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## POETRY.

From Gold's Lady's Book for August.  
**THE SAILOR'S EARLY HOME.**  
BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Away, away, o'er the dashing spray,  
My bark speeds light and free,  
And the piping gale through the straining sail,  
Whistles loud in its merry glee;  
And the stars at night, with lustrous light,  
Shine o'er the vast expanse,  
And the moon from her throne on high looks  
On the restless billows' dance.

There's a charm to the eye when the waves leap  
High,  
And a music in their roar,  
And the stars in their sphere  
A joy on the spirit pour.

But the sea in its might, and the stars with their  
light,  
That glance on the crested foam,  
Cannot make me gay, for my thoughts are away,  
In my childhood's early home.

And dreams come fast, of the blissful past,  
Ere my heart had felt or known  
The life of care, and the cares and strife  
That oppress and weigh it down:  
Or experience, brought by suffering taught,  
The lesson sad and dear.

That each sparkling joy finds its sad ally,  
And hope is chilled by fear.

In a quiet nook, by a gemmy brook,  
Stands that home to memory dear,  
And the purling stream, as it glides in the beam  
Of the sun, shines bright and clear:  
I am there again with a happy train,  
The same wild in other years,  
Hold their festive play with spirits gay,  
And eyes undimmed by tears.

Those years as they passed, have shadows cast  
On them as they have on me,  
And none remain who swelled the strain  
Of joy 'neath the household tree.

And I weep as the thro' with sadness fraught  
Settles dark on my troubled brain,  
That the bliss I proved and the friends I loved  
Shall never be mine again.

To the churchyard—where the wild winds sigh,  
With a low and mournful tone—  
And the peaceful rest of earth's tranquil breast  
The cherished one's are gone.

There, clustering round, in that hallowed  
Affection's tablets stand,  
And the last stone reared on that spot encared  
Was raised by my trembling hand.

Away, away, o'er the dashing spray,  
My bark bears me fast and free,  
And my destiny lies under other skies  
Than those I beloved by me.

And downward pace, o'er my storm-beaten  
Tears fall like the summer rain,  
As my thoughts wander back from my ocean  
To the home I shall ne'er see again.

## MISCELLANY.

From Gold's Lady's Book for August.  
**A Story of the Upper Ten.**  
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

JEREMIAH CROUK considered himself one of the "upper ten thousand." And so he was, as far as a brown stone palace in Fifth Avenue, and the reputation of being worth half a million, were concerned. Everybody who wrote to him put Esquire after his name, but that did not make him a gentleman by a great deal.

Jeremiah Crouk started in life as a soap and candle manufacturer, in which business he continued even after his elevation into "good society." At first, the dipping and moulding processes were conducted on a small scale, while a single cart for the collection of ashes and oleaginous matter, proved quite sufficient to supply the demand for these indispensable articles in the production of either hard or soft soap.

But honest industry, prudence and economy, met in his case, their reward. Jeremiah prospered in his business, and continued to prosper until he became a rich man.

Industry, prudence and economy are very commendable virtues, though by no means cardinal virtues. By this remark, do not understand us to disparage industry, prudence and economy; they are virtues that all men should practice; but while these are practiced, weightier things should not be, as alas! they are present, almost entirely neglected. We grow rich in this world's goods, but poor in the heart's better riches. Their bodies they lift above their fellows, while their minds sink, too often, below instead of maintaining the level with which they set out in life. This is a melancholy but undeniable fact.

In the case of Jeremiah, as his coffers began to fill up, he began to think himself a better man. He had always maintained that he was as good as any nabob in the land, but now he began to think himself something better than men who stood at the level upon which he stood a few years before. And as money kept pouring in, his self-estimation kept rising.

The wife of Jeremiah Crouk was a plain, sensible woman. She loved her children well enough to find in the care of them, sufficient to do to keep her mind healthily employed; she was not, therefore, much troubled with newly-acquired ideas of self-importance. The growing consequence of her husband had some trouble, at times, to carry such an appendage as a sensible wife with it. The two oldest daughters, Amanda and Margaret, were only a little way in their "teens" when their father's ideas in regard to things of a personal and family nature began to be somewhat expansive. He became all at once concerned about the best schools, and had them removed from a seminary at which they were most carefully instructed in all the useful and ornamental branches of a young lady's education, and sent to the "better" institution—that is, one at which were congregated the children of fashionable people. Neither Amanda nor Margaret liked

the change; nor were they benefited by it. Amanda, especially, soon began to acquire notions a little different from what she had been in the habit of maintaining, and to consider the fact of her father's being rich as giving her consequence. Margaret, who was younger, was more like her mother, and, therefore, less apt to have her head turned with what she saw and heard in the new world into which this change had introduced her; but even she took an unnatural growth in this sickly atmosphere—not so much, however, as to produce a very apparent moral distortion. Even after she had completed her education, she remained a very sensible girl—vulgarily so, in some respects, according to the judgment of her more fashionable acquaintances.

About the time these young ladies were ready to come out, their father had finished his splendid residence in Fifth Avenue, and was ready to take his place among the upper ten thousand. He had built a large manufactory away up on the island, so that the odor of his soap works might not taint the city atmosphere or remind people that he was but a soap and candle maker after all. He had several times thought of giving up his extensive works and engaging in some new business, but something of the prudence of old times remained, and kept him back from committing this folly.

As soon as Mr. Crouk had taken possession of his new home at the Court End of the town, he issued invitations for a large party, and went to a thousand dollars' expense to have it all upon the most grand and fashionable scale. For old acquaintance sake, as well as to let them see how large and fashionable he had grown, Mr. Crouk invited sundry individuals, not fairly entitled to associate with the upper ten. On the night of the grand affair, much to his mortification, he found himself with but few representatives of the "ten thousand" in his magnificent drawing-rooms, and a full attendance of the plebeian herd, who were invited more out of complacency than anything else. And what added to his chagrin, was the fact that only a small number of those who had not come, deigned even to send their "regrets," and alas! so the fact that two or three of the families, after arriving and seeing the wives and daughters of vulgar people there, withdrew without feeling called upon to offer a word of apology.

But Mr. Crouk, who felt himself as good as the best and better than many hundreds of thousands around him, was not to be killed off in this way. He was one of the "upper ten," and no mistake, and they were bound to acknowledge him—and so they did, in the end. Money and style wore the passports, and the soon made his peers feel that his claims were not to be lightly esteemed.

In this struggle of Jeremiah Crouk for a place in the ranks of the exclusive few, his wife and daughters did not as warmly second him as he could wish, although there was no opposition. The mother's good sense impressed itself, as a natural consequence, upon the minds of Amanda and Margaret, and their right views, uttered on all fitting occasions, found an echo in their minds. They saw deeper, even as young girls, than the glittering surface, and understood that true happiness was rather quiet and unobtrusive than brilliant and imposing in its mich. With the full liberality of dressing in the most costly and stylish manner, they rather suffered their taste to be guided by that of their mother, and were, on most occasions, attractive rather than their want of elaborate ornament than on account of its opposite. The consequence was, that even among the "upper ten," Amanda and Margaret were general favorites. Their title to the place they held being undisputed, no one, of course, could question, for any want of the usual insignia, the fact that they were of the exclusive; and, therefore, that which in others would have been thought exceedingly vulgar, was spontaneously acknowledged to be charmingly simple and attractive in them.

But these two strong indications of a low origin seriously disturbed the father, who was forever complaining about the want of style in the dress of his daughters, and the want of dignity in their manners. What he could do, was always done. He never permitted them to go to the opera without a private box could be obtained; and when he could have a word to say about the toilet arrangements, insisted upon a proper use of ornament, especially of rich jewelry. The private box at the opera was not objected to very strongly by the girls; it was pleasant and comfortable to be separated from the crowd, to be exempt from really vulgar contact and the sundry annoyances that all must suffer even in the most fashionable audiences. Still it was setting them apart in a manner not altogether agreeable to their feelings, and it would have been less so if they had been aware that they were pretty generally known by the theatre-going public and remarked upon as "two of the upper ten." So much for the position and pretensions of Jeremiah Crouk and family.

The two sisters were not without their admirers among the young men of their own circle, as well as some who stood on the outside, yet dared to cast upon them ambitious eyes. Spite of their want of ostentation in dress, and the entire absence of aristocratic airs, let them appear in company when they would, they soon had a group of admirers about them. This fact greatly surprised young ladies who were conscious of being far more brilliant; and, as they imagined, more highly attractive. But young men have a greater fancy for looking a little deeper than the outside when they feel at all inclined to pay serious attention to young ladies.

Amanda had many wooers, and it was not very long before her heart was won; and by a lover against whom her father could bring no manner of objection. As a man, it is pleasant to be able to say that he was worthy of her hand. But the heart of Margaret, to all appearances, remained unimpressed, although many, attracted by her fortune, her native excellences, or both, sought an alliance. The addresses of one young man, in particular, were encouraged by her father, but Margaret maintained towards him a cold but polite re-

served. He was never able to approach her near enough to ask the all-important question. All at once, and without any apparent cause for so doing, Margaret assumed a still more simple style of dress. At home or abroad, in public places or in private assemblies, she appeared with scarcely an ornament on her person. Every article of jewelry was laid aside, and all rich or attractive colors avoided. Her father remonstrated, but in vain; he sternly ordered a compliance with his wishes, but with no better effect, and he was finally constrained to let the "wilful girl" have her own way. To the eyes of most of her friends, Margaret appeared none the less attractive on account of this change, her extreme neatness and good taste making up for all deficiencies. Instead of the number of her lovers being diminished, they were increased—but her heart remained untouched.

This singular freak, as it was considered by her family, was continued by Margaret for more than a year, during which she withdrew herself from company as much as it was possible for her to do, and appeared to take more delight in domestic employment than in fashionable pleasure-taking.

Mr. Crouk was troubled; he saw in this evidence of a vulgar mind, indications of a perverted and grovelling taste.

Thus the time passed on, and Amanda's wedding-day approached. But Margaret repulsed all suitors—actually refusing to see young men who had at any time made even the smallest advances.

Mr. Crouk had a clerk in his establishment named Judkin, whom he had raised from a boy, and in whom he reposed the utmost confidence. Judkin possessed good abilities, a fine person, easy manners, and that air of confidence about him which we sometimes see in young men who feel their own force of character, and mean to make use of the ability they possess to force their way in the world against all opposition.

One day Judkin with a sober face, came up to where Mr. Crouk was sitting at his desk, and asked the privilege of a few words with him.

"Certainly, Henry. Sit down. I hope you have not been getting yourself into any trouble," said Mr. Crouk.

"No, sir, not yet; but I don't know how soon it may be in trouble." And the young man's face became still more serious.

"What's the matter, Henry, what's the matter?"

"I am about—or rather was about taking a very important step," said Judkin, in reply, "but thought it would be better, perhaps, to consult you before doing so."

"That's right—that's right, Henry. What is it?"

Judkin blushed, and looked interesting and confused.

"Ah, ha! I see how it is," said the old gentleman. "An affair of the heart—you are thinking about getting married?"

The young man blushed still deeper, and did not deny the allegation.

"Very well; now I understand. I hope she's worthy of you, Henry, that's all I have to say."

"She's worthy the hand of a prince," said the young man with enthusiasm.

"So far, then all is right. And now what do you want me to do for you?" inquired Mr. Crouk.

"I want mainly your advice, sir," returned the young man. "The parents of the young lady will not consent to our union."

"Why?"

"Because I am nothing but a poor young clerk."

"Indeed! And pray, who are her parents?"

"People none so better off than I am, who have got a little up in the world."

"And therefore, think you not good enough for their daughter?"

"Yes, sir, that's the feeling."

"What's her father's name? Do I know him?"

"You have some slight acquaintance with him. But I think it best not to mention to you his name, because, if you advise me in the matter, it will be best for you to be able to say if any appeal is made to you, that you had the most remote suspicion that I was paying attention to the young lady."

"That is a good suggestion. Very well, you needn't tell me her father's name. And so you want my advice, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"As to what?"

"In the first place, then, I will mention that the young lady is deeply attached to me, and says, come what will, she will marry no one else. Already she has refused two or three offers from persons whose circumstances are far better than mine."

"She's a true hearted girl, I should say."

"Indeed she is, sir, and my happiness depends upon her becoming my wife."

And her parents will not consent?"

"It is hopeless to endeavor to remove their objections. They set an imaginary value upon their consequence, because they have a little more of this world's goods than I possess—not more, however, than I will have one of these days, if spared—and would think themselves disgraced by an alliance with me."

"What can you do?"

"Run away with the daughter," said the young man boldly.

"Not always a safe proceeding," remarked Mr. Crouk, "and the last to be adopted."

"There is no other chance in my case."

"Is the daughter willing to go off with you?"

"Perfectly. This being so, ought I not to take the only step left me for obtaining her hand?"

"I hardly like to advise you in this course, Henry."

"If I do it, will you consider it a cause for being offended with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Her father, I know, will be dreadfully offended," said Judkin, "and may seek to punish us both by trying to excite your anger

against me, in order that I may lose my place and means of supporting my wife."

"Don't give yourself any trouble about that, Henry. But does the young lady understand that you have only the income of a clerk?"

"Perfectly. I have concealed nothing from her. Still, I cannot but feel a little anxious on the point I have just mentioned. Her father, I am satisfied, will immediately seek to prejudice you against me, and I am aware that he has influence with you."

"He has! Well, let him try: I am forewarned, and therefore, forearmed. As to marrying the young lady, that Harry is your own matter. I will not advise you to do it, nor advise you against it. I am perfectly well satisfied that you know what you are about. But to make you easy on the subject of any prejudice likely to be created on my mind, I will give you my check for a year's salary in advance, with all confidence that you will render as faithful service as ever."

Mr. Crouk turned to his desk and filled up a check.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the young man, "is a check for fifteen hundred dollars. A married man's expenses are greater than a single man's. Your salary, instead of being a thousand dollars, will be fifteen hundred from to-day."

Judkin warmly expressed his thanks, and Mr. Crouk as warmly wished him a favorable issue to his contemplated runaway adventure.

That evening, Margaret not appearing at the tea-table, her father inquired if she were not well. Amanda said that she had gone out.

"To spend the evening any where?" inquired Mr. Crouk.

"No, I think not. If she had intended doing so, she would have mentioned it to me," replied Amanda.

"She's been out late; it's been dark for an hour," remarked the father.

The mother also expressed concern on account of her daughter's absence.

The tea hour went by, and yet Margaret did not return. Mr. Crouk began to feel uneasy. The singular interview he had held with his clerk suggested the fear that some one, hopeless of gaining his consent, might run off with Margaret, as Judkin was about running off with the daughter of some one unknown to him. This fear caused him to think of Margaret's inexplicable conduct in some things, and thoughts of this gave new life to his fears. As soon as he was alone with his wife, he suggested to her what was in his mind, but she treated it lightly. Still Mr. Crouk felt troubled, and he walked about uneasily, listening for the ringing of the street-door bell; but no bell rung, and no daughter returned. Ten o'clock came, and she was yet absent. Haik! there is a ring. The water goes to the door. The parents listen—the father with almost breathless interest. The door is opened—they hear the sound of a man's voice—it is immediately closed again. The waiter returns along the hall alone, opens the parlor door, and hands in two letters, one for Mr. Crouk and one for his wife. They will only give the contents of the former. It was as follows:—

"DEAR SIR—Although you did not advise me in so many words to run away with the young lady of whom I spoke to you to-day, yet the measure met your approval, and indeed doing what I have since done I have acted with the consciousness that I had your entire sanction. Without which I should have hardly felt at liberty to take so important a step. The sweet girl I have loved so long is mine. I am the happiest of men? I may now tell you the lady's name—it is Margaret Crouk. In a week I will be at my post again. In the meantime, let me beg of you not to let the father of the young lady prejudice your mind against one who loves her so truly, and who is ready to make any sacrifice to secure her happiness. We do not expect soon, if ever, to be forgiven by him; but even that great cost we have calculated. Margaret has long accustomed herself to do without the costly luxuries of ornament and dress, in view of this change in her circumstances. She knows my ability, and becomes my wife, prepared to let all her wants and wishes conform thereto. She has written to her mother her own thoughts and feelings on the occasion. She will forgive her I am sure, and I can but hope that, through her loving influence, the father's heart may be softened towards his child.

"Dutifully, I subscribe myself  
"HENRY JUDKIN."

Never was a man more completely knocked down than was Mr. Jeremiah Crouk by the receipt of this cool but insulting letter. That he stormed and even swore for a time, no one will be surprised to hear; but there was no help for him. Margaret was the wife of his clerk—yes of his clerk—the clerk of Jeremiah Crouk, Esq. one of the upper ten thousand. Was there no atonement for his disgrace—no means of wiping it out? There seemed none! Henry Judkin, the unknown; Henry Judkin his clerk, was now his son-in-law. Poor man! He paced the floor half of the night, and then went to bed and went to sleep. What else could he do?

On the third day after the elopement, Judkin and his young bride were sitting in their private parlor at one of the hotels in Philadelphia. The husband was looking over a New York paper which he had just obtained.

"Hurray!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping up and fairly dancing about the room. "Only just listen to this!" and he read:—

"CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—I have this day associated with me as a partner, Mr. Henry Judkin. Hereafter the business will be conducted under the name of Crouk & Judkin."  
"JEREMIAH CROUK."

The young man then threw the paper on the floor, and in the delight and surprise of the moment, caught his young bride, who was already weeping tears of joy, in his arms, and hugged and kissed her in a most unromantic way.

"At the end of the week they returned to New York. On the way they found the father's carriage waiting for them, and were driven

by the strong, fleet horses, in a very short space of time, to the elegant mansion in Fifth Avenue, where Judkin's senior partner was waiting to receive him. From a poor clerk he suddenly found himself one of the "upper ten thousand." He bears his honors bravely.

All must admire the ingenious manner in which Mr. Crouk staved off the disgraces that was about to visit his family. The happy suggestion came while he paced the floor of his parlor even until past the hour of midnight, and he acted upon it with the least possible delay. The announcement of the marriage and co-partnership were almost simultaneous, and there were few who were aware of the fact that Judkin was only his clerk, and had married his daughter without his consent. Strange things happen sometimes among the "upper ten thousand."

**Modern Definitions.**  
Marriage.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.  
Death.—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning the call.  
Author.—A dealer in words, who gets paid in his own coin.  
Bargain.—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.  
Critic.—A large dog that goes unshamed and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.  
Impossibility.—Breakfast on board of a steambath without sausage.  
Jury.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.  
Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.  
Lawyer.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.  
Policeman.—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.  
Tongue.—A little horse which is continually running away.  
Honesty.—An excellent joke.

**Loss of Thirdly.**—The Rev Mr. —, minister of —, had the custom of writing the heads of his discourses on small slips of paper, which he placed on the bible before him, to be used in succession. One day when he was explaining the second head, he got a little warm, and came down with such a thump on the bible with his hand that the ensuing slip fell over the pulpit, though unperceived by himself. On reaching the end of the second head, he looked down for the third slip; but alas! it was not to be found. "Thirdly," he cried, looking around with great anxiety. After a pause, Thirdly, again he exclaimed; but no thirdly appeared. "Thirdly, I say my brethren," pursued the bewildered clergyman, but not another word could he utter. At this point, while the congregation were partly sympathizing with his distress, and partly rejoicing at such a decisive instance of the impropriety of using notes in preaching—which had always been an unpopular thing in the Scotch church—an old woman rose up and thus addressed the preacher: "If I'm not mistaken, sir, I saw Thirdly, flee out at the east window, a quarter of an hour ago." It is impossible for any but a Scotchman to conceive how much this account of the loss of Thirdly was relished by that part of the congregation which condemned the use of notes.

**LAUDABLE INCREMENT.**—During the last session of the Ohio Legislature, a bill for punishment of Seduction and Adultery was forcibly and successfully opposed by the member from —, who seemed to have his heart set upon his defeat. Soon after his return to his constituency, he received an ominous looking package, and with it came a note which recognized in good set terms his efforts in behalf of the weaker sex in the legislature, and begged his acceptance of that seemed to the writer the most fit present as a reward for his services. On opening the package, the lawgiver found only a well worn, and not over clean, flannel petticoat. — Not to be outdone in the matter, he acknowledged, by advertisement in the paper of the following day, the receipt of the present, with courteous thanks for this and other favors, adding that the omission of the fair writer's name to the note, though momentary annoying, proved of no ultimate consequence, as, on examination, he recognized the petticoat! Of course none of the fair sex will acknowledge having sent the package.

**WHO WANTS A HUSBAND?**—The N. Y. Mirror publishes, and guarantees an advertisement like this:  
"An elderly gentleman in possession of an estate worth fifty thousand dollars, unincumbered, but which cost more, wishing to settle an only son, under twenty-one years, of extremely good habits, and who would give him this property by deed, would receive proposals from the father or friends of a respectable young lady, upon whom would be settled, under the law of the 7th of April, 1848, which secures to females the sole right and control over their own property, more or less, provided the young couple, when introduced, shall be pleased with each other and voluntarily of their own free will, shall agree to become man and wife."  
Address "Longina," New York. This is a chance for rich ladies!

**ROOT AND BRANCH.**—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to give an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations, many of whom were expected legatees in case of her demise. At one of these family gatherings, she exclaimed, in allusion to her numerous progeny and descendants:—  
"What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root!"  
"Alas!" sighed Jack Spencer, to a cousin sitting next him, "the branches would flourish better if the root was under ground!"

A clergyman happened to pass a boy weeping bitterly. He halted, and asked, "What's the matter my little fellow?" The boy replied, "before we could hardly get enough to eat of anything, and now what shall we do for there's another one come." "Hush! thy weeping and sad wife of those tears," said the clergyman, and remember that He never sends mouths without he sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy, "but then he sends all the mouths to our house, and the victuals to your house."

**A BOSTON BULL.**—The Boston Times says:—"On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition."  
This reminds us of an honest Irishman who called at our office with an advertisement, the price of which, by what was told, would be fifty cents for the first time, and twenty-five for the second.  
"Faith, then," said he, "as I'll have it in the second time."