

The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, May 4, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 18.

Selected Poetry.

THE PAST.

The past is past! With many hopeful morrow,
Its errors and its good works live with God;
The agony is o'er of joy or sorrow,
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The past is past! In solemn silence taking
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,
On the live altar of the fond heart breaking!
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The past is past! In calm still rotation
Revolving and revolving as it travelled;
Each vivid passion and each tender tie
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years,
Is lessons leave us sadder, stronger hearted,
More slow to love, less prodigal of tears.

The past is past! And knowledge taught suspicion
To dim the spirit with its fond old shine;
To weary a heart and dark thought find admission
Amid the wisdom learnt from life and time.

The past is past! In that twilight valley
Dwell slow repentance and the vain regret;
Years for the future from those shadows rally,
And hang around the path before us yet.

The past is past! And oh! how few deplore it,
Or would release their time, had they the power,
Though nature sometimes weakly weepeth o'er it,
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The past is past! In this bitter joy in knowing
That gone forever, dead and buried here,
It is behind, and on life's stream is flowing,
Where the deep waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The past is past! In faith and patience taking
Its lesson; let us lay them on our hearts;
The chains attenuated links are breaking;
Be earnest!—use the present ere it parts!

Miscellaneous.

The Step-Mother's Influence.

BY LUCETTA LINCOLN.

"I do wish pa would come," said little Charles, as he stood by the window gazing out the road, "it seems as though he has been gone a month; there comes a carriage just in sight on the hill; is it not pa, sister Lucy, do look?"

"No dear, pa will not be home till evening. Do you know Charles who is coming with him?"

"I do not; who is it?"

"Perhaps I may as well tell you now; our new mother will be here with pa."

"Have I got a ma? O, I am so glad! I can have a ma to love me as our little boys have," and the child danced around the room for joy.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Jones, a near neighbor who had just called in. "I fear his anticipated happiness will soon be turned to sorrow. This little I am not acquainted with the lady your father has married, but I know all about step-mothers, and it seems hard for children to submit to such tyranny."

"It is really dreadful to contemplate," said Aunt Jedida, a maiden lady, who was busy packing a trunk. "Here I've stayed, ever since sister's death, and been a mother to the children—have worked early and late, and I have done all I possibly could, to promote their interest; and now, a stranger must be brought here to tyrannize over them, as you say—and produce discord in the family, and one whose only interest will be centered in number one; and being a city lady, will be a fine hand to oversee the work of a farmhouse; but I shall not stay to be annoyed by her, my things are nearly packed, and I shall leave before they come."

"She will find I'll not call her ma, or submit to her control very peaceably either," said Dorcas, the younger sister.

"I think," said Lucy, "we ought not to condemn the lady, till we have sufficient cause for doing so; she may prove a kind mother; at all events I will hope for the best."

"O, Ellen, I'm so happy to see you; we are very very lonely, for Aunt left us this morning. You see I am very busy, as we are preparing to receive pa and the lady that's coming with him."

"Is your father married Lucy?"

"Yes, and they will be here this evening."

"Are you acquainted with the lady?"

"No; she is from New Haven—is a sister of Dr. Lynn; and spent a considerable time there last summer."

"Not the widow Fay?"

"Yes, the very lady."

"I have seen her. I am glad you will have such a good mother; she is really a very worthy lady."

"I must be more expeditious than this or I shall not be ready for them. Aunt has always taken charge of the baking, and told me I would find everything ready for tea, in the pantry, but come to look, I find no cake suitable, and must make some new."

"If there is anything I can do, Lucy, I will assist you with pleasure; let me make the cake for you, while you are doing something else."

"Thank you, Ellen; when I will mix some light biscuit—which will be better than dry bread, for this occasion."

The hours flew swiftly by as the young friends were busily employed—and had just completed their arrangements, as the sun began to conceal its bright disc from view.

"I believe everything is ready," said Lucy as she surveyed the neatly laid table—filled with viands, which more experienced cooks could not better prepare. While Ellen was taking leave, little Charles came to the door

in haste, exclaiming, "look! look! they are coming!"

"What do you think of the lady?" said George, Lucy's eldest brother, to her after the family greeting was over, and they were by themselves.

"I do not wish to form my opinion hastily, but I can say she looks like a noble minded woman."

Mrs. Houghton second, was some ten years younger than her husband; of tall, graceful form, with dark hair and eyes; her natural firmness and dignity of character combining with refinement of manners, and nobility of mind rendered her prepossessing in appearance.

"What periodicals do you take?" inquired Mrs. H. of her husband, soon after becoming established in her new home.

"I do not take any," said he, but observing a shade of disappointment come over the countenance of his fair companion—remarked, "I think of subscribing for a paper before long."

"Have you any one in view?"

"None in particular."

"Suppose we commence, by patronizing one published in our county."

"I have no objection."

"While at brother's last summer, I used to peruse a paper published at Montrose, with great pleasure, and after I went home, they often sent me numbers of it."

"Which one?"

"It was the Montrose Democrat. I think it an excellent paper."

Suffice it to say, Esq. Houghton immediately subscribed for the paper referred to, and after reading it with pleasure, and circulating it among his neighbors, within a few weeks, obtained, very readily, twelve more subscribers.

"There seems to be a great change on our neighbor's premises, across the way," said Mr. Jones to his wife, after returning from there one day.

"Yes, but there was need of it. I used to wonder they did not cultivate flowers, and have some kind of shade near the house; but I see they have now a fine lot of trees set out, which in a few years, will produce a delightful shade; and as to shrubbery, and choice plants, they have the best assortment of any one about."

"I do not see why Esq. Houghton has changed his mind so in regard to such things."

"It is no mystery to me," said Mrs. Jones, "it is all owing to the happy influence his lady exerts; knowing as he does, her tastes and desire to cultivate the beautiful in nature around them, he can but acquiesce in her wishes—she is always so good and generous."

"She seems to be very kind to the children."

"I must say, I think her the most disinterested step-mother I ever knew: an own parent could not do more for children. Much as she needs Lucy's help, with that large family, she is going to school in town this summer, and Mrs. H. says she can get along very well with Dorcas."

More than two years had elapsed after Esq. Houghton's marriage, before Aunt Jedida could be induced to visit his family.

After much entreaty, she consented to spend the day with them; but what was her surprise to witness the change in every apartment. She could scarcely recognize the residence, where she had spent so many years. When the dinner hour arrived, she was conducted into a room, which was formerly an old-fashioned kitchen, but had become metamorphosed into an airy and pleasant dining-room. The walls once spangled with the smoke-wreath of years, had changed their sombre hue; and the floor was covered with a neat, but substantial carpet. The windows, hung with muslin curtains, were opened, to admit the grateful breeze. The atmosphere was laden with the perfume of numerous flowers, which hung in

"Rich festoons of softening shade," amid the interlacing vines, around the casement. Although the day was warm, the family could partake of their meal with comfort, not being annoyed by the heat of the large cooking stove, in unwelcome proximity, for that had been long since removed to a room contiguous—fitted for it.

"Come, daughter," said Esq. Houghton, as he was lying on the lounge, "will you favor us with a tune—perhaps your Aunt would like to hear you play?"

"Certainly," said Aunt Jedida, resuming her knitting; seated in the easy rocking chair. "I was not aware that you play the piano."

"I practiced while at school in New Haven, and some since my return; but do not consider myself an adept."

"That is delightful," said the maiden lady, as her piece finished some popular air upon the instrument, accompanied with her sweet and well cultivated voice.

Lucy then wished to be excused, saying she must assist ma a short time.

After she had left the room, Miss Jedida drew her chair nearer the lounge—and speaking in a low voice, addressed her brother abruptly, by saying:

"For my part, I do not see how you can support so much finery and extravagance."

"I am not willing, sister, to admit that we are extravagant. This true—we have many comforts now, we did not once enjoy—but my children are forming habits of industry, and we all study economy, and wish to avoid needless expense."

"Economy indeed! Just look at your expensive furniture, a great share of which, I should call needless; for instance, that Piano; to-be-sure music is very pleasant, but one can do without such costly instruments; and then so many carpets, and such a lot of new books, together with piles of magazines and so many newspapers; besides other things I need not mention."

"Probably I cannot convince you of the utility of those things to which you object, but would remark, as to the piano, that was a present from a brother of Mrs. H.—who is an extensive dealer in Musical instruments, in one of the eastern cities. Then as for the carpets, with the exception of the one in the parlor, they are of home manufacture. You see the one on this floor, the yarn was spun by the girls, and though of rainbow dye almost, was also colored at home. The expense is not great considering their convenience; you will admit they save a great deal of labor. I am convinced of the importance of making home attractive to youth—boys especially. You remember how untidy George had become before you left; but I am happy to tell you, a great change has come over him. Now, instead of seeking his former associates at the bar-room, he finds sufficient amusement at home. He has a great taste for music, and also delights in storing his mind with useful knowledge; this alone amply rewards me for the money expended in publications or whatever seems to render home delightful. But George is coming, and I must go to my work. By this time, Mrs. Houghton and Lucy, having finished their household duties, were ready to join their guest, for with the systematic arrangements and perfect order observed throughout the house, much time was saved, and useless labor-obviated. Being Saturday, Dorcas soon after came home from town, where she was attending school—and the afternoon was spent very agreeably. When evening arrived and Aunt Jedida was about to take leave, she was invited to join them in a picnic the next week. As Dorcas accompanied her to the carriage she said, "—will be here. Now be sure and come; for we are to have from the east, and Henry Gregg will be here also."

"Who is Henry Gregg?"

"A neighbor of Ma's. I want you to see him; he is a very fine fellow, at least I never heard Lucy say anything to the contrary."

One year later, and Lucy became the bride of a worthy gentleman, one who appreciated the many virtues of a companion, so well qualified to preside over his delightful household. Her sister is engaged as teacher in a flourishing Seminary, where she is exerting a salutary influence over her pupils. George Houghton has some time yet to spend, before receiving his diploma of the Medical College where he is preparing for future usefulness.

Notwithstanding some prejudices, all are now willing to admit, that the success in life of Esq. Houghton's family is owing in a great measure, to the influence of the step-mother.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

A MODEL GENIUS.

BY DEWE.

Years ago, when railroads and steamboats were yet in their infancy, and humbugs were not considered a nuisance, an ordinary observer in a certain little country town in the state of—, could not have failed to notice the numerous life colored and (or) brightly play cards, and hand-bills, announcing the wonderful fact that a circus company would hold forth and exhibit on a certain night, likewise in the afternoon. Now, it so happened that Mr. Billy Thompson, a peculiar genius, had advertised to give a concert with his talented troupe, on the same night.

Fate and fortune had not been pleased to smile on Billy's professional career for some time, and the plain truth of the matter was, that his pockets could not possibly yield a sufficient amount of the fifty cents to square off, and to redeem sundry valises, and trunk-fiddles etc., already laid in pawn behind, unless he should be favored with a pretty good house on that particular occasion.

During the little time that intervened between the first announcement of the expected "shows" and the night of the exhibition, there was ample opportunity for the landlord of the "hotel," where both the singers and the circus characters put up, to satisfy himself thoroughly in regard to the popularity (not the merits) of the respective concerns, and it was not long after their arrival in town, that Billy and his troupe began to be unpleasantly aware of the fact that the members of the circus company were treated with greater courtesy and respect than they were. It was a painful fact, which filled Billy Thompson & Co. with the most profound disgust.

Evening came at length, and the circus bore off the palm in point of numbers, leaving Mr. Thompson in possession of a nearly sufficient funds to pay for the hall!

Chagrined rather than disappointed at the taste exhibited by the inhabitants of the community, and hardly knowing what to do with himself in future, the unhappy "utterer of notes" scarcely closed his eyes during the night, all the while ruminating on some plan to raise the amount necessary to pay off his bill. But ere he was dressed the next morning the landlord presented himself at the door of his little room, bill in hand, requesting immediate payment.

"Settled with the circus folks yet?" inquired Billy, with a patronizing smile.

"Ah—no, not yet," stammered out bony face.

"I suppose they are safe."

"Well, perhaps I'm safe," said Billy, with an air of injured probity.

"Like as not," replied the old landlord, "but soot as how I've been out here looking in with trashy shows like you, I want to make myself sure. I suppose you mean to pay it, you might as well say it now."

"—was not very highly delighted when the troupe and manner of

delivering himself of the above sentence, and in particular the word "trashy," grated with unwelcome harshness on his ear. He was on the point of slamming the door in the very face of the worthy host, and would have done so, but for the recollection of the painful fact that he was unable to pay his bill, and was not, consequently, quite so independent as he might be, compelled him to restrain his wrath a trifle, but, wishing to postpone the matter, if possible, he said in a voice full of contempt:—

"Well, sir, I believe it is usually customary for travellers to settle their little affairs just before they leave. I don't calculate to run away. As to the matter of paying you now, sir, I can't, and what's more I won't."

"You can't, sir—you won't!" angrily exclaimed the landlord. "What do you mean, you and your pack of rascally vagabonds, roaming about the country, humbugging folks in this kind of way? What do you mean?"

"Humbugging, sir," repeated Billy in an elevated tone, "Humbugging! What do you mean by that expression? Was there any thing in our concert last night that could be considered humbugging? I wasn't the performance generally well liked? Did you hear anything against it?"

"O, I don't know anything about that, I didn't attend your concert; I went to the circus."

"Well, I guess the inhabitants of this section of the country generally, have a higher opinion of naked men and women exhibitions than they have of the more intellectual species of amusement," sneeringly remarked Billy.

"O, singin' may be all well enough amongst the Dutch and French, and the Arabs, but amongst civilized folks, it generally goes for what it is worth; and people of sense, generally approve of something of a higher order."

"Like a circus!" added Billy, with a most contemptuous sneer.

"Yes, sir, like a circus!" repeated the miserable old sinner.

"We don't mind more of the above conversation, however interesting it might prove to the reader, as it was growing so warm, it is impossible to say where it might end. Billy finally squared off with the old gongee, he never returned (in the usual way) but took it out in trade; as the sequel will show, in his own peculiar fashion."

Nearly two years after the above occurrence, a gentleman, dressed in the very height of fashion, drove up to the door of the identical tavern where Billy left his watch, on the eventful occasion just described.

This peculiar specimen of a gentleman walked into the bar-room, requested his horse (a superb, flashing animal) to be taken care of, after which he called for a glass of liquor, and took out a ten as the very lowest possible change he possessed, to pay for it. After receiving the change from the very obliging host, he continued, in a French accent, and broken English:—

"Eh, monsieur landlord—you see I am ventriloquist—I am one magician—I perform the most astonishing feats—yes, yes! By-gone, I want to get your hall to perform in. I dance horrippe in a pan of coals—all alive, on my bare feet—I strike my fist through one two-inch board—one stroke! I stand on my head on the end of a sword—balloon—"

"No," interrupted the landlord, who stood with some dozen others, a delighted listener to the relation of the man's wonderful exploits.

"Yes, yes," continued the Frenchman, with deep emphasis, "I take one glass bottle—I break her all in pieces—viz one hammer, I eat six pieces, every one—I blow her out—and she bottle all whole, entire!"

"Possible!" exclaimed bonnyface, in enthusiastic admiration of the higher order of amusements.

"I give you one pistol, you load him with ball yourself—no cheat—no saw! You put me muzzle in my mouth—you see him plain—you shoot! take out six pistol, and I spit out—"

"Gracious!" echoed the delighted innkeeper; and for a full hour this singular genius kept a bar-room full of listeners in amazement at the relation of the wonderful and never-before-heard-of feats which he could perform. In due time, his bills were out, announcing the most extraordinary, and we might add, really faithful performance, and for the next two days, that was almost the only topic of conversation in the place.

The evening for exhibition at length arrived, and with it a most tremendous rush—Never before had the old hall been packed so densely full. The very floor creaked under its unaccustomed weight, and the change welled in like magic.

The hour for commencement drew nigh—The magician brought forward a little anvil, and placed it on the stage directly in front of the audience. He then requested some one to lend him a watch. Several presented themselves willingly; but they were not the kind he desired. At length he asked the landlord for his; and that functionary unobtrusively produced the very "ticker" which unfortunately Billy Thompson had left in his care.

The little French gentleman eyed the critter with a kind of malicious leer, as though he knew it like a book. Laying it upon an anvil, in plain, open view, he crushed it to splinters under the ponderous weight of a sledge. One blow was not enough. He seemed to take immense delight in pounding it, and still more, as it would not do. For ten minutes he continued to belabor the inanimate machine, incessantly, during all which time, the landlord looked on and grumbled—Picking up the fragments, he proceeded to put them in a little baize bag, shaking them violently. All at once a thought seemed to strike him—coming down from the stage, the bag containing the dismembered watch still in his hand, he approached the landlord, saying:—

"Eh, monsieur, I must have my horse and carriage dismounted—I forgot—I left one very small box, which it is necessary I must have—I leave him about half a mile from a village, where a line-pin dropped out of my carriage, and he wrenched fall off—I forgot all about him. My horse was fast—I returned in fifteen minutes."

"O, I'll send a boy," politely replied the landlord.

"O, care, no, I must go myself—I trust I shall find my things—care me!"

"Very well," said the landlord; and while the horse was being got in readiness, the polite Francis proceeded to explain the matter to the audience.

Nobody saw him place a little valise in his carriage, or hang the bag containing the mangled fragments of the landlord's watch, on a nail in the entry, just as he was ready to depart; so assuring them that he would return in fifteen minutes, he sprang in, cracked his whip, and in a moment was out of sight—gone—look "French-leave," and mizzled.

The moment for his expected return came and went. The audience stamped and shouted, but in vain—no Frenchman came—Poor bonnyface tried to keep them silent but his efforts were all abortive. At length, tired of sitting the vast concourse left at first, one by one—at last, with a rush, umbling over, and breaking benches, knocking down the landlord, smashing the lamps, and swearing vociferously at being humbugged in such a tasteless manner. Away they went to the bar-room, smashing and breaking glasses, decanters, chairs, and whatever articles breakable came in their way.

The landlord, poor fellow, got the worst of it, and as he began to smell the rat pretty strong, he sent the "scotch" on the track, with the fastest horse he possessed. The search, however, proved in vain, and in less than two days, the editor of the paper in the town received the following letter, which will serve as well to clear up the mystery to our readers, as it did to the inhabitants of the little village where the occurrence took place.

"Dear Sir, You will probably recollect that some two years ago, an individual, bearing the name of William Thompson, gave a concert in your place, a concert, which I am sorry to say, was poorly attended. I am that Thompson, and I clearly saw this error I had committed in catering for the tastes of your fellow-citizens. I concluded to try my hand at something else, and accordingly appeared there as a magician. You probably know as well as I do what success I met, and how well I deserved it. There has been a long account between myself and the landlord, as well as many of the inhabitants of your little village, and there are considerable my dues. I concluded the best way was to settle that little business up in the shortest manner possible, and at the same time to have it adjusted amicably. Enclosed you will find the amount of my printing bill. I never want to cheat the printer, and more especially as you were so very kind as to frank me my bill on my former visit to your place, but the people, and that old screw-driver of a landlord I meant to take in, and I rather regret myself I did not."

Tell the landlord that he will find his watch in the bag, as I left it, hanging in the front entry. Tell him, also, that he can ask the next morning that stops there to restore it to its former shape. They will doubtless do it (I)—they do such things sometimes. Tell him to take good care of the anvil I left there, and in future to keep a sharp eye on "trashy shows" like mine! Return my sincere thanks to the audience for their patronage, and tell them I may return that way again. I promised to show them some most extraordinary "tricks," and I am so vain as to fancy that I have kept my promise. I rather guess they'll set me down as the model trickster of the age."

Yours truly,
Wm. Thompson.

AN EXTRACT
From an address delivered before the I. O. of G. T., at Apolonia Valley, April 20, 1854, by J. B. Taylor.

WORTHY CHIEF, BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I am, as you are all aware, engaged in a business which gives me but little time to prepare myself to advance any edifying remarks. Yet I wish to encourage this method of exposing the talent that would otherwise remain in vain.

To speak and to write well upon any subject, is an accomplishment of the highest intellectual order; but to attain a fair degree of excellence, we have got to make an effort upon our part; and to demand a heavy support from our friends, to over balance the crushing weight of our enemies, who stand ready to exclaim, those are borrowed.

Sentiments true eloquence (says Webster) is the art of placing truth in the most advantageous light for conviction and persuasion; while clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. We do not expect to make such orators as Cicero, Washington and Webster, but we do wish to cultivate, or see cultivated that desire which is so characteristic of the American people to attain a fair degree of excellence in oratory. And where is there a better opportunity to cultivate that desire than here; where we are without opponents, and in the midst of friends.

The subject of temperance is one that has been handled over and over again, and the horrors of intemperance pictured to you in the most heartrending, yet truthful aspect; in the most degrading form, yet popular, in society from the highest rank, down to the most degrading position in society.

The sun of temperance is raising from her downy bed, and we hope to see her in the zenith seven to set again, forever at the meridian pinnacle of the temple of virtue.

It appears from the Mayor's report of the city of New York, that during the year 1853 there were nine thousand, one hundred and twelve prisoners placed in the lock up at the Mayor's office. Of that number three thousand and eight hundred and eighteen were charged with being drunk, that is, being drunk so drunk that they were scarcely able to move; and four thousand and thirty four were charged with crimes induced by a fondness of intoxicating drinks. There is also a city Marshall's police, which are equally as active as the Mayor's, and it can be safely estimated that twenty thousand individuals are annually arrested for drunkenness in that city; and about

The families employment to a police which costs the tax payer, two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, besides the State has licensed three thousand places of corruption, where ruin, disease, and death is dealt out by the glass. What a fearful array does truth present before us! This three thousand and men, who pay five, ten, or twenty perhaps fifty dollars into the State treasury, must have the privilege of making such some severe drunkards to be taken care of by the police and charitable institutions.

England expends the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually, for the support of vice, crime, and care of the pauper; but what are these United States

expending for this same purpose? What is this immediate vicinity doing? These enormous sums which are paid in various modes, are the price which are exacted for the disgusting use of intoxicating drinks; besides the cruel abuse which is inflicted upon the heads of the drunkards wife and children.

The liquor that is being poured down the throats of those twenty thousand men in New York City would keep in motion a decent sized mill, that would manufacture all the necessary clothing to be put upon their backs, and the money which is expended, would supply abundant material for said manufacture, while the pauperism, which is now so very popular, would be entirely abated, and ninety-nine out of one hundred would be redeemed to citizens of good standing, while some would become our most prominent men in society.

Some may think that this is an exaggerated calculation but this mill would not be obliged to run all the time to manufacture said cloth, and at the rate of one quart per day to the man (allowing some water and sugar for sweetening) there would be 73 lbs. of sugar, and the tendency to make the man more lively than water; why should it, when put to a water wheel, not make that play more lively, as in all probability it might lose its centre of gravity and according to Franklin and Newton, would revolve the faster.

It is not necessary for me to lengthen this meeting with an argument to show that a Prohibition Law is needed for we see it in our right and left from day to day, and we know what comfort it would bring to the now many desolate friends, as well as the burning curse which is now distributing over our beloved country, from the north to the extreme south.

The cause of temperance may be stigmatized and opposed, it calls for action of humanity still.

While virtue in us is seeking for a more favorable opportunity to avenge her wrongs; let hope exist and better herself, that vice and crime may sink into a state of lethargy, for a virtuous triumph of virtue.

O, for the time when temperance shall clothe herself in the habiliments of humanity; shall buckle on the armor of justice, and with the sword of FARM, and shield of CHAIR, shall go with the boldness of a lion into our earthly hells, and route the enemy from one end of the Union to the other, while virtue and hope with their banners shall route and drive him from our land.

Let us be up and stirring, that we may nobly in the way of others who may wish to show their contempt of this deadly business, and uphold and support such institutions as are calculated to extend a moral influence; to promote the cause of temperance, and we who are organized together against intemperance and immorality; let us show to the surrounding inhabitants that we are prepared against our secret opposition that we are a model, not only for the temperate, but for them also; as often is the case that those who are expressing their private opinion, and sentiments publicly; against our noble institution, are the very ones with whom our laws conflict, but by our laws conflicting with their temporal interests, they have no reason to grope under a yoke which will eventually work out a perpetual unity and harmony, where now envy and hatred exists.

We now see in our cities the poor class of people who indulge in intoxicating drinks; let their children go half clad in the coldest of winter and as I have often seen them wading along the street pit-a-pat, in the snow and water upon the side walks, without boot or shoe to protect them from the cold; and thus they are deprived of the privilege of attending school or sanctuary, and obliged to beg from door to door, in order to stay the cravings of their physical appetite. We here in the country do not see one tenth part of the deadly influence that is invading our cities, but we simply get an afore taste of what is in time to bring our country down to degradation and ruin, if not speedily checked by our moral part of community.

We have seen that old tottering as it were upon the very verge of eternity; and now he steps but one step, and is launched into the dark valley of the shadow of death, whence no traveller returns.

We also see that gay and thoughtless young man, who is the jovial bow to his foul mouth and profane lips, and exclaim in the language of the bold reveler of the Banquet of night, one drink to life, and we do not fear to die, we scorn the reaper death. But hush! there is a hurried sound as of spirits in passing by! It struck and a phantom form stood there; that form was death.

But stop; is there no remedy for these accursed evils which are spreading over our lands?

We exclaim Yes, a Prohibition Law; and if our Legislators will not make one, let the voice of the people cry against them in a unanimous vote from the State.

Let those who think that we cannot enforce a Prohibition Law look to Maine, who has had it for two years and one half, and the citizens of Portland have just elected new officers, and one who will be likely to enforce it for the present year, certain. And we are to be outdone by the down-easters!

We Pennsylvanians!

Let us contribute our support to the proposed Carson League and to any lawful means that may be deemed to drive intemperance from our Union.

Union did I say? How often is this word used totally regardless of its meaning! Can our States be called a Union while we are disunited in this great and glorious cause, (not saying anything about other causes)? Are we united in heart while we are disunited in our efforts? Young woman think of the influence that you may and do exert, and is it working for good or evil? Your influence runs with your caresses, and can you not save one man from a drunkards doom or from the broad road to ruin?

Can you rescue one young man from the many drink shops that infest our country or stay this mighty enemy for a moment upon your right or left and save a fellow mortal from degradation and ruin?

Let me entreat you to support such associations as are calculated to promote the good morals of the country, and use the mighty influence that you are endowed with, for the suppression of all such evils as liquor traffic, and ruin drinking.

Young men, support such men in important stations as are known to be men of principle and talent, and who will carry out the principles which you profess.

If the drunkard has not the judgement to provide for himself, to resist the tempting wine cup, to avoid the company of persons of vicious habits, to care for his affectionate and care worn wife and family, is it not our duty as christian principled and humane beings and as a moral institution to exercise our judgement for him, and take measures to establish such laws as will be for their moral, intellectual and physical good, their temporal as well as spiritual happiness?

Our christian community cannot hesitate for one moment to adopt such measures as are suggested by the common principles of humanity, and a christian spirit.

Let us as brothers and sisters, and as members of this noble order, ever bear in mind our motto, "FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY," with union and harmony of effort and purpose, that we may do honor to this honorable institution, and show to the world without that all is harmony within, and there by again the good will and support of many others of our respectable citizens. As our numbers increase so let our efforts; that the country around may tremble, and our influence be felt and reverberated over these hills, and through our valleys, until intemperance shall hide itself as a candle under a bushel.

We are not associated together to stigmatize or repress, any good morals, but to extend a helping hand to those who but claim our assistance, and promote the cause of temperance as a most prominent virtue.

Proceed then, fellow brothers and sisters, with the work for which we are assembled together, and add stone to stone, upon this monument of temperance, and virtue, until it shall exclaim, "she has gained a virtuous triumph, and ascended from a foundation never to be broken, but to stand with time memorable, immovable and immortal."

How a Fellow Brought in the Returns.

In a county hard by, an election was held for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Never, it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more hotly into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands had been staked on the result, and this circumstance, perhaps, was the cause of the enthusiasm manifested by the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were dispatched to all the different polls in the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county seat—a hotel in which being the headquarters of the three parties.

We will pass by the many exciting and amusing occurrences of the day, and recur to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township, and the contest thus far was so close that the disparity between the highest and lowest candidates was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon the result of that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township—but as each was deceived by the votes of the balance, the result in this was a matter of extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed; the friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety, and the sporting gentlemen felt as though they had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The shout of "he's coming," gave general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared them—his noble animal flying as it were, under whiff and spur—they felt back on either side, and opened a passage to receive him. In his hand he held a package of human life, and hauled up suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with watch in hand, he exclaimed—"Five hundred dollars that better time was never made! Ten miles in only twenty minutes! and by a three year old colt at that!"

A death-like stillness pervaded the crowd, as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel any interest. Just at that time, the runner being the only thing which could interest the crowd at this juncture.

"The return!" interrupted a voice in the crowd.

"Thirty-eight majority," answered the runner.

"For who?" demanded the same voice in the crowd.

"Gentlemen, all I know about it is that some fellow got thirty-eight majority; but who he is—I was, I can't tell you; but I know one thing do know, and that is, that you can't get your life on this horse."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called, in this neighborhood, by the cognomen of "the fellow that brought in the returns"—O. S. Democrat.