

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, OR FIVE DOLLARS AT THE END OF THE YEAR...

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POETRY.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife, Each warring with his brother? Why should we, in the crowd of life, Keep trampling down each other?

'Dolce,' 'Affonso,' 'Crescendo,' 'Piano,' 'Pianissimo,' with changing keys, and flats and sharps, springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all.

Minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others, he was very close-mouthed about his own good deeds.

proper seat for an Angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an Ass? The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind.

ed out of his body, the poor old man lay stretched out, like a spruce eagle. "There, you infernal old donkey, you," bawled the Aronau, as he went yanking away.

is upwards of 4,000 feet above the sea, and distant from it only about 200 miles. In the evening of the 5th we resumed our journey northward, and encamped on a little creek, near the 5th, where an emigrant from the States was seen.

POETRY.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN.

Deacon Goodman was extensively known not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, for his amiable disposition, active benevolence, and unquenchable piety.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of 'Little Mary' was perfect. The Deacon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of 'Little Mary,' he struck in, and accompanied her through the whole solo.

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was 'exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm.' But what did he care for the storm? "I am going on God's errand," said he to himself.

The Deacon was again electrified, but had good reason to be so. "Singing is praying, and I join no church where I cannot have a very 'not in his way' day, sir." He was very much surprised.

Geographical Memoir of UPPER CALIFORNIA: BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. (Continued.)

March 30.—The sun rose in masses of clouds over the ocean, and presented a pleasant morning, with a sunrise temperature of 40 deg., and some mists; never seen, as is said, in the coast country.