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## MARRIED AT LAST.

Mrs. Bunker must have been sixty.—She lived next door—and waited on an invalid old lady who never left the house. She had saved money, but chose to continue in service.

She had done many kind offices in accidental sickness for us. Her figure and face had become so familiar—so strong, so original, so erect, so perfect an incarnation of probity, without one adventitious charm, that it was quite impossible to conceive of her otherwise than exactly as she was when you saw her last. Miracles, however, do happen. The invaluable old nurse was certainly a fixture, till that early day when her mistress should need no more nursing; but one morning a remarkable-looking old lady asked an interview with my mother. It was Mrs. Bunker; and how metamorphosed! She had on a black silk gown, properly made, a handsome shawl, kid gloves, and on each side of her face large curly curls fell in profusion on her shoulders. My mother was struck dumb at the apparition. Mrs. Bunker did not keep her long in suspense.

"I see you are surprised at the change in me, ma'am."

"Rather," my mother answered; "but always glad to see you, Mrs. Bunker."

"I'm come to take leave of you, ma'am, and thank you for all kindness. In fact I'm going to be married."

"Dear me!" said my mother.

"Yes, ma'am; and you think what a fool I must be—I see you do."

My mother could not for the life of her deny it.

"Well, ma'am, all I say is, hear my story, and then tell me what you think about it."

She sat down and began:

"When I was a girl we lived at C—. My father kept a small general shop, that is, he and my mother; she kept the shop and he drove the cart. But my mother died when I was only sixteen, and my father was going to marry again. I did not like the looks of his intended, so I thought I would get a place before she came, and have no quarrels.

"There was a very nice young man apprenticed to a builder living close to us, and he used always to walk with me on Sundays. He was three years older than I, and coming out of his time. He was always wanting me to say I would marry him as soon as he could make a home for me; and I dare say, ma'am, I gave him too much encouragement.

I soon got a place some miles from C—, and only saw him now and then for a little while of Sundays, until one day he came very smart, quite a buck, and asked me come out. So I got leave. And then he went on more than ever; how he had served his time, and had good wages as a journeyman, and could do very well for me, and soon he should be master himself, and so on. But I said, 'John I respect and love you very much, and should like to be your wife very much; but we are very young, and you've got nothing, nor I neither, and nothing but grief could come of it.' I was very wrong, ma'am, as it fell out, and I've often thought so; but I thought I did what was best then. He was very angry—I could not help that. And when I would not alter, he says, 'Miss Bunker, he had always called me Polly before, you know—Miss Bunker, you won't, some one must for I am going to marry directly.' So I said plain, 'Pray marry when you like; I shall always respect and love you.' And about two months after he married a very respectable girl, and made a very good husband, and got on in business to have several houses of his own, and had six children, boys and girls. I was always friendly with them; and fourteen years after, when Mrs. Wake was dying, I nursed her for three weeks, poor dear, and laid her out. John, who had always been very kind to her, seemed sorry, but I didn't think he cared so much about losing her as I should have expected.

"Well, about six weeks after, I was staying with my aunt at C—, when he comes in and says, 'Polly, you know I never loved any body like you. You can't say I can't keep you now quite comfortable; so you'll have me now?' But I said, 'No, John, I can't. I could never be a step-mother to your young children. I might have children of my own, and then folks might think I might make a difference.' He begged very hard but I would not hear of it. He had four offers, and got used to saying 'no.' But I never felt, as if I could marry any one but Mr. Wake. So he took up his hat, and gave me a kiss, which I let him do, and said, just as he said when he first asked me, 'If you won't come one else must. I want a mother now for my poor children.' I was glad to have it over, for it was hard work.

"I thought I had better go away. It was a good place—a nice young lady living with her uncle. They had a fine place in Berkshire, and traveled a good deal, and stayed about in great houses; but before the year was up my young lady got ill, and it turned to consumption. We went to Nice. She was a sweet young lady; but it was the old story—weak and paler every day, more gentle and loving, and her uncle, breaking of his heart.

He was a very good man, and sat up all night with her once or twice a week, for he used to turn me out of the room, and make me go to bed sometimes. At last she died and was buried there. Master shut himself up for about a fortnight in his room, and no one saw him but Mr. Wabbes; that was his own man. Some how or other he came to know that master was going on to Rome—that's the great place for Papists, you know, ma'am, and I did not want to go there, besides, I only wanted to see the master to let me leave as I wasn't wanted any more there. At last he sent for me up to his room, and he did not say, as he used to in Miss Elinor's room, 'Sit down, Polly.' He hardly looked up, but just said, 'Polly, I shall never, never forget your goodness to Elinor. If any woman on earth could be a comforter in life and death it is you; you will be my wife and comfort me?' I was so taken back, ma'am, that I don't know exactly what I said; but I soon came round, and told him how much I respected him, and felt grateful, but that I could not accept a station in which I should always look down upon, and for which I wasn't fit. I told him it could not be, and the best proof of regard I could give him would be never to say what he told me, and to prevent him doing anything so rash while he was so cut up about Miss Elinor; and then I could not help crying myself, and ran out of the room. Mr. Wabbes met me crying in the passage, and I thought he had been listening at the door; but said he, 'Why, you have not got your warning after all you've been doing?' 'Yes I have,' says I—'And what has he given you for it?'—'Mr. Wabbes, he hasn't given me anything at all.' 'Oh, what a sham,' says he, 'I'd ask him, if I was you.' So I saw he had not heard.

"Two days more passed, and he sent for me again. 'Polly,' said he, 'I know you are right, but I shall never meet with your like. I will say no more about it.—But you must let me show you I have appreciated services no money could ever pay for. You know I would have given you other proofs.'

"Sir," I said, 'I want nothing but my wages. I am too proud, and have too much regard for you, to let you be reproached on my account; but I am not too proud to accept benefits from you if you wish it.'

"So he paid me my wages, gave me twenty pounds for my journey. (I told Mr. Wabbes that, and then he gave me a letter, and said: 'When you get to London, take that to Messrs. — and wait for an answer.' I got safely to town, and next day went to Messrs. —, and one of the clerks took the note, and I saw the gentleman. And he said he had got an annuity for me of forty pounds a year.—I have it now; but I never knew it till that minute, and never thanked the master for it. The letter I wrote him came back to me. He went to Rome, took a fever, and died in about a week.

"I used to hear from John Wake every now and then. He soon found a very decent woman for his wife. She had no children, and took good care of him, and brought them up very well; but she knew all about him and me somehow, and she wasn't like his first wife, and did not like me, and I think that made him write less often. I did not make up my mind to marry; for plenty would like to have had my annuity; and I was not so plain then neither. And I got into a family I did not like, so I took to nursing, and spent a year in St. Bride's Hospital, and the doctor said I was the best nurse there. I understand all about it, and I like nursing, ma'am, and have done a deal of it with rich and poor; but I am getting on in life, and find taking care of old ladies and gentlemen suits me better now. And it's profitable, too, for you see I can be depended upon, and that fetches money.

"Well, I had not seen John for five or six years, and I thought perhaps we might never meet again; but one day last week who should come in upon me but himself. And about the first words he spoke were, 'Well, Polly, how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, John, and you, look well.'—'So I am,' says he, 'and, Polly, I have plenty of money now, and houses, and all my children are settled in life. I have given up the building and only do agencies and surveying and such like, just to do something. My poor wife is gone. I didn't write to tell you; but now you can't find any pretence to refuse me the third time.'

"'No,' says I, 'John; if, now you see me, you are sure it's quite what you wish I'm willing to marry. You know I've always loved you and never listened to any one else. I've got enough to keep me and be beholden to no one; but I shall be happier with you, I am sure.' And so it was settled. 'What do you think of my choice, ma'am?'

Of course there could be nothing but congratulations on the happy issue of such a singular life as this; but the old lady still felt her defence incomplete. She pushed back the ringlets from her face and resumed it.

"And now, ma'am, for my dress. It's just as he wished it, and I paid for it. His people are all very respectable, and won't think less of me for my clothes. And he seemed so pleased when I dress-

ed up. Only that when he walked into B— yesterday, he would go into a hair dresser's shop and begged me to accept a wig with long curls like what I had when I was in service. I thought first how very foolish it was, but I thought again how much more foolish it would be to refuse the first thing John asked, when I was going to marry him. Men are very odd, ma'am, you know that; and if he had wanted me to wear a sheepskin on my head, I would have done it."

There! I can trace the history no farther. A broad shouldered old man, hale and hearty, was going in and out next door for a few days, whom we identified with him who bought the carryot wig. I did not see the happy pair depart; but I was duly informed some days afterwards that she who had only been Mrs. Bunker by courtesy, had at last become Mrs. Wake by right.

## EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blikins, removing his pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew conscious beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guaranty can you give me, in case it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home?—You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

"This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions, without speaking."

"I believe that you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit, I would not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, sir. He had much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for?—Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter?" resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work she'd be no child of mine. If I chose I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked damsel that she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell you what I'll do. Go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest, and then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary, Blikins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but that he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke!"

One pleasant morning late in October, as farmer Blikins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down by the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat looking cart

drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast with his former leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blikins. I understand that you want to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride, "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blikins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said coolly, as he sat down the last of the lot. "What'll you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—the hand of your daughter."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blikins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared to the shoulders, and here traces of the floor she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which had been tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and as lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you have seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty stiff price for them; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and bark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blikins said this, he hesitatingly stepped out of the room, and we will considerably follow his example.

But the kid of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

## A Sharp Boy.

The Watertown (N. Y.) Reformer tells this story:

"A few days since a small fine-looking, bright boy came into the cars and took a seat. Shortly after a minister came in and took a seat before and facing him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, my little lad, what is your name?" asked the minister.

"My name is James Foot. What is your name?"

"William Hand," was the answer.

"Where are you going?" asked the minister.

"To Rome, sir; and where are you going?" was the response of the boy.

The minister could do no less than answer, "Camden."

"How old are you?" was the next question of the minister.

"Eight years," replied the boy. "How old are you, sir?"

The minister hesitated, but gave no answer.

"Are you alone?" was the next question of the minister.

"O, no, sir," replied the boy, pointing to the passengers, "I have plenty of company."

"But have you no other friends on board to look after you?" asked the minister.

"No, sir," said the boy. "Have you?"

This was not answered, but was followed by a little history.

"When I was a boy" said the minister, "my parents would not allow me to go off the farm alone."

At this the boy, with an indescribable look said, "It is different now."

—The colored delegates to the Southern Convention insist upon having "Eq." put to their names. Up here the citizens of sable hue generally take to the "Prof."

—One of those wonderful children who are continually astonishing their mothers in print—is represented by the Boston Journal as exclaiming, "Mamma, where did they hatch the first hen?" The reporter came away before mamma made reply.

"Is the gorilla to be seen here?"

"Yes, sir," I want to see him."

"Very well, sir." "It is Fifty cents, isn't it?"

"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants." "Well I'm a servant." "You a servant?" "Yes, sir." "Whose?" "Yours, sir—your humble servant." "Walk in and take a seat. The joke is worth the price of admission."

—London, November 2.—Disturbances have again broken out in Devonshire. There was bread riots at Barnstable to-day which exceeded in ferocity and destructiveness the riots at Exeter. The mob broke into butcher shops and bakeries, plundered them and set them on fire. The police and military were obliged to fire upon the mob.

## IMPEACHMENT.

Minority Reports of the Judiciary Committee—No Grounds for Impeachment—The Charges against President Johnson Refuted.

VIEWS OF MESSRS. WILSON AND WOODBRIDGE—REPUBLICANS.

Representatives James F. Wilson and Frederick E. Woodbridge handed in a report dissenting from the views entertained by the majority of the committee.—They say that on the third day of June, 1867, it was declared by a solemn vote in the committee, that from the testimony before them it did not appear that the President of the United States was guilty of such high crimes and misdemeanors as called for the exercise of the impeachment power of the House. The vote stood—yeas 5, nays 4.

On the 41st inst. this action of the committee was reversed, and a vote of five to four declared in favor of recommending to the House an impeachment of the President. Forty-eight hours have not yet elapsed since we were informed of the character of the report which represents the changed attitude of the committee.—The recentness of this event compels a general treatment of some features of the case as it is presented by the majority, which otherwise would have been treated more in detail.

The report of the majority resolves all presumptions against the President, closes the door against all doubts, affirms facts as established by the testimony, in support of which there is not a particle of evidence before us which would be received by any court in the land.

We dissent from all this and from the temper and spirit of the report. The cool and unbiased judgment of the future, when the excitement in the midst of which we live shall have passed away, will not fail to discover that the political bitterness of the present time has, in no inconsiderable degree, given tone to the document we decline to approve.

Dissenting as we do from the report of the committee, both as to the law of the case and the conclusions drawn from the facts developed by the testimony, a due regard for the body which imposed on us the high and transcendental important duty involved in the investigation of the charges preferred against the President, impels us to present at length our views of the subject which has been committed to us by a most solemn vote of the House of Representatives.

In approaching this duty we feel that the spirit of the partisan should be laid aside, and that the interests of the Republic as they are measured by its Constitution and laws alone should guide us, and we most deeply regret that in this regard we cannot approve the report of our colleagues who constitute a majority of the committee.

While we could not charge them with a design to act the part of partisans in this grave proceeding, we none the less feel pained by the tone, temper and spirit of their report. But regret will not answer the demands of the present grave and commanding occasion, and we therefore respond to them by presenting to the House the results of a careful, deliberate, and we hope a conscientious investigation of the case before us.

Messrs. Wilson and Woodbridge then proceed to discuss the constitutional question in regard to impeachment, showing by reference to legal authorities that an impeachment cannot be supported by any act which falls short of an indictable offence or misdemeanor.

English precedents referred to at length, and copious extracts are made from the testimony of the committee in order to refute the reasoning and conclusion of the majority. They conclude as follows:

A great deal of the matter contained in the volume of testimony reported to the House is of no value whatever. Much of it is mere hearsay opinions of witnesses, and much of it is utterly irrelevant to the case. Comparatively a small amount of it could be used on a trial of the case before the Senate. All of the testimony relating to the failure to try and admission to bail of Jefferson Davis; the assassination of President Lincoln, the diary of J. Wilkes Booth, his place of burial, the practice of pardon brokerage, the alleged correspondence of President Johnson with Jefferson Davis, may be interesting to a reader, but it is not of the slightest importance so far as a determination of this case is concerned.

Still much of this irrelevant matter has been interwoven into the report of the majority, and has served to heighten its color and deepen its tone. Strike out the stage effect of the irrelevant matter, and the prominence given to the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Michael Burns, and much of the play will disappear. Settle down upon the real evidence in the case—that which will establish, in view of the attending circumstances, a substantial crime by making plain the elements which constitute it—and the case in many respects dwells into a political contest.

In approaching a conclusion we do not fail to recognize the standpoints from which this case can be viewed—legal and political. Viewing it from the latter the case is a success. The President has dis-

appointed the hopes and expectations of those who placed him in power; he has destroyed their confidence and joined hands with their enemies; he has probed false to the express and implied conditions which underlie his elevation to power, and in this view of the case; deserves the censure and condemnation of every well disposed citizen of the Republic.

While we acquit him of impeachable crimes, we pronounce him guilty of many wrongs. His contest with Congress delayed reconstruction, and inflicted vast injury upon the people of the rebel states; he has been blind to the necessities of the times, and to the demands of a progressive civilization; he remains enveloped in the darkness of the past, and seems not to have detected the dawning brightness of the future.

Incapable of appreciating the grand change which the past six years have wrought he seeks to measure the great events which surround him by the narrow rules which adjusted public affairs before the rebellion, and its legitimate consequences destroyed them and established others. Judge him politically, we must condemn him, but the day of political impeachments would be a sad one for this country. Political unfitness and incapacity must be tried at the ballot-box, not in the high court of impeachment. A contrary rule might leave to Congress but little time for other business than the trial of impeachments.

But we are not now dealing with political offences. Crimes and misdemeanors are now demanding our attention, so they, within the meaning of the Constitution, appear. Rest the case upon political offences, and we are prepared to pronounce against the President, for such offenses are numerous and grave. If Mexican experience is desired, we have no difficulty; there every election is productive of a revolution. If the President of the Republic desires such a result, we have not been able to discover it, nor would we favor it if its presence were manifest. While we condemn and censure the political conduct of the President, and judge him unwise in the use of his discretionary powers and appeal to the people of the Republic to sustain him, and still affirm that the conclusion at which we have arrived is correct.

We therefore declare that the case, before us, presented by the testimony and measured by the law, does not declare such high crimes and misdemeanors, within the meaning of the Constitution, as requires the interposition of the constitutional power of this House, and recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be discharged from further consideration of the proposed impeachment of the President of the United States, and that the subject be laid upon the table.

JAMES F. WILSON,  
FREDERICK E. WOODBRIDGE.

VIEWS OF MESSRS. MARSHALL AND KEMP-LEIGH—DEMOCRATS.

The undersigned, agreeing with our associates of the minority of the committee in their views of the law, and in the conclusions that the evidence before the committee presents no case for the impeachment of the President, might, if they had stopped there, have been content simply to have joined in the report which they have submitted. But as they, as well as the majority, have felt it their duty to go further, and express their censure and condemnation of the President, we feel that it is due to ourselves, and the position we occupy, to present as briefly as possible a few additional remarks for the consideration of the House and of the country.

Having determined that the evidence does not show that the President has been guilty of any act or crime for which, under our Constitution he can or ought to be impeached, this conclusion, it seems to us, is the determination of the whole question submitted by the House to the committee. It is the commission by the President of an impeachable offense only that can subject him to our official jurisdiction, or justify us, as a committee of the House of Representatives, or even the House itself, as such, in challenging his official acts.

As the report of the majority does not charge the President with any act recognized by any statute or law of the land, as a crime or misdemeanor, we can not regard the charges preferred as a political or partisan demonstration, tended and intended to bring him into odium and contempt among the people. As an unjustifiable attempt to excite their suspicions, "Spartan vests in vulgum ambigua," we utterly deny the right of the committee, or any member thereof as such, to do this. As citizens, and politicians, we may criticize, find fault with and condemn the entire administration of the President; but as a committee of the House, considering the charge referred to it as members of Congress, acting officially, we have no such right, power, or jurisdiction.

The Executive is one of the co-ordinate departments of this government, invested with certain defined constitutional powers and prerogatives, over which the Legislature has no control, and with the constitutional exercise of which the Legislative Department has no right to interfere.