

The Montrose Democrat.

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

McCullum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

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Carrier's Address.

Another year has past and gone,
With all its hopes and fears;
Its throng of strange vicissitudes,
Its sunshine and its tears.

Since Earth wheeled her mystic course
Around the throne of light,
Fair Olio on her ample page
Has traced in colors bright,
What'er frail mortals here below
Of magnitude have wrought,
And beckons us to scan the tome,
With rich instruction fraught.

Some lines of crimson we observe;
— These tell of bloody war,
Of fiery Mars, whose brutal deeds
We all so much abhor.
Ah, yes! methinks a voice I hear,
A voice of sadness, low and clear,
Borne o'er Atlantic's wave,
That whispers in my listening ear,
And stirs the sympathetic tear,
— "Go seek my lonely grave!
Where Euxine billows rave,
I died a tyrant's slave;
Bravely fighting, not for glory,
That my name in Britain's story,
Might be canonized, immortal;—
Lo! I entered Death's black portal
All reluctant,—was a boon I did not crave.
In Crimean soil I slobber,
One among that gallant number
Led forth to the onset by Nolaud the brave.
'Neath the shadow of the grim Redan,
That lifts its battlements on high;
Far from my native Isle of Man,
Far from the scenes I loved so well,
The vine-robed cottage in the dell
Embosomed 'mid a group of trees,
Whose branches wooed the sportive breeze;
The ashes of my kindred dead,
Reposing in their quiet bed;
My gory limbs uncoffined lie
My wife and children weep for me,
With none to soothe their misery.
While England's queen in splendor rolls,
And plenty crowns her festal halls,
Throughout her empire, countless souls,
Made wretched by her sinful aims,
To thwart ambitious Russia's claims,
Fare worse than cattle in their stalls."
France, too, has felt the heavy woes,
That follow swift Bellona's car;
And thou, Napoleon, these throes,
Antagonistic as they are
To your vast empire's strengthened weal,
You brought upon that sunny land,
To make your kingly rivals feel
The nerve of a puissant hand.
Ambition fired your royal breast,
And lashed it to a wild unrest;
It prompted you to draw the sword
Against a savage Cossack horde;
For you, like Turkey, feared the Bear,
When growled he in his Northern lair,
And turned a deaf ear to the peasant's wails,
Ascending to heaven from green hills and vales,
As war's brazen trumpet its martial notes wound,
Arousing a nation for valor renowned.
Bold Louis! Beware lest you venture astray,
And reel 'neath adversity's shock,
Let the tragical fate
Of Napoleon great,
Who died on St. Helena's rock,
Admonish you never with fortune to play.
But England proud, nor wily France,
Alone weep not for heroes slain;
The Sultan's empire felt the lance,
And crimson poured from every vein.
Her maidens sigh for lovers dear,
Stretched cold and lifeless on the bier;
The father weeps an only boy,
His staff, his comfort, and his joy;
The mother, turns her swimming eyes
Devotely to the beaming skies,
And Allah thanks, tho' he is dead,
Her child sleeps in an honored bed.
Stern Russia laments the death,
Dealt by the vengeful allies' wrath.
O'er all the Autocrat's domains,
Dark sorrow broods with folded wings
From city, hamlet, shore, and plain
Ascends a melancholy strain,
Is breathed anathemas on Kings,
Who, seated on their blood built thrones,
That stand on piles of human bones,
Doom to destruction their subjects at will,
And gloat o'er the carnage-like fiends in despair,
When virtue is captured in Lucifer's snare,
Shouting, "our destiny we must fulfill!"
Land of Alexis! in mourning ye are,
Time's glittering weapon hath given a blow
Ye ne'er may recover,
For where does he hover
Thy scepter can wield as that late mighty czar,
The pride of your nation,
A world's admiration,
Now e'en as the veriest peasant lies low?
Now Europe, I'll leave thee, and sing thee no more,
And steer my frail barque to Columbia's shore,
But first let me utter for thee a desire
That wrong and oppression ere long may expire,
Be forced from thy borders, and tyranny's thrall
Crushed out by the rolling of Liberty's ball.
Hail! glorious Union, the lamp of the world,
Progression is writ on thy God-chiseled brow;
Beneath thy proud banner, by freemen unfurled,
Whole nations are flocking and reverently bow
Interceding with Heaven
Its blessings to rest
On the home of the exile,
The pride of the West,
Fair land, Jehovah is your shield,
And will your cause defend.

'Gainst all the arts a foe may wield
In diplomacy, court, or field
Or foul detraction lead.
Our fathers bravely fought and died
To raise a sacred fame,
Where Freedom's altar might abide,
And break the galling chain,
Bound on their limbs by foul decree
Of some George beyond the sea.
Completely smother their efforts crowned
— Laborers in proud array,
Our Country's needs to-day
A beacon-light to guide the way,
For virtue, science, and the good,
Our stalwart heels plow
That Neptune's sons, in safety
Whence rude Antarctic billows roar
To Nova Zembla's frozen shore,
From hoarse Atlantic's raging breast
To mild Pacific e'er at rest.
Immortal KANE, to you is due
A meed of praise conferred on few;
You left the sweet delights of home,
Mid polar fastnesses to roam,
In search of Franklin and his crew.
Alas! your efforts were in vain;
That bold adventurer, again
Will never feel the fond caress
Of wife and child in distress;
Will never tread his native land,
And feel the grasp of friendship's hand.
— Ah no! upon a savage strand,
Where rocks, and snows, and ice-bergs high
Reflect the glories of the sky,
With none to hear the parting sigh,
Or gently close his fading eye,
Alone he laid him down to die.
But thou, O Kane! whose fearless soul
Impelled thee onward to the Pole,
Hast carved upon the scroll of fame!
Stricken by fate's lethal blow;
Fair science claims thee for her own,
And bears thee to her dazzling throne;
Philanthropy chants thee a lay,
And crowns thee with unfading bay.
America may well be proud
Of this most gallant son,
Who, foremost in a noble cause,
Such vast achievements won.
Bold navigators, when ye go
Among the squalid Esquimaux,
And stand that late found sea beside,
Listening to its drowning tide,
Think ye of him, who proudly bore,
Our standard to its frozen shore,
With unrelenting zeal, which ye
With venturing ye until those arctic
Once more quest, "Is of the sea"
And yet alas! each "Is of the sea"
Some startling truth would hide;
Pause! list those traitorous appeals
Profanely scattered far and wide,
Oh! is there one upon this shore,
Still red with martyr patriot's gore,
Who would like Erostratus base,
Apply the torch to Freedom's dome,
And standing by, with feigning smile,
Gloat o'er the confagrating pile?
As Nero did at blazing Rome!
If such there be let Daemons chase
And lash him to their dwelling place!
Noblest of nations long remain,
To bless with your free institutions mankind!
Long may that potent, invisible chain,
The States of the Union in harmony bind:
The down-trodden millions across the blue sea,
Are longingly, hopefully turning to thee;
They hail thy existence a boon to the world,
And sigh for the moment, when tyranny, hurled,
All bleeding, and gasping to realms of despair,
The blessing of freedom shall reign everywhere.

Where Liberty, denied a home,
In European lands might come;
Where worshippers, on God's high name,
Might call, unawed by rack or flame,
At sight of that remembered clime,
His daring found in olden time,
A wild and cheerless region then,
Ruled save by claims of painted men;
Now cultured by the noblest race
That ever trod creation's face;
Now blooming as the lovely flower,
Refreshed by gentle vernal shower.
And WASINGTON our country's sire
Who bade the vaunting foe retire,
Whose valor saved freedom's bark
From ruin 'mid its perils dark,
Who rallied, in her saddest day,
A fainting nation to the fray;
— What transport must thy spirit feel
If e'er thou our country's weal,
Heroic chief! each passing year,
We more thy memory revere,
Thy brave exploits and counsels sage
Illumine our historic page,
Replete with gems of priceless truth
For hoary age and rosy youth;
And though long since an angel bright
Transported thee to realms of light,
We need thy presence e'er near,
To guide, to caution and to cheer,
O, may we all when Faction raves,
And threatens our Union to dissolve,
Think on those illustrious braves,
Who slumber in their silent graves;
Who utter forth the stern resolve,
To drive the monster to his lair
And keep him chained forever there.
Lo! one by one, our Statesmen fall,
Stricken by fate's lethal blow;
— At home, abroad,—in Congress Hall,
They meet the grinning, ghastly foe.
From little Delaware a wail
Is borne upon the passing gale,
That fills each patriot with gloom;
It tells him in the silent tomb
The giant CLAYTON slumbers now,
A death-seal on his clammy brow.
Our sister State, within whose breast
The ashes of your idol rest,
Frown, like him at each assay
Disunion's banner to display;
Democracy's glad anthem sing,
And to the Constitution, sing,
Our favored Union, O! thy delug
With unrelenting zeal, which ye
With venturing ye until those arctic
Once more quest, "Is of the sea"
And yet alas! each "Is of the sea"
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THE TAMBOURINE GIRL—A TALE OF SAN FRANCISCO.
BY CHARLES K. R. HOWE.

The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind drove past the slight structures as though it would root them from their foundations, and send the slight board tenements a wreck into the streets, deep with mud. Every spot that could shelter a person was occupied; every drinking saloon, sleeping house and gambling table that was available was crowded to excess, and those that found a dry spot to sleep on in their stores, considered themselves fortunate, for the unexpected rain of 1849 found many with elated hopes but to plunge them into the slough of despondency at the dismal prospects before them, held out by the winter weather. Mercantile business, however, did not flag on account of the rain; but when the weather was fair, the goods needed no shelter; when it was foul, repairing could hardly be done, for no one seemed to care about earning a few ounces by a job in the rain.

Midway between Montgomery and Kearney streets, on Clay, was a large store full of goods, owned by an Italian, and every effort to secure the aid of a mechanic to roof over the tenement proved ineffectual, and if not repaired very soon, it seemed as if the heavy rains would wash store, goods and all from their location. On the morning in question, the proprietor, the two clerks and porter went at the job in good earnest, and when night threw its veil over the heavy atmosphere, the roof was finished, and a dry store was insured against the weather's inclemency. The store was closed for the night, and a warm stove sent out its genial heat, while a savory smell tingled the nostrils and awoke the appetite, although the repast had disappeared. The proprietor leaned back upon a box, his feet raised in an elevated position to keep them from the damp ground floor, while huge volumes of smoke came rolling from his mouth, as he dreamily smoked on. The clerks, the salesmen and the porter were also making themselves comfortable as best they could.

"Well boys," said the proprietor, "we can keep dry after this, let it rain as it may; and I think we have done a good day's work, independent of the sales we have made."

To describe the speaker, would be to have him too readily recognized, and to be the hero of this sketch would not, perhaps, meet with his approbation, as he has not been consulted in regard to it.

"Yes," replied the porter, "I will bet that some of our neighbors wish they were as well protected as we are; aboard house with a tight roof is poor enough, but a canvas house—oh, how delightfully miserable!" and the thought of wet blankets and a wet bed made his teeth chatter, and the idea was so ludicrously conveyed, that all joined in a laugh.

"Walter, what about that tambourine girl?" inquired one of the clerks; "they say you played quite the gallant with her on two occasions."

"What is that Walter has been doing?" inquired the proprietor.

"O, nothing serious—only making love to a tambourine girl," he replied. "An old woman came in town a few days ago, bearing on her back, an old fashioned, gothic hand-organ, accompanied by a tambourine girl. It seemed that Walt was at the 'Tontine,' or passing, and a big lubberly fellow tried to kiss the girl; and he knocked him down; again the old woman got stuck in the mud, and Walt helped her out, and then returns, lifts the tambourine girl in his arms and carries her across the street, losing one of his boots for his pains. Dear work, that!—boots are worth one hundred dollars."

"Yes, rather d-e-a-r, I should think," said the salesman. "Is she pretty?"

"Walt is a very good judge, I should say, for when I was of his age I was equally as gallant to the ladies," said the proprietor.

"Pretty! by the gods, I know she is!" said Walter, enthusiastically. "She is not more than sixteen or seventeen, rather delicate in form, yet her limbs are full and round, and she is of that medium height that to well becomes a woman; her hair is dark as jet, and the two sparkling eyes that so finely shaded beneath heavy eyelashes, equal her hair in their ebony light, and—"

"Stop! interrupted the clerk, "or I will swear you have a whole chapter of love nonsense by heart. Let us see if we can find the beauty that Walt has been so lavishly praising, he continued, turning to the others; we will find them about some of the saloons, and if we do, we will have them come here, and then we can all judge for ourselves."

So saying they sallied forth into the storm, pushing their way through the mud to Kearney street, and then from one saloon to the other, until at last they found them at the "Bella Union," surrounded by a crowd of persons, eagerly listening to the song the tambourine girl was singing.

"Mother, I am fatigued to-night; let us go to our room," said the girl.

"My good woman," interposed one of the clerks, addressing her, "there are a few gentlemen at a store close by, who would like to hear your music, if you will accompany us, we will pay you well for your trouble."

"Not to-night, mother," said the girl.

"Yes to-night," replied the woman; "nothing like the present. We will go with you."

She followed them to the store. The warm

fire contrasted rather favorably with the chilling atmosphere without, and the old woman and girl laid off their heavy, wet cloaks and approached the stove. As they did so, they recognized their friend, Walter, who had assisted them upon the two occasions spoken of, and bidding him a good evening, which he politely returned; by the dim light the rising blush of rich blood that mounted to the girl's very temples was faintly seen. Warning themselves for a few moments, they resumed their instruments and commenced their music. After a few tunes had been played upon the organ, accompanied by the tambourine, the girl struck up a wild Spanish air, that thrilled to the hearts of her listeners. At times the song was wild and full of earnestness, and then it would fall to a low cadence, drawing sighs from her hearers, as though some peril that beset them had passed, while the singer's face would light up with an enthusiasm, plainly telling how well she kept pace with the song, and partook of its spirit.

"Is she not pretty?" whispered Walter.

"I never saw a sweeter face."

"By Jove! she is beautiful," said a companion, who sat near him; "and what a delightful expression there is upon her features!"

The song was finished, and Walter politely offered them a seat near the stove.

"You are Germans?" he said, inquiringly, as he resumed his seat.

"Yes I am German," replied the woman, in broken English.

"Have you traveled much?" he again inquired.

"Oh, yes, all over," she replied; "from Germany I went to France; from France to South America, and I have been in every city there."

Has your daughter been with you all the time?"

"No, sir," the girl replied, "I was born far from where mother lived."

"Why, how came that?"

"My story is easily told. I was born beneath the beautiful skies of Italy, not far from the village of Lausanne, and as I have often thought of that spot since I left it I will describe it. My uncle's house stood within a very pretty valley at the foot of the Alpine range; there my mother took refuge after the death of my father, and there I was born. It is a lovely spot; the luxuriant flowers bloom the year round, and the luscious fruits ripen at all seasons, while its scenery is unsurpassed; and as I gazed upon the towering Alps from my window, I can bring back every feature to memory; their outlines of snow, as one giant raised above another until all were crowned by Mount Blanc's frozen peak; the clear sky, the genial sun, the moonlight nights, and starry canopy above—"

"You talk too much," interrupted the woman.

"Oh, no; go on," said Walter, as her story interested him.

"My mother died in Italy, and my uncle took passage for Callao, and I accompanied him; but shortly after our arrival he died, and I was left among strangers in a strange land. A woman who kept a boarding-house employed me to help about the table. I sang occasionally, and the boarders praised me, and sometimes rewarded me with a rial. This so much encouraged me that I at last took it up as a vocation, and shortly after me, mother, and we have been journeying together since."

"Why, where did you learn to speak English so well?" inquired one of the clerks.

"At Callao," she replied.

"You said your father died before you were born," said her interrogator inquisitively.

"Yes, my mother always believed so," she replied—and at the memory of her parent a tear hung dropping upon her eyelashes.

"A somewhat eventful history," said the clerk; "and as the subject has had so serious a turn, sing us one of your airs to put us in good humor again."

She commenced an Italian song, and ere the first verse was finished, the proprietor came forward eager to catch every sound that fell from her lips. When the song was concluded, he looked into her face with a long stare, as though he would fix indelibly her features upon his memory. Each contributed liberally—none more so than the proprietor—and the musicians were about departing, when the girl turned and said:

"As you have been so kind to us I will sing you my favorite song before we go."

The song was of a wife welcoming her returned lord. Her anxiety at his absence—her prayer for his safe return—the scene at the proprietor of the store sat mute with surprise, and the tear drops fell unheeded upon his folded hands, and all within the store seemed to take part in the scene, and none felt ashamed to acknowledge their emotion.

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"Yes sir," she timidly replied, "and I never heard any one else sing it in that way."

"My God," he exclaimed, as his hands fell by his side, "it is impossible! Girl, what is your name?"

"Helenid," she replied.

He staggered as if struck with a blow, and a deadly pallor spread with a renewed whiteness over his face! "Answer me this last question," he said, and the words came chokingly from his throat: "Had you mother any peculiar mark about her face?"

"Yes, sir, a large mole upon her left cheek."

The words had not left her lips ere he caught her in his arms, sobbing as if his heart would break, and exclaiming, frantically:

"My child! my child! My Helenid! Oh, God! my Helenid!"

All joined in the ovation of tears except the old hag, who balanced her loss with a father's gain.

The spring following a neat cottage was erected and tenanted by the father and daughter; and now Walter, a wealthy merchant, dandles two sons and a daughter upon his knee—when grand-pa is absent—for, merchant-like, the old man asserts his right to that monopoly.

A LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS.

This popular name of the saint, who presides over Christmas and the toy gifts of that welcome season is derived from Sajat Nicholas. The legend of his first appearance is an Italian one. According to this: A shoemaker named Giraldo, who lived in Ferrara, was so miserably poor, that his labor from day to day barely kept his family from starvation, and he was unable to give even a small dowry to his three pretty daughters. It was not thought proper to marry without a dowry; and thus the young girls, though each had an admirer, were compelled to remain single. Their father, however, went every morning to the shrine to pray to his patron saint, St. Nicholas, that he would work a miracle to relieve him from his distress.

One of his nearest neighbors, a rich merchant, who chanced one day to overhear his simple petition, ridiculed the idea of his expecting the saint to take care of his daughters, and recommended him to choose a patron saint who would be able to do something for him. "Lend me," said he, "the Jew, Buonajuto; he will make me fat in two months; and if you know how to make a man fat, you may make fat with it." "The Good" deaf as Saint Nicholas!

The poor man was shocked at this impious speech, and assured the merchant that his religious faith could never be shaken. He went every day to church, notwithstanding the other's mockery.

It was now Christmas day, when the merchant and the Jew settled up their yearly accounts; Buonajuto found he owed his friend three hundred ducats, and wishing to give him an agreeable surprise, he ordered one of the ducks he had carefully fattened to be killed and roasted, and then with his own hands introduced the three hundred gold pieces into the duck, and served them up. He then sent the duck to the merchant as a Christmas present.

The merchant's wife, who shared the common prejudices against Jews, declared she would not touch the duck, and the rich man resolved to sell it. When Giraldo passed on his way from church, his neighbor, as usual, bantered him on his devotion, showed him the Christmas gift his patron saint had sent him, and taunted him with the stupidity of St. Nicolas, who could not even send him a piece of bread. Finally he offered to sell the duck for a dollar, and to wait for payment as he knew Giraldo to be strictly honest. The shoemaker carried the duck home, and when he carved it for his family's Christmas dinner, and the three hundred ducats fell out, his first exclamation was—"Praise to St. Nicholas!"

When he recovered from his surprise he would have taken the money back, but his wife persuaded him that, as he had bought the duck, it was rightfully his own. He therefore divided the sum between the two suitors for his two oldest daughters.

The merchant, after some days, discovered his loss of the three hundred ducats, and went to the shoemaker to demand the money, which was refused. The cause came before the magistrate, who was a pious man, and heard with indignation how cruelly the poor man had been ridiculed about his religion. His sentence was that Giraldo should keep the money, and that the merchant and the Jew should, besides, pay a fine for their unscrupulous dealings of one hundred and fifty ducats, to be given as a dowry for the shoemaker's youngest daughter.

The meaning of this legend is, that a beneficent Providence watches over, and takes care of the poor who are honest, religious and truthful. The tradition runs that since that time St. Nicholas pays a visit every Christmas night, to all whom he thinks worthy of his favors. He is known throughout the name—Santa Claus—N. Y. Express.

Pa. is Pennsylvania the father of all other States!" "Certainly not, my child; but why did you ask that question?" "Because I see that the newspapers call it Pa."

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.