## The Montrose Democrat.

"E. B. HAWLET, Proprietor.

|  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | The Approwet or Age br zome Iㅡ mixakt, <br> Gone are the friends my boyhood knew. Gone threescone yeare aince childbood's morn; A lonely stalk I stand, where grew And proadly waved the Bummer corn. | nembugs of travel. <br>  <br>  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Scanning the recond of my yeart, How blank, how meagre seems the page: <br> Wow amall the aum of good appears Wrought by these liands frum yout Wrought by these |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | How binnk, how meagre secms here pago: Wrought by these hands frum youth to age | prity litule frier! No mom. A loridy <br>  not lovely natural |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Yct, 'midst the toils and carcs of lifc, } \\ & \text { I've tried to heep a cheerful beart; } \\ & \text { To curb my fiercer passions' strife. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | And I repine not at my los,Giad to live in times like theseWhen mystic cords of human thoughs |  |
|  |  | "ubut that stone wall is nearly a mite hight it mar be bo but it docs not luok it <br> and if if dud, the stard are ligher. and. |
|  | When this dear land, Timo's latent birth Strikes every chain from haman hand <br> The grentest, freest, noblest stands |  |
|  |  | and if it tid, the stars are hagher, and. <br> hat waterial is eleven times higher <br> uludeed it looks like a arreman's hose |
|  |  |  |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { When progress in material thing } \\ & \text { leads upwand immaterial mind, } \\ & \text { And into nearer prospect bringe } \\ & \text { The perfect life of all mankind. } \end{aligned}$ |  <br>  happy brutes a agin, und, with Ferfusse |
|  |  |  |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Kindiy, as yet, life's automn sun } \\ & \text { Gilds the green precincts of my home ; } \\ & \text { Sonly though fust the moments run, } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Yet nearer moans the wintry blast, <br> The chilling wind of Age that blows, <br> With blinding aleet and drining anownat, $\qquad$ |  |
|  |  | sick to <br>  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Ho 1 gleance on life's wintry lea, I bear thy steps 'mid rustling leaves, <br> Aud soon this withered stalk will bo | Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks? No! Uf the weary distance which lies between us |
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|  |  | ante e ihere. Tapley of ourr party. tit on the banke of this lorely |
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|  |  | carcese There is one of tac poor |
|  |  | foture extiing; the theck blood dirips to |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  | will not do 10 approach these people tuo Closely; they are covered winh vermin.Their copper skins are black us $8(x)$ |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  mountaineer is not seen them. <br> he consequance is that |
|  | What is the of buying a cont, <br> If you do not intend to wear it ? If you do not intend wo sharo it |  |
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|  |  |  |
|  | -A"picked nine"-the Musen <br> -An absent man is called a rogue. <br> -The sweetest of straing-trying to lift | $\begin{aligned} & \text { itarian } \\ & \text { extern } \\ & \text { liad by } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  | luad bix |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | beating them dew were heay fiver |
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|  |  | siun with the hors is the work of the Indgiun with the hogs is the ian women. That is, it is one part of |
|  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { their work, for that all work is dinn } \\ & \text { Indian wemen is an old story. } \\ & \text { buod, oblige! } \end{aligned}$ |
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|  |  <br>  | death by his horse |
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|  | has engaged a Swies cheese-maker. -The lateast literary is, " Was Edgar A. <br> Poe mad? Aye, Raven mad. | the plan truth is that nine ont of tel who visit Yo Semite think this, but they |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | -The hearirst fighting has been done by the Bavarians |  |
|  | -The frogs in raral New York haseworn the Ekin of their noses diving insearch of water in what were once pouds.A dry joke. |  |
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|  |  | (ex |
|  |  | truth |
|  |  wit roplied, w Well extrentes do maxt a times |  |
|  | -mplugtd maternclong with y | which it makes your head ache to tuok ai, and your bones ache to get at. Bectuase |
|  | of Michigan withont measure ; there is not half so muichthe other kind |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | easily taken in and done fir-man of the world that you are; But I am oplya wa mat and $I$ confess ill. |
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MONTROSE, PA, WEONESDAY, OCT. $19,1870$.


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"The thot in that arm st sir,"

Bisp A Ap.aterate juvenile pienio in



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| of my pictures at a fair price, and having |  |
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| hands unespended, the magnificent sum he best nse to |  |
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| "But, my dear," said I, "you know you want a nev hatand warm winter gloves,wnd good thick-soled ahoes; so yon get |  |
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| in any ofher woman-mever-"dohn!when I say please, you abwiss do what, Iwish-now plase buy roarself a new |  |
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| brought to a sathefictury conelnsion, and having been talking isluat it for 4 longtime, we went to bed. |  |
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| I awoke early next morning: the hamcorner had jnst stroekfire handred blows |  |
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|  <br>  litlle Jinurry to our bimple needs an |  |
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| quit the boughs that bore them, and to rudely sing and frolle abont our clim- |  |
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|  one sent tence! |  |
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| Thas nofaluzing nyself amake, I quiet |  |
|  |  |
| out of the room, leaving Mrs. Flake white - poor, tired, littled dudy |  |
| TH. went down into fhie eititinaroom for <br>  engured in putting then on, sonese articles |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| engiged in putting then on, some articles of remale attire on a chair near by hat. |  |
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| minch tying under ter rodida chin, lustre and my sight grow dim, as I looked at it |  |
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| yorn dress half rupped up, bhat my wife's nimble fingurs , ver doubtlese enguged in |  |
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| spectany mice the etreet; and hastly, qpair <br> wok heri ito the street; and hasty, oppar |  |
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|  |  |
| shaped Litule boot or guiter? Creases, of use and marks of wear paly gdd, interestto the sight, und are, bo to bpear, the |  |
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