

# The Montrose Democrat.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE UNION FOREVER.

Perish the hand that would destroy  
The temple of our sires;  
Perish the hand that hopes for joy  
In its consuming fires!  
Let not the monster be forgot  
Who dares to light the flame,  
But curse him with a traitor's lot,  
And with a traitor's name.  
Our fainting hopes refuse to die,  
Our tottering bulwarks stand,  
And Freedom's banner still floats high  
O'er a united land!  
The stars that gem the azure fold  
May cease, while to shine;  
But tremble not the arm that holds  
The flagstaff is Divine!  
While the dark raven bodes despair,  
And still our fear renews,  
The noble eagle, high in air,  
His onward way pursues:  
He dreams not there the tempest's wrath,  
Though all his thunder roll,  
But soars above the tempest's path,  
Exalting to the goal.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Why do you sit moping here, Cousin Lucy, when it is so pleasant out of door? I exclaimed, bounding into her room, one day, my face glowing with exercise, and swaying my large sunbonnet in my hand, "come and walk with me, for—"  
I stopped suddenly, "why what is the matter darling?" and in a moment I had my arms around her neck.  
She sat with her head leaning on one little white hand, while her arm rested on the table, over which were scattered books and papers, and elegant bijouterie; but now the tears were gliding slowly down her lovely cheek, and her eyes were bent mournfully and tenderly upon something in her hand. "Twas only a lock of hair, yet it recalled some memory of the past with painful distinctness, for the fair face was stained with tears, and the proud head drooped in an attitude of dejection. The glossy tress, coiled around her fingers, was of a jetty lusc; soft, wavy and short, and I longed to know its history, but before questioning, while I drew a low stool to Lucy's side, and strove to soothe her by my silent caresses.  
"You asked me the other day, Nellie, why I had never married. I had not asked this thoughtless question because, she was old, being only twenty-three, and her rare beauty ripened into perfect womanhood, but I had wondered why she had not fallen in love with some of the wealthy, and distinguished suitors who had sought her hand.  
"Yes, said I, it was a mystery to me why you did not marry that elegant Mr. Stanley, who used to send you such beautiful bouquets; then there was Doctor Elmoro, with his gifted mind, and polished manners; that wealthy Walton; the fascinating Langford, the—"  
"Never mind, Nellie," said Lucy, interrupting me as I was murmuring on with my catalogue, in quite a theatrical style, "I can tell you why—I have never loved any of them, but I have loved with all the strength of a first, pure and passionate love."  
"You, cousin Lucy?" and I looked up with surprise into the usually calm, cheerful face, now so hopeless and wretched in every outline.  
"Yes, it is six years since I met one whose image was to blend with all the days, dreams of my after life, I was but seventeen then, and was spending a few weeks with a dear friend of mine, at Lakeville, Marian Archer, now Mrs. Elliott. Her lover had graduated at Yale College, and was ever speaking in terms of highest praise, of a young classmate of his; and as he was to spend the ensuing vacation with Elliott, he promised to bring him to see his betrothed. True to his promise he came one day, and Alfred Gray with him.  
At first I saw nothing remarkable in the young Collegian, except a pair of very dark, expressive eyes; and masses of glossy, black hair. His forehead was high, and well developed, but his features were not regular, yet his face was soon forgotten in the treasures of his highly gifted mind. He was a superior conversationalist, charming by his ready, and facile wit, and by the remarkable flow of his polished language. His information was such as to mingle with the finished scholar. Despite his dark, southern eyes, there was a cool Saxon bravery, and self-control verging on to languishiness, in his bearing, that made him seem older than he really was, for he was only nineteen. He treated Marian, and I with an easy, unpolished politeness, yet came day after day, till Elliott playfully declared, that if I did not take him, he should get jealous. As he was very fond of music we were left much alone to sing and play together. For hours he would stand by me, as I sat at the piano, mingling his rich voice with mine, or turning over the leaves of my music; yet he was coolly polite, never by a word, or act, betraying more than a passing interest in me; still I noticed that his eye ever sought mine, and that he gradually staid more and more by me; he readily to me, or conversing in his strangely fascinating manner. I grew inter-

ested unconsciously; and after waving an adieu, always watched him till he was lost to sight, and then listened eagerly for the returning footstep, that caused a quicker pulsation of the heart, and brought a crimson flush to my cheek; yet I did not stop to analyze my feelings, or I might have then nipped in the bud, a passion that was to destroy my peace, but his very reserve threw me off my guard, and I went on, only feeling how happy I was in his society, and content to quaff the cup of bliss unawakened, for how should I define the new, and exquisite emotions of happiness, that slumbered in my heart.  
One pleasant afternoon in August, he asked me to take a walk with him. I soon equipped myself, and went by his side chatting gaily; but I noticed he was more depressed than usual. I grew silent, and we wandered on till we came to a shady dell, beside a rippling stream, that glistened between the pining larches. "We seated ourselves on a soft, mossy bank, beneath the spreading branches of a luxuriant maple that grew on the brink of the babbling brooklet, and as I saw the dejected countenance of my companion, I inquired,  
"Does anything trouble you, Mr. Gray?"  
"Do not call me Mr. Gray, call me Alfred," please do."  
"Well, Alfred then," he smiled his thanks, and told me he must leave on the morrow.  
"What, so soon, Alfred?" and a sudden sense of desolation came over me.  
"Yes, Lucy, and I want you to think of me sometimes; here, take this as a memento of one who humbly craves a place in your memory, for he will ever look back upon the hours spent in your society, as the happiest of his life," so saying he severed a lock of hair from his head, one of those glossy, raven tresses I so justly admired. I extended my hand, tremblingly, to take it, while my eyes filled with tears, for, as suddenly as the lightning's flash, had come the knowledge that I loved.  
He gazed eagerly, and laughingly into my face for a moment, and then with a quick, passionate gesture drew my hand to his bosom; and in low, half incoherent words, told his love, stroking back my long ringlets, and gazing into my eyes with a look of vehement tenderness. I buried my face in his shoulder, and wept from very excess of happiness. He drew me closer to him, and our lips met in a pure, and fervent kiss.  
"My own darling," he said, "when I have earned wealth and fame, I will come back and lay them at your feet, and you shall be my bride, and we shall be so happy."  
And there, in that leafy bowyer, with Heaven for our witness, we pledged our troth, and he told me all his plans for the future. He was to finish his education, travel on the continent two years, and then enter the legal profession, at a southern Bar. Evening studies were gathering around us when we were at last parted. With one last embrace, a clasp of hands, and a "God bless you, darling," he was gone.  
While he was at College I received letters from him, filled with unchanging tenderness, and one the day of his embarkation for London, so hopeful and cheering, was the last he ever wrote.  
"Why, what became of him?" I asked.  
"I know not," replied Lucy, sadly, "I only know I never heard from him more."  
"And you love him still?"  
"Love him? yes, Nellie, with all the intensity of my nature, as truly and unchangeably as when we parted six years ago to-day, only with a love deeper, if possible, and purified by affection and suffering. My heart yearns for him constantly—and in the daytime, and the silent watches of the night, my soul cries out for him. For years a heavy shadow has rested on my heart, yet none but "He who seeth in secret," hath known it. I have tried to forget him but it has been useless. Never have I looked upon this dark lock of hair, and felt it twining around my finger, but it has brought back all the past in gem mockery of the present, and with a vividness that defied forgetfulness. Every look and tone, every word of love and tenderness of him, who has been the sunlight and shadow of my existence, has been recalled afresh to my mind."  
"And yet have you never thought of marrying another?"  
"Only once was I tempted; when Dr. Elmoro laid his wealth and station at my feet. I had never thought of him as a lover, until he made a formal offer of his hand and heart. I respected him for his varied talents and attainments, and admired his cultivated and refined taste. He was all I could ask in a husband; agreeable, fascinating, and devotedly attached to me. He offered me a splendid home, and had not all my life been a dreary waste, and should I not forget the bitter pain in the luxury with which he would surround me, and in his love? I told him to wait till morning, for his proposal had taken me by surprise.  
I retired to my room, and was sitting thoughtfully by the table, when I opened a box and this lock of hair met my gaze. I sprang to my feet, astonished and confounded that I could have thought of another for one moment, when my heart was Alfred Gray's, wholly and day-steady. What, sweetest, to love and honor one when your whole life and soul belonged to another? I thought in every threading of the maze of memory, while I again a side of the heart, whose every

life-beat was his, I found alone his image enshrined. That night I let the waves of anguish roll over me, in unresisted power, till every fibre of my being quivered in agony. I knew not if he was unworthy—I only knew I loved him, and with passionate sobs, and words, I plead for his forgiveness, as if he had been present, for forgetting him one moment. Nearly all night I paced my room with nervous steps, pressing this lock of hair to my lips and heart, for it had saved me from committing an awful sin before God.  
The next morning I met Dr. E., calmly, and told him why I rejected his offer. I pitied him when I saw that my refusal had made him unhappy, but he came to my side, and taking my hand reverently in his, exclaimed:  
"Though your words have doomed me to a life of misery, yet I love you better, venerate you more for them; and thank you for the delicacy and candor that sought to spare my feelings. Permit me to be your friend, and I will intrude my love no more."  
I respected him, and gladly retained him as a friend. He has been true to his promise, and I think you eyes, Nell, are teaching him to forget," said Lucy, smiling.  
"I shall, you know I care nothing for him, but what do you suppose has become of Alfred Gray?" for I was much interested in Cousin Lucy's story, but before she could reply a servant entered, saying a gentleman wished to see her in the parlor.  
"Who can it be? come Nellie, it may be Dr. Elmoro, and then I shall have to send for you, so come now and save me the trouble."  
I was half-perturbed, and refused, when Lucy drew my arm through hers, and looking down coaxingly into my face, said "Forgive my jesting, coz, I know you do not care for him, and it is more likely some one on business."  
I reluctantly withdrew my arm, and running down stairs before her, entered the parlor first. A tall, noble looking man was standing near the table; with an eager, expectant look lighting up his fine, handsome face. The eyes, that gave me a disappointed glance, were large and dark; the hair that was pushed back in glossy waves, from the broad, high brow, was the same hair.  
"Lucy is coming," I stammered, at a glance at the presence of the handsome stranger, and as I spoke she entered. She had walked a few steps before she suddenly stopped, and scanned his features closely. Her face grew deadly pale, and I thought she was going to faint; but recovering her self, possession she bowed with cold politeness, "Mr. Gray, I believe."  
"Yes, your own Alfred," and his voice was tremulous with emotion, while he stretched out his arms toward her with yearning tenderness. A momentary struggle between pride and her woman's heart, and she sprang toward him, and was clasped in his bosom, while he pressed passionate kisses upon the dear lips that thrilled to his touch, murmuring, "Thank God for this great happiness!"  
Lucy did not wait to ask why he had deserted her; she only knew she loved him, and that he had returned, and it needed not words to assure her that he had been true to her, all the long, weary years of their separation. I glided from the room, and left the lovers to their joy; but that evening as we all sat together in the parlor, in the dim twilight, with Lucy's hand clasped in his, Alfred told his story.  
"In the cabin of the vessel, I took for London, I found a young man whom I had met before. We entered into conversation, and he casually inquired:  
"Have you heard of Lucy Denfield's marriage?"  
"Married? impossible," I exclaimed starting to my feet. He appeared not to notice my agitation, and quietly replied, "certainly, I attended her wedding last Tuesday evening. She married a Dr. Elmoro of New Haven, I believe you had a penchant for her once."  
I strode from the room, muttering curses between my clenched teeth, I went on deck; and nothing but resignation to the will of Providence, restrained me from throwing myself into the water. All night I paced the deck in the utmost anguish of mind;—I felt I had lost all I considered worth living for, my brilliant hopes were suddenly blighted, and in my madness I prayed for death; but God did not see fit to answer my rebellious prayer, and for the rest of the voyage I grew moody and silent; refusing all intercourse with any fellow passengers, but on my arrival in London, where I transacted some business, I went into society solely for the purpose of forgetting the past, yet without avail, I spent a winter in Paris, and from thence journeyed to Rome, with a determination never to return to a country where had been spent the happiest hours of my life, and the night of which would only tend to recall all I strove to forget. I visited nearly every place and everything of interest in Europe, traveled in Egypt, and passed into Asia; when at last was persuaded by an old friend, to return to America. I did so with reluctance, and on landing in New York yesterday, I met my quondam classmate, Elliott, from whom I had not heard since my departure. He reproached me for my neglect, and without telling him the true reason, I succeeded in mollifying his resentment. At last I summoned courage to enquire about Mrs. Elmoro.  
"Mrs. Elmoro? I know no such lady," exclaimed Elliott.  
Formerly Lucy Denfield, I faintly remember

"Why Alfred, Lucy has never been married, and I have more than suspected that she had a partiality for you, you scapegrace!"  
"Never been married?" I reiterated in astonishment, tell me, did she not marry a Dr. Elmoro of New Haven?"  
"Never!" said Frank, now thoroughly sobered by his earnestness.  
"Good heavens, what have I done?" and giving him a brief explanation, and inviting your residence, I hastened to you; and here I am, sincerely devoted to you, as when we pledged our vows, in the greenly rippling brook,—here to claim the reward of years of constancy in your love Lucy."  
The blushing cheek, and beaming eye, told how freely it was already his. The story of Lucy's marriage was fabricated by a rejected suitor, whose attentions had been rejected with scorn, and who suspected the cause of his refusal in her attachment to Alfred Gray.  
In a few days there was a wedding, and Lucy never looked better than then, with the orange wreath resting her brown hair, and the shining ends of her brown hair gleaming through the lace veil, that floated lightly on about her graceful form, and I loved the holy fields of her white satin dress. Theirs was a joyous bridal. I officiated as bridesmaid, and Dr. Elmoro as groomsmen; and I did not blame the handsome bridesmaid, if his heart swelled with pride, as he gazed on the lovely being by his side; and many a beautiful maiden might have envied Cousin Lucy her noble husband.  
I visited them not long since in their splendid home, surrounded by all that taste or fancy can devise, or wealth purchase, for their gratification. When I congratulated them Alfred playfully remarked with a mischievous glance at Lucy:  
"I have to thank a simple lock of hair for my bride."  
My First Temptation.  
A SENSITIVE STORY FOR BOYS.  
An early acquaintance of my father, and he had been very kind, and had done me many good turns. He was a man of great industry, and was very successful in his business. I was then thirteen years of age, and not very strong or stout, but yet with a will to do anything that could be found for me to do. At length my mother made an arrangement with a carpenter by the name of Morris, and I was then taken into his shop as an apprentice. With him I remained two years, but at the end of that time I became so worn down with hard work imposed upon me, that my mother resolved that I should remain there no longer. My sister Lucy, who was two years older than myself, had long detected my falling strength—and it was mainly through her efforts that I was removed from the place, for I should never have complained.  
I was now fifteen—tall, slim and pale, and I knew that I could not stand any sort of work which taxed my physical strength to any great extent. My father, however, had a Mr. Joseph Everett, who kept a dry goods store near by, was in want of a salesman, and through my sister's influence I obtained the place. Mr. Everett had a daughter named Julia, about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercession with her father that Lucy gained the point.  
I was duly installed in the place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind, and his terms liberal, and I might never miss it for I had had a great quantity of goods, and the money drawer was well filled. Slowly adjusted myself to the place, and began to advise me. He pointed to the money drawer, and whispered, "there are means for paying your debt." I knew that Mr. Everett had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had—oh, I could take fifty dollars even if he might never miss it for I had had a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of. I had promised the tailor that I should have the money that very night, and I planned to get Mr. Everett to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly, but from my poor pitance I supported my mother, and that she it was.  
For a long while I sat and looked upon the money drawer, and all the while the tempter was pressing me; I knew that young clerks often did such things, and necessity compelled me to do it at least so I thought.  
How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not, and at length I resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer, I opened it and saw the bank notes that had been fairly jammed in there—I counted out twenty dollars! My hand trembled, and my heart beat quickly. I thrust the notes into my pocket, and then hastened back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.  
"Well, Charles," said he, "I guess we will shut up now."  
I arose and went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back I found him engaged in counting out the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.  
"What ails you?" he asked.

"I answered trying to compose myself.  
"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as any ghost."  
"I am tired, I said.  
"Well, well, you have worked hard to-day and you may go. I will try and attend to the rest."  
With a despondent endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then I seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor. I paid my bill and for a moment my heart was lighter; but it was only for a moment. When I reached home I proceeded to lock and retired at once. But my mother's sick and weak self, came up to my bed, and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me she said:  
"I am certain, Charles, for it would be painful indeed to have you sick. God bless you and give you a good night."  
O, how these last words rang in my ears. What would my mother say—how would she feel if she knew that her son was a thief? It was a long while before I could get the words that I had said. I could not sleep that night. I lay in my bed, and I felt that I had done a wrong upon me so intense, that all other conceptions of pain were as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, pained, unceasing restlessness; and when the morning came, I arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was ready, and then I had to overcome all outward signs to my sister, that little remark was made upon it. But the worm was gnawing at my heart.  
That afternoon I went with my sister to meeting; as I entered the little church, I met the gaze of Mr. Everett. He watched me with a keen eye, and I saw the pain upon his face. After the services were over I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how carefully he spoke—and once I noticed the tailor point his finger at me. I felt sure then, that all was discovered!  
For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter? cried Lucy, as she caught my arm.  
"No, faint! he's faint!" I heard a low, tremulous voice say, and on turning, I saw Mr. Everett's face, a ghastly pallor upon it, at that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew that ere long she would despise me.  
Sick and faint I hurried away, and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy, I only replied that I was not well, O, how miserable I felt for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in church, was proof enough of his conversation with the tailor made sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she had only let me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I ever spoke to that noble woman.  
Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the kitchen, and I found my mother pale and deathlike as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and listened to her sobs. She gazed up into my face with such a look as I hope I may never again see.  
"Don't stop to ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the store. Mr. Everett wants you immediately."  
I could ask a question—I could not say a word. Without breakfast, without waiting for Lucy, I started from my house. People whom I met gazed at me as I passed, and I heard the word they pronounced! O, Everett had told the story of my crime! How could he? No, no, 'twas the tailor who told it. Yet, it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer when shame only could be my portion? I started, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face as pale as death.  
"O, Charles," she uttered, "come, our mother is dying!"  
My sister seized my hand, and by force dragged me away. I reached my home, I knew not how for my reason had almost left me. Into the little bedroom Lucy dragged me, and there lay my mother, stark and cold.  
"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed, "she could not stand your disgrace!"  
One moment I gazed upon that pale, cold form, and then a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged madly forward upon the bed.  
"Charles! Charles!"  
I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was called.  
"What is the matter? Come, rise up for mother's sake, what ails you?"  
It was Everett who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay piled up before me. Instantly I cast my eyes upon the money drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind. A cold clammy sweat was upon my brow, again in my limits, and I trembled like an aspen.  
"What ails you, Charles?" Mr. Everett kindly asked.  
"My soul—such a dream. I involuntarily gasped.  
"Well, well—if it's nothing worse, than that I am afraid, but come, I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."  
I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money drawer through many times over, I could fully realize that I was a thief. The tempter had come, but an angel had met and beaten him away. The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer staid down by my side.  
"Well, Charles," he said, "Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you whistly support your mother."  
"Yes, sir, I tremulously answered. My sister thus far has been only able to support herself, and the rest comes on me."  
"But how do you get along? Surely, your salary here is not sufficient."  
"It has been sufficient, sir, to find us in food and fuel. For—forgetting—I have—"  
"Run in debt, eh?"  
"Yes, sir, but I will never do it again."

will go ragged, if need be, but I will not run in debt."  
"Right, right, my boy! But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time of increasing your pay, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must put it back to when I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see—"  
"Three dollars a week for thirteen weeks, would be thirty-nine dollars," he said. "Will that square you up?"  
"O, yes, sir, and more, more, too!"  
"Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over, each quarter."  
He said something more about making me his head clerk at some time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home, I had become calmer and happier. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.  
Yet I could not help shuddering faintly, whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But, but—let me say it again, 'twas an angel's visit.  
Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Everett is an old man—my children are his grandchildren, and the store that was once his is now his home. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and, thank God, can yet bless her son, that he has never yet called on her door, so true to her life was.  
James Buchanan the Friend of the Laborer.  
The Daily News, of yesterday, calls upon us to publish the speech of Mr. Buchanan from page 1375 of Congressional Globe of 1830. This we will do with great pleasure, and particularly since our neighbor has not only neglected to quote the main and most important portions of Mr. Buchanan's remarks, but has in almost every manner garbled and misstated that portion which they have quoted. We asked the News to quote that portion of Mr. Buchanan's speech which advocated the adoption in this country of the European prices of labor. In complying with this request, the News has misquoted a single sentence from Mr. Buchanan, and, instead of giving Mr. Buchanan's own language as to the meaning of what he said, they publish the construction put upon the speech by one John Davis, of Massachusetts, whom they ironically call honest John Davis.  
Mr. Buchanan never used the expression imputed to him by the News, emboldened in that journal in capitals. He did not say, "Reduce our nominal standard of prices throughout the world, and you cover our country with blessings and benefits." I wish to Heaven I could speak a word, only enough to be heard throughout New England; because if the attention of the manufacturers could once be directed to the subject, their own intelligence and native sagacity would show them how injuriously they are affected by our bloated banking and credit system, and would enable them to apply the proper corrective.  
It will be observed, that Mr. Buchanan is saying that blessings would be produced by the reduction of a value, only enough to be heard throughout New England; because if the attention of the manufacturers could once be directed to the subject, their own intelligence and native sagacity would show them how injuriously they are affected by our bloated banking and credit system, and would enable them to apply the proper corrective.  
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