

The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONROE, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1851.

VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 50



POETRY.

A Powerful Poem.

We have the pleasure, and indeed it is no ordinary pleasure, of presenting to our readers the following remarkable poem from the pen of a young lady, 18 years of age, who, our readers still sustain us in saying, is accompanied by any author in this country—*Littell's Journal*.

INSANITY.

BY MISS L. VICTORIA SMITH.

God! what a night of horrors!
Wah, more me! Ah! take off this fiendish fear
That across my face, like an eagle's eye,
Looks down this ghastly horror, ere its eyes
Sigh on my life-blood, and its reeking breath
Rings with prelatious poison, foul
From out the charnel-house!

Ha! gone! Awake!
Is that the sun? I will bestride him, ah! [then]
What hideous dream was that which passed me
What agonies of terror, what in formless gloom,
What terrors, dark planned phantasy of hell!

I am awake, the moon is up, and yet
A dark consciousness lies upon my soul,
Like the chance dropping of a raven's plume
Upon a snow drift, white, and cold, and lone.
It is the shadow of that fearful dream,
That vision of the maniac demon-power,
Which made immortal being like to dust,
And gave a grave for the dissolving soul.

Monarchs of Madras, thou and thou alone,
An "King of Terrors," strong to slay the soul,
And make us shrieking like its spouters,
Dead dogs of annihilation's realm,
Thou art an agony, a formless void,
Deep slumber in a veil of vengeance, while
Thy features seem a holy, chilling glare,
Which cannot distinguish, save those eyes,
Which hold each drop of desert vacancy,
As well there in the dreary solitude,
No man to see their dreary solitudes!

And yet a mighty power is thine, thou ghoul
Full of dread, of agony, of fear,
And every, dragging out the very streams
Of torment, stern judgment falls
Before thee from his throne, and strong,
Proud reason, bending on her columned arch
Of intellect, forgets her work.

To be beneath its ruin, when thy breath
Overheats the air, the desert pillar sands
Before the sun. Fancy's dancing light,
The breath of the mind, is quenched,
Imagination's mirror ground to dust,
And none then all, tomb-breaker, thou dost tread
The great heart-graves of memory, and strew
The treasures of its buried loves abroad,
As unwept and unobscured.

Thy agony
To see a spirit writhing in thy chains,
To feel the struggling senses reel and strive
To grasp a mere name, a memory of a hope,
And wildly utter, as the blasted trees,
To clasp the feeble wind. Anon the brain
Becomes a busy Hydra's scanning hair,
Whence, wild with terror, bursting all its bars,
The mad and started spirit, striking fits
Of bloody, burning, pinions, flies, alas!
To meet and perish in the black abyss,
And dost laugh, e'en when in thy grave,
Holler and fearful as the earth's first fall
Upon the firmament; and say, 'tis joy
To lie, thou callous conqueror of the mind,
And dost gaze down the spoils of all
That mortal deem immortal.

Death is kind;
O'er when the heart is weary, and the soul
Is weary with its wretchedness, she opens her arms
And like some soft-voiced angel, she leads us
In dreamy slumber on her bosom. Yea,
Ere death is kind, but thy devouring worms
In madman scene upon the living brain,
And in the warm and bounding heart.

This affliction's torture rack our life
Is broken up, as drops by drops, the fierce,
Wrung-up, weeps at our feet, burning fall
The angel death come panoplied in woe—
But see us father, from that phantom-king
Who winds around the writhing soul, and drags
It down, down, down to his abysmal heart.

Some friend sends us the following with a
request that it be published:

Old Costume.

Dangling, dangling,
Limbs entangling,
Drip-drip-tail upon the ground,
Pavement brushing,
Health's hopes crushing,
Spilling skirts the whole year round.

Bloomer Costume.

Light and airy,
Like a fairy,
Ladies trip o'er hill and dale;
Cheeks unshaded,
Lungs expanded,
Nature has a resting spell.

A BROTHER.—The following is a literal
copy of a name which was sent to a druggist,
for a cure of the same. We suppress the names
of the parties.

"Dear Sir.—Please send me by the bearer
of this tremendous alcohol, and oblige your
obedient servant."

"Two things can never be successfully
combined—modesty and common-sense."

Nature's Teachings.

The external world not only supplies from its exhaustless storehouse the physical wants of man's nature, but by its order, beauty, and magnificence, subverts a much higher purpose. It ministers to our spiritual necessities; it allays that hungering and thirsting after the noble and the good, so irrepresible in every mind, and furnishes ample means for gratifying the principles of taste and the love of beauty so inherent in the soul. These lights of the inner shrine may indeed become dimmed by the continual predominance of low ideas, by accustoming ourselves to a narrow range of thought, or a low standard of taste; but the eyes of the soul cannot be quite put out; for there is an active, a self-restoring power in the human mind which repels what over tends to its injury, and is continually struggling to reach that state for which, even in its lowest condition, it feels an instinctive sense of its adaptation. This is easily demonstrated by facts that continually present themselves to the eye of the attentive observer. Objects of great beauty and sublimity are also objects of universal interest and admiration. Birds, flowers, waterfalls, sunset skies, and the ocean, as well as fine specimens of art, address themselves to the universal heart of man. There are but few persons entirely callous to the perceptions of external beauty.

The rarest ploughman, in some particular mood of mind, will stop to admire the blossom which heedsless sows has rent from its parent soil. Its structure, its coloring, however familiar they may be, will awaken in his bosom unthought thoughts of delicacy; and though he be not Burns, there will always be something of poetry in his emotions, which gives evidence of this inherent principle of human nature. The rustic milk-maid will sometimes pause in the midst of her liveliest carrol to pick up a curious stone, to watch the flight of birds, or forget all the dark necessities of the present in the bright colors of an insect's wing. These objects will awaken emotions of whose origin they may be perfectly unconscious, but which touch the one living spot in bosoms whose sensibilities are well lighted amid the darkness and inextinguishments of ignorance.

There is a power in nature's scenery which might reach the hearts of all, if men would but go forth and list to her teachings. There the cold and covetous might find a lesson of benevolence as wide as the wants to which it ministers, in the dew that seeks out the humble flower, in the care that expands the simplest leaf, in the watchful love that ministers to all without regard to favor, or with the same generous and unsparring hand. There the doubtful and desponding might see that nothing was forgotten, that there is a tendency in all things to the good and the perfect. There the skeptic might find through all manifold combinations of organized being, even in the structure of the simplest moss, a common leaf or a blade of grass, traces of design, of order, of wisdom, of benevolence, which defy interpretation by him who discards a divine and omnipotent Creator. In the woods the irrelevant and unthought might gather a lesson of devotion, when the gentle breeze, which may well represent the religious sentiment, passes through them like an all-pervading spirit. Every thing feels and acknowledges its power. It touches the delicate fern, and they are moved as with a thought of love. It whispers to the lowly shrub, and the copse, and the quivering leaf responds in answer. Even the stately oak bows his head and sways his branches in obedience to the unseen impulse. Let the most zealous devotee of pleasure leave the noise of the brilliant assembly—let him bow himself down with the simple heart of a little child before the august majesty of nature—let him listen to choral songs of birds blending harmoniously with the murmur of insects that swells upon every breeze, and would not this beautiful scene and all this spontaneity of speech speak to him as a language never spake—would not his soul then assert his own immortal dominion, its heirship with the Divine, and struggle upward even against the iron bondage which years of pernicious habits have been fastening upon his crushed but heaven-born wings? And did he but heed such admonitions, how might the waste places of his heart and mind be gladdened; how often might the wilderness of his soul be made to blossom as the rose.

But perhaps there is no form of beauty so universally felt and so deeply interwoven with the enduring affections of the heart as is that of flowers. And here must be their obvious use and design in the economy of nature. It is not known to be at all necessary to the perfection of the fruit that the corolla should be of the most brilliant hues. The same general process of vegetation might be carried on were all nature dressed in one unvarying garb of russet, or grey. But our benevolent Father has tinged their delicate petals with every hue and shade of color, so that a perception of it might steal into the sterner and harder elements of our nature, awakening thoughts of affection and gratitude to Him who has not only ministered to our necessities but to the luxuries of taste and sentiment. It is not without design, then, that God has sprinkled the common wayside with gems of beauty—that he has clothed the hills and meadows with the richest verdure, for each and all contain not only a luxury for the heart, but a lesson for the soul of man, and not more truly does the Cedar of Lebanon shadow forth her majesty than does the little valley flower.

whisper of His love, while the simplest smile of the very blade of grass we crush beneath our feet, is within itself a complete manual of wisdom. Such are a part of Nature's teachings, such a portion of the "various language she speaks to him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms."
Binghamton, N. Y. I. L. C.

DEATH IN THE EYE; Or The Duel On Horseback.

BY CHAS. SUMNERFIELD.

Colonel Bill Borlin was the generalissimo of the Texas Lancers. He well deserved the title which he had won by many a desperate deed. He possessed such incredible skill in the use of all sorts of murderous weapons, that it might be pronounced virtual suicide to even think of encountering him, so rapid was his motion, so unerring his mortal aim. The terrible cognomen of "Death in the Eye," told truly the mark at which he always fired—a mark he had, never once missed—while such was his astonishing quickness, that his antagonist usually fell without pulling the trigger. An enemy stood no better chance of resorting to the sword or bouzouk, against one in whose hands the flash of steel was like lightning—as swift, as mighty to slay—one who appeared to surpass all other men as much in strength as in activity—a giant in stature, a gladiator in practice, and a fiend in courage. His biography in itself was more thrilling than a novel, wilder than the wildest romance; and the very first act of this dreadful drama revealed, in all their force and fullness, the two essential elements of his character—the ferocious ardor of his appetite for revenge, and the iron pertinacity of his indomitable will. At the age of twenty, he pursued the assassin of his brother away from Carolina to Canada, and shot him dead at the dinner table of a tavern in Quebec; yet, such had been the cunning of his previous arrangements for this event, that aided by numerous relays of swift horses, he effected his escape safely to the South. The achievement cost him ten thousand dollars. From this time forward his life was one long war. Almost every month in the year saw him engaged in some fatal duel—fatal only to others, never harmful to him—while each witnessed the occurrence of casual affairs, often as bloody as his more regular combats.

He was the Napoleon of the knife and pistol. But the truth of impartial history compels me to record, that this man, so fearful in his deeds, whose right arm reeked with gore to the elbow, was not commonly the aggressor in his quarrels. Often the friends of those he had vanquished in fair fights assailed him, from motives of revenge. The fame of his prowess provoked the vain jealousy of others. He had acquired the perilous reputation of a matchless hero—the ardent, the desperate, the ambitious, would win, if possible, his laurels. Every young Hercules longed to fight the lion, so as to clothe himself in his skin, and thus was Borlin forced to maintain an interminable war. It is so in all professions. There can be no peace in high places—storm, hail and thunder will break around the mountain's brow.

This duelist was one of the earliest settlers in Eastern Texas, where he became the chief of the Lancing party. In his own county of Harrison he possessed boundless influence; indeed, he would not suffer a foe to reside within its limits. Hence, he might have openly defied the law, had such been his pleasure; but his shrewd and far-seeing sagacity adopted a wiser and a safer course. After perpetrating any homicide, he invariably submitted his own case to the grand jury, sure of a triumphant verdict by his friends on trial; and thus, should public sentiment ever turn against him in the future, he would be enabled to plead effectual verdicts in bar of all past offenses.

At length the time arrived which the Colonel had long anticipated. A wealthy and intelligent class of citizens began to change the current of opinion in Harrison, so that in the county election the friends of order, by a slight majority, guided their candidate for Sheriff. This was a terrible blow to the Lynchers, as it deprived them of their secure vantage ground in packing juries; and to increase their danger, at this unpropitious crisis, a new judge was also appointed. The old faction, however, did not despair. They were still numerous, thoroughly armed, and desperate to a man, and determined at their first court to muster all their strength, so as to control and overawe their proceedings.

At 9 o'clock, in the morning of the second Monday in September, 1842, the new judge took his seat on the bench. He was a stranger from the West, whose name had alone transpired, and whose appearance, at first, inspired the desperadoes with hope, and the friends of order with doubt and painful apprehension. Charles Evans was a young man of twenty-two—tall, slender, extremely handsome, and dressed with the most fastidious care—his fingers flashing with rings; and his person adorned in the most gaudy manner. His curls oozed from his shoulders, and the sweet smile of complacent vanity beaming on his features, gave him an aspect almost ludicrously feminine.

Coll. Bill Borlin gazed on this apparition with ineffable contempt, and whispered to his comrades—"We will have it all our own way, as Houston has kindly sent us Miss Nancy." If the Colonel had paid more attention to the man, and less to the clothing, he would perhaps have been led to a different conclusion; for there was a strange light in the vivid blue eyes of the stranger, a light that went and came at irregular intervals, like the play of lightning in a summer cloud, while the corners of his mouth wore a wild, resolute sneering expression, betokening the opposite of piety and fear.

The grand jury being called and sworn, the Judge commenced his charge, and at the sound of his voice everybody started; for the tones were shrill as a trumpet—stern, ringing, imperious, like the accents of a commander on parade. Having glanced rapidly over the legal definitions and penalties of crime, he proceeded to descend upon the responsibility of juries to all in his suppression. His soul appeared to catch electric fire at the theme—his voice borrowed the rich roll of thunder—his vivid blue eyes literally blazed with that strange light—the wild expression grew terrible on his writhing lips, and his words flew like volleys of burning arrows. He painted the horrors of lawless anarchy till the very heart sickened, he described the beauties of regular government as a vision of heaven realized on earth; and he finally closed with the bold announcement—"I will put down lynching wherever I have the honor of presiding, or I will myself be put in the grave!"

"Then, Miss Nancy, take care of your eyes," cried a hoarse voice, louder and more menacing than that of the Judge.
Every heart gave one shudder. The sentence seemed like a warning from eternity—a revelation; as it were, from the depths of hell.

"Who are you that dare to interrupt the business of the court?" exclaimed Judge Evans, with the dignified majesty of a king.
"My name is Colonel Bill Borlin; but most persons call me "Death in the Eye," was the answer.

"But is law your another name?" replied Evans, smiling.
"Tell me what it is, but take good care of your eyes!" retorted Borlin, with unspcakable fury.

"It is murder!" said Evans, and the smile on his lips, before pale as sunshine, was now a breath of lurid fire.
"You shall pay dearly for that word within the week!" fairly shouted the duelist, grinding his teeth like a raging beast.

"There is no time like the present," was the calm reply.
"Now!" interrupted Borlin, as if doubting the evidence of his ears.
"Yes, now! if you have the courage to challenge me," said Evans.
"I do challenge you," thundered Borlin.
"And I accept," answered Evans.
"Name your seconds."
"We will fight without any."
"The terms?" asked Borlin, with signs of astonishment.

"On horseback, in the little prairie west of the village, one half hour from this, each armed with as many pistols and knives as he can procure or sees fit to carry," said Evans, apparently passionless, as if defending a motion in court.
"No one but the chief actors in this extraordinary scene, uttered a syllable, or offered to interfere, for all saw that such attempts would be unavailing, perhaps dangerous to the mediator. One half hour afterwards, the parties met in the little prairie, which was circular in form and about three hundred yards in diameter. By tacit consent, both actuated by the same purpose, they assumed their stations in the edge of the timber on opposite sides. Both wore strong belts, literally stiff with knives and pistols. Both were mounted on powerful steeds but of opposite colors, that of the Judge being white as a snow-draw, while the Colonel's was black and glossy as the wing of a raven. The features of the riders in that race of death presented very different types of expression. The Colonel's brow looked dark as the gloom of a tempest, stern lowering, awful; but the handsome face of the Judge was gay, smiling, joyous—brilliant as the sunbeam that kissed it. The multitude stood round in the grove, speechless, almost terrified with the scene about to open.

Suddenly the Colonel waved a white handkerchief, as the signal that he was in the act of starting; and swift as arrows from the bow, terrible as balls from the cannon's mouth, the two horsemen, with pistols cocked, and fingers firm on the trigger, shot towards each other. When within fifty steps of each other, the Colonel halted with surprising dexterity, and crying in loud tones—"Now take care of your eyes!" levelled and fired.

After the instant the Judge urged his horse to an evolution, as if bounding over a wall, and the bullet aimed for his eye, struck the silver pommel of his saddle, and glanced off without harm. Continuing his former velocity, he passed the Colonel within three feet, discharging his weapon at the other's bosom, but inflicting only a slight wound; and then both proceeded to the opposite side of the prairie, and renewed their headlong course. This time neither halted, but passed, almost touching each other, and both fired as they passed, each drawing from his foe a stream of blood. The same charge was repeated with the like results half a dozen times, till their fire arms were exhausted, save a small pistol in the pocket of the Colonel; and yet they both kept their saddle.

The last sweep of all was terrific. The horses were bathed in foam, the riders were covered with blood, and both reeled in their seats; yet they rushed onwards madly as ever, while two terrific cries, as they started, warned the appalled spectators that this shock would be final. Some desperate thought seemed to have occurred to each at the same instant, uttering itself in those wild cries—yells, like nothing earthly, but shrieking, savage, demonic. On they flew—they kept straight onwards—they swerved not to the right or left—and they met like the collision of adverse comets. Down went the strong steeds—down the furious riders. Ah! surely this must be the end of all! Not yet. See, the Judge rises, tottering slowly to his feet, and his face still wears that indescribable smile, unquenchable by all his blood, unconquerable by all its bruises. The Colonel cannot stand, yet he is not dead—he writhes in his agony like a crushed worm. The Judge approaches, crippled, halting, to his enemy stoops, and plunges the sharp knife into his heart. He is the victor on the field of death! Not yet. Hark! a crack, a roar, a fall—the Colonel rears also, his expiring energies, fires his last pistol, and utters in tones of hellish triumph—"I told you to take care of your eyes!"

The horrified spectators ran to the spot. The antagonists were both dead, and the right eye of the Judge was shot out. The Colonel was "Death in the Eye!" to the last.

The Cemetery.

Perhaps there is nothing in this vale of mortality calculated to produce in the contemplative mind such mingled feelings of emotion as to visit the cemetery of the dead. There one beholds in the chiselled marble the names of those whom we once loved, respected, and esteemed. It instantly calls to mind scenes and associations of former years, when all was life and animation. Pleasing remembrances of the past flash over the mind, producing a train of serious reflections. Memory points back to the time when pure joys swelled the bosom with gladness and friendship. It also points to the time when that vigorous frame became weak and emaciated, sinking in the convulsions of death. Next follow the funeral obsequies, and the solemn procession of the mourners to the grave. All this and a thousand other minor circumstances naturally arise in the mind, while casting a glance upon the graves of those with whom we were intimately acquainted.

Here, again, we see the final consummation of all sublunary enjoyments. Here the living learn that they must ere long share the gloomy fate of their predecessors. Here kings, and princes, and monarchs, can see the humbling end of all their greatness, pomp, and glory. Here the proud aristocrat, whose towering ambition finds no restraint, sees that he must descend down into the grave, and there find a level with the rest of mankind. He who glories in his riches, must lay it all aside, and become as poor as his unfortunate neighbor who has gone before him. The devotee of pleasure, the votary of fashion, and the giddy aspirant, whose desires and pursuits for earthly felicity can scarcely be checked, will be compelled to yield to that tyrant monster, before whom myriads have been hounded in the dust: Death must put a period to all the dignities and honors of life—all its wealth and pleasures. All must be summoned by a voice which no earthly power can withstand, to abandon their darling pleasures and forsake their fond schemes of ambition.

No one can gaze upon the secret repositories of the dead, contemplate the ruins of pride and ambition, and mouldering relics of youth, beauty, and genius, without indescribable emotions of heart-felt sorrow. No one can pass unmoved, the lowly bed where repose the remains of the good and great—the spot where rests all that was mortal, of those whom the world has honored with its loudest plaudits, the benefactors of their race, or execrated as the destroyers and enemies of mankind. The roseate hue, that bloomed upon the cheek of youthful loveliness, has faded away. The bright flashes of that eye, whose glances diffused light and happiness on all around, has sunk in its socket. The stern features of relentless tyranny, exulting in the savage barbarity over the ruin of its innocent victim, have disappeared.

In view of these things, the gay visions of hope, and the buoyant, elastic cheerfulness of the heart are forced to give way to the gloomy shades of melancholy. The soul-moving acts of friendship and sympathy lose their accustomed charm. Every avenue to joy seems closed. The eyes wander vainly over the expanse of life, and not a star of hope seems twinkling in the gloomy void. The tired joy of a vain world can charm no more, and the soul find rest only in the arms of that sorrow whose precepts are divine, whose promises can never deceive.

LOVELINESS.—Young ladies, it is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, or your golden fingers, that attract the attention of men of sense. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by the gewgaws, and the fashionable by showy dresses; but the wise and pleasant are never caught by such traps. Use language that is agreeable and good, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the cox, the good and truly great will love to linger in your presence.

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After Kossuth reached his hotel, his private secretary dictated his speech from his manuscript to the reporters, who received at the same time, the following note from Polasky:

To the Gentlemen of the Press: The enthusiasm of the people of New York, with which it expressed its noble sympathy for Hungary, was so great that its outbreak made it impossible for the Governor to address the masses; but out of respect to the inhabitants of the Empire City, and to show his gratitude for the cordial welcome with which he was honored to be, he wishes, by the mighty agency of the press, to give publicity to his feelings, and to have circulated what he would have said, if unfortunately for him, and for the cause of Hungary, the people assembled this morning, had had less sympathy, and had expressed it less warmly.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
FRANCIS PULESKY.

Kossuth's Speech in Full.

I am yet half sick, gentlemen; tossed and twisted about by a fortnight's gale on the Atlantic's restless waves; my giddy brains are still turning round as in a whirlpool, and this gigantic continent seems yet to tremble beneath my wavering steps. Let me, before I go to