

Montrose Democrat.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

E. B. CHASE & ALVIN DAY, Editors.

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Deck of the "Outward Bound."

FROM LIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

How seldom we dream of the murrain's grave,

Fat down by the coral strand!

How little we think of the world and the wave

When all we love are on land!

The lightning has done its work, and the hurricane goes,

And the walls have done their part,

Though the tree may snap at the tempest blow,

And the walls of our home stand safe;

But the northeast wind tells a different tale,

With a rush of fearful sound,

When a loved one is under a close-rear'd sail,

On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistful then we looked the night,

As the threat'ning clouds go by,

As the dying wind gets up, and the last faint

Is dying down in the sky!

How we listen and wait with a silent lip,

And judge by the bended tree,

How the wild gulf might toss the ship;

And around the mighty sea!

Ah! sadly then we meet the day—

When signs of storm are found,

And pray for the loved one far away,

On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one I abhorred when hand in hand,

We roved over the lowland sea;

And I thought my love for that one on the land

Was earnest as love could be;

But now that he hath gone out on the tide,

I find that I worship the more,

And I think of the water deep and wide,

And I bask in the flowers on shore,

I have lost the wind, I have watched the stars,

And shrank from the tempest sound;

For my heartstrings are wreathed with the slender afts.

That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyr forgot to creep,

And the sky was without a frown,

But I started soon from that treiful sleep,

With a dream of a ship going down;

Down in the field when the corn was in

Shock, and the rain,

And the reaper's hook was bright.

But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,

In the dead of a moonless night,

O! will never measure affection again,

While treading earth's flowy mound,

But till we the loved one is far off the main,

On the deck of an "outward bound."

Random Selections.

Peculiarities of Eminent Authors.

Racing composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus at work at his play of Mirth-riders, in the Tuilleries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse, as a small affair.

Maglæbecquin, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never strolled abroad, but lived amid books and upon books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight, and forty years in his midst, only two in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half, leaving by boat for Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet; the dog, he brought from Wittenberg and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck around with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his fiddle or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy, for he was a skilful musician, when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer rain. Music was his variable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of the arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which like theology, can put the calm in the soul, and put the devil to flight."

Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great master had a heart as tender as a woman's. Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at 5 or 6 o'clock, he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and he worked on hours together. If he had been obliged to go out on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later days he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything.

Rousseau wrote his books daily in the morning. Le Sage at midday. Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retouching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to command work.

Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, laboring to overcome the defects in his voice. There he labored, Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming, for some time at the top of his voice.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Foot's Wit.

The Quarterly Review for the current quarter gives many specimens of Foot's wit. He was talking away one evening, at the dinner-table, of a map of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with a sort of most considerate apology.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Foot, but your handles are half out of your pocket."

"Thank you sir," said Foot, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke.

The Height of Meanness.—The Knickerbocker tells of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not a valid five dollars, it being a discount. The prosecutor said he knew the thief was the meanest man in the State, but did not think he was so much of a scoundrel as to steal a five dollar bill.

"It is very little of its size," said Foot, holding up his diminutive glass.

Distressed on one occasion by a notorious man of his acquaintance, who had not only written a poem, but enacted a portion of it, he would hate to tell, and who, nevertheless,

had received a few lines.

Advertisements.

THE FINEST WINE!

This excellent Medicinal Wine, and the finest wine, is far below the price of the best.

"I am, oh, Phoebus, and am mine;

Pray—was—beautiful, Mr. Foot."

"I am, and Foot's wine and ours are

tear. Go on!"

A Bear Story.

We have small confidence in these old Ohio pilots—they tell each other large stories. They have no conscience in their exaggerations. We have been among them long ago." We started from Olean Point, in the county of Corryton—a great place in those days on the Allegheny river. We went down to its confluence with the Ohio on a lumber raft, and when we got a board of a pirogue of some four or five tons burden, and were ahead. Cincinnati was comparatively a small place then. It was not a great and beautiful city, with long, wide streets, cutting each other at right angles reaching way into a long vista of shade trees, and lined with insignificant business structures and elegant dwellings. Along the majestic Ohio were great forests of gigantic growth, where now are broad farms teeming with agricultural wealth. There were occasional broad lagoons and marshes, swamps covered with lowland trees, and it is a simple truth that, when the sun was rising low, and the shadows of evening were gathering around, the mosquitoes were out in their might, and they were an extraordinary breed. We had an old pilot who was an original in his way, and the stories he told of the early settlement, and of the incidents occurring in his experience in the "olden time," were astonishing.

We remember a bear story of his telling. He seemed to believe it himself, for he told it with a gravity of face that would ill comport with its fatality. "We do not vouch for its verity; we simply tell it as the old pilot told it to us one pleasant afternoon, as we were gliding along quietly down the Ohio, fighting mosquitoes and watching the sun as he was sinking down into the western wilderness, casting the dark shadows of the woods far out over the water."

"Forty years ago," said the old pilot,

"we used to have

and to have