

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXX.

"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 20.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1873.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CTS EXTRA.

Business Cards.

J. R. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. No. 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Donner, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 20, 1873.)

W. F. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of State Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1869.)

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
C. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer, Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled to satisfaction, sitting down or about coats, and warranted to fit.

J. F. SIOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Office next door to J. B. DeWitt's, on Clarks street, Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. (Jan. 11, 1873.)

R. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with James F. Carroll, No. 10, 1871.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in the Commission's Office. W. A. Crosson, Montrose, Sept. 26, 1871.

W. A. CROSSON,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commission's Office. W. A. Crosson, Montrose, Sept. 26, 1871.

McKENZIE & CO.,
Dress in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses' shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 17, 1872.)

DR. W. F. SMITH,
Dentist, Rooms at the dwelling, next door east of the Robinson printing office, Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Montrose, May 3, 1871.)

LAFF OFFICE,
177 N. W. STATION, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Henry & Pritch, Montrose, Pa. W. F. SMITH, J. P. PITCH.

J. SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop over J. B. DeWitt's, Montrose, Feb. 23, 1873.

ABEL TURBELL,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Leather and Saddlery, also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 17, 1872.)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
Physician & Surgeon, residence his professional services in the citizens of Montrose, and vicinity, Office at his residence, on the corner east of State & First Streets. (Jan. 1, 1868.)

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Saddlery, also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 17, 1872.)

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will attend to all calls in his profession with the most skill and dispatch. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 10, 1869.)

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
Physician & Surgeon, residence his professional services in the citizens of Montrose, and vicinity, Office at his residence, on the corner east of State & First Streets. (Jan. 1, 1868.)

DR. A. LATHROP,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commission's Office. W. A. Crosson, Montrose, Sept. 26, 1871.

CHARLES MORRIS,
The HATTI BARRER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. B. DeWitt, where he is prepared to attend to all calls in his profession with the most skill and dispatch. All work done at short notice and at low price. Please call and see me.

H. BERRITT,
Dealer in Single and Pair Boots, Shoes, Crackers, Groceries, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and other goods, at the corner of State and First Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873.)

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel to the public, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in the most comfortable manner. (Montrose, Aug. 25, 1872.)

BILLINGSSTROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office at the corner of State and First Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873.)

J. D. YAIL,
FRESH MEAT AND BUTTER, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with the most skill and dispatch. Office at the corner of State and First Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873.)

F. CHURCHILL,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commission's Office. W. A. Crosson, Montrose, Sept. 26, 1871.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded. - Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. - AMOS NICHOLS, Feb. 8, 1873.

The Poet's Corner

MY OLD LOVE.

I hear in the thicket the brooklet's fall;
A thrush on the lilac spray
Sings as of old the vesper song
Of the slowly-waking day;
And the fragrance comes down from the chest-
nut trees,
In the meadow where daisies blow,
As it came when the tender twilight came,
In the springs of long ago.

Far over the dark and shadowy woods
Comes floating the church-bells chime,
And I wonder and dream, in the fading light,
As I dreamed in the olden time,
When I lingered under the chestnut bough
Till hushed was the bird's sweet strain,
And the shimmering light of the moon-beams
fell
On the leaves like a silver rain.

But never again shall I wait and watch,
In the hush of the sweet spring night,
For a step in the depth of the rustling copse,
And the gleam of a garment white;
And never again, 'neath the dew-gemmed fowers,
Shall linger my love and I,
When the tremulous stars through the fleecy
haze
Look out in the western sky.

Yet a joy which is nameless and strangely sad
Thrills in my heart's deep core,
As the sweet, sweet love of the days long fled
Is thrilled into life once more.

Oh, dear was I to the heart that is cold,
And her love's remembrance me still;
And the stars shine down on her grave to-night,
In the churchyard on the hill.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two to-night—
No guests our bonny share;
The damask cloth is snowy white,
The service elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
A perfect love abides.

The bread is spongy, the butter gold,
The muffs and gloves are new,
What though the winds without blow cold?
The walls a little world enfold,
And the storm is soon forgot,
In the fragrant cheerfulness
Beams a paradise below.

A finer picture who hath seen?
Soft lights and shadows blend;
The central figure of the scene,
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,
With quiet, gentle grace;
With fingers soft and movements free
She mixes in the cream for me.
A bright smile on her face;
And she sends it up
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?
I secretly reflect,
The passing thought she must have got
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,
And the world's noise and strife
Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife!

The Story Teller.

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton."
"Well, Sir?"
"Will you marry me?"
"No, I won't."
"Very well, then don't, that's all!"
Mr. Fred Ekersson drew away his chair, and putting his foot upon the piazza, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her, and she felt herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though precisely where she was not to be told. "Get up, getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Ekersson's whiskers nearly brushing her face."
"Well?"
"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering and looking around her.
"You are in the middle of the Mississippi river, Fred, and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can carry you."
"How came you here?"
"In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I lost, and you are in the dwelling of a small planter, who was checked; it plunged heavily, and partly turned over, its top became entangled in the scycamore, and a terrific cracking of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the protecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent scycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travelers were nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred half supporting, half dragging Becky, worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastics that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more both had reached the ground in safety."
"That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath.
"Now, where are we?"
"He looked about. A light was glimmering from a habitation behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter, who was not lacking in hospitality. Here there wants were quickly attended to, and, under the cheerful influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again."
They drove home the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servant the day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the fragrance of the orange groves was in the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was no less silent now. Fred himself did not appear particularly communicative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either. It was Becky who spoke first.
"Fred," she said, "you have saved my life, have you not?"
"Happy to do it any day," he remarked, "I know exactly what else to say."

Religious Notes.

ABOUT one sixth-of our entire population have no church accommodations.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC cathedral is to be erected at Hartford, Conn., at a cost of half a million dollars.

CHURCH attendance in Berlin is still; Out of 650,000 Protestant inhabitants, only 13,000 are church-goers.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued a pastoral letter demanding separate schools for Roman Catholics.

Kind thoughts are the spice islands of the spirit, making a man's character breezy with sweetness.

A new religious society called "The Brothers of the Lord" has been organized in Newport, Ky.

The Episcopal Church's establishment in India costs the British Government \$25,000 a year.

The Churchmen and the Independents, are discussing the relative merits, in a religious view, of hair shirts and baptismal pants.

The Presbyterians of Scotland are now moving in favor of disestablishment.—The days of State Churches are numbered.

Do not dread possible worldly trials; perhaps they will never come, and if they do, God will strengthen you.—St. Francis de Sales.

Some one feeling that actions are better than words, has said: "We read of the Acts of the Apostles, but never of their resolutions."

A Methodist divine, in the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist society, the removal of all limitation upon the pastoral term; but the Methodist doubts the wisdom of the change.

The Young Men's Christian Association have organized in Rome and are prospering greatly. They have two branches, one of English and the other of Italian young men.

A BILL is before the New York Legislature to change a usage of sixty years' standing in the Baptist Church, namely prohibiting all non-church members from having a voice in the secular interests of their church.

THE PAPA treasury is stated to be exceptionally full, and it is said that several millions of francs have been sent by Cardinal Antonelli to his country for payment to the Pope's credit.

MANY brilliant points in sermons preached are lost by the neglect of sermons to provide congregations, with pure air. Ministers will soon be called upon to supplement their appeal, "Let us breathe!"

MARY, Queen of Scots, is to be made a Saint, and put upon the Calendar. Poor Mary. She was very unfortunate, and nobody thought she was a Saint when she lived or died. But time works great changes, and now Mary is canonized!

For the Ladies.

WOMEN are grandly working into all the school offices throughout the country.

A WASHINGTON belle speaks five different languages; but cannot take a loaf of bread to save her life.

WOMEN preachers are increasing rapidly. Ten new names have been added to the list, within the last six months.

WOMEN are to be employed as clerks in the various departments of the State Government of Pennsylvania, so says Governor Hartranft.

Rev. Mrs. Van Cott has so many calls to preach that she always says, "No" whenever she sees a man with a white neckcloth approaching her.

At East Tennessee paper notices the third marriage, on the 16th ult., of Mr. Samuel H. Milburn. He married all these wives within a year, and number two had been dead only twenty-nine days when he took number three.

A YOUNG lady at Montgomery, New York, has committed suicide because she was too poor to live like a lady and to proud to "do housework." Well, it is sad that human nature should be so weak, but the young lady did perhaps the most sensible thing possible under the circumstances. There is no occasion for any one so afflicted to stay in this world.

A LADY living at a hotel in Troy, allowed her baby to lie around loose, and the result was that it got mixed up with a lot of dirty clothes, and was carried off, unobserved, by the laundry man of the establishment. When the loss was discovered, a diligent search was instituted, and eventually, after sorting over the contents of the laundry, the baby was discovered.

Beware of females with three arms.—They have no right to such a profusion of limbs and carry them for no good purpose. A gentleman in a Broadway stage felt a hand groping in his side next to a well-dressed woman. At the same time a neat gloved hand rested on her lap on the same side, and seizing this as she was leaving the vehicle he pulled her arm off.

There have some girls of the period out in Colorado. Now there is Miss May Burns, only nine years old, living near Fort Collins, who "brake twenty acre of new ground last year, and raised 237 bushels of wheat and 300 bushels of potatoes, with a culture and two good crops of milk. She has no parents, and is blind in one eye. She now has a ten mile contract of grading on the Julesburg Railroad, which is nearly completed."

There is said to be a guest in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, who became deranged from disappointed love, her betrothed having suddenly left, and married another. Day after day she sits silently staring at vacancy and no persuasion or allurement can induce her to speak a word. Once a year a young man comes and puts a bouquet in her hand and departs. There is here the suggestion of a very touching story for anyone who has the wit to see it.

The Man of Long Life.

There is a great deal of truth in the following portraitures of the conditions favorable to longevity.

He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thickset. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, to much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not too rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. Generally there is complete harmony in all parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the pleasure of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight, attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever give way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, and artificial and gentle fear without an overflow of the bile, and is strong of temper, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an opionist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, contents himself with little, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

The custom of paying their annual salary to members of the French Academy in a small bag of gray brown paper originated in the time of Cardinal Richelieu—when the Academy started—and is continued to this day.

Goddess of Slang.

I was courting a beautiful girl one night,
Whom I worshipped as almost divine,
And longed to hear breathe the sweet little
word
That told me she would be mine;
I was praising the wealth of her chestnut hair,
And her eyes of matchless blue,
When she laid her dear cheek on my shoulder
and said,
"Hurray! That's bully for you!"

I started in terror, but managed to keep
From showing my intense surprise,
And pressed my lips lightly on brow and on
cheek,
And then on her meekly closed my eyes,
I told her my love was as deep as the sea,
(As I felt her heart go pitter-patter)
I would worship her always if she would be
mine;
And she whispered, "Oh! that's what the
matter?"

I told her, her cheek would the rose put to shame
Her teeth the famed Orient pearl;
And the ocean's rich coral could not compare
With the lips of my beautiful girl,
That her voice was like music that comes to the
ear.

In the night-time—and sweet was her smile,
As that of an angel, and she breathed
"On that you can just bet your pile!"

Funeral Sermons.

"Say nothing but good of the dead" has become so common a maxim, that preachers generally accept it as a rule in framing funeral sermons. As good can not be said truthfully of every man, whose friends have wealth or influence enough to procure the services of a clergyman at his interment, it naturally follows that those whose profession it is to be better than others, set an example of insincerity and falsehood. A maxim that has such consequences cannot be sound wisdom or morality. All those who knew the deceased, will have observed in his life some errors of greater or less magnitude, and no laudation, however enthusiastic or sweeping, can deceive them. Strangers will generally care little for what is said on such an occasion, and if they happen to give the matter any attention, their knowledge of average human nature tells them at once that characters so pure and unexceptionable as heroes of funeral sermons do not exist in real life. Therefore, no one is deceived in believing them true, and it is the merest wisdom to do that which will not effect the purpose, however desirable, for which it is intended. But the custom is still more objectionable in a moral point of view. Men hear praises of deceased persons who in life forgot all duties, and naturally their faith in the necessity of being really good when they are dead, is impaired, and worthlessness are to be applauded in the same terms as honesty and purity, what can be the use of striving to obtain our neighbor's good opinion? Shall funeral sermons, then, be catalogues of the faults of the departed? By no means. It would be in the highest degree injudicious to remember the faults of the departed, and to dwell on them, as if they were the only things that were to be remembered. It would be to bring the memory of the departed to the notice of the living, and to expose them to the gaze of a vulgar and censorious crowd. When, therefore, the character of a man is open to suspicion or objection, self respect and honesty require a preacher who is asked to officiate at his funeral to be silent. We do not, to boot, feel the feelings of a bereaved family, say that ugly persons are beautiful, and we ought not for any such reason, say that wicked persons are good. This whole business of funerals tend to bring the clergy into a contempt which it would be hard to do to call undeserved. And a man who professes to teach, should rigidly, consistently and inflexibly practice, not by brutally insisting on exposing the faults or crimes of the dead, but by refusing to praise, unless applause has been justly earned by a life of virtue and worth.—
Jewish Index.

Job Printing, Etc.

EXECUTED AT THE
DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.