

The Democratic

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

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, September 21, 1857.

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Select Poetry.

THE LIGHTS AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around me fall;
And from the lattice for it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all.

When strife and war the world around,
And woe and sorrow, fill the air,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will whisper names
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies;

It is the light at home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steers
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! when'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
No bliss no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.

Long years upon the sea he fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss;
But the sad tears which she had shed,
Will now no more be paid with bliss,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er!

Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest hour,
Around the light at home.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Can the bracelet of union be composed of unequal gems?

Old Ludovic Hertz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration, and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old and deeply stained with blood; yet to him it was a relic of his youth, and of his father's heroic life. It was on that saddle that he had ridden through the bloodiest battle of his life, and he had seen his father fall beneath its folds. He had seen the brave old hero, in the midst of the fight, dash his sabre into the ground, and, with a last, despairing look, turn to his horse, and, with a gasp, fall from it. He had seen the old hero's blood-stained armor, and the sabre which he had used with such skill and valor, lying on the ground near him. He had seen the old hero's body, lying on the ground, and his blood staining the earth. He had seen the old hero's soul, as he had seen the old hero's life, and he had seen the old hero's death. He had seen the old hero's glory, and he had seen the old hero's fall. He had seen the old hero's triumph, and he had seen the old hero's defeat. He had seen the old hero's honor, and he had seen the old hero's shame. He had seen the old hero's greatness, and he had seen the old hero's smallness. He had seen the old hero's strength, and he had seen the old hero's weakness. He had seen the old hero's courage, and he had seen the old hero's cowardice. He had seen the old hero's wisdom, and he had seen the old hero's folly. He had seen the old hero's virtue, and he had seen the old hero's vice. He had seen the old hero's goodness, and he had seen the old hero's evil. He had seen the old hero's beauty, and he had seen the old hero's ugliness. He had seen the old hero's youth, and he had seen the old hero's old age. He had seen the old hero's life, and he had seen the old hero's death. He had seen the old hero's everything, and he had seen the old hero's nothing.

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