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CENTENNIAL STANZAS.

BY G. W. LYONS.

O Liberty! through ages past,
What struggles thou hast won and lost;
What trophies raised and structures vast,
That blood untold and treasures cost,
But doomed to crumble and decay
In mournful immortality.

Along they course from Orient,
What "cloud by day" and "fire by night,"
O'er mountains scaled and oceans rent,
To reach this land of day delight,
This farthest clime Hesperian,
Where all thy wanderings are done.

From Tyranny's usurping sway,
Thy feet unsandled touched this strand,
Columbia's wild and rugged way,
Enclosed by seas sublime and grand,
Where, unrestrained, a home might be
Devoted to the brave and free.

And thus from out this wilderness,
By sages wrought, a fabric new
Uprose, designed the world to bless
As its unfolding glories grow,
Of sister States in Union bands,
Like Banyan tree that wide expands.

With stary ensign at its height,
And gliding symbols hung around,
The globe awaking into light;
While Despotism feared profound,
With leaping heart, Humanity
Beheld the dawning joyfully.

And murmurs swelled to clamors loud
About the thrones of monarchs pale
"Reform!" the cry, unwilling bowed
Their haughty heads to Fate's assail,
And granted much, demands increased
By yielding more, their reign had ceased.

And reflux, resistless rolled
A tide of indignation just,
And wrath o'er kingdoms, empires old,
And sepulchred them low in dust
Past resurrection—rule by might,
With crowns and sceptres, changed for
Right.

And then the world redeemed and free
From continent to continent,
And throughout islands of the sea,
Beneath enfranchised government,
The Cross in triumph o'er Crescent,
All peoples, creeds in glory bleat.

Thy mission such, O Liberty!
For which was reared thy Temple here,
So looming with prosperity,
But what are these that strange appear
Within as spectres dark and grim,
The glory of its light to dim?

Like shadows flitting on its walls,
Or serpents hissing round its shrine?
What? but corruption in its halls,
And perfidy with fell design,
So desecrating day and hour
And places high, for pelf and power?

But Oh! my country! thou art blest,
And destined not to fall a prey
Like Greece and Rome, thou last and best
Experiment of rightful sway;
Nor night close in without a ray
To re-illumine where erst was day.

Thou Bethlehem this side the main,
The hope of millions yet to be,
Earth's sons oppressed shall not in vain
With arms extended plead for thee.
Their weary hearts were faint with fear,
But thou wilt sure their voices hear.

United with mate eloquence
That comes from every hallowed grave,
Where patriots in brave defense
Their precious lives so freely gave,
And so invoke the living dead,
Their benedictions on thy head.

Americans! then wake! arise!
All tread impending doom avert,
To Duty ere destruction lies,
And Freedom's citadels subvert!
Of Washington, the flag and land
Revere, and save from Vandal hand!

As magna charta bids, requires,
Restore this broad domain ye tread,
'Tis crowned with monuments of sires,
Distonor not their martyr-bed
More sacred than on Marathon,
The triumphs, with glory won!

The Caesar's martial glitter scorn,
For purple robes that wrapped their Power,
Exchange not modest mantles worn
Through freedom's dark and trying hour!
Their city stood on seven hills,
Its ruin now the Tiber fills.

Among the nations, so expand
In strength and beauty, even now,
So young thou art of stature grand
And marvelous; thy noble brow
Bespeaks of high authority,
And spirit of deep prophecy.

And all thy wondrous powers wield
Not vainly, but, like David's sling
Against Goliath's sword and shield,
Upholding Truth—a priceless thing,
So be this closing century
But one of cycles thou shalt see.

And what if others sank beneath
The weight of but a thousand years,
And deemed existence long, thy wraith
All time shall weave in smiles nor tears
If thou but watch the guiding ray,
Nor from the path of virtue stray.

Across wide fields where raged the storms
Of unrelenting, civil fray,
In all their gory, ghastly forms,
Let hearts and hands rejoicing lay,
In peace, rare flowers of sweetest blooms,
And consecrate fraternal toms.

To God, yourselves, and country true,
Fulfill your high prerogative,
Guard well the Union, and renew
Your altar fires with love, and live
A future splendid to record,
Your merited and sure reward.

WIGGINS'S DOUBLE.

BY MARCUS C. STEBBINS.

OLD JACOB Muddleworth was a stubborn man. I have good grounds for the belief that never, since the destruction of Pharaoh, has a more stubborn, self-willed individual existed.

Jacob Muddleworth had, like Jephthah judge of Israel, one fair daughter, and no more, which he loved passing well.

He loved her so well, in fact, that he dared not trust her to select a partner for life, but insisted upon it that he was better qualified to judge who was best calculated to insure her happiness in the marriage state. She entertained quite a different opinion, and as she inherited not a little of her father's principal mental characteristic, she firmly resolved that she would never submit to her father's will in that respect.

Her name was Harriet—Harriet Muddleworth.

The residence of the Muddleworths was in Flyburg in Central New York. Old Jacob was a—I may say he was the main pillar of society in that goodly town. He was only a justice of the peace, but his name had been mentioned, on several occasions, in connection with the nomination for representative in the State Legislature.

One day, after dinner—Harriet was eighteen years of age at this time—Jacob Muddleworth solicited, or rather demanded, a private interview with his daughter, when he proceeded to inform her that it was his wish that she should marry, and hoped that she would not be so unreasonable as to oppose such a measure.

Harriet assured him that she certainly should not, and plainly stated that nothing would more precisely meet her views.

"Right! right!" said old Jacob, rubbing his hands benignly. "I thought you would acquiesce in my views, particularly when informed who is to be the happy man."

"I hardly need information on that point," said Harriet, quietly.

"O, but I think you do; I am sure I have never informed you. It is no other than Robert Wiggins, of Albany. You used to know Robert when you were both children; if you recollect, the family resided over here in Bogtown then. Peter has done well, very well, since he removed to Albany; he assured me, before I left him, last Tuesday, that his son should have twenty thousand on the day of his marriage."

Jacob Muddleworth had been on a visit to the State Capital the week previous, and Harriet surmised, from some obscure hints he had let drop after his return home, what had been the chief end of his journey.

"I have not seen Robert Wiggins for many years."

"Nor have I; he was absent in Vermont when I was at his father's. But that need make no difference. Robert has, I am assured, grown to be a fine young man, and is now reading law with an eminent attorney."

"He will have to read long before he comprehends it, if there has been no improvement in his intellect since he was a boy."

"Robert is a worthy young man," exclaimed the old gentleman, warmly, "and I am astonished at hearing such an expression from you. But as you offer no objections to wedding with him, it is no matter."

"But I do object to marrying him," she cast down her eyes, but spoke in a low, determined tone. Her father elevated his eyebrows, and looked at her steadily in the face for a moment.

"How am I to understand you?" he inquired, tartly. "At first you consent to marrying, and in the next breath you decline."

"I do not object to marriage. I only object to marriage with Robert Wiggins."

"But I have given my word that you shall be his."

"You did it without my consent, and I am not therefore holden."

"But I am. My word is pledged, my good name is at stake, and it is too late for you to decline now."

"I could not very well do it before, as I knew nothing of your intention to engage me."

Jacob Muddleworth turned very purple in the face, and was evidently keeping down his anger with an effort.

"The young man will arrive here one week from to-day," he said, at length, "and he must not come for nothing."

"Very well; he can make as long a stay as he pleases, and return home when he has a mind. But he will get no encouragement from me."

It was plain to be seen that the old gentleman was getting enraged. Rising suddenly, he walked two or three times rapidly and nervously across the room, and then returned to his seat.

"It is useless to talk," he muttered; "you must consent to marry him."

"I cannot."

"You shall!"

"I won't!"

Both were silent for a few moments, and both were resolving to remain firm in the determination they had formed.

"You must have some potent reason for this strange behavior," said the father at length, striving to appear calm.

"I have," said the daughter, in a quiet manner.

"Will you inform me what it is?"

"Certainly, I love another."

"You love another?" repeated he in amazement.

"I do."

"And who may he be?"

"John Leggett."

"You are mad."

"No, I was never more sane."

"Why, he is only a journeyman carpenter?"

"Yes, that is the profession he follows."

"Profession! I am amazed! He isn't worth one hundred dollars."

"He is just beginning in life."

"And a fine beginning he is hoping to make by getting you. But he shall be foiled, the scoundrel! He shall never set foot in this house again."

"You cannot prevent our loving."

"Yes, but I will," cried the enraged Jacob, striking a chair standing near with such force as to overturn it; "but I will, Robert Wiggins will be here in one week, and marry him you shall, or not one cent of my money ever enriches you. You had better think well before you decide, for what I have said shall surely come to pass."

He rushed from the room as he finished speaking, and till the next morning she did not see him again.

Harriet Muddleworth sat for some time after she was left alone deeply engaged with her thoughts. She was determined to hold out in the resolution she had formed, but she regretted deeply that she could not have her father's approbation, and it was no easy matter to bring her mind to a willingness to leave the home of her childhood, and to give up the comforts she had so long been used to.

That evening Harriet sent for her lover, to inform him of the position in which she found herself placed. John Leggett was, as has been mentioned, a young carpenter, who was just setting up in life, with only a good reputation, strong common sense, and an excellent set of tools to begin with.

Harriet informed him of all she knew respecting her father's intentions. He pressed her to remain firmly opposed to the plan, received her assurance that she would, gave her an eloquent kiss, and retired to meditate upon what he had heard.

Now John Leggett had a cousin—a harum-scarum sort of a fellow, who was always up to any sort of mischief. This cousin, whose name was Tom Leggett, lived some fifteen miles distant, at a little town near the railroad. At present, however, he was on a visit to John, and John made him a confidant of his love affairs. He listened to John's tale very attentively.

"Then the old gentleman, it seems, has not even seen his proposed son-in-law for many years?" inquired Tom, and his cousin concluded his tale.

"So she gave me to understand," was the reply.

"And would not, in all likelihood, recognize him were they to meet?"

"I should think not."

"Good! I have a half-formed scheme by which to aid you."

"Let me know it?"

"I will personate this young Wiggins, and pay old Muddleworth a visit. I will act in such a manner as to disgust him with the very name of Wiggins."

"An excellent idea. Help me in winning Harriet, and I am your debtor forever."

The next day John Leggett obtained an interview with the young lady. She entered with full spirit into the plan, and suggested that the day after the morrow her father intended going to the very town where Tom Leggett resided, on business, and that it might be a good time to carry out their plot.

Two days after the above conversation Jacob Muddleworth took his seat in the stage-coach at B—late in the afternoon to return to Flyburg, which town he had left early the same morning. There was one passenger, already occupying the back seat—a young man who was engaged in reading a daily paper. He had apparently come from the next town, which was the nearest railroad station to B—, as well as to Flyburg.

As soon as the coach started, the young man folded up his paper, stared rather impudently into his fellow-traveler's face for a few moments, yawned, and then taking a cigar from his pocket, lit a match, and coolly proceeded to smoke.

The coach was soon filled with the fumes. Jacob Muddleworth bore the annoyance as long as his irritable temper would allow him, and then he gave vent to an exclamation expressive of his repugnance.

"Perhaps you are not fond of the weed?" remarked the young man.

"No," said Jacob, emphatically, "I am not fond of it; and, moreover, I don't see how anybody can be fond of it."

"Really now, you surprise me. Do you know, I took you for a more sensible old brick?"

The old gentleman was astonished. That any one should have the audacity to designate him by such an appellation as "an old brick," was a matter of surprise to his mind. His indignation was aroused.

"Sir," said he, "you are impertinent. You should have the good manners, at least, not to smoke in such a place as this."

"Then it is really offensive to you?" said the other, without being in the least disturbed.

"Yes, sir, it is very offensive."

"It is singular," said the other, in a musing manner, emitting a fresh cloud of smoke, "what tastes some people have."

"Will you throw your cigar away?" cried Jacob.

"I really couldn't think of such a thing. But I'll tell you how we can arrange it; we'll stop the coach, and you can take a seat with the driver till I have done smoking. Capital idea that, isn't it?"

And without waiting for a reply—and in fact, Jacob Muddleworth was too exasperated at the moment to speak—the young man thrust his head through the little window; and called out to the driver to stop.

"Well, what's wantin'?" said that functionary, pulling up his team.

"This old chap inside wants to take an outside seat for a while," was the reply.

"It's a confounded lie!" shouted old Jacob, nearly choking with rage; and at the same time he jumped to his feet, entirely forgetting that he was confined to so narrow a space.

The consequence was, his head struck with such force against the top of the coach, it knocked him back into his seat. The driver grumbled, whipping up his horses and started off at full speed. The young man reseated himself, puffing away at his cigar, and looking as serene as if nothing had been said or done. As for the old man, he stared for a moment to release his hat, which done, he looked furiously upon the other, and repeated with all the wrath that stirred him.

"Yes, sir, it's a confounded lie—a confounded lie, sir, and you are a puppy, sir—an impudent puppy!"

"Don't, I implore you," said the other as calm as ever, "don't disturb yourself; you are really excited, I fear."

And he stretched out his legs at full length, managing to overturn the other's carpet bag in so doing, which slightly barked its owner's shins.

"Now, upon my honor, that is no place for a carpet-bag to be sitting," uttered the young man, without the least apology.

"Blast your impudence!" vehemently cried Jacob, "you are intolerable. You ought to be put out, sir—you ought to be kicked out!"

"Really, if you keep on, I shall begin to think you are prejudiced against me; I really shall upon my word."

Jacob Muddleworth looked at the young man before him like an enraged tiger. He was too exasperated to utter another word, but he felt that it would afford him the highest satisfaction to annihilate his persecutor on the spot.

The remainder of the ride to Flyburg was passed by the young man in alternately singing loud songs and smoking cigars; and old Jacob parted with him, early in the evening, with the extreme pleasure.

He had been at home rather more than an hour, had eaten his supper and retired to his private room, when the servant informed him that a gentleman in the parlor desired to see him.

Wondering who it could be, he descended the stairs and passed through the hall. As he was nearing the door he heard the voice of his daughter as she uttered a slight scream, and then a man's voice exclaimed:

"But you really must give me just one! What, you refuse your affianced husband a kiss? It won't do; I must have one you know!"

He threw open the door at the same moment. He had recognized the tones, and was horror-struck at beholding the very same young man who had been his fellow passenger from B—, with one arm around the waist of his daughter, who was struggling violently to release her-

self from his grasp.

The old man turned pale, and then he turned red.

"What does this mean?" he cried, advancing into the room and confronting the stranger, with the deepest wrath depicted upon his features. "Why are you here?"

"What?" exclaimed the other, "is it possible? Why, my old friend, who could have imagined that you were old Muddleworth? Well, now, I hadn't the least idea this afternoon who you really were. But never mind, I freely forgive you for the rash expression you made use of; I'm not one to harbor malignity, you know."

"Who the deuce are you?" cried Jacob, foaming with rage.

"What! you do not know me?"

"No; and I regret ever having seen you!"

"Not know me? Well, then, I may as well inform you. I'm Robert Wiggins—generally known as Bob Wiggins by those who are posted."

Jacob Muddleworth gasped for breath and leaned against a chair for support, Bob Wiggins took a seat.

"Can it be possible that I have heard aright?" uttered the old gentleman in amazement.

"If your ears are in good condition, I think you have."

"And you are Robert, the son of my old friend, Peter Wiggins?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Th n," said Jacob, recovering himself somewhat, and allowing his anger to again get the better of him, "then I have been shamefully deceived, for I was assured that you were a gentleman—a gentleman, sir, which you are far from being!"

Harriet Muddleworth, feigning as deep an indignation as her father, had stood by during the conversation.

"Can it be possible," she now exclaimed, appealing to the old gentleman, "that you have promised my hand to such a person as this? Is it true that I am to be forced into a union with one so detestable as he?"

"Now I call that unfair," cried the assumed Wiggins, bestowing a tender but reproachful look upon the girl. "After coming so far as I have, and hurrying away, too, three, or four days in advance of the time set, in my impatience to behold her who is to become my wife, I did not expect such words from you. Really if you keep it up, I shall be tempted to give you another kiss; I shall, upon my word!" and he half rose as if to execute his threat.

"You hear, father!" exclaimed Harriet, "you hear all; do you not, and still insist upon uniting me to such a man?" At this juncture the door bell was heard to ring but the party were too much engaged to pay any attention to it.

"No, no!" cried the old gentleman, in reply to his daughter's appeal: "no, you shall not be forced to do anything of the kind. His conduct is inexcusable; it is outrageous. He insulted me all the way from B—, in the stage-coach, and now he insults me in my own house."

"Of course you are joking; you don't mean it, of course not," remarked the young man as coolly as ever.

"Sir!" thundered old Jacob, now thoroughly maddened, "get out of my house! Leave me, sir, and never show yourself here again!"

At this instant the door opened and admitted John Leggett.

"Excuse me," said the spurious son of Peter Wiggins. "But I had much rather not leave to-night. In fact, I will honor you by resting here, and testing your feathers. In the morning you'll be cooler, and then we can arrange the matter which brings me here."

"Will you quit the house?" screamed old Jacob.

"Most certainly not!"

"Then I will take the trouble of ejecting you!" exclaimed John Leggett, coming forward, with indignation in his look.

"What have you no respect for age and integrity?"

He grasped the other by the shoulders, as he spoke, and despite the feeble struggle that was attempted, soon succeeded in forcing him into the street. Closing the door, he returned to the room.

"Thank you—thank you!" uttered Mr. Muddleworth sinking into a seat; "you could not do me a greater favor."

He sat for some time, allowing his wrath to evaporate, stealing now and then a glance at the young man and his daughter, who were conversing at the window. For a little while there seemed to be some kind of a combat going on in his mind; but, at length the shadows all fled from his features, and he called to the young couple to approach. Addressing the young carpenter, he said:

"I learned the other day that you love my daughter."

"I do, most devotedly," replied the young man in an earnest tone.

"And that she loves you I know, for she has told me so herself. I see that I have acted very blindly in trying to control her affections. You have shown yourself to be the gentleman of the two to-night; and I now wish to say that I

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