

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING AT MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA CO., PA., BY E. B. HAWLEY & CO.

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BLANKS. Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Justices', Constables' School and other blanks for sale.

Miscellaneous.

A Voodoo's Superstition.

In December last a colored man named Wm. Harris, living in Mobile, learned that a man named Williams, a negro living at Fowl river, was privately accused of having murdered a negro man named Henry Johnson in August last, near St. Elmo station, on the New Orleans Railroad.

whereupon Harris swore out a warrant before Justice Flanagan, on the 13th of December, for a pair of handcuffs, and struck out for the woods in search of his man. It was an adventurous undertaking, but his shrewdness and cunning enabled him to hunt down his quarry and make the arrest; and so back within two days, with full evidence to warrant a commitment to jail for trial, on a hearing before Justice Flanagan.

The evidence given in court yesterday is peculiarly interesting, as showing cunning on one side and the brutal superstition with which many of our colored voters are still imbued, "the best Government" taking more pains to cultivate their mortal votes than to save their immortal souls.

Harris's statement is that he went to Fowl river and made the acquaintance of the accused, representing himself as an escaped murderer looking for a safe place in which to secrete himself. By this and other plausible statements he completely won the confidence of Williams, who told him that was a splendid place; no one could find him there with the closest search; and he further related, in confidence, that he, too, had murdered a man, and then put him on the railroad track, so that the cars might run over the body; that this ruse had succeeded, and people thought his victim had been killed by the cars. He further remarked the curious fact that he went to the grave every morning from habit. As the confession corroborated closely with the facts already known to him, Harris arrested his man and brought him to town.

Evidence has shown that Williams, the murderer, was first to see the dead body of the murdered man, and then after the murder, and also attended the inquest held upon it. It was further shown in evidence that he was a disciple of Voodoo; that he had cut off the hand of the murdered man and preserved it in a quicksilver and chloroform, and carried it in his pocket, firmly believing that the salamander would protect him from any danger of detection. He confidently asserted to Harris—in the blindness of his hideous faith—that he could enter any room where a man was sleeping and take everything therefrom without the victim's waking; also, if he killed a man, and cut off his finger and dipped it in the oil, no one could ever find out who did it. That the benighted creature firmly believed this was evinced by his living and working in the immediate vicinity of the scene of the murder for nearly five months until arrested.

The jury rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree, which carries with it the sentence of imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

An Egyptian Wedding.

The recent marriage of the eldest son of the Viceroy of Egypt was an event of more than ordinary importance. The more important festivities were held on the evening previous to the marriage when the bride appeared for the last time in her wedding dress. Her husband's house, the wife of the Viceroy sat on her throne dressed in Oriental style. The saloon was filled with woman dressed after many fashions. There were the wives of the Viceroy, his married daughters, the wives of many pachas with splendid European dresses and jewelry, and covered with lace and jewels, and with their faces showing a considerable amount of paint. The saloon was handsomely furnished with silks, velvets, brocades, and large looking-glasses; and was lighted by an enormous number of wax candles in silver and gold candelabras. After a time the bride's procession appeared. First came two girls dressed in white, accompanied by several women followed, supported by four other male slaves. She wore an Oriental dress with a long trail, which was held up by four little black girls; her face and head were ornamented with jewels and small gold coins, and her hair was down, but covered with a veil of silver thread. As she is the fashion for the bride to wear as far as possible all her presents of jewelry on these occasions, the poor girl had three diamonds on her head, bracelets up to her elbows, and brooches and other ornaments on the front of her dress. A little slave walked near her, holding a silver tray full of small coins, a handful of which the bride threw over her back from time to time, for good-luck. The festivities, which consisted principally of dancing, the bride and her attendants on the following day with a grand procession of the bride from Kas-el-Ah to her husband's palace.

A STUPID old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Curious English Wills.

Fortunatus Dreyval, of Strasburg, commenced his will by stating that his grand-father gave him twenty-four lives when he was eight years, which, in sixty-four years had increased to five hundred. This last named sum Dreyval directed should be divided into five portions, and invested to the best advantage. He calculated that by the end of a century, each portion should be represented by thirteen thousand lives, and at that time the first portion was to be expended in reclaiming a morass in his native village.

A hundred years later, the next portion increased to 1,700,000 lives, was to be used to found eighty prizes for the encouragement of husbandry. At the end of the third century, his executors would have 200,000,000 lives at their disposal, which they were to apply in establishing "Lumber houses," where honest industrious men could obtain loans without interest, and in building twelve museums and twelve libraries in different cities, each endowed with an income of 100,000 lives for the support of fifty scholars.

At the end of the fourth century, a hundred new towns were to be built and peopled with one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. For which the testator thought the fifty millions of lives would suffice. The last "fifth" swollen in five hundred years to 3,600 milliards of lives, was to be devoted to paying off the national debt of the testator's country, and whatever remained was to be applied in the same way for the benefit of Englishmen, "in gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, The Universal Art of Arithmetick."

The last of the Nortons of Southwick did not bother himself with elaborate schemes, but simply left all he had, to be used "unto the end of the world," for the benefit of such as were poor, hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, wounded or prisoners. The lawyers, however, ruled such a bequest could only come from a crazy man; a decision with which the testator's choosing the House of Parliament as his executors had no title to do.

Not very long since a clergyman left more than ten thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing a school for illegitimate children only.

A Presbyterian divine left a legacy to a church in St. Ives, to provide for half a dozen bibles every year, for which six females were to throw dice on Whit Tuesday, in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion table and prayed God to direct the lots his glory.

Mr. Tuke, of Wath, near Nottingham, bequeathed one penny to every child attending his funeral, and seven hundred shillings to every child, for which six females were to throw dice on Whit Tuesday, in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion table and prayed God to direct the lots his glory.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Nash left £50 per annum to the corporation of Bath for the benefit of the ringers of the Albion Church, on condition of their ringing with muffled clappers, certain duple changes, from eight in the morning till eight at night, on the anniversary of the death of the said Colonel, for which six females were to throw dice on Whit Tuesday, in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion table and prayed God to direct the lots his glory.

In 1834, a loyal citizen, one Henry Barton, devised certain shops and houses to be used for a school, and so long as they were used for the wholesome estate of Henry VI. King of England, so long as they should live, and for the souls of the King and his heirs after their death.

A German troubled how to dispose of his money bequeathed it to a poor man whom he detested, upon the condition that he always wore thin white linen, clothes without any extra underclothing, and that he should live, and for the souls of the King and his heirs after their death.

A Mr. Sargeant, of Leicester, sought to improve the habits of his bed-lounging nephews by putting the following clause in his will: "As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from five to eight o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven to nine o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning. This is to be done for some years, during the first seven years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness; but the task must be made up when they are well, and if not, they shall not receive any share of my property."

Married men have often bound their widows over to keep their weeds under pain of forfeiting their fortunes, but they have not often confessed to feeling secure on that point, like Withipol, of Waltham, who left certain lands to his helpmate, "trusting—yes, I may say, as I think—assuring myself that she will marry no man for fear to meet with so evil a husband as I have been."

Old Governor Blacket contented himself with requesting his dear wife, as she has been troubled with an old fool, not to think of marrying another—a request the lady proudly complied with by marrying a young one at the first opportunity.

We have heard of testator's bequeathing land they never owned and money they never possessed, but never heard of one performing such a feat as the Queen of England was credited with by her testator. This worthy, expatiating upon the wonders of the Mississippi, enlarged upon the discovery of DeSoto's iron coffin, containing a golden trumpet given him by Queen Victoria. A star-struck auditor exclaimed: "Why wasn't born by two hundred years?" "I don't care if she wasn't," retorted the undismayed lecturer; "I reckon she could leave it in her will!"

"Pa," said a son to his father, "what is meant by a chip of the old block?" "Why my son, do you ask the question?" "Because I was in Euclid this morning and told a gentleman that I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say I saw but forty-nine, but because I wouldn't say so they said I was a chip of the old block!" "Hem! well, my son, they meant that you were smart and honest like your pa. You can go and play now."

Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, has been in Rome buying artistic work, and has created much astonishment in the studios, where his purchases amount to the large sum of \$70,000.

Garn and Fireside.

Land Poor.

[How many thousands can bear witness to the truth of the sentiment expressed in the following verses. "All over our country are found farmers who are poor from the weight they carry in land. Many a poor woman has spent her days and nights in toil and want because of the grasping disposition of her husband. It is poor economy for a farmer to tax the devoted wife, beyond endurance in order to extend his acres to limits where they cease to be profitable—More of the sunshine of happiness would be secured in a farmer's home by keeping free from debt, and living in independence, than by grasping for possessions that can only be obtained by a denial to his family of all the comforts and social pleasures that go to make life itself endurable. A man always on the strain grows peevish. For him there is no rest. His moral nature becomes diseased, and years creep upon him and there is no pleasure in them.]

I've had another offer, with a twenty acre more, Of high and dry prairie land, as level as a floor. I thought I'd wait and see you first, as lawyer Brady said, And when this land is paid for, and we have got the deed, To tell how things will turn out best, a woman is ahead.

And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some, And man and wife course of time to have a better home.

There is no use of talking, Charles—you buy that twenty more, And we'll go scripping all our lives, and always For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs, While all we have to show for it is tax receipts and deeds!

I'd sell the land if it were mine, and have a better home, With the broad light rays to frisk the streets, and take life as it come. If we could live as others live, and have what others do, I'd live with a slight pleasure, and have a plenty too.

While others have amusements, and luxury and books, Just think how long stony we have lived, and how this old place looks! That's the farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years, Of closest cramping and saving, of trials and of tears, Of clearing up and fencing in a hundred times or more.

I wonder if it really pays to always be a landlord in St. Ives, to provide for half a dozen bibles every year, for which six females were to throw dice on Whit Tuesday, in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion table and prayed God to direct the lots his glory.

I grieve to think of wasted weeks, and years and months and days, While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise. Men call us rich, but we are poor—would we not for to live in water, in the land with all its fixtures for a better way to live?

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles—you're not a whit to blame, I've plied you these many years, to see you tired and lame. It's just the way we started out, and planned too far ahead! We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

This life is short and full of care, the end is always night, We seldom begin to live before we're doomed to die. Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day, And never let a single one pass unenjoyed away.

If there were things to envy, I'd have them now and then, And have a home that was a home, and not a cold and empty shell, If it were mine, and fix up well the rest, I've always thought, and think so yet—small farms well worked are best. —Robert Collins.

Dry Food for Horses.

The Spirit of the Times says: "We never have believed and never shall believe, that chopped hay and corn meal, saturated with water, is proper for a working horse as a general diet. We believe that the food of a working horse, who cannot be pastured, should be good, sound oats and sweet hay for at least five days a week. Look at the South, where the common run of working horses are fed on corn. What is found there? Why the big, high, terrible and almost incurable complaint. We also think that wet corn meal is the very worst way of feeding corn to a horse that ever was practiced. And the chopped, wet hay is not half so good as fine, bright timothy from the mow. We like to hear the horse grinding up his good timothy hay, like a grist mill, after he has finished his oats. A nice meal once in a while is good, and a very different thing from almost constant soft diet."

Packing Butter.

At a meeting of the Bucks County (Pa.) Agricultural Society recently a short essay by Miss Kate Craven, of Newton, was read in response to the question, "Can butter be packed to advantage in June or July for winter use?" Miss Craven was decidedly in favor of packing butter in early summer, when the price is so low as to be unprofitable. If properly put up then it cannot be surpassed. It must be fresh and good or it will not keep well. Her receipt is: For twenty pounds of butter take one and a quarter pounds of salt, one ounce pulverized saltpetre, and a small quantity of white sugar, which should be worked into the butter and left over night. Next day work again making into lumps, put into a stone vessel, and cover with brine strong enough to bear an egg. Lay a bag filled with salt in the vessel and replenish when empty. Do not remove the butter long before it is needed.

Worms in Flower Pots.

We have often heard ladies, and even professional gardeners, complaining of the abundance of various species of worms inhabiting flower pots, thereby injuring the growth of plants growing therein. If a little fresh lime is dissolved in the water applied to the soil, nearly every species of worms that is found in such position will be killed and the plants not injured. Tobacco will also destroy most kind of worms; but lime is preferable, because it aids in dissolving the plant food in the soil, thereby stimulating growth. Watering the plants with lime water once a week will be sufficient to kill the worms in the soil, as well as stimulate growth.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires, at what season of the year young Arbor Vitae trees should be transplanted. He will not have a better season than now, before the buds for the new growth have begun to open.

Sorghum prospers in the West for home consumption. Ladrega township, Indiana, makes from 400 to 400 gallons home made syrup annually.

Printing.

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.

THE "MONTROSE DEMOCRAT"

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Drugs and Medicines.

WISHART'S PINE TREE Tar Cordial,

NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY FOR THE Throat and Lungs.

It is gratifying to see to inform the public that Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, for Throat and Lung Diseases, has gained an enviable reputation from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from thence to some of the first families of Europe, not through the press alone, but by persons actually benefited and cured of his office. While he publishes so, say our reporters, he is unable to supply the demand—It gains and holds its reputation.

First. Not by stopping cough, but by loosening and assisting nature to throw off the unhealthy matter collected about the throat and bronchial tubes, which causes irritation.

Second. It removes the cause of irritation (which produces cough) of the mucous membrane and bronchial tubes, assists the lungs to act and throw off the unhealthy secretions, and purifies the blood.

It is free from squills, Iodine, ipecac, and opium, of which most throat and lung remedies are composed, which, when coughed up, and disorganized the stomach. It has a soothing effect on the stomach, acts on the liver and kidneys, and lymphatic and nervous regions, thus reaching to every part of the system, and in its purifying and softening effects it has gained a reputation which it must hold above all others in the market.

NOTICE.

THE PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

Great American Dyspepsia Pills, AND WORM SUGAR DROPS

Being under my immediate direction, they shall not lose their curative qualities by the use of cheap and impure articles.

HENRY R. WISHART, PROPRIETOR.

FREE OF CHARGE.

Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Office Parlors are open on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., for consultation by Dr. Wm. T. Magee. With him are associated two consulting physicians of acknowledged ability. This opportunity is not offered by any other in this city.

ALL LETTERS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO L. Q. C. WISHART, M. D., NO. 232 N. SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Nov. 13, 1872—m6 s.m.p.

THE NEW DISCOVERY In Chemical and Medical Science.

WH W SMITH & SON, MONTROSE, PA. Jan. 21, 1872—m6 s.m.p.

THE HIGHLAND VALLEY RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, the 1st of October, the Highland Valley Railroad will run as follows:

Montrose, Pa. Jan. 21, 1872—m6 s.m.p.

DR. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES

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Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

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