

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

McCollum & Gerritsen, Proprietors.

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## Select Poetry.

### IM TWENTY-FIVE

The wondrous, strange, how great the change  
Since I was in my teens,  
Then I had beaux and billes-doux,  
And joined the gayer scenes;  
But lovers now have ceased to vow,  
No way they now contrive  
To poison, hang or drown themselves—  
Because I'm Twenty-five!

Once, if the night were'er so bright,  
I ne'er abroad could roam;  
Without the "bliss, the honor, Miss,  
Of seeing you safe home."  
But now I go, through rain and snow,  
Pensive and scarce alive,  
Through all the dark without a spark—  
Because I'm Twenty-five.

They used to call and ask me all  
About my health, so frail;  
And thought a ride would help my side,  
And turn my cheek less pale;  
But now, alas! if I am ill,  
None cares that I revive,  
And my pale cheek in vain may speak—  
Because I'm Twenty-five.

Now, if a ride improve my side,  
I'm forced to take the stage,  
For that is deemed quite proper for  
A person of my age.  
And then no hand is offered me  
To help me out alive;  
They think it won't hurt me to fall—  
Because I'm Twenty-five.

Oh! dear, 'tis very queer, that every year,  
I'm sighted more and more,  
For not a beau pretends to show  
His head within our door;  
Nore ride, nor card, nor soft address,  
My spirits now revive,  
And one might near as well be dead  
As say—I'm Twenty-five!

### REVERIES.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Summer's sun is shining o'er me,  
Summer's flowers are round me now,  
And a bright bird singing o'er me,  
Wardles soft a song to lead me,  
From the maple's hanging bough;  
Soft the winds creep through the leaves,  
Singing with their voices low,  
Songs that angel minstrels wear  
Up above the clouds of snow,  
Where the brightness of an Eden,  
Lies upon the changeful Heaven.

Blue is all the sky this morning,  
Bright and green the earth's fair hills,  
And the yellow light is streaming  
On a thousand leaping rills,  
That with voices of sweet laughter,  
On their waves of silver water,  
Slide down by the rumbling mills,  
Nature with her thousand voices,  
Whispers in my listening ear,  
And my breaths glad rejoice,  
In the spiritings soft and clear.

And this morning as I wander,  
O'er the green old hills, and ponder  
On the blessings all so dear,  
That our God hath kindly given,  
I think of what must be in Heaven,  
With its fadless leaves and flowers,  
All its glorious vine-wreathed bowers,  
And the calm and perfect rest,  
That shall make our spirits blest,  
Ah, if earth is bright to-day,  
Brighter far is Heaven;  
Why do we fear to fly away,  
Where such joys are given,  
When angel hands weave love's bright chain,  
Whose links shall ne'er unloose again?

## Miscellaneous.

### ALICE MAITLAND; THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

There was a buzz of admiration among the crowd which thronged the splendid ball-room of a fine house in the upper part of New York, as a tall, beautiful girl entered the door alone, but with an air of the most perfect confidence and self-possession.

Nor was it any way surprising that even the politeness and self-restraint of that aristocratic aristocracy should be moved out of the faculties of conventional coldness, and filled to something of natural warmth, by the hesitations of that fair being. For she was indeed, as beautiful as ever was creation of the painter's art, conception of the poet's fancy, nor did she lack all appearance and means to boot, to set off her exquisite features and voluptuous form to the utmost.

She was, as I have said, very tall, with that peculiar swanlike neck, and those falling shoulders which are so rare and even with the most perfect specimens of womanhood. Her head small and classically shaped, was admirably set on a point which adds more to that peculiar kind of grace which we are accustomed to call aristocracy of figure and appearance. Nor was the rest of her form less perfect than the neck and shoulders, for the soft roundness of her swelling bust, the slender and shapely symmetry of her small waist, and the voluptuous outlines of her lower limbs as indicated by many an undulating line and sinuous motion of the rich draperies were, not surpassed by the proportions of any Grecian marble that spring to immortal life from the touch of the attic chisel.

Her dress, which was well suited to display her glorious beauty, was a robe of peach-colored satin, shot with the changed tints of the turtle's neck, elaborately embroidered and bedecked with knots of artificial flowers, so exquisitely wrought, that they defied the eye to distinguish them from natural buds and blossoms. The low square cut corsage of this splendid dress revealed perhaps too much of a neck and a bosom as white as the drifting snow, through which meandered a thousand tiny azure veins, proving the purity and delicacy of her skin. Her arms also were bare almost to the shoulder, and so beautifully rounded, and so softly did they taper down to the small, rosy hand, and slender fingers, that they might well serve for a sculptor's model.

"How exquisitely beautiful Alice Maitland looks to-night," whispered another fair young girl, with sparkling bright eyes, and a profusion of black hair to her partner, a tall, well-made young man, with an intelligent face, and a slight dark moustache on his upper lip.

"Yes, very beautiful she is, certainly," he answered, gazing on the fair creature with a cool and critical eye—very beautiful, cannot be denied—and yet—and yet—

"And yet what, Sir critic?" asked the gay girl—what new *l'esprit* is this?—(tho' you were one of the fair Alice's most loyal subjects, her sworn champion, and permitted serjeant.)

"Not I, indeed, fair lady," replied the young man, his lips half curling with a bitter sneer, "but you were never more mistaken in your life!"

"Since when, then most false traitor, have you foresworn your allegiance?"

"I could not foreswear that which I have never sworn."

"For shame! for shame! you false man—there is no truth in you. Do I not remember when you had no eyes but for her, no tongue but to sing her praises, no hope but to sing at her feet in lowly admiration?"

"I will make you dance this time with me, which will be killing two birds with one stone, punishing you by compelling you to dance with a person you don't like, and taking away from her a person she does like."

"Oh! Alice! for shame! Alice Maitland, how can you speak so wildly?" exclaimed poor Julia, really grieved, and confused by the cruel speech.

"Why you know, dear, you do like him, so where's the harm of saying it. And you know that he don't like me. I saw him telling you as I came into the room, how much prettier you are than I—said the bold artful girl, casting a sidelong glance at a tall, well-made young man, with an intelligent face, and a slight dark moustache on his upper lip.

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strange scene half incredulous with wide eyes of wonder.

"I spoke kindly and cheerfully. But he never moved, looked up, nor gave a sign that he heard me."

"Oh, well," said I, with some impatience in my voice, "if you will not run down to the store next block, and buy Noddy a wagon. His heart is almost broken about one."

"Turning as I spoke I left the chamber, and went down stairs. Seating myself at a window, I looked forth, and endeavored to feel unconcerned and cheerful. I saw nothing but the face of my grieving child, and could think of nothing but his sorrows and disappointment."

"Noddy" said I to one of my domestics who happened to come into the parlor to ask me some questions, "I wish you would run down to the store next block, and buy Noddy a wagon. His heart is almost broken about one."

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A WOMAN WITH THE ODD FELLOWS.

The Lodge of I. O. F. at Woodstown, determined to have the Lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job.

After the meeting adjourned, the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat, and placed it in the closet that was kept up as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the Lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, as he then would be at leisure to show her what was and was not to be done.

Morning came, and with it Madame K., with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, etc., prepared and armed for the job, and found the guardian waiting for her.

"Now, madam," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to want it done. First, the closet is to be meddled with the secrets in that little closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them you could be depended on."

"Depended on?" said she, "I guess I can. My poor dear and gone husband, who belonged to the Free Masons, or Anti-Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks the griffin had made when he was initiated, and told me how they had fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day."

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LESS KNOWN REASONS FOR WELL-KNOWN TRUTHS.

The longer the beam of a plow, the less power is required to draw the plow; because the beam is a lever, through which the power is exerted, and extending the beam, the long of the lever is lengthened, and leverage is thereby increased.

The greater the circumference of the wheels of a carriage, the less power it requires to overcome the inequalities of a road; both because the leverage is increased by lengthening the spokes, or radii of the wheels, which are the long arms of the levers, whereby the power is exerted, and because the steeper or abruptness of the obstructions presented to the wheels is lessened by the greater circumference of the wheels.

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Winds produce cold in several ways. The act of blowing implies the descent upon a portion of the earth, of colder air, to occupy the room of that which is driven off.

The breezes in the groves, fields, etc., are explained by the expansion of moisture from the earth, and thus conveyed away considerably high.

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