

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5, 1870.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 1.

Business Cards.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be pleased to attend all who may want anything in his line.
Montrose, Pa., Oct. 13, 1869.

P. REYNOLDS,
ACQUITIONER—Sells Dry Goods and Merchandise—also attends at Vendues. All orders left by house will receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1, 1869—17

O. H. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, etc., No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Sept. 6, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attends his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Road, village. Sept. 1st, 1869—17

CHAMBERLIN & McCORMICK, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office in the Brick Block, over the Bank. A. Chamberlin. Montrose, Pa., Aug. 4, 1869.

A. D. R. LATHROP,
DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, etc. Brick Block, adjoining the Postoffice.
A. Lathrop, D. H. Lathrop, A. Lathrop.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY at Law, Office in the Brick Block, over the Bank. A. O. Warren. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

W. A. CROSSING,
Attorney at Law, Office in the Brick Block, over the Bank. W. A. Crossing. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY at Law, Office in the Brick Block, over the Bank. W. W. Watson. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer and Insurance Agent,
at 62 1/2 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Great Bend, Pa.,
Aug. 6th

A. M. ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Aug. 1869

JOHN GROVES,
FURNITURE and Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, etc. No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Aug. 1st, 1869.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—P.O. of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1870.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Tin, Brass, Copper, Spectacles, Bookbinding, Stationery, etc., etc., No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Jan. 1, 1870.

DR. P. F. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be seen at the residence of Dr. J. S. Brown, Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Also sell at the lowest prices all kinds of hardware, iron, stoves, tin, brass, copper, etc. Public Square, Montrose, Pa.
Charles L. Brown, Deceased.

BALDWIN, ALLEN & MCAN,
Dealers in Flour, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, and Feed. Also, Sole Agents for the Pennsylvania, Erie and Westchester Counties, N. Y., and West side of Public Square, Montrose, Aug. 1869.

JOHN SAUTTEE,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he has a large stock of clothing, hats, boots, shoes, etc., in the most fashionable style, warranted to fit with elegance and ease. Shop over the Postoffice, Montrose, Pa.

WM. D. LISK,
ATTORNEY at Law, Office opposite the Court House, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.,
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Has a new and improved plan of dentures, which are superior to any others. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869—17

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liqueurs, Palms, Oils, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, etc. No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Jan. 1, 1870.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY at Law, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

E. L. WEEKS & CO.,
DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Men's Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, etc. No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attends his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Road, village. Sept. 1st, 1869—17

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attends his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Road, village. Sept. 1st, 1869—17

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Oils, Palms, Oils, Varnishes, Liquors, Spices, Perfumery, etc. No. 118 North Second St., Montrose, Pa.,
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, attends his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Road, village. Sept. 1st, 1869—17

SOLDIERS' BOUNTY,
PENNSYLVANIA, and BACK PAY. RESERVE. Having obtained necessary authority from the War Department, we are prepared to make full and partial disbursements on all claims for bounty and pay. No charge unless successful. GEO. F. LITTLE, Montrose, Jan. 6th, 1864.

DENTISTRY,
All those who want of false teeth or other dental work should call at the office of the undersigned, who are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line on short notice. Particular attention is given to the construction of teeth of gold, silver, or platinum, and to the use of the new method of filling teeth with gold, silver, or platinum. No charge unless successful. GEO. F. LITTLE, Montrose, Jan. 6th, 1864.

W. W. SMITH & BROTHER,
Montrose, Aug. 18, 1869—17

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR GOODS, and to get bargains, is at GUTTENBERG, ROSEDALE, & CO.

Poet's Corner.

"The Beautiful Snow."

As we sit by our Sanctum Window, Old Winter sending out his sentinels, preparatory to taking possession of his Kingdom. The little white fleeces "Fall as silent and still As snow flakes on the hill— And we are reminded of that exquisite and touching piece, entitled the caption of this article. We have often seen it in print before, but it will bear a hundred readings, and new beauties will be discovered on each perusal. It was written by a celebrated lawyer of New York city a few years ago, and it was suggested by a poor fallen creature coming into his office for alms, all covered with snow—cold, hungry and despairing. As she entered, holding up her emaciated hands, and asking for help, she said "There is nothing pure about me but the 'Beautiful Snow.'" Seizing the theme, he produced a poem that will stamp his name with immortality, as one of the most beautiful and touching productions in our language. It has been the means of saving some, and it may strike the shaft of remorse deep in the hearts of others, and cause them to seek virtue instead of the glittering pleasures of vice:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below! Over the house tops, over the streets, Over the heads of the people you meet, Dancing. Skimming along:

Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong. Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, Beautiful snow from the heavens above, Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go! Whirling about in their maddening fun, It plays its game with every one.

Chasing, Laughing, Hurrying by!

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye, And the dogs with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around— The town is alive and its heart is a glow, To welcome the coming of a beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song! How the gay sledges like monsters flash by, Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!

Swinging, Dancing they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow; Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by.

To be tramp'd and track'd by the thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell! Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell, Hating the living and fearing the dead; Merciful God! how I fallen so low! And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow; With an eye like a crystal, a heart like lightning, Flatter'd and sought for the charms of my face:

My Father, Mother, Sister, all— God-had myself I've lost by my fall; The verdict which that goes shivering by, Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh!

For all there is on or about me know, There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow, Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it would be when the night comes again, If the snow and ice strike my desperate brain, Fainting, Greeting, Dying—alone!

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan, To be heard in the streets of the crazy town, Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down, To die and to lie in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

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BREVETTES.

—When must Time hang up his scythe? When shall he no more.

—Opera glasses are now used at fashionable weddings.

—A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excoined himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

—The light literature of foreign nations is not much relished in this country; perhaps all the jokes are far fetched.

—'Ain't you ashamed to beg a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work.' 'Sir,' replied the beggar, 'I asked you for alms, not for advice.'

—It is highly important, says Billings, that when a man makes up his mind to beg, he should examine himself closely, and see if he ain't better constructed for a phool.

—Boys should learn a trade—it teaches them the value of time, gives them a way to make an honest living in an extremity, and finally makes man practical in pursuit of any calling.

Miscellaneous.

THE ART OF RISING.

A HINT TO YOUNG LAWYERS.
"The art of rising" exclaimed Mr. Horatio Luckless, "I wish I had it; but, alas! I do not at present see my way clear. Here I lie, and for the life of me I cannot get up. Pump court is never very bright, and I have had a succession of mornings which its oldest inhabitants never remembered. As Dr. Johnson says, 'I shall die convinced that the weather is uncertain.' I must I fear be getting late, but I can't tell whether my laundress has been here yet. I hear nothing but the clank of those disagreeable pailons, which the washerwomen will wear, in spite of the request of the lathers to take them off when they walk through the inn; and here I lie, remote from all the world, not so cold as I care when I sleep out the whole of the day or no. I wish some one would make me get up; I would go through a great deal, I wish to be thoroughly aroused. I have been all but out of bed several times, but have always ended by drawing the clothes tighter around me. I wish I had more resolution, it certainly is a great deficiency in my character. I have many good points, but I cannot get up in the morning. I make vows in vain every night; I go to bed early every night on purpose; I wish I could to accomplish, but I cannot get up in the morning a bit sooner; see that horrid fog looking in at me. Could any one imagine a morning like this? Nothing can be worse except to-morrow morning. Yet I have heard that a man can accustom himself to get up at four, if he tries, and here I am at half past nine. Yet, if I had any inducement to rise, I think I might be able. If I had anything to work at, then how willingly I would stir; but as it is, get up I cannot; I have not the art of rising." At this moment something with a heavy sound was dropped through the valve of the outer door, and fell into the passage. This might not have attracted any observation from Mr. Luckless, but it was accompanied with a clink which to his unaccustomed organ conveyed a sound which nature has contrived to be one of the most pleasing to the human ear. To throw back the bed clothes, to seize his trousers, to put them on, to rush into the street, and to emerge in the most fashionable novel, "the work of a moment." And what did Mr. Luckless see? Could it be? If it was not the thing itself, it was certainly very like it. It had the exact shape of a brief. He turned it on its face, it was a brief; and thus was it endorsed:—"In a Common Pleas, W. vs. Lamb, Brief for the defendant, Mr. Horatio Luckless. Two guineas. With you, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Jenkins and Snuggs."

And on a slip of paper which accompanied it were these words:—"This case stands No. 4, on the list for to-day."

And where were the two guineas? Was the defendant in the sound of money? No, they were neatly wrapped up in a piece of white paper, and they lay on the floor. How beautiful they looked, how superior to any other sovereigns the gold seemed; and how much more lovely than any other silver the two shillings looked. They were, in fact, well worth a half a crown each, and he would have parted with them on any account for that sum. How charming Mr. Majesty's profile looked on them as he turned them over. This was sacred gold; it must be set apart and handed down to his children as an heir-loom, for children he might now think of.

Jenkins and Snuggs! How many soft emotions were raised by the former name. It might not be a very musical one, but it was English—Saxon to the backbone. If the respectable firm of Jenkins & Snuggs took him by the hand his fortune was made. All this did he calculate in his shirt and nether habiliments, when suddenly he thought of the mysterious slip of paper. "This case stands No. 4, on the list for to-day."

The dence it did, and he had not read a word of it. What was to be done? He took up the brief and read a little of it; next he put on a boot. Then he read again the interesting endorsement, in which his own name appeared so conspicuously; then he began to shave. All this took up some time, and his anxiety rather retarded than forwarded his operations.

In less than an hour, however, he was dressed and ready, but he had no breakfast. Appetite, indeed, he felt but little; he was too much pleased, too nervous to eat. Taking up his valued brief in one hand and a crust of bread in the other, he told his little boy, who had by this time arrived, with a somewhat important air, that he was going to Common Pleas, and thither did he bend his way with hasty steps. He shouldered his way through the groups of witnesses, clerks and idlers, generally found loitering about the doors of the court, slipped on his wig and gown, and pushed into court with a look seeming to say that the affairs of this world had pretty much on his shoulders.

He first ran to the paper of causes and found with dismay, that the cause of Wolf v. Lamb was actually on; and the jury were in truth in the act of delivering their verdict. He was just in time to hear the foreman say: "We find for the plaintiff, damages £100, and to encounter in the well of the court the displeased face of his client, Mr. Jenkins.

He had no opportunity to speak with his leader, who was in the next case which was called on. He found that of the three causes which stood before that of "Wolf vs. Lamb," the first had been undefended, in the second the record had been withdrawn, and the third was submitted to arbitration.

Mr. Jenkins came round to him for his brief, which he had scarcely been able to read, and on receiving it said to him with gravity, but with some good nature, "Allome, Mr. Luckless, as an old member of the profession, to remind you that the only way to get on at the bar is to learn the art of rising."

MOTHER PATER'S PUMPKIN.

Long ago, in a year when pumpkins were very cheap, and sugar cost but little, and nearly everybody could buy flour, and butter was not more than twelve cents a pound, Thanksgiving day approached. On the outskirts of a small village there lived at the time an old woman named Mother Pater. In her garden was a pumpkin vine, on which had grown quite a number of pumpkins; but as the old lady only desired two of these vegetables, she had picked off all the rest when they were but little grown things. "I wish I had more resolution, it certainly is a great deficiency in my character. I have many good points, but I cannot get up in the morning. I make vows in vain every night; I go to bed early every night on purpose; I wish I could to accomplish, but I cannot get up in the morning a bit sooner; see that horrid fog looking in at me. Could any one imagine a morning like this? Nothing can be worse except to-morrow morning. Yet I have heard that a man can accustom himself to get up at four, if he tries, and here I am at half past nine. Yet, if I had any inducement to rise, I think I might be able. If I had anything to work at, then how willingly I would stir; but as it is, get up I cannot; I have not the art of rising." At this moment something with a heavy sound was dropped through the valve of the outer door, and fell into the passage. This might not have attracted any observation from Mr. Luckless, but it was accompanied with a clink which to his unaccustomed organ conveyed a sound which nature has contrived to be one of the most pleasing to the human ear. To throw back the bed clothes, to seize his trousers, to put them on, to rush into the street, and to emerge in the most fashionable novel, "the work of a moment." And what did Mr. Luckless see? Could it be? If it was not the thing itself, it was certainly very like it. It had the exact shape of a brief. He turned it on its face, it was a brief; and thus was it endorsed:—"In a Common Pleas, W. vs. Lamb, Brief for the defendant, Mr. Horatio Luckless. Two guineas. With you, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Jenkins and Snuggs."

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What to say to satisfy the old lady he knew not, and he asked her if she was sure her pumpkin would not be ripe in time.

"'In as sure as sure can be,'" she replied, "and so is my son Isham; but if you are not satisfied, or if any of those other gentlemen are not satisfied (for the cabinet had now come down stairs), you are perfectly welcome to come and look for yourself."

So the governor thought it would be better, perhaps to go and see exactly how the thing stood; and he therefore called together a committee composed of gentlemen from the legislature, a couple of clergymen, some merchants, and a president of a bank, and they all went out to look at Mother Pater's pumpkin.

When they reached the garden, escorted by Isham and his mother, they saw in a moment the old lady's story was correct. Even if Isham in the sunniest part of the autumn shed in the village, it would be utterly impossible for that pumpkin to ripen by the following Thursday. Without a word, they looked at each other, and dismally sat upon every countenance. Then arising Dame Pater that her case should receive his earnest attention, the governor, followed by the committee, returned to town.

When he got home he found all the citizens, together with all the town people who had come to town, anxiously awaiting his report. When he told them what he and the committee had seen, such a commotion arose as never before was known in the town. For a while the governor thought that there was danger of a riot, and he had the militia brought up.

As most of the disorderly persons belonged to the militia, and had to go to their halls to put on their uniform when the bell rang, comparative quiet was soon restored. Then to the sensible people who remained the governor said that, as far as he was able to judge of the matter, he appalled by the passion which was on both—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf, to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power some of invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church that stood among its multitude of burial heaps under the gloom of an old pine grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with constant thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the path of precipices, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been a pumpkin, and that there had been a pumpkin, and that there had been a pumpkin.

Mother Pater and Isham had to eat their supper, and in that shed, although the night was cool, they had to sleep. The next day these two arose to look at their pumpkins. A fixed stare came over Mother Pater's face, and she hurried away with her mother Pater determined to give to the poor. So she sent out Isham on Mr. Scott's horse and gave him the dinner horn, and he went all over town and country for two days and invited the poor to come and get pumpkins as they pleased to celebrate the following Thursday. Thanksgiving day was put off, a gloom would settle over the entire community. So, from every hill top, bonfires blazed and bells were rung, and horns blown, and men mounted in hot haste and rode thither and thither to arouse the populace, and bring them together to consider their impending fate.

Every thing was shortly quieted, all business was neglected, and the roads were crowded by the country people hurrying into town. In the meantime Mother Pater walked, and marched on the main street to the governor's house. On the way she met a good many persons whom she knew, and when they asked her what brought her to town, she told them that on that day she never undertook any thing that she did not carry out. And what would become of them? Every thing prepared or nearly so, in houses the pies even made, and the turkeys and geese already killed and hung up to be ready for the following Thursday. To celebrate the following Thursday. Thanksgiving day was put off, a gloom would settle over the entire community. So, from every hill top, bonfires blazed and bells were rung, and horns blown, and men mounted in hot haste and rode thither and thither to arouse the populace, and bring them together to consider their impending fate.

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