

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

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Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a., Thursday Morning, March 1, 1855.

Volume 12, Number 8.

## Select Poetry.

The Groomsmen to his Mistress.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Every wedding says the proverb,  
Make another son or late,  
New yet as new a marriage,  
Entered in the book of Fate,  
But the names were also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning  
When my friend, with fondest look,  
By the solemn rites' permission,  
To himself his mistress took,  
And the Doves were recorded  
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parents and the kinsmen,  
Aimed their glances at the bride,  
The groomsmen eyed the virgin  
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her:  
One was dark and one was fair,  
But not fair for dark the other,  
Neither dark nor fair the third,  
Save her Arab eyes I call her,  
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?  
Yes, they, and only they—  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three.  
Thus he thought: "How best the bridal  
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon my age,  
Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
As I wondered, as the churchman  
Dealt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next service?  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?  
Thine perchance, my dearest lady,  
Or, who knows?—It may be mine:  
What if I were—forgive the fancy—  
What if I were—both mine and thine.

## Miscellaneous.

A Great Freshet.

We mean the great freshet of public sentiment which is just now attaining a height and overwhelming force which promises to sweep away the whole system of liquor drinking and vending under which crime and misery have reached such gigantic proportions, and such a desolating sway. We have been attentive and interested observers of the various reforms of the last thirty years. We have marked their rise and progress, and sometimes their decline and fall; and in some instances have seen reforms which were at first unpopular, rise to an encouraging point of success and public favor. But never have we seen such triumphant victory achieved by any enterprise of the kind as that which now rewards the efforts of prohibition.

It is but a few short years since, as we well remember, the idea of prohibiting vitally by law the traffic in intoxicating drinks, was considered sheer fanaticism of the most ultra character, by all save a few leading spirits, the Temperance ranks. It is not more than five years since the conductors of the Oregon were assailed with much warmth and severity by active temperance men in various parts of the country, because they advocated and urged legal prohibition. Sometimes copies of the paper were sent back with notice of indignant dissent from a subscriber, and sometimes long letters rebuking the editors for their heterodoxy in appealing to legislation for interference instead of moral suasion. But the world does move, and on this subject it has made an advance which may well gladden the hearts of all the friends of man. Not in one or two States merely; not in any one large section of our country, but east and west, north and south, in the British provinces of North America, in England, on the Pacific, in Australia, the great moral discovery of legal prohibition of the traffic in liquor, as the remedy for intemperance, is cordially embraced and earnestly advocated by all except the supporters of the traffic in free drinking.

A temperance man opposed to prohibition is almost as rare a specimen as an ichthyosaurus or any other pre-admitte curiosity. And the growth of this sentiment in every part of the world, is a slow and difficult task. For the last two or three years, however, more like the spread of a mighty freshet, than any thing else, politicians, old, shrewd, managing politicians, who happened to overlook or despise this new doctrine, have suddenly found themselves lifted off their feet, and left high and dry nowhere. And this class of men everywhere find that their political existence depends most showing respect and obedience to this great and overwhelming element.

And still the sentiment spreads and deepens. The wonderful benefits seen to result from stopping the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, in this and some other places, have led many to exclaim, what a blessing it would be if it could be stopped altogether, instead of one day in seven. The great transformation in Connecticut under the new law, has had the happiest effect in winning all decent men to the right side. And the desperate recklessness of the liquor sellers, as shown here and elsewhere, in the determination to prosecute their abominable business in spite of public sentiment, has done much towards exciting quiet, well disposed citizens, not in temperance organizations, to give their influence for prohibition. In a neighboring city, where we have good opportunity of knowing the sentiments of a large number of men on this subject, we can safely say, that we could point to hundreds who, within a single year, have changed from a hostility or indifference to a warm interest in favor of prohibition, and this chiefly on account of the bold, reckless conduct of the rum sellers in forcing their traffic on an unwilling community.

Within the last few days the voice of the great west has rolled over the mountains, pronouncing prohibition the law there as well as in the east; and soon all this great North American Continent and its mighty interhood of States, territories and provinces will have outlawed the traffic utterly and for ever.—N. Y. Organ.

Miss Dobbs says that the sweetest she ever read was her Simon's sweetest in molasses, on the front stoop.

Honesty may be the best policy; but the best best is a policy of insurance.

## The Jews in Jerusalem.

BY BARBARA TAYLOR.

The native Jewish families in Jerusalem, as well as those in other parts of Palestine, present a marked difference to the Jews of Europe and America. They present the same physical characteristics—the dark oblong eye, the prominent nose, the strongly marked cheekbone—but in the latter these traits have become coarse and harsh. Centuries devoted to the lowest and most debasing forms of traffic, with the endurance of persecution and contumely, have greatly changed and vulgarized the appearance of the race. But the Jews of the Holy City still retain a noble bearing, which proved to my mind their descent from the ancient princely houses of Israel. The forehead is lofty, the eye is larger and more frank in its expression, the nose more delicate in its prominence, and the face of a purer oval. I have remarked the same distinction in the countenances of those Jewish families of Europe whose members have devoted themselves to art or literature. Menashaiah was a fact that might have belonged to the house of David.

On the evening of my arrival in the city, as I set out to walk through the bazaars, I encountered a native Jew, whose face will haunt me for the rest of my life. I was sauntering slowly along, asking myself, "Is this Jerusalem?" when, lifting my eyes, they met those of Christ! It was the very face which Raphael has painted—the traditional features of the Saviour, as they are recognized and accepted of all Christendom. The waving brown hair, partly hidden by a Jewish cap, fell clustering about his ears; the face was the most perfect oval, and almost feminine in the purity of its outline; the serene, childlike mouth was shaded with a light moustache, and a silky brown beard clothed the chin; but the eyes—shall I ever look into such orbs again! Large, dark, unapproachable, they beamed with an expression of divine love and divine sorrow, such as I never before saw in human face. The man had just emerged from a dark arched way, and the golden glow of the sunset, reflected from a white wall above, fell upon his face. Perhaps it was the transition that made his beauty so unearthly; but during the moment that I saw him, he was to me a revelation of the Saviour. As the dusk gathered in the deep streets, I could see nothing but the ineffable sweetness and benignity of that countenance, and my friend was not a little astonished, when I asked, when I said to him, with the earnestness of belief, on my return: "I have just seen Christ!"

## The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifles. The wife who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so beloved, so unweary—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her eye. You stand beside her grave and think of the past; it seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, where the stars hung glittering overhead. Fair would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered about that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dead head so often laid upon your bosom that mistletoe and holly leaves are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now, no speaking face to look up in the eyes of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh, it is too sad!" There is no strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet at nightfall—the clock ticks to its strikes and ticks. It was sweet music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knock only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, and feel that she is often by your side, an angel presence. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her a place in your heart.—Never forget what she has done for you; that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.

## Girls and Boys.

It is a curious fact in the natural history of little girls, that although they are passionately attached to their dolls, they are feeling gradually changing to a downright hostility as they creep up to the category of great boys. The great boy, on his part, can hardly be said to reciprocate the enmity; or at least his dislike is so much chastened by contempt as to change its character. He merely pools the little girl. He looks upon her as a naturally inferior animal—far inferior in wisdom, courage and strength; and it is not till he has left her behind, that he finds out his mistake. Then he begins to blush and fatter in the presence of the expanded weakness; then he pays obedience to the dictates of her service, and makes her own all those qualities on the exclusive possession of which he had prided himself; then he acknowledges in his heart—yes, in his heart of hearts—the supremacy of womanhood.

## Not so Very Green.

A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave an unwilling assent to a certain occasion, found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!" says one, "where are you bound?"

"Bound to Boston, on a little ramble."

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I've done your pen pension money," responded greeny.

"Pension money?" ejaculated whiskers; "how much do you get; and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh!" answered the bountyman, "I get four cents every year—two to mind my own business, and two to let other folks' business alone!"

The crowd had no more remarks to offer. The answer was entirely satisfactory.

## Communications.

Letter from the West.

FORT DEMOINE, IOWA, Dec. 31, 1854.

JOEL TORRELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir—Present circumstances, and the vacation I intend to follow for a few years hence, if not for life, induces me to write to you. I have been following the profession nearly a year, and like it much. The little practice I had with you did me more service than ever I anticipated. Having a peculiar taste for the business, and no prospect for it where I then lived, I picked up my duds and sought my fortune in the west. I first went to Illinois, stopped there for a short time, but could not find sufficient prospects. I thought I was getting pretty well west, but found I had only arrived at the portion of country where western fever raged the highest. It was all "going west," some to Iowa, others to Nebraska, Oregon and California, &c. I looked about me for a week or two, and finally concluded if there could be any better country than where I then was, I would find it before I resolved to settle in any portion of the west. Consequently I renewed my journey, and repaired to Iowa, where my anticipations were more than met with, notwithstanding they were wrought up to the highest pitch. I thought when in Illinois I was in the "most beautiful country" ever saw, and in fact it was. It was in the northern part of the state, on those rolling prairies. A richer or more beautiful country the eye never beheld upon. Far as the eye could reach, and still away beyond the power of vision, extends the beautiful, undulating plain. When I reached Iowa I was satisfied I went no further. Here I found a prospect of prosecuting my business. It was fall, and no chance then. I went into a wholesale grocery store until spring, when the price of Kankak, Iowa, got up a railroad excitement, and by telling them that I was an civil engineer, I got a situation as roadman at \$1.25 per day. We made the preliminary survey of 153 miles. Commenced the first of April, completed it June 1st. Never slept in a house while out. We took tents &c. with us, and encamped wherever night overtook us, and this very night, in the midst of winter, buds up in the same place. I have been employed in this survey since Sept. 26. We have surveyed this route 207 miles from the Mississippi. I have slept on the bank of this stream on a mattress thrown on the leaves while the river was closing up by my side, but as often as I have frozen over it has broken up again. We have not had ice enough to run on yet. We are not more than one quarter finished yet. When we got up to Fort Demoine (the extent of the navigation) we laid idle two weeks waiting for ice to take soundings of water. We are now on our return. We intend to survey all the land under 25 feet above the surface of the water at present stage. We have got 85 miles down, and we have surveyed over 11,000 acres. You can judge something of the extent of our work in going 207 miles, and in addition to this, we have to take soundings every 500 feet, and at each of these points to take them every 50 feet across the river. There are twelve of us in the corps. I have run the transit on this route since the first month, and will probably continue until finished. When I commenced I was scarcely able to carry the flag. My average weight was 123 lbs.—now I weigh 145. I have not time or paper to tell half what I wish to burden you with, consequently I will defer it until next year, and give you the particulars of our New Year's camp, for we have a catfish, one dozen cans of oysters, and a gallon of whiskey for the occasion, and I have said nothing of Iowa yet, which I presume you think is nearly out of the world; but if you were to visit this country you would not be long in finding your mistake. I am afraid you will be inclined to doubt my veracity should I state some unvarnished facts, such as the general features of the country and the emigration to it.

JAN. 2nd, 1855.

As I mentioned in the first sheet of giving a description of a New Year's camp, I will proceed. In the first place I will give a history on catfish. I believe I can perceive no difference between the catfish and bull-head, except in size. I spoke of having one for New Year, and last year might doubt it large enough for sixteen of us. I will give you a description hereafter. Suffice it to say we had one, and the fun of it was that we stole our own fish! We all went to town on Sunday, and part returned previous to the others, and crossing the river they bought a fine fish—having no way to carry it left it in the ferry boat, with strict injunctions to give it us to carry in the wagon. But as luck would have it when we got to the boat no ferryman was there. We drove in and pulled across, but before we got across we spied a noble fish lying in the boat. It being so near New Year's eve, we thought it would go fine, we slipped it into the wagon, and bore it away in triumph, until we arrived in camp, and found it had been left for us. Suffice it to say, we had some gay scenes that evening, "as there was no one to molest or make us afraid." As to game, we have every description from a mouse to a buffalo. I saw eight elk the other day. Their horns are from two to five feet long. I also saw three buffaloes, but they were domesticated. I saw a pair of American ostriches in Fort Demoina museum, caught bear that place. The speci-

## Political Articles.

Editorial Correspondence.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1855.

Since writing day before yesterday queer things have transpired. Harrisburg is in a state of ferment,—of terrible excitement. The Know-Nothings are stove up,—knocked into pieces. Saturday evening between thirty and forty held another caucus and bound themselves to bolt the nomination of Cameron and blow up the organization. They say they would vote for the Democratic nominee to defeat Cameron and prostrate the Order, if they could have time first to blow up the organization and withdraw from the oath they have taken to vote for none but their own members for office. (What a commentary is this upon their Order? Think of men to whom the people have entrusted their dearest interests as law-makers, being bound by a dark and secret power which prevents them from carrying out their honest convictions of duty to those they represent. Can the real patriot look upon such a state of things and not exclaim: "I tremble for the future of my country!"

The pian on foot now, is to revolutionize in the House to-morrow and prevent an election. In that case the election will go over to next year, when the people will have time to dispose of this nest of corruption which is dignified by the name of a Legislature, and elect men in their places who will come here under no pledges save to carry out honestly the public will, and attend faithfully to the interests of their constituents. Know Nothingism has received a mortal blow, and is now reeling like a drunken man. A large and by far the most respectable portion of the Order, denounce Gay, Pollock as a weak and cowardly Executive, wholly void of decision or manly courage; and, as evidence, point to the nomination of Cameron over Curtin, the Administration candidate, which they say the Governor was too weak with his own party to prevent and too cowardly to try to prevent. In this they are right. He has evidently been greatly operated as a man of talents and as a politician. His Administration has made a most disgraceful failure at the outset, and I have no doubt it will be regarded, in six months, as the weakest that ever disgraced the State, not excepting Joe Ritner's, for Ritner had some talent and boldness in the person of Thad. Stephens, and Pollock's will be destitute of that. If the people of this State could but have one gaze at "the powers that be" in this town, and then walk to the polls, they would put Governor Bigler back in the Executive Chamber by 10,000 majority. Pollock is too cowardly or too corrupt to make his appointments, and remains as yet most of the old ones. I say he is too cowardly or too corrupt,—some say he is cowardly, lest the disappointed ones should raise a rebellion and aid to prostrate his party, while others say that he has kept them back to enable him by promises to carry the election of Senator. Whichever way it is, disgraces him and his Administration, for the former is disgraceful in itself, and he has failed certainly in the latter. The truth is, he has had no experience in State affairs—has simply been a successful county politician, blundered into the gubernatorial Chair by accident, and will retire from it in disgrace. To all present appearances, if Bigler shall live till '57, the people will be glad enough to make him Governor again.

But there will be fun to-morrow. Pollock pretends to be hard at work to defeat Cameron, and boasts boastfully that he has got over fifty of his Know Nothing friends pledged to revolutionize. I have little faith however in his attempts to lock the door after the horse has been stolen. It will probably end in smoke—like the "bloody snows" and "ghostly intolerance" of his inaugural,—mere words and fury. Certainly it will end so unless the old line Democrats shall come to his rescue. But I think they are disposed to let him blunder on and expose his follies. Undoubtedly he means well, but he is a weak man, too inexperienced to guide the destinies of this great State. His Know Nothing party is now split in twain—the remains of the Whig party curse him for having destroyed their organization to make himself Governor, while his "free soil friends" point to the butchered and bleeding Wilnot and exclaim, "away with his murderer, let us crucify him, let us crucify him!" Indeed, it was a sad day for Pennsylvania, when such a Governor as all acknowledge Bigler was, was struck down as a place to this pusillanimous, striped, speckled and bastard Administration. So many isms were courted, so many pledges made, and so many conditions formed to elect Mr. Pollock, that he now has not the courage to fulfill any for fear of denunciation from the others. Surrounded thus by fires on all sides, he is roasting alive, not knowing which way to jump. He was the nominee of the Whig party, broke up their organization and defeated his colleague on the ticket (Mr. Darste). He promised the free soilers to make Wilnot U. S. Senator, and when he had got their votes, endeavored to crawl out by offering him the office of Attorney General, the salary of which is only \$300 per year. Wilnot would not accept, and he then let Cameron be nominated over him for Senator, in spite of the Tariff letter. He promised the Maine law to the temperance vote, and is now putting them off with a modification of the license laws simply, for fear that the rum-

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Resolved—That the County Superintendent be discharged with fidelity the duties devolving upon him according to the conditions of his election.

The discussion continued for some time with no little spirit and animation. The resolution finally passed.

On motion of R. Harris, Esq. the subject of a uniformity of Text Books was taken up for discussion, but it being the hour of adjournment, E. C. Rogers moved "there be an evening session, and that the subject lie over till evening"—which was carried.

The Association then adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock, P. M.

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All agreed that uniformity was highly desirable in every school, and also, the School Directors ought to discharge this important duty of their office immediately in case they have not already.

The meeting at Jackson was one of the best attended the Association has ever held. The good people of Jackson displayed a spirit highly creditable to them, well sustaining the reputation they have heretofore enjoyed for intelligence and deep interest in the Common Schools.

The parent came to confer with the teacher upon this, to him and the state, momentous subject of the education of his children. A glorious sight indeed! "Fit picture for angels to gaze upon." When will every parent feel that he and the teacher have one common interest, and that education of both—the child is the first, great interest of both.—When will we feel that their interests are linked by one common tie to the welfare of his offspring. Well may it be asked, who more than the parent should feel an interest in Common School education? Ample accommodations were prepared for the entertainment of the Association, and among those most worthy of individual notice for their active exertions are Reuben Harris, Esq., J. J. Turner, G. Williams, —Clymer, Esq., and E. R. G. Lamb, to all of whom the Association is much indebted for their kindness.

Before adjournment the Secretary read a note from Prof. W. Richardson, stating that he by accident had the Friday evening previous received a severe injury in one of his eyes, and that in consequence of that he should be unable to attend the Association. He expressed a warm wish that the meeting might be harmonious and useful.

Association then adjourned to meet at Harford University on Saturday Feb. 24th, 1855, at 12 o'clock, meridian.

B. F. TEWKSBURY, Sec. Sec.

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A French paper thus traces the sensation of a reader of advertisements:

The first advertisement—he don't see it.

The second insertion—He sees it, but don't read it.

Third insertion—He reads it.

Fourth insertion—He looks at the price.

Fifth insertion—He speaks of it to his wife.

Sixth insertion—She is willing to buy.

Seventh—He purchases.

It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer, and very sensibly too—"I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be."

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A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given to his master. He promptly responded—"rosin and alum, Sir!" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts together, and de rosin to soder 'em." The patient eventually recovered.

A French paper thus traces the sensation of a reader of advertisements:

The first advertisement—he don't see it.

The second insertion—He sees it, but don't read it.

Third insertion—He reads it.

Fourth insertion—He looks at the price.

Fifth insertion—He speaks of it to his wife.

Sixth insertion—She is willing to buy.

Seventh—He purchases.

It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer, and very sensibly too—"I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be."

## Political Articles.

Editorial Correspondence.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1855.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the principles in the Common School Law established by the office of County Superintendent. The following resolution was then offered and supported by J. W. Cargill, L. M. Danwell, H. Kingsbury and B. F. Tewksbury, and opposed by A. G. Bushnell and Reuben Harris:

Resolved—That the County Superintendent be discharged with fidelity the duties devolving upon him according to the conditions of his election.

The discussion continued for some time with no little spirit and animation. The resolution finally passed.

On motion of R. Harris, Esq. the subject of a uniformity of Text Books was taken up for discussion, but it being the hour of adjournment, E. C. Rogers moved "there be an evening session, and that the subject lie over till evening"—which was carried.

The Association then adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Evening—Association assembled and elected E. B. Norris, Chairman pro tempore. The discussion of Text Books was then taken up and continued at length by R. Harris, Esq., J. W. Cargill, A. G. Bushnell, L. M. Danwell, E. C. Rogers and B. F. Tewksbury.

All agreed that uniformity was highly desirable in every school, and also, the School Directors ought to discharge this important duty of their office immediately in case they have not already.

The meeting at Jackson was one of the best attended the Association has ever held. The good people of Jackson displayed a spirit highly creditable to them, well sustaining the reputation they have heretofore enjoyed for intelligence and deep interest in the Common Schools.

The parent came to confer with the teacher upon this, to him and the state, momentous subject of the education of his children. A glorious sight indeed! "Fit picture for angels to gaze upon." When will every parent feel that he and the teacher have one common interest, and that education of both—the child is the first, great interest of both.—When will we feel that their interests are linked by one common tie to the welfare of his offspring. Well may it be asked, who more than the parent should feel an interest in Common School education? Ample accommodations were prepared for the entertainment of the Association, and among those most worthy of individual notice for their active exertions are Reuben Harris, Esq., J. J. Turner, G. Williams, —Clymer, Esq., and E. R. G. Lamb, to all of whom the Association is much indebted for their kindness.

Before adjournment the Secretary read a note from Prof. W. Richardson, stating that he by accident had the Friday evening previous received a severe injury in one of his eyes, and that in consequence of that he should be unable to attend the Association. He expressed a warm wish that the meeting might be harmonious and useful.

Association then adjourned to meet at Harford University on Saturday Feb. 24th, 1855, at 12 o'clock, meridian.

B. F. TEWKSBURY, Sec. Sec.

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