

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

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## Select Poetry.

From the Democratic Union.  
To the Susquehanna.

BY FRANK DOUGHERTY.

No more upon thy verdant shores,  
The Indian maid her sorrow pours,  
Or sings to listless eyes,  
My native Susquehanna!

Nor does the warrior roam,  
In search of deer so frolicsome—  
Ere he has left his bow,  
Upon the Susquehanna.

No more adown thy rippling tide,  
The Indian warrior woe his bride,  
Or chants o'er him who battling died,  
Along the Susquehanna.

The startled deer now lightly bounds,  
And flees from the baying hounds,  
Along thy ancient hunting grounds,  
Melodious Susquehanna!

The milk-maid on the vine-rose swings,  
Ere home her well-filled pail she brings,  
And bird-like notes she sweetly flings,  
Across the Susquehanna.

The trout boy with ruddy cheek,  
Now romping plays at hide-and-seek,  
Or leaves his form with many a freak,  
In crystal-Susquehanna.

The villa fair with well-shorn green,  
Reflecting in thy mirror sheen,  
Lends double beauty to the scene,  
And gems the Susquehanna.

Thy shores no more by red men trod,  
Borne forth in fruitful praise to God,  
And with thy rippling smiles the sod,  
Of blooming Susquehanna.

Again, and once again I hail  
Each glory peak, each flowery vale;  
And though all other memories fail,  
I'll greet thee, Susquehanna!

## The Magellanic Clouds.

BY J. WITT.

Our lone ship points her arms of white  
Up to the worlds of starry light,  
Which sparkle on the brow of night.

To Heaven's broad dome I turn my eye,  
The Southern Cross suspended high,  
Bazes in glory on the sky!

In that grand star-strewn space,  
Inwrought upon the depths of space,  
An emblem of redeeming grace.

Where the deep ocean-skies expand,  
Stretching the galaxy's bright band,  
A silver reef on unknown strand.

The Magellanic Clouds arise,  
Mid-lands on the Southern skies,  
White clouds wreaths to the gazing eyes.

And one dark cloud seems like a door,  
An opening through the heaven's bright floor,  
Upon the boundless chaos-ore.

The stars that round its portals stand,  
Are watch-towers of that unknown land,  
Where circling suns in space expand.

Half world the fettered spirit dies,  
And to the distant opening flies,  
To gaze on heaven with undimmed eyes.

Leaving its prison-house of clay,  
It fain would read the veil away,  
To bask in one eternal day.

Secounding a Young Lady.  
In my young days, says the editor of an exchange paper, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence, it was generally expected, when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me. I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands, and exclaimed that it was beautiful, etc.—I, of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady the following night. Previous to leaving the party, I made inquiry respecting her residence. I started the next night, in company with several young friends and arrived at the lady's residence, but made a most glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the 'last rose of summer.'"

I struck up, but the window remained closed. The boys smiled.

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing; it would be good taste to open the window on the first air."

I bent struck up on "old Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed. The boys smirked and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys," said I, "and she must come!"

I struck up again—"My love is like the red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing Home, sweet Home, and if that don't bring her, we will give her up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys," said I, "I knew we would fetch her."

"But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night-cap and dressing-gown."

"Friend," said he, "there was singing of thy sweet home—if I recollect right, they said there was no place like home—why don't they go to thy home? There is not a better place—there is no any of thy party—farewell!"

We and our hats went home!

## Sketch of Luther.

BY CARLILE.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian, face it was, with great, grays of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deep-set melancholy, sadness, and mystery, were all there. Often did these seem to meet in Luther the poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Ritcher had said that his

words were half-battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered inward agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar-general of his order, "I cannot, I cannot do it. Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, 'Well, sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember, they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man preach, and let them see as it happens.'"

So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died, he wrote many, very many books—books in which the true man, very far in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, still touches of tenderness lay. Look at the milkmaid, for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of a pebbled tree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked up at it and said: "That little bird, how it covers down its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite perils, snakes, and the great depth of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipzig, in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of corn that stand there, he says, "erect on its beautiful stalks, and bending its head, the joyful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year! Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul and see visibly across its tempests and clouds, the whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have seen beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

## Speech of Hon. Joseph Howe.

In the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, on the 21st of February, 1855, in opposition to the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

After much reflection upon the subject, he had not been able to bring his mind up to assume the responsibility of voting for this bill. He approved of the efforts made by the Temperance Societies, and wished them success, so long as they sought to reform by persuasion, by argument, and by example. When they attempted impossibilities, when they sought to coerce the people into temperance, he conscientiously believed they would fail; he believed that all the good they had done, would be perilled by a resort to harshness and coercion.

The Deity had not prohibited the use of wine. On the contrary he had given the grape to man, with immeasurable other bounties. Our Saviour had not prohibited the use of wine. He had sat with those who drank it, and had, by a miracle, replenished their cups at the Marriage Feast. The apostles had not forbidden the use of wine. Its use was denounced in the Koran, by the pagan Mahomet; but he was not the lawgiver, in the Bible. What, then, the Almighty had not done or attempted—what He could have done with so much ease, yet had refrained from doing—be thought it not wise for man to attempt.

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battle-fields of Balaklava and Inkerman before him, attempt to restrain, by human laws, the manufacture and sale of gunpowder? Who denies that law is the safe-guard of our lives and properties; that courts are indispensable institutions; that lawyers are the fearless advocates of the innocent and oppressed? But has not even law been abused? How many pettifoggers defile the courts; ensnare the ignorant, waste the estates, and embitter the lives of the honest? Peasbloss and Planestanes, and Dickens's picture of the Court Chancery, are familiar to us all. These are but sketches illustrative of the evils inseparable from the dispensation of Equity and Law by the most perfect tribunals of civilized countries.

How are these evils to be mitigated or removed? I would say, by discussion, by exposure, by example, by honest and successful attempts to separate the securities and legitimate practice of law from its abuse. The learned advocate of this bill, to be consistent, should close the courts, imprison the lawyers, and forbid the manufacture of law, its importation from foreign countries. Women, from her first appearance on the stage of life, had brought sorrow and suffering with her. In her train came rivalries, and jealousies, and war and strife. Let the learned member go into his own country, where the pretty faces, peeping through the apple-blossoms, are lovely to behold. Even there, there are no out yet a statute that any body would look at, a picture that any body would buy? Look at the deliverers of mankind—the heroic defenders of Nations. Was Washington a member of the Temperance Society? Did not Helmut "drink the red wine through the helmet barrel"? Who will undertake to say that? He was on the morning on which he won the battle of Bannockburn—that fall on that day when he shot the apple off his son's head, had not tasted a glass of whiskey or a drop of wine?

Then, Sir, all that is valuable in the past, if heroism, and architecture, and oratory, if freedom, and if all that has built up the world, is to be destroyed, it is to be destroyed down to the juice of the grape; if no age or nation has been long without it, I think it behooves the advocates of this bill to show some country where their system has been tried—some race of men who drank wine.

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So far as my reading extends, I may assert that every King, and Statesman, every Warrior who has illustrated the pages of history, drank wine. The apostles who were the companions of our Saviour, drank it. The prophets whose flight of inspiration still astonish us, we have every reason to believe, drank it. Cicero and Demosthenes, and all the orators of antiquity and of modern times indulged in wine. Who can say how much of the inspiration which gave them such power of language was drawn from its inspiration. Have these men been eclipsed by the Dows, and Kelloggs of the Platform. What orators have the State of Maine sent us forth comparable with the Pitts and Burkes, and Grants, and Foxes, and Sheridans of the British Islands, every one of whom drank wine?

Let the learned gentleman glance at the noble structures—the architectural wonders that embellish Europe. Who reared them? Men of gigantic intellect, whose common beverage was wine. Let his eyes range through the noble galleries where the sculptors have left their statues, where the painters have hung in rich profusion the noblest works of Art. Wine, we are told, clouds the faculties and deadens the imagination. Yet it was drunk by those benefactors of their race, and we cannot, with their master pieces before us, believe the assertion that their works have been eclipsed by artists trained under this rigorous legislation. Let Maine turned out yet a statute that any body would look at, a picture that any body would buy? Look at the deliverers of mankind—the heroic defenders of Nations. Was Washington a member of the Temperance Society? Did not Helmut "drink the red wine through the helmet barrel"? Who will undertake to say that? He was on the morning on which he won the battle of Bannockburn—that fall on that day when he shot the apple off his son's head, had not tasted a glass of whiskey or a drop of wine?

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