

# The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, September 1, 1856.

Volume 13, Number 37.

## Choice Poetry.

### DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

THE "UNCLE SAM'S FARM."

"Of all the mighty parties, from the east and from the west,  
The Democratic party is the greatest and the best  
Every state in this great nation, it respects them  
all the same—  
To preserve this glorious Union in its object  
and its aim."

Chorus.  
"With us along! come along! make no delay;  
Come from every nation, come from every way;  
Our platform is broad enough, don't be misled,  
The planks are all sound and the timbers unharmed."

Our sword is "equal rights," the Constitution our shield;  
And with us on our banners, we will boldly take the field.

With Buchanan for our leader, we will route the Fusion hosts;  
See the idea of next November there'll be nothing but their ghosts!

With Old Buck of Pennsylvania, we'll back the fifth of the track;  
And with Beck of Old Kentucky, break their Abolition back.

The Path Finder has explored the mountain's top and river's course,  
And he'll soon explore Salt River, on his little woolen horse.

Every State and Territory shall enact its local laws;  
We will preach non-intervention, and we'll fight in freedom's cause;  
We'll protect the right of suffrage from the "border ruffian's" tools,  
From the Know-Nothing assassins, and from Abolition tools.

Illinois and Indiana and New York will go for Buck,  
Maine, New Hampshire, California, Pennsylvania and Kentucky,  
All the States, both North and South, twenty-nine for Beck will count,  
And we'll give the bigger worshippers Massachusetts and Vermont.

## Miscellaneous.

### BACHELORS.

BY D. J. FRAGUE.

PLATO! PLATO! you have paved the way  
With your comfortable fantasies to more  
Immoral conduct, by the hidden way  
Your system feigns over the controlled core  
Of human hearts, than all the long array  
Of poets and romancers.—BYRON.

Perhaps Lord Byron is right; Plato and  
myself in error. Perhaps we have espoused  
a false philosophy, and as disciples of one  
great leader, are destined soon to see it uni-  
versally rejected. But as yet its fallacy has  
been nowhere satisfactorily exhibited, nei-  
ther have sufficient inducements been found  
to tempt us to renounce the doctrine in  
which, as it were, we have been born and  
bred. I speak in behalf of the entire sect of  
our philosophers throughout the world, and  
affirm that thus we choose to live and spend  
our days. Our virtues has become, so inter-  
woven with our habits and manner of living,  
that it has become part and parcel of our  
very being, and as soon should we think to  
relinquish life itself as the theories we have  
thus fondly embraced.

Some boldly declare our creed entirely  
false, and its advocates insincere; but I know  
not one who would not gladly defend his  
faith, and prove, if words and arguments can  
prove, the firmness of his belief. Others  
pronounce the whole a whim and a delusion;  
if it is, how delightful! and if a delusion  
how sweet!

Shall I give a few of the many reasons for  
our belief, and some of the admirable char-  
acteristics of our sect?

Our happiness, in the first place, depends  
immensely on our faith, and therefore we  
are led to the practice. The prime elements  
of earthly joy consists not so much in the  
great results, as the little causes. The little  
things are those that mar our pleasure and  
dampen all our aspirations. The little re-  
peated annoyances injure the disposition and  
crush the spirits far more than the great  
strokes which surround one with a throng of  
sympathizing friends. In the loss of property  
others may share our regrets and minis-  
ter to our wants, but in home troubles it is  
only given to endure with quiet meekness,  
a meekness that will become the spirit of a  
man, and testifies that which which is manly  
has been already lost.

Poets are wont to sing of the sweets of  
conjugal bliss, and to win us with their  
gliding measures. Misery loves company,  
and methinks ere this, they find all is not  
poetry that rhymes.

How pleasant, when the toils of day are  
over, to retire to one's own room to enjoy the  
companionship of those immortal minds  
which inhabit his walls, each with its silent  
title beckoning him to search its pages for  
knowledge. How pure, how elevating the  
society! With the opening door, no long  
list of wants, ever preface by 'my dear'—no  
trifles of faithless and insulting servants, or re-  
ports for unfulfilled requests, greet his ears  
—no half-dressed little progenies to mount his  
knees and rack his weary frame; but he  
finds in his own domicile a quiet and repose  
from all the cares of this noisy, bustling  
world.

Each of our sect is lord of his own body,  
soul, and domain. No other half who  
holds a mortgage on all these inquiries,  
'Why do ye so?' Believe me, man is happier  
when he has his own way—when he can  
give himself to his own thoughts, reflections,  
and dispositions. No fustian intruder  
disturbs his meditations, or boisterous

## Political Articles.

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From the Boston Courier.

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I appreciate most highly the honor and kindness of this invitation, and should have had true pleasure in accepting it. The Whigs of Maine composed at all times so important a division of the great national party; which under that name, with or without official power, as a responsible administration or as only an organized opinion, has done so much for our country—our whole country—and your responsibilities at this moment are so vast and peculiar, that I acknowledge an anxiety to see—not wait to hear—with what noble bearing you meet the demands of the time. If the tried legions, to whom it is committed, to guard the frontiers of the Union, falter now, who, anywhere can be entrusted?

My engagements however, and the necessity of expediency of abstaining from all speech requiring much effort, will prevent my being with you. And yet invited to share in your councils, and grateful for such distinctions, I cannot wholly decline my own opinion on one of the duties of the Whigs in what you well describe as "the present crisis, in the political affairs of the country." I cannot now, and need not pause to elaborate or defend them. What I think, and what I have decided to do, permit me in the briefest and plainest expression to tell you.

The first duty, then, of Whigs, not merely as patriots and citizens,—loving, with a large and equal love, our whole native land,—but as Whigs, and because we are Whigs, is to unite with some organization of our countrymen, to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party calling itself Republican.—This is our first duty. It would more exactly express my opinion to say, that at this moment, it is our only duty. Certainly, at least, it comprehends or supercedes all others; and in my judgment, the question for each and every one of us, is not whether this candidate or that candidate would be our first choice; not whether there is some good talk in the worst platform; or some bad talk in the best platform; or whether this man's ambition, or that man's serenity, or boldness, or fatalism, or violence, is responsible for putting the wild waters in this uproar; but just this,—by what vote can I do most to prevent the madness of the times from working its maddest act,—the very ecstasy of its madness,—the premature formation and the actual present triumph of a party which knows one half of America only to late and dread it; from whose unconcealed and revolutionary banner fifteen stars are erased or have fallen;—in whose national anthem the old and endeared airs of the Eatwam Springs and the King's Mountain, and Yorktown, and those later, of New Orleans, and Buena Vista and Chalpuitepec, breathe no more. To this duty, to this question, all other seem to me to stand postponed and secondary.

And why? Because, according to our creed it is only the United America, which can peacefully, gradually, safely, improve, lift up and bless with all social and personal and civil blessings, all the races and all the conditions which compose our vast and various family—it is such an America, only, whose arm can guard our flag, develop our resources, extend our trade; and fill the measure of our glory; and because, according to our convictions, the triumph of such a party puts that Union in danger. That is my reason. And for you, and for me, and for all of us, in whose regards the Union possesses such a value, and to whose fears it seems menaced by such a danger; it is reason enough. Believing the middle ship of state to be within half a cable's length of the lee shore of rock, in a gale of wind, our first business is to put her about, and crowd her off into the deep, open sea. That done, we can regulate the stowage of her lower tier of powder, and select her cruising ground, and bring her officers to court-martial at our leisure.

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I appreciate most highly the honor and kindness of this invitation, and should have had true pleasure in accepting it. The Whigs of Maine composed at all times so important a division of the great national party; which under that name, with or without official power, as a responsible administration or as only an organized opinion, has done so much for our country—our whole country—and your responsibilities at this moment are so vast and peculiar, that I acknowledge an anxiety to see—not wait to hear—with what noble bearing you meet the demands of the time. If the tried legions, to whom it is committed, to guard the frontiers of the Union, falter now, who, anywhere can be entrusted?

My engagements however, and the necessity of expediency of abstaining from all speech requiring much effort, will prevent my being with you. And yet invited to share in your councils, and grateful for such distinctions, I cannot wholly decline my own opinion on one of the duties of the Whigs in what you well describe as "the present crisis, in the political affairs of the country." I cannot now, and need not pause to elaborate or defend them. What I think, and what I have decided to do, permit me in the briefest and plainest expression to tell you.

The first duty, then, of Whigs, not merely as patriots and citizens,—loving, with a large and equal love, our whole native land,—but as Whigs, and because we are Whigs, is to unite with some organization of our countrymen, to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party calling itself Republican.—This is our first duty. It would more exactly express my opinion to say, that at this moment, it is our only duty. Certainly, at least, it comprehends or supercedes all others; and in my judgment, the question for each and every one of us, is not whether this candidate or that candidate would be our first choice; not whether there is some good talk in the worst platform; or some bad talk in the best platform; or whether this man's ambition, or that man's serenity, or boldness, or fatalism, or violence, is responsible for putting the wild waters in this uproar; but just this,—by what vote can I do most to prevent the madness of the times from working its maddest act,—the very ecstasy of its madness,—the premature formation and the actual present triumph of a party which knows one half of America only to late and dread it; from whose unconcealed and revolutionary banner fifteen stars are erased or have fallen;—in whose national anthem the old and endeared airs of the Eatwam Springs and the King's Mountain, and Yorktown, and those later, of New Orleans, and Buena Vista and Chalpuitepec, breathe no more. To this duty, to this question, all other seem to me to stand postponed and secondary.

And why? Because, according to our creed it is only the United America, which can peacefully, gradually, safely, improve, lift up and bless with all social and personal and civil blessings, all the races and all the conditions which compose our vast and various family—it is such an America, only, whose arm can guard our flag, develop our resources, extend our trade; and fill the measure of our glory; and because, according to our convictions, the triumph of such a party puts that Union in danger. That is my reason. And for you, and for me, and for all of us, in whose regards the Union possesses such a value, and to whose fears it seems menaced by such a danger; it is reason enough. Believing the middle ship of state to be within half a cable's length of the lee shore of rock, in a gale of wind, our first business is to put her about, and crowd her off into the deep, open sea. That done, we can regulate the stowage of her lower tier of powder, and select her cruising ground, and bring her officers to court-martial at our leisure.

If there are any in Maine—and among the Whigs of Maine I hope there is not one—but if there are any, in whose hearts strong passions, vaulting ambition, jealousy of men or sections, or reasoning and impatient philanthropy, of whatever else have turned to hate or coldness the fraternal blood, and quenched the spirit of national life, at its source; with whom the union of slave States and free States under the actual Constitution is a curse; a hindrance, a reproach; with those of course our view of our duty, and the reason of it, are a stumbling block and obstacle. To such you can have nothing to say; and from such you can have nothing to hope. But if there are those again who love the Union as we love it, and prize it as we prize it; who regard it as we do, not merely as a vast instrumentality for the protection of our commerce and navigation, and for

## IN FAVOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

By James Buchanan.

There is a paper published under the auspices of the American Temperance Union, called the "Youth's Temperance Advocate," which is circulated in Sabbath Schools and by thousands in other ways among children. In a late number it contained, in a leading article, the following monstrous lie:

"The President—All the talk now is about the new President; and we much fear that while the minds of men are engrossed by this, we shall be able to get but few meetings for temperance. But we must not be discouraged, or have the subject forgotten. We know now how important it is to have men of good principles and right practice appointed to public office! The two most prominent candidates for President, are

JOHN C. FREMONT,

and

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan is the candidate of the democratic party, and will go for the extension of slavery. Mr. Fremont is the candidate of the Republican party, and will oppose the extension of slavery. These are the two great points before the people and they will create a mighty struggle next November. It is to be hoped the honor will prevail, and the country saved for good and glory."

What a deliberate, willful, monstrous falsehood! Here is presented to deceive and mislead the unsuspecting children of the land! Here are professed Christian ministers deliberately uttering the infamous lie that James Buchanan will go for the extension of slavery! Here, by men of whom truth at least is expected, the sons and daughter of Democracy, who are sent to the Sabbath School to receive religious instruction, are taught that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, who never owned a slave, or lived in a slave State, or uttered a word in defence of slavery, or whispered a sentence in favor of its extension, or cast a vote which, any honest man could construe into a wish to support the institution, is meanly denounced as a slavery propagandist! Truly this is a depth of meanness and mendacity and moral delinquency which was never reached even in politics until those political priests entered the field.—Every intelligent man knows that neither James Buchanan nor the Democratic party favors the extension of slavery. As the Belfast Journal says, "both the history and principles of the Democratic party afford a triumphant refutation of this malicious charge. None know this better than those who make it. The recluse who thinks it thinks a lie. This stilling orator who speaks it speaks a lie. The editor who publishes it publishes a lie. The clergyman who preaches it preaches a lie, and the deacon who prays it prays a lie. All such well claim direct lineage from a noted character often alluded to in the sacred scriptures, and properly characterized as the father of lies.—N. H. Patriot.

THE EARTH A GRAVEYARD.—Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,848,375,078,645. These figures, which divided by 3,09