

The Democratic Watchman

Vol. 1 - Book

BY ALFRED

BELLEFONTE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1855

VOL. 1 - NO. 1

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace
I mark that when the wrinkles fall
Upon my falling face
I know I am old, not yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown tincture gray
I know these eyes to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked, and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad
I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While gliding years of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes
And when I mark the cheek where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It glazes me not to see instead
The almost crown my brow
I've seen the flowers grow old and pale,
And withered more than I
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then drop away and die
And when I see it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And fold that so shall I
That when I'm a growing old—
And that I'll give me thought
This loving heart to fill
I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow
I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun—and the Lamb's
Its light and beauty are
I seem to hear the "Mentor's" song
Redeemed sinners sing,
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King
I seem to see three cherub boys,
As I had in heaven they were
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow
When I'm young, I called them mine—
Now Heaven's angels are they
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away
Perhaps, when Heaven's light gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other,
The one who has been here,
And leave to call me brother
Oh! I'm glad I'm growing old,
For every day I spend
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end

A FATAL CONCEALMENT

Some years after I commenced practice
but the precise date I shall, for obvious reasons,
avoid mentioning—I had a friend at
whose house I was a pretty constant visitor.
He had a wife, who was the magnet that
drew me there. She was beautiful—but I
shall not attempt to describe her. She was
more than beautiful—she was fascinating.
Her conversation was so captivating. Her presence was to
me like the intoxication of opium. I was
only happy under its influence; and yet,
after indulgence in the fatal pleasure, I sank
into the deepest despondency. In my own
justification, I must say that I never, in
word or look, betrayed my feelings, though
I had some reason to suspect that they were
reciprocated; for while in my company she
was always gay, brilliant and witty, yet, as
I learned from others, at times she was often
sad and melancholy. Powerful, most power-
ful, was the temptation to make an unre-
served disclosure of my heart; but I resist-
ed it. That I had the firmness not to do, has
been for years my only consolation.

in a town so low that no one could possibly
live there who could have any other means
of support. I was a lawyer, and I had
been employed by the town to draw up
a bill of laws. I had been employed by the
town to draw up a bill of laws. I had been
employed by the town to draw up a bill of
laws. I had been employed by the town to
draw up a bill of laws. I had been employ-
ed by the town to draw up a bill of laws.

But my violence would have
promised her. In a few minutes
she was clear again.
I have gone up Fleet street, I think
run after him and request him to leave those
papers with me. 'Say to him I would like
to examine them more at my leisure. Run,
man quickly, and you'll overtake him!'
Watson disappeared. I turned the key of
the outer door, and sprang toward the
closet. As I unlocked it, I remembered the look she
gave me as she left it; I wondered with a
beating heart, whether the same expression
would meet my enraptured gaze when I
opened it. There she stood with her eyes
calmly fixed on mine.
'You are safe, dearest!' I murmured.
She did not rebuke me for calling her so,
and emboldened by her silence, I took her
hand to lead her from the narrow prison.
She moved forward, and fell into my arms—
a corpse!

I cannot well record what followed.
I only know that every means was tried for
her restoration to life; but alas! without
success. Of one thing I was firmly con-
vinced—she had not died from suffocation.
I had once seen the body of a man who had
died from suffocation. I recollect his swollen
and purple face, and his hair worn limbo;
She was pale, rigid cold. The tumult of her
own emotions must have killed her. The
some means I kept my secret from the
knowledge of Watson and every one else.
All that night I was trying to recover her.
Then I formed the project of shutting her up
in the closet—locking up the chamber, and
going abroad for twenty years. But the idea
was rejected as soon as formed; for it would
be hardly possible that the presence of a
dead lady in the house should not be dis-
covered before that time. Next I thought of
setting fire to the place, burning all my books
and papers, making a funeral pile of them,
and thus ruining myself to preserve the secret.
But that thought, too, was dismissed.
It might cause loss of life and property to
injury innocent people, and it would be a
bungling proceeding after all, and if this fire
was discovered early, policemen, firemen,
mob, all would break in, and finding her
body there, all would be lost—for it was
more to save her reputation than my life,
that I was striving and plotting.

THE UNYIELDING WIFE;
OR, THE EFFECTS OF ILLTEMPER.
Before proceeding to the subject matter of
this paper, allow me, my young friends,
to exhort you to possess long and strive earnestly
at self-culture and self-control, before taking
a step which involves the possibility of earthly
happiness, as well as that of the next world.
I know, before Heaven, you promised to honor,
love and cherish, during your sojourn in a
state where mutual concessions are com-
pletely demanded. My female friends,
though the chosen companions of your life
may not be all you had in the ardor of your
youth, you are bound to "love, honor and
obey," and to your keeping, in a great de-
gree, is committed his reputation, his useful-
ness in life, his social status, and freese en-
joyments. Mutual improvement is undoubt-
edly one of the ends of the institution of mar-
riage; but any attempt at repression or cor-
rection should be mingled with kindness of man-
ner; if the contrary course is adopted, the
desired effect is worse than that of free-
quency the seeds of good are sown in the
heart are, by hardness and severity, stifled
in the germ, and the noble feelings which
had begun to expand, are blasted by the heat
of an unmanageable temper.

Each than the occasional reproach which my
brothers and sisters my word was law, and
when I found a complaint, and that was in the
form in which my issue were exercised, I ex-
pected the strictest obedience. I do not think
the children could have loved me very much,
for my passionate instructions must have en-
gendered the fear that castled out love.
My temper was not in the least softened
by the question, and I replied very emphati-
cally, that when I was married, it would be
my husband's duty to make me happy, and
if he did not conform to my wishes, I should
endeavor to make him. Foolish, way-
ward girl that I was, to resolve in my
own mind that I would abide by so absurd a
determination. How little did I reflect how
much influence, pride and obstinacy would
exist in causing me to adhere to this expres-
sion of perverted will.

What will you do when you are mar-
ried? You will then have to "love, honor
and obey."
My temper was not in the least softened
by the question, and I replied very emphati-
cally, that when I was married, it would be
my husband's duty to make me happy, and
if he did not conform to my wishes, I should
endeavor to make him. Foolish, way-
ward girl that I was, to resolve in my
own mind that I would abide by so absurd a
determination. How little did I reflect how
much influence, pride and obstinacy would
exist in causing me to adhere to this expres-
sion of perverted will.