia. How the descendants of these emigrants impressed themselves upon our Pennsylvania institutions is shown by the great number of Governors and other public functionaries whom they have contributed to the public service.

Thus, then, whilst I saw much to admire in both Ireland and Germany I saw what need there was for an open door to this country, and I am sure our true policy is to encourage immigration. We have room enough to spare and if we can make our political institutions as attractive as our soil and our climate we can augment our population and our national wealth by a ratio of increase hitherto unprecedented. But if we insist on thrusting the negro into equality with the German and the Irishman we shut the door against one of the sources of our future prosperity.

Pardon me, my friends, I detain you too long. Renewing my most grateful acknowledgments for this reception and for all the honor you have done me, I bid you, each and all, good night.

MOB LAW.—The negroes are true Radicals. "Higher law" is their rule of conduct. In Richmond they have formed what they call a Vigilance Committee, and have notified several very respectable white men to leave the city, because they "had spoken against their friend Mr. Hannicut." The precious lambs!