

# The Montrose Democrat.

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Chase & Day, Proprietors.

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## Select Poetry.

### FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

#### Winter.

"Peter of the Invention year,  
I love thee all unwily as thou seem'st,  
And dost as thou art."—(Thompson.)  
Lo! a swiftness on thy car,  
Forged in polar climates afar,  
Old Winter from his northern home,  
Arrayed in fleecy robes hath come,  
And rudely aways his sceptre here,  
Etern visaged monarch of the year,  
At his approach, Sol trembling fled,  
And ceased his wonted beams to shed;  
When felt a not the warm embrace,  
A pale spread o'er Nature's face;  
Who soon was bound, with icy chains,  
Rivers, lakes, fields and plains;  
And hushed the extract that fell  
From every rock, in mountain dell;  
Even the silvery, gurgling rill,  
Upspringing from the rugged hill,  
No longer urged its tiny flow,  
To mingle with the waves below,  
But nestled in his pebbly bed,  
With frosty mantle overpiled.  
The desolation reigns around,  
The frosts the ground no marring sound  
Of rustling verdure greets the ear,  
Nor gay-winged songsters' carols cheer,  
The vegetation moulders low,  
Veiled by the peary snow,  
That perished are the lovely flowers  
That bloomed in aromatic odors,  
Even deep in tangled wild-wood's maze,  
Hidden from Sol's withering gaze,  
The brook, mending his path,  
Hath ceased its gurgling lullaby,  
Yet has rude Winter still no joy  
That may the restless mind employ?  
No alluring, wondrous charm  
Which can the seasons' sting disarm!  
"Ah, yes," young swelling heart's reply,  
"And e'er thou wilt its pleasures fly."  
When fast its fleeting course has run,  
And evening shadows veiled the sun,  
What happy groups, with joy and mirth,  
Asssemble round the blazing hearth,  
And though without the chilling blast,  
Do mournful cadence whistles past,  
With sparkling eye and blooming cheek,  
What health and happiness I speak.  
They while the merry hours away,  
Their hearts all buoyant, light and gay.  
Oh, if true happiness there be,  
Earthdale of glad Eternity;  
If it were given man to know  
Of Heaven a foreste while below,  
That priceless boon is found not here,  
But within the social sphere,  
Where friends with joy each other greet,  
And sweet contentment rates the hour,  
But say, has Winter no delight  
Save in the social circle bright?  
Answer ye who joy to find,  
O'er the sparkling drifted snow,  
And swift on bounding sledges glide  
Along the rugged mountain's side,  
Mocking fear with laugh and song,  
A merry, ever joyous throng.  
Answer ye, with whom to bear,  
The merry tinkling sleigh bells near  
In music sweet than the lute,  
The viol or the mellow flute.  
Answer schoolboy, blithe and gay,  
Fresh from labor of the day,  
Dost thou not enjoyment find,  
Aside from culture of the mind,  
In innocent and healthful sports,  
Rearing snowy mounds and forts,  
Eager gliding with companions gay,  
O'er frozen river, loch or bay?  
When howls the Winter, bleak and wan,  
Who's happier than the husbandman?  
The golden treasures of the fields,  
Pomona in her bonny yields,  
Which brings ease to his smiling door,  
And now securely laid in store,  
Ye pampered sons and daughters, too,  
Of luxury, who never knew  
The wealth of toil or sweet employ,  
Ere not the farmer's joy?  
Your sumptuous banquets richly spread  
In halls where wealth and fashion tread;  
Where music sways with magic art,  
The feelings of the human heart;  
Where beauty sparkles in the throng,  
That whirls in giddy maze along,  
Can we not pure delight afford  
As lingers round his ample board?  
But Winter soon will take us light,  
And robes of Spring with footsteps light,  
Oad in roses of liveliest green,  
By sparkling eyes will soon be seen,  
Dispensing, with profuse hand,  
Her choicest blessings thro' the land;  
So now, stern King, the power thou hast,  
We want defiance at thy wrath:  
Rage! away thy rod from shore to shore  
Thy reign is short, 'twill soon be o'er."  
Lynn, Dec. 1, 1854.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Young Duke of Reichstadt.

AN INTERESTING AND AFFECTING STORY.

The story of the life of Napoleon's son, as it is told, in articles entitled "The Bonaparte Family," by a writer in the *North British Review*, can hardly fail to be read with deep interest. It is a most interesting and affecting narrative, and one that will be read with pleasure and sympathy by all who are interested in the history of the Napoleonic wars. The Duke of Reichstadt, the youngest son of Napoleon, was born in 1811, and died in 1820, in the city of Vienna. His life was a life of suffering and sacrifice, and his death was a martyr's death. The story of his life is a most interesting and affecting one, and one that will be read with pleasure and sympathy by all who are interested in the history of the Napoleonic wars.

## Sunday Reading.

### The Hour of Prayer.

My God, in every hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet—  
The hour of prayer!

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When on the wings of prayer upborne  
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
And richer dews descend from thee  
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then is my sin by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,  
My spirit swims in heaven to stay,  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is laid away.

Common Courtesy.

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It is the little every day courtesies of life which betray the true Christian and gentleman—those kindnesses and forbearances which are a part of his life. They are the unassuming acts of kindness which are the true test of a man's character.

The Right Kind of Preaching.—It was a beautiful criticism made by Longinus upon the effects of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes.

Humorous Reading.

Seeking after a "Sign."

BY DR. FRANK A. HOWIG.

A Short and Pithy Prayer.

A Beautiful Figure.

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### Burning Evidence.

The citizens of Lynn having invited Mr. Saas to visit their city on the 4th, were highly pleased and enlightened by the following speech, delivered on High Rock, on that day.

How they Read Newspapers.

It is a proof of the great variety of human development to notice persons reading a newspaper.

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Horrible Dream.—We once heard a very laughable joke which a hen-pecked husband got upon Mrs. Caudle. He had borne her railing for many a long year, till one morning she was blustering away about the wood-shed, short of potatoes, flour, &c., he remarked very pathetically:

Jeriah, I had a dream last night, a very queer one, and it gives me some uneasiness. I dreamed that I was taken sick and died. "Well, it is no more than that," said Jeriah. "I wish it had been more than a dream."

The Destruction of Pompeii not instantaneous.

Life is beautiful compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried.

A young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote.

During the recent trial of Furman at Covington, Ky., one of the jurymen returned was asked by the prosecution if he had any conscientious scruples about inflicting the death penalty.

Keep your dog away from me, said a dandy to a butcher boy. "Darn the dog," said the boy; he always will be after puppies.

Always speak the truth.