

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1873.

D. W. SKARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Donahoe, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Aug 6]

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa.

AM. E. LY,

UNITED STATES AUCTIONEER, Aug. 1, 1873. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,

SHAWMONT, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store, at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Long time on short notice, and warranted to fit.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bank Block, Pa. Pen. 10, 1873. Office at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets.

W. A. CROSBY,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioners' Office. W. A. Crosby, Montrose, Sept. 18, 1873.

McKENZIE & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Larders and Miscellaneous Goods. Also agents for the great Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 11, '73.)

DR. W. W. SMITH,

Physician, Rooms at the dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, Mar. 3, 1873.

LAW OFFICE,

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Fitch & Watson, at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. W. W. Smith, N. Y. P. 1873.

J. SAUTTER,

ANDERSON & TAILOR, Shop over J. R. DeWitt's store. Montrose Feb. 19th 1873.

ABEL TURELL,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dry Goods, Tea, Coffee, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Groceries, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1845. [Feb. 1, 1873.]

SCOVILL & DEWITT,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 40 Court Street, over City National Bank, Building, N. Y. P. 1873. J. M. Scovill, J. A. DeWitt.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

Physician & Surgeon, resides in his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealers in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Fur Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1873.

LEWIS ENOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, will shoy in the new building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want shaving in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1873.

DR. S. W. DUTTON,

Physician & Surgeon, resides in his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

DR. D. A. LATROBE,

Attending Physician, resides in his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

CHARLEY MORRIS,

"THE HATTY BATHING" shop, to be located in the building occupied by J. H. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as shaving, hair dressing, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

H. BURRITT,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Groceries, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, &c., New Bedford, Pa. [Nov. 6, 1873.]

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

W. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that he has rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, Pa. (in new building) to occupy a suitable traveling public in first class style. Montrose, Aug. 21, 1873.

BILLINGSSTROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, at Billingsstrooud's, at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

J. D. YAIL,

Attending Physician and Surgeon, resides in his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

F. CHURCHILL,

Attending Physician and Surgeon, resides in his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the residence, on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. [Aug. 1, 1873.]

BURNS & NICHOLS,

Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dry Goods, Tea, Coffee, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Groceries, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1845. [Feb. 1, 1873.]

Poetry.

TO A DEAD WIFE.

Pale star, with the soft, and light,
Came out upon my bridal eve,
I have a song to sing to-night,
Before thou takest thy mournful leave.
That month ago thou wast so bright,
That month ago thou wast so true,
And I am like a little bird
That slept too long among the flowers,
And, walking, saw with wistful eyes,
Singing, "I will wait for thee,"
But, oh! I will wait for thee no more,
I sing of one who dwells in heaven!

The winds are soft, the clouds are few,
And tender thoughts my heart beguile,
As, floating up through mist and dew,
The pale young moon comes out and smiles;
And to the green, resounding shore,
In silvery troops, the ripples crowd,
Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,
Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud;
And star on star, all soft and calm,
Floats up to earth and steeped in balm,
My spirit floats in ether, too.

Lured one, though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near,
And softly as I feel the light,
That trembles through the atmosphere,
As in some temple's holy shades,
Though mute the hymn and hushed the

prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there;
A breath of incense left alone,
Where many a censer swung around,
Which thrills the wanderers, like to one
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, thy words of bliss,
Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me—
Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this,
That I had dwelt with thee.
I heard a murmur from the sea,
That thrills me like the spirit's sighs;
I hear a voice on every breeze,
That speaks to mine its love replies.

A voice all low and sweet like thine,
It gives an answer to my prayer,
And my soul, from heaven a sign,
That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
Round which a tender halo plays,
Still touched with that expressive grace
That made thee lovely all thy days;
By that sweet smile that o'er it shined,
A beauty like the light of even,
Whose soft expression never fled,
Even when its soul had flown to heaven.

That smiles by the starry crown,
That glitters in the raven hair,
Oh! by those blessed signs alone,
I'll know thee there—I'll know thee there!

For ah! those eyes, within whose sphere,
The sweetest of youth and beauty met,
That shone in love and softness here,
Must swim in love and softness yet;
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams
Down from the gates of Paradise.

Where bright and radiant like the morn,
Yet soft and dewy as the eve—
Thou saidst for eyes where smiles are born,
Too sad for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze,
Hath touched thy lips and found thy brow,
For all my spirit hears and sees,
Recalls thee to my memory now;
By every hour we breathe the air,
Will but increase, if that can be,
The love that fills this lonely heart,
Thou saidst for eyes where smiles are born.

Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
And many a sigh must be forgiven,
Ere, these pale lips shall shut to sleep,
And you and I shall meet in heaven.

The Story Teller.

A MONTH'S MEMORY.

"Life has no place for regrets, Mr. Edgerly."

"I sometimes think it has place for nothing else, Miss Winchester. What a Summer this has been!"

"Yes, and now the Summer is past—But the harvest is not ended, so I can't fit the two parts of the text together. Do you remember that frightful sermon we heard at the camp meeting two weeks ago? Ugh! with a little shiver; it was enough to make one's flesh creep prematurely—the worm that dieth not, what a horrible idea! and to preach such things, too! Why, it is all I can do to conceive of such a thing as death, and as for life—I don't believe there's such a place!"

Small wonder. What had death to do with this glorious young creature, with the very vine of life flowing through her veins? She looked immortal in her beauty, the lovely flush on her face, the sunlight on the burnished hair, the gems upon the white neck and exquisite arms which gleamed through the black lace drapery.

"I don't wonder you find it hard to believe," the companion replied, as he looked at her. "Do you believe in eternal youth, Miss Winchester?"

"Yes, and in everything that makes life attractive, and fills up the days with the pleasures they were meant to hold—Can you imagine me in gray hair and spectacles?"

"Hardly," answered, laughing at her fancy; "but somehow I wanted to speak of the past and present, and you have gone long ways off into the future. I am going home to-morrow."

"To-morrow! I had not supposed you thought of leaving so soon. A late decision is it not?"

"No. I have said nothing about it, for it was not a pleasant thought to me."

"And you believe with the philosopher, that the art of life is to avoid everything disagreeable. I quite agree with you."

"But unfortunately, disagreeable things cannot always be avoided. Do you know how I dread to say 'Good-bye' to you, Miss Winchester?"

"Why, it cannot be very difficult to pronounce a word of two syllables, can it? If you would advise you to do as I used to do with the 'evens' in my multiplication table—skip it. I never could remember 'seven times nine,' and am in a fog now as to whether it makes eighty-one or sixty-four."

Off the track again, and apparently without an effort. He looked at her curiously, and with a quicker heart-beat than usual, for this woman held his life in her hands, and he must know what she

must leave it now, unless I can enter in and possess the kingdom."

No mistaking him this time. He held her hands close in his, and his eyes searched her face for his answer. It was downcast and troubled, the smile gone and instead a little tremble about the delicate mouth.

The young man abruptly opened the door of the smoking room, which led out on that corner of the piazza, and Mr. Edgerly and his companion resumed their walk gravely and more slowly than before.

"Margaret," he said, softly—"for it is always Margaret in my heart—you have given me the right to expect an answer to the question which you knew would sooner or later—"

"Oh, dear!" she interrupted, impatiently, "I've torn my dress," and she dropped her arm to examine the rent. "I must have caught it on a nail. Too bad, isn't it? Now, Mr. Edgerly, you will excuse me, while I go in search of my sister, to repair damages. I generally find her, with needle and thread in hand, expecting me, for I'm in a chronic state of needing to be sewed up!"

There was no smile on his face. Instead a white, fixed look, which startled her even in the dim August twilight.

"But my answer, Miss Winchester?" The grasp of his hand on her arm hurt her. When may I see you again?"

"If—this evening—yes," she stammered confusedly, and left him standing in the hall, while she went hurriedly up stairs to her own room.

"Such an escape!" Margaret Winchester dropped breathlessly into the nearest chair, and fanned herself violently.

"What now, Maggie?" Her sister Mary, sitting quietly by the window, with a book in her lap, did not seem particularly curious or sympathetic. Margaret's scrapes and escapes were too common to excite much comment.

"Oh, Mr. Edgerly captured me half an hour ago on the piazza. I've been afraid of him for a week for I know he's coming. I did everything I could to prevent his saying it—even started a theological discussion—think of that!—but it was of no use. I pretended he had torn my dress—expected he would express sympathy and distract over such a lameness; but he said, 'I can only get away at all by promising an answer to-night. Oh dear!'"

"Margaret," and she was a touch of pity on the tone. "I'm afraid there will be a great many 'oh dears' in your life before you get through with it. Your faculty for getting yourself and others into trouble is unlimited. What do you mean to do with young Edgerly? I warned you long ago. If you could show him no consideration, one would suppose you own self respect and Colonel Reade would have."

"Don't mention him," with a little shrug of the shoulders; "he would kill me if he knew. Do you know, I am sometimes so afraid of him that—I—"

Another "oh dear" erupted in between the words.

"Mary, I'd give the world if I had not got to marry Colonel Reade."

"What do you mean?" "I don't know what I mean." She rose and paced the floor excitedly.

"We need his money badly enough," with a little harsh laugh. "And first we are a poor family. I have a right to be of course. I love wealth and I love position and I took them because they were offered, I suppose. Anybody would have the same, wouldn't they?"

She faced herself in the glass, and gazed at the reflection with troubled eyes.

Mary, there's no use in deceiving oneself, though it is a very easy thing to do. As I am beginning to find out. I don't suppose you ever considered me a marvel of devotion to Colonel Reade. I liked him well enough of course, but—I was not of it."

Her sister's face was a study as she gazed out of the window, but she gave no sign that she heard her.

"If it was you, now, that he was engaged to, it would be an example of the fitness of things. You are so much more suitable every way, and, if the truth was told, probably like him quite as well as I do. Mary, what shall I do with John Edgerly?"

"Margaret Winchester"—her sister had risen and stood before her, stern and angry—"for other let me say to you, that I have a right to be a man whose money was the sole object of her affection. I am glad you are honest at last, though you have duped me as skillfully as you have him. If you love John Edgerly, tell him so; if not, ask him to forgive you; if he can, for the mischief you have done."

She went out, and the door swung to herself. Margaret, crouched on the floor with her head on a little footstool, wept miserably tears, and wept, as many a woman has done before and since, love and lustre in the scale of her affection.

"I cannot afford it," was the decision reached at last. "John Edgerly's affection is too costly a luxury for me. I can't pay the price, and the tears started fresh as she hated herself for allowing him to come so gradually into her heart."

But Colonel Reade won't be here for a week yet. He need never know. I must have some happiness to-night. I will let him love me—I will let him—and the burning face was buried in her hands, with the thought unfinished—then I must tell him, I suppose. It won't be harder for him than for me, at any rate. It's dreadful—everything is. Oh, dear me!"

"My darling, I dared to hope for this. I knew you did not mean to kill at last—yes, kill me, for it would have been the same as that to send me away from you. I never lived till now."

The quick music rang out from the ball room in jubilant strains, which chimed with the triumph in his tones.

He held her close, as if he could never let her go, kissed the red lips and the

sunny hair, looking at her as a man only looks at the woman who makes his world.

"Tell me again, Margaret, that you do love me—tell me—"

"You know it, but—"

She sat upright a moment, and put her hand over her eyes.

"But suppose I should tell you—"

"You cannot tell me anything that I dread to hear now. You are mine for always, Margaret," and the face was down upon his breast again.

"I beg your pardon—" a deep voice, with a strange vibration in it, and they started suddenly. "I had no idea I should be so well learned."

"I was told that I should find Miss Winchester here. I fancied I had some claim on the lady which warranted my intrusion; but, as she is yours—for always—with a fearful emphasis on the slowly uttered words—"I must have been mistaken."

Margaret did not look up; she could not. A little gasping cry, that was all, and she sat still.

"Some claim, sir?" repeated John Edgerly, standing erect. "Please explain, if I understand you."

There was perfect calmness and courtesy in the tone. No suspicion as yet of the truth.

"Simply the claim which a man has upon his betrothed wife. Miss Winchester has been engaged to me for half a year. Of course, under these circumstances, I resign my right to her henceforth. Allow me to tender you my hearty congratulations upon your acquisition of such a woman! Good evening," and the courtly Colonel Reade was gone again.

A horrible silence. They did not even look at one another. At last:

"Margaret, is it true—what this man says?"

No answer. The guilty face hidden, the hands bowed upon the hands.

"You don't speak," in a rough voice, terribly shaken. "Well, I don't wonder. What could you say? How easily women are won!—beauty—"

Not a sound from the cowering woman before him. His wrath melted suddenly. The agony of a great grief asserted itself.

"You might, at least have been honest with me. If you could not have given me your love, you could have let me have your truth and honor. That's gone, too, now. Why did I ever know you?"

She looked up at last, timidly, and put out both her hands.

"I've no mercy, when I love you so?" she whispered.

"Please, spare me any further exhibitions of your hypocrisy, Miss Winchester. I believe—my God! how I believe in you as an hour ago. I believe there is a hell, and worst wish for you is, that, as you have thrust me into it, you may escape it yourself!"

The Cosmopolitan, bound for Liverpool had been out two days. On the third two ladies, both in deep mourning, and leading a beautiful four-year old boy between them, came up on deck, where Captain Hayward found comfortable seats for the unfortunates to talk a few moments.

"A chilly day, Mr. Reade. Look out my little man, or the wind will have you off your legs there!"

A tall, slender man, with his face partly hidden by the shawl wrapped about him, caught the name, and stopped short in his measures to go to and to him. The thought of the handsome Colonel Edgerly's name was extremely bitter ones. He recognized the sisters at the first glance, and stood watching them, secure himself from observation.

"So he married her, after all. Did he love her as I did. I wonder? Oh, Margaret Winchester, heaven grant that the gall and wormwood you gave me to drink may never be held to your lips!"

"If it was you, now, that he was engaged to, it would be an example of the fitness of things. You are so much more suitable every way, and, if the truth was told, probably like him quite as well as I do. Mary, what shall I do with John Edgerly?"

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ing for me, though. I shall get to them in time."

"You once considered them great calamities. Are you reconciled to the prospect?"

"Certainly, I hope I am a wiser woman than I was then."

Perhaps she was. At least she was a graver and sadder one. Less beautiful than in the old time, not less lovable, as he realized full well.

Her sister and the child had strolled away a little distance. They were quite alone.

"Your life has been a happy one, I trust, Miss Winchester?"

She flashed at him a quick look; then her eyes fell, and the tears filled them.

"As happy as I deserved. And yours? My chance for happiness died long ago. I have had but one thing to live upon during these seven years."

"A little pane. She could not lift her eyes, lest he should see the tears they held."

"I loved you, Margaret. It may be strange, but I love you just as well to-day."

"You could not trust me. Well, I was not worthy of it. Perhaps if you knew all, you would say my punishment had been sufficient. But tell me, if you can, that you have forgiven me. I will ask nothing more."

I don't think she doubted it in the next moment when she looked up into his face. If she had, she had also suffered, and so was she forgiven, "for the loved man."

Colored Philosopher.

An elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being noon after the seige and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, where I questioned him further. His philosophy was so much in the Palestinian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me.

"Were you in the fight?" "I had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?" "Sa, sa, I did, sa."

"Run at the first fire, did you?" "Yes, sa, an' would had run soon had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin' my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothin' to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?" "It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?" "Yes, sa, I do; more than all this world, more than a million dollars, sa; for what would be worth to a man wid de brest of him? Self-preservation is de first law wid me, sa."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?" "Cause, sa, different men set different value upon deves; my life is not in de hands of no other, sa."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."