

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 18, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 20.

Original Poetry.

For the Democrat.
Last Hours of the Aged.
Dear aged ones! living on but withering—
Just waiting for the stream that skirts Heaven's
shore.
For soot blither. Perfect in the robe
A Savior's righteousness hath made them, mark
Their peaceful end.
Will look on one we loved?
This seest—"an old man and full of years." Now
His breath comes painfully, and swollen limbs
Give him no hour of ease. Speak in his ear,
(Now dalled, and dim his eye.) "We hope the
morn
Will find thee better than to-night," and note
His answer—"If the Lord will, that is well."
He wishes not to turn aside the Hand
That smites, but in submission bears the stroke.
Thus he lingers on, till Death comes near
To lay his finger on the feeble pulse.
And "the wheel at the cistern" moves no more.
Didst know the silver-haired, the dear old man
With placid brow, and winning, child-like smile?
Didst mark him as he lay so motionless,
His eye forever closed on thee while yet
He lingered on the shores of Time. How near
To Heaven he seemed!—Well, yester-even he, too,
Was borne to join the silent band.

Will thou mourn
For pilgrims who have laid aside their stars
So earth-born, arm in arm to walk the streets
Of Heaven? Oh, no! Proclaim their spirit-birth
Altogether, as if thou didst believe
The Christian's "dying is but going home."
Montrose, April 21, 1854.

The following, out of two hundred and fifty
copies, is the one to which the prize of one
hundred dollars has been awarded:

PRIZE ODE.

Sung at the re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace
on May 10, 1854.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Lo! the transitory darkness
From our Palace flings away
Lo! the glorious gods of Genes
Glitter in the rising day.

See again the mighty Nations
Meet and cheer each other's palms,
And by Labor's glowing altar
Lift on high according psalms.

Here behold the true Emancipator!
Not from War, but from Earth increase;
God has stamped his shining patent
Only on the brow of Peace.

Only by the arm of Labor
Springing to invention's shrine,
Can the Nations build their Eden
In the wilderness of Time.

Nations! hear that mightiest music
Rolling through the mountain-bars
Planting deserts, bridging oceans
Marrying the choral stars:

Telling that our Crystal Palace
Glorifies the joyous soul—
Making Man, with Art and Nature,
Worthy of the Builder—God!

Nations! then rejoice that darkness
From our Palace flings away,
And the glowing gods of Genes
Glitter in the light of day!

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Springing to invention's shrine,
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Miscellaneous.

From the True Flag.

BEATRICE STANTON!

Or Three Years in the Life of a Woman.

BY MARY PARISHAN.

PART I.

Light streamed through the crimson-
curtained windows of a stately mansion; music,
in sweet and muffled strains, stole out upon
the "listening air," while ever and anon, at
the arrival of some late, coming guest,
the heavy door swung back upon its hinges, and
gave a momentary glimpse of the lighted
hall, the servants hurrying up and down,
and the gleam of a jeweled hand and flowing robe
of some graceful and beautiful woman.

The beauty and fashion of her native city
had embellished at her father's house, to col-
orate the entrance of Beatrice Stanton into
the gay world. And it seemed not unfitness
that splendor and gaiety should greet her
debut into the charmed circle of fashionable
life; for Beatrice was beautiful, and the
light of genius slept in the depths of her dark
eyes. Nor was the setting of such a gem
overlooked in the circle of aspirants to her
favor; for wealth added, its lustre to youth
and grace.

In a small apartment, commanding a
view of the suite of magnificent adorned
rooms, stood a single couple, contemplating
apparently, the gay assembly before them.
The gentleman, a tall, commanding-looking
man of perhaps five-and-thirty years of age,
was watching with evident interest the beau-
tiful Beatrice. Suddenly he turned to his
companion, a pretty, but rather silly-looking
girl, with the abrupt question:

"Do you imagine, Miss Emma, that your
friend Beatrice can possibly be—"

but some sudden impulse seemed to check him,
for he stopped as abruptly as he had begun.

The lady, whose attention had been di-
vided between the groups of dancers and
the tall figure of the young man, who leaned
eagerly against a pillar a short dis-
tance from them, and seemed plunged into
a reverie so deep as to have lost all con-
sciousness of surrounding objects, turned a con-
fused look of surprise upon Col. Delamere, as
he exclaimed:

"Why, Col. Delamere, it is possible you
can be interested in the fate of a young lady?"

"I thought you were the most insensible of
creatures; how many times have I heard of your
cool remarks upon reigning beauties?"

The handsome Colonel smiled sarcastically,
as he replied: "I think it is not very sur-
prising that I should be interested in the
daughter of one of my oldest friends. But do
you not think, Miss Emma, that Miss Stan-
ton's manners are very charming?"

"Really, Colonel," said the young lady,
laughing merrily, "there are some hopes of
you yet; you seem to stamp with the seal
of your approval, the predicted 'Belle' of the

season! Now to my taste, Beatrice's manner
has a little—a very little—too much expres-
sion. I like better the languid ease of Ger-
trude II."

"What you consider a defect, is to me her
greatest charm," said the Col. earnestly.

"The delight she so evidently feels in a new
pleasure is natural to her youth, and is charm-
ing because harkened in the ways of the
world as I am. Beatrice's animated face
shows such thorough enjoyment of what is to
me a common-place ball, that it makes one
half-believe one breathes again the freshness
of the dawn!"

The lady looked as if she did not half com-
prehend her companion. However, that ap-
peared to him quite a matter of indifference.

"May I not wish you to supper, Miss
Emma? I see the company are going down."

This was something quite comprehensible
to a young lady with a decided partiality for
oysters and ice-cream.

The last carriage had rolled away with its
pleasure-tired occupants, and Beatrice and
her father were left alone in the brilliant and
deserted rooms.

"I hope my child has enjoyed her eight-
teenth birthday," said Mr. Stanton, fondly.

"Oh! yes, papa, so much. I had a large
party a great deal better than I thought I
should. I could dance another hour yet,"
said the gay girl, gazing round her maid and
proud parent.

Mr. Stanton smiled.

"Well, Beatrice, I am not so young as you
are, and shall like very well to go to bed; so
call up Mrs. Mary to see to the house," and
thus saying, he kissed the fair brow of his
daughter, and retired.

Beatrice bent her head in a repentant atti-
tude as she stood within her circling arms—
"Forgive me," she said softly, "I know that
you have often told me, and I feel that it is
true, that I must where I love is my beset-
ting sin. But oh, forgive me, Walter, for it is
a fault born of my exacting and too pas-
sionate affections."

You can never plead in vain, my own too
beautiful, too beloved. Never, Beatrice, never
shall I forget you. Look into my face, and
tell me if you think I am likely to change.
I swear to you that so long as you are
Beatrice Stanton, so long you will be the cen-
tre of my life; the hope of calling you mine be-
fore the world, the height to which all my as-
piration will tend. Be you as faithful, Beatrice,
to me, as I to you, and above all never,
never doubt!"

Beatrice made him no answer. Even now
she was scarcely satisfied. Half a child, half
a woman, she spoke, truly, when he said she
did not comprehend him. A motherly girl,
she had lived in an atmosphere of indulgence
and idleness; and rich and pure as was her
nature, it had not escaped the taint of such
lowering influences. Let us see who will best
bear the test of separation.

One passionate embrace, and Beatrice was
alone; her face bowed in her hands, and the
tears that welled up from her warm, southern
nature, were falling fast through the slender
fingers. Yet as she wept she softly mur-
mured, "He loves me, he loves me—I cannot
doubt, I will not." And still, in her dreams,
she murmured the charmed words, "He loves
me, he loves me."

PART II.

The hall was crowded to overflowing at an
early hour. Many turned away disappointed,
as they caught a glimpse of the serried multi-
tudes of dark forms that filled every inch of
the noble hall, and the bright, gleaming
White of the fluted fans, the waving of plum-
age, the sparkling of jewels, made the galleries,
equally crowded with the beauty and fashion
of a great city, look like some enormous and
animated flower-bed.

All these human beings, of every degree
of mind and manner, had assembled to listen to
the voice, and look into the face of one man.
Yet did that was the expected orator, and
many were the whispered inquiries and replies
that rose, like the murmur of the sea on a
sandy beach, over the multitude.

All that could be told, however, amounted
to but this. Walter Lyndhurst, a native of
their own State, had, alone and unaided,
achieved a name and fame in a distant part
of the Union. Wise and good men smiled as
they repeated to each other, that this young
man had raised himself to a high position in
the regard of the country, when a sudden
change passed over that countenance that was
drawing all regards to itself. The pale face
grew yet paler, the broad brow contracted,
and the white lips refused to utter the words
they formed. The covered his face with his
hands, as if to slant out the sight of some
dreaded object. The audience, thinking him
overpowered by their presence, applauded to
encourage him. One alone, of all those beat-
ing hearts, divined the cause of that sudden
emotion.

In that momentary glance, he had met the
gaze of a lady, richly dressed, who occupied
one of the most conspicuous seats in the bal-
cony opposite him. It was but a momentary
glance, yet long enough to enable him to
mark every change in that beautiful and but
too well remembered face. She, also, as she
noted the effect of that single look, hid her
face in her handkerchief, as she murmured,
with a smile of triumph—"He remembers
me still!"

Long ere that beautiful and voluptuous face
was again visible, Walter Lyndhurst had re-
covered his self-possession; and his voice, deep
and clear, was filling every ear with the con-
vincing conviction that gave strength to his own
opinions. Each word that fell from those
truthful and inspired lips, dropped softly down
into the depth of every individual mind.

Not an eye wandered from that pale, earnest
face, with its deeply marked lines drawn, as
if instinctively felt, by labor not by care.
And as the orator wound nearer, still nearer
the heart of his subject, his voice grew deeper,
his face, illuminated with the light of his
own thoughts, seemed to expand into youth
and manly beauty.

And the breathless silence of those atten-
tive hundreds he controlled. In the pause
that ensued ere the multitude recovered from
the spell that had so long held them captive,
Beatrice bent eagerly forward, as if to show
down upon that being, from whose face the
glow of enthusiasm was slowly fading away,
her exalting and impassioned admiration. At
that instant her eye caught the outline of a
single form, out of the ranks of men that fill-
ed the lower floor of the hall, and which gave
the signal for applause, that shook the build-

ing to its foundations. It was the majestic
figure Col. Delamere—her husband.

Alone, in a distant and quiet apartment of
a hotel, sat the man who a few hours before
had thrilled, by one common impulse, hun-
dreds of different and contradictory natures.

He sat leaning on a table, his head resting
on his clasped hands. Beside him lay un-
opened the evening journals containing the re-
port of his oration and complimentary and
critical remarks. Cards and notes of invita-
tions, from those who wished the honor of his
acquaintance, were thrown carelessly down,
equally unheeded. What to him at this mo-
ment were the rewards of the laborious exer-
cises of years!—they had failed to give him
happiness!

All the excitement of a successful entrance
into a city, whose streets he had walked un-
known and unheeded ten years before; nay,
even the thought that he was gradually car-
rying out of his individual life the lofty and beau-
tiful ideal which had haunted his boyhood's
dreams and his manhood's aspirations, were
swept resistlessly away by a single remem-
brance of a wasted and unrequited tenderness.

Out of the set of faces that, in that event-
ful day, had met his gaze, one alone arose be-
fore him now in solitude. As if gifted with
some magical power of retention, he drew up
on the image which that glance of a moment
had fixed forever in his memory. Like some
picture of the gorgeous and voluptuous Titan
beauty before him that beautiful yet tumultu-
ous face; its wealth of dark brown tresses, the
eyes of oriental softness and southern passion,
the full, red lips, the rich and varying com-
plexion.

So like, yet so unlike his remembrance of
the fair girl in her white robes, standing like
Beatrice in light robes—as he had last seen
her in the one, he saw the promise of the
future woman; in the restless, unsatisfied and
undisciplined nature of the other, he read the
fulfillment of the promise, but oh! how unlike
the fulfillment he had once imagined.

Long did the Past and Present hold him
in their spells; but at length, rousing himself,
like one who has dreamed too long, he ex-
claimed, half aloud:

"Would to God, oh, Beatrice, you had en-
trusted to me the guidance of that suscepti-
ble and too ardent soul! Oh, that you had
at least found peace in your brilliant and en-
chanted life!"

As he spoke, he drew his writing-desk to-
wards him, and far into the night did the pale
student protract the labors which drew him
away from the vain yearning of an empty and
aching heart.

At that same hour, in an apartment whose
very atmosphere, heavy with luxury, wood to
repose, a woman with disheveled hair and
disordered dress, paced to and fro; as if per-
suaded by some invisible yet avenging demon.
Ever and anon she clasped her white and jew-
eled hands above her heart, as if to crush
down its rebellious throbbings; while from
her trembling lips broke words that should
have been stifled in silence in the depths of
a great and unrequited love.

"He is free—and I can never love him yet
as he seems to all the world; and—and—I
am not free! Oh God! why didst Thou let
me throw away, in one mad impulse, the bless-
edness of a life!"

PART III.

Through the stillness of the room the light
rings of the summer breeze, the faint chirp
of the night birds, and the busy hum of insect
life, were distinctly audible. Yet it was not
unoccupied. A lady in deep mourning sat
in a cushioned chair of antique workmanship;
opposite her, his arm resting on a small table
and half shading his face with his hand, was
a gentleman, forming in appearance a striking
contrast to the matured and elegant woman
before him.

Though still young, his form was already
bowed, as if life weighed heavily on the slender
frame that held it, while an expression of
weariness pervaded the whole figure.

Yet the face, though pale, even to the thin
lips of the firm gray mouth, was serene, as if
an inward peace drew notes of harmony even
from the tumult of an active and busy life.

What a contrast was it to the unsubdued
emotions that swept alternately over the flushed
and excited countenance of the lady. As
she noted the changes that time had wrought
in that well-remembered figure, her dark eyes
filled with tears and her whole face became
pale, with a sort of repulsive tenderness.
Then, as the silence remained unbroken, and
the yearning pervaded the whole figure—
"Yet the face, though pale, even to the thin
lips of the firm gray mouth, was serene, as if
an inward peace drew notes of harmony even
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Each measured each other's eyes, and
the yearning pervaded the whole figure—
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ful day, had met his gaze, one alone arose be-
fore him now in solitude. As if gifted with
some magical power of retention, he drew up
on the image which that glance of a moment
had fixed forever in his memory. Like some
picture of the gorgeous and voluptuous Titan
beauty before him that beautiful yet tumultu-
ous face; its wealth of dark brown tresses, the
eyes of oriental softness and southern passion,
the full, red lips, the rich and varying com-
plexion.

So like, yet so unlike his remembrance of
the fair girl in her white robes, standing like
Beatrice in light robes—as he had last seen
her in the one, he saw the promise of the
future woman; in the restless, unsatisfied and
undisciplined nature of the other, he read the
fulfillment of the promise, but oh! how unlike
the fulfillment he had once imagined.

Long did the Past and Present hold him
in their spells; but at length, rousing himself,
like one who has dreamed too long, he ex-
claimed, half aloud:

"Would to God, oh, Beatrice, you had en-
trusted to me the guidance of that suscepti-
ble and too ardent soul! Oh, that you had
at least found peace in your brilliant and en-
chanted life!"

As he spoke, he drew his writing-desk to-
wards him, and far into the night did the pale
student protract the labors which drew him
away from the vain yearning of an empty and
aching heart.

At that same hour, in an apartment whose
very atmosphere, heavy with luxury, wood to
repose, a woman with disheveled hair and
disordered dress, paced to and fro; as if per-
suaded by some invisible yet avenging demon.
Ever and anon she clasped her white and jew-
eled hands above her heart, as if to crush
down its rebellious throbbings; while from
her trembling lips broke words that should
have been stifled in silence in the depths of
a great and unrequited love.