Democratic Watchman.

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Happiness.

BY M. T. WILLIAMS.

Say where dost thou roam? shall I seek thee at morn,
While the dew drop still rests on each flower and thorn,
Or listen at noon for thy Elfin like song,
Or wait till the night-breeze wafts thee along?
Dost thou rest on the royal golden-decked brow,
And breathest thy song with the princes first vow,
Do thy rich harp strings flow for the wealthy *groats*,
Are thy festoons wreathed round the brow of State?

Does Fame drink deep of thy glittering bowl,
Dost thou write on Glory's radiant scroll,
Hast thou ever taught *Love* thy far-famed strain,
And does echo repeat it on life's tossing main?
Ah! methinks that thy seat on the golden decked brow,
And thy song interbreathed with the princes vow,
Thy harp-strains that flow for the wealthy great,
And thy tiaras forlhed for pomp and State
Are alike *all* a vision a luring dream
Which like rest as fire *ever* will gleam.

Ah! thy homes in the aerie of the wild bird proud,
That vainly looks down from beyond the cloud,
Or away in the wave where the sea Gods weep,
And the shrouded slumbering atlantis sleep,
Or may be where the Dryades and Chloris meet,
You are *there* the wood nymphs with smiles to greet,
Say where is thy home? Oh! will thou not bring,
One sunbeam among life's dark shadows to fling?

MOUNTAIN HOME.

Miscellaneous.

The Heart's Misleaders;

OR

THE STORY OF ROSALIE MAY.

"Oh she had yet the task to learn,
How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness,
How much of grief the heart must prove,
That yields a sanctuary of love."

A boat was idly floating upon the lake, and the light sounds of music emanating therefrom, came through the open casement at which Lord Clarence Annersley had been for a long time sitting gazing upon the boat, as if all his thoughts were absorbed by that distant object. The light sounds were borne upon the breeze, along with the odors of the honeysuckle and clamatis, over which it had passed; and the dowager Countess of Morvington, as she laid down her pen to enjoy the fragrance, addressed her son.

"Boating again, Clarence!" Night after night those friends of yours are out upon the lake, waking the echoes with those ancient tunes, their constancy to which is remarkable in gentlemen so fickle.

"It is complimentary to my sister," haughtily replied Lord Clarence, "who has repeatedly expressed her admiration of those melodies."

"Rather say, my dear Clarence, to your sister's friend," exclaimed the Countess, as she arose from her *fauteil* and left the room while Lord Clarence remained at the open window, still gazing intently upon the distant boat floating like a dark speck upon a waving tissue of silver.

There were four persons in the boat, two of them college friends of Lord Clarence's, who had accepted the invitation to spend a week or two with him in Cumberland; the others were lady Julia Annersly and Rosalie May—the latter the curate's daughter, who had been the companion from childhood of Lady Julia, and by her gentleness and affection had won her friendship in maturer age. She was a familiar visitor at Morvington Hall, and until the return of Lord Clarence from Oxford, had been a favorite with the Lady Julia; but as the young collegian began to appreciate the merits of the curate's daughter, the opinions of the ladies suffered; as the candor of his open heart acknowledged how much he was charmed by the unassuming virtues of Rosalie, the Countess and Julia was alarmed, and held secret counsel to destroy the influence which Rosalie had obtained over his heart and mind. Much was hoped from the visit of Clarence's friends, and the attention which one of them, Earnest Travers, paid to Rosalie, were observed by mother and daughter with satisfaction, whilst to Clarence they were the first bitter drops that fell in his cups of life.

Before he had learned to love and to admire the gentle virtues of Rosalie, he had expressed much admiration of his fair cousin Louisa, who had been educated with the Annersleys at Morvington Hall, and had been a playmate with them and Rosalie.—The Countess endeavored to increase the favorable sentiments with which Lady Louisa Vallanville was regarded by her son, but the more forcibly she urged the merits of Louisa, the more forcibly were the contrasts presented in the mind of Lord Clarence, where the image of Rosalie had become established. Lady Julia, who shared her mother's opinions, and had a remarkable degree of confidence in her tact and ingenuity, undertook to correct what she termed the false impression of her brother, and lead him a willing sacrifice to the shrine of Lady Louisa. The latter was accordingly invited to Morvington Hall, and was hourly expected at the time when Lord Clarence was watching with interest the boat of his friends upon the lake. The Lady Julia had told him that Rosalie May was enchanted by the magical genius of Earnest Travers, and that there would in all probability, be a marriage in consequence.

The young hopes he had formed, the beautiful castles he had built in his imagination—the home of love which he had pictured, and one of which Rosalie May was the presiding spirit—were broken and dispelled by the one word. He had deemed that he alone possessed the priceless treasure, the heart of Rosalie, and that heart he was now assured was another's.

And ere the ladies had joined their friends in the boat, for their customary evening diversion, Lady Julia had taken an opportunity of intimating to Rosalie the probability of the marriage with Lady Vallanville taking place. And what was this to Rosalie? A week had not elapsed since, moved by the opportunities of Lord Clarence, she had confessed to him the secret of her heart and in the face of Heaven, and in the presence of its good angels, that wander ever among the flowers, their mutual vows were plighted—a little week had not elapsed since she had raised Lord Clarence from her feet, and bade him live for her alone—and heard the music of his gentle voice breathe the sacred promise to be unto her a faithful guide and sacred protector; though all the world should be inconsistent, and in sunshine and in storm, in mirth and sadness, in favor, or disgrace, to be the only true star of her existence. And now she heard he was on the point of marriage to another.—His sister told her so.

What was left for Rosalie? She knew how much the birth and fortune of Lord Clarence Annersley raised him above her own condition. She had herself urged the difference when he sought her love; but he had cast distraction down, and said he valued title and fortune only because they enabled him to reward her virtues.

"And you, my dear Rosalie," said Lady Julia, "will be gratified by this match as well as ourselves; because people are actually saying that Clarence is fascinated by you, and it might have become necessary to take steps to get rid of the scandal, but now," she added with a smile, "all fear on that point is over."

The words fell like pointed steel upon the heart of Rosalie.

love was pure, entire, and high; but as she knew what the dignity of her honor demanded, she resolved to be true to herself, at any sacrifice, and to allow no eye to see the barbed arrow that was festering in her heart.

Rosalie accompanied Lady Julia to the boat with her wonted cheerfulness; her eye lost none of its brightness, it seemed, indeed, more bright than usual that night; and her songs with all her wonted feeling.

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

The well remembered tones as they fell mellowed by distance, upon the ear of Lord Clarence, served to feed his melancholy, and when the Lady Louisa Vallanville arrived, and he was *sought for to receive her*, the servants found him at the casement still looking out upon the moonlight waters, tho' the music was hushed, and the boat now rapidly approaching the shore. In the drawing room that evening, distant and constrained was the manner of both Lord Clarence and Rosalie May; the former believed that she to whom he had given his heart was engaged in a flirtation with his friend Travers; while Rosalie, conscious of the sacrifice that appeared to be demanded of her, endeavored to seem pleased with the attention of others, although her soul was occupied with the image of Lord Lord Clarence alone.

"She fled from that room—but not for sleep,
No, it was only that the wind might steep
Her fevered lip in his delicious dew;
Her brow was burning, and beside she threw
Her jewel's filled from its loosen'd fold
Came o'er her neck and face a shower of gold
Of love, and at that tho't her cheek grew flame."

She deemed herself alone, and in that solitude could ease her wounded heart; the feelings which she had struggled to suppress now mastered her; and in the pale white moonlight she lay upon her couch a prey to grief and tears. But Rosalie was not alone.

There was one gazing on her pitiingly; she who had detected the artifice by which Rosalie had endeavored to conceal her passion in the drawing-room—who had caught one look directed to Lord Clarence, whose look had told all—whose eye had never been off the self-devoted girl while she remained in the drawing-room, and who had followed her to her own boudoir to behold her tears and despair. Still the silence was broken only by the sobs of Rosalie; but as the violence of her grief subsided, the intruder stepped noiselessly from the depth of a shadow that afforded security from observation, and standing by the side of the heart-broken girl, whispered softly,

"Rosalie?"

Rosalie started, and, to her dismay, beheld before her the Lady Louisa Valanville.

"Rosalie," repeated the lady, taking one of her white hands within her own, and sitting down by her side, "what is the cause of this emotion? Give me your confidence. Years ago we were playmates, and though time has transformed us into women, our experience of the world has not. I hope, rendered us incapable of doing justice to true merit. Come, lay your pretty head upon my shoulder, and open that little troubled heart to me."

With such words of tenderness did the Lady Louisa endeavor to obtain the confidence of Rosalie, and she succeeded. They were alone together; the jeweled arm of Lady Louisa was thrown around the curate's daughter, and her fingers played with the curls of her golden hair, whilst the latter whispered in tales, just above silence, the secret that caused her grief. Lady Louisa was astonished by what she heard.

"My dear girl!" she exclaimed, "I should as soon think of marrying the Emperor of China as Lord Clarence Annersly! There are two great objections, I assure you: the first is, I don't like him, the second is still more formidable, he don't like me. To give you the strongest assurance that I have not the least idea of entering into rivalry with you, I will in turn, make your heart a depository of my secret, for I have one. I assure you almost as grea as yours. I have accepted an offer from Lord Cranbrook; and, as the newspapers say, the happy event will be solemnized in the course of the month." Lady Julia's ruddy was soon made manifest; and Rosalie grieved almost as much thereby, as by the supposed faithlessness of her lover, and proposed to leave Morvington Hall that night. But Lady Louisa would not listen to such a proposition.

"I have always, my dear Rosalie," she said, "found the best way of conquering our enemies is by confronting them. They tell me that the wild animals are subdued by looking them boldly in the face; and with all her faults, I do not believe that Lady Julia is in a wild state, or past reformation. Come with me to the drawing room and let all that has passed here be a secret to our own dear selves."

Submitting to the entreaties of Lady Louisa, Rosalie returned with her to the drawing room, but more bitter disappointment, and still more poignant anguish awaited her. Lord Clarence was cold and formal in his manner, and when Lady Louisa had engaged him in conversation with Rosalie he suddenly paused, and begging her pardon for detaining her from Mr. Travers, hastily withdrew from the room.

"Can this be love?" she exclaimed, as she threw herself again upon the couch in her still, small room, in despair.

The friend whom she had found in her sorrow did not desert her; and though the Lady Louisa did not approve, the curate's profitably employed, for, having caught the name of Travers, when it fell from the lips of Clarence, she concluded that Lady Julia had been making mischief in another quarter, and directly taxing her with it, elicited the truth. Travers being an old friend of her family, she had no hesitation in requesting his assistance in clearing up the mystery that separated two excellent hearts.

The next day the party were assembled at dinner, and a happy spell seemed to have fallen upon all. The dowager Countess even participated in the mirth, and in the countenance of Lady Julia there was reflected something like amiability of heart. Lady Julia there was reflected something like amiability of heart. Lady Louisa was the liveliest of the party; she enjoyed the satisfaction of doing good. The ladies were about to retire, when Lord Clarence detained them.

"I have a favor to beg of you," he exclaimed; "and although it is not a customary thing, yet we may waive etiquette when our affections are concerned. I would request all who love me to drink the health of the future Lady Clarence Annersly."

"My son!" exclaimed the dowager Countess.

"The future Lady Clarence Annersly!" replied his Lordship, and the sentence was echoed by the other gentlemen, as they filled glasses for the ladies.

"And pray who is the lady that I am to have the honor of calling daughter?" inquired the Countess.

"*Rosalie May*," was her son's reply.

The astonishment of the two ladies was extremely great, but marvellous were the powers of the third; for by dint of persuasion, and an emphatic reference to certain fabrications, which, whatever they might say for the ingenuity of their inventors were not creditable to their reputation, she prevailed upon the mother and sister, the heart's misleaders, to correct their error, and accept the challenge of Lord Clarence. That night closed on the happiness of the family circle. The sorrows of Rosalie were ended. A new life was opened to her, and the day of marriage witnessed also the nuptials of her true friend, Lady Louisa Vallanville, who, in giving her hand to Lord Cranebrook, obtained what we are sure all will say she deserved—a worthy husband.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children, with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceburg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in a scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart! Cherish then your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial paternal, and fraternal love.

Death of "Old Hannibal," the Elephant

The following we copy from the Cleveland Plaindealer: "This old and justly distinguished elephant died at Canfield, on Monday. He was quite old—extremely so. We have heard his age stated variously at from five hundred to one thousand years. At times, Hannibal was rather wild. Domestic troubles may have been the cause of this. We believe his faults were of the head, however, and not of the heart. He never used tobacco in any form, and in all his travels, was never forced to 'spout' his trunk for his hotel bills. What other showman of any note can say as much? Still, the fact can't be disguised, Hannibal cut up some very hard capers during his life. In Maine, years ago, he was one night shut up in a shed. In the morning he was found three or four miles off, with the roof of the shed upon his back!

When connected with June & Titus' circus and menagerie he had a falling out with some of the performers, and one day whilst they were making their grand entree in the ring, on their high mettled and gorgeously-caparisoned horses, Hannibal burst his fastenings, rushed into the ring, and unhorsed every man of them. After tossing them around for a while he returned to his accustomed place, and permitted his keeper to tie him up again. Going from Boston to Salem some years ago, he became enraged about something or other, and made terrific work on the road, tearing down fences, tipping over wagons, and tossing men and horses into the air.

Traveling from one small town to another, one Sunday afternoon, in New Hampshire, Hannibal met a long line of carriages, filled with people going home from church. The man in the head carriage struck the elephant a smart blow with his whip as he passed. Hannibal immediately unhitched the entire line of carriages. No one was seriously injured. One night, as his keeper was driving him through a strip of woods in Vermont, a violent thunder storm arose. A tree was struck by lightning, and one of the shivered branches struck the keeper and killed him instantly. All night long the elephant watched the dead man closely and tenderly, even as a mother would watch the moment her child, and never from that solemn moment left him on the awful pulse-less form of his dead master. Thus ended the life of old Hannibal, probably it was old age. We understand that he cost his last owners, Van Amburg & Co., $14,000. Peace to his ashes!"

Parson Brownlow (W) Hooping.

Foremost among clergymen who are not content with preaching the Gospel, but fain meddle with other matters, is Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tennessee. While recently attending the Methodist Annual Convention at Nashville, he thus commenced on hoops:

"All I regret is that skirtdom is expanding and the fashions in vogue are still increasing the *distance* between man and woman. At one *moment I feel like exclaiming*, 'Oh, that I were a boy again!' The next moment I feel inclined to join the hoops, and feel willing to join a regiment of men in a vigorous assault upon the rattan, whalebone, cords, brass and steel, that have put asunder what God has said ought to be joined together. Only think of the display on our streets, in the parlor, of the grand and graceful skirts, looming up all around one fascinating, charming and swinging to and fro, like so many things of life! Talk about the grandeur of a first class steamer, or of a train of cars propelled by steam! Give me a train of hooped skirts, under the folds of which are so many human locomotives, standing five feet eight inches in slippers, fired up by the blood of warm hearts, and puffing and blowing with love, kind words and winning smiles, and I would show you a sight that would run a young man crazy, raise a dead bachelor to life, and make an old widower commit suicide.

"I cannot trust myself on this glorious theme; I must desist or go crazy."

Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing christians?

"Every man shall give account of *himself* to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and loose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not hold out?

"He that hath begun a good work in you, he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, *he is guilty of all!*"

Original.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

The Unloved One.

BY MARY E. WILLIAMS.

There was a beautiful clump of trees standing a few rods from Mr. Ide's door. The path which led to it, ran through the green yard alongside the beautiful garden, and after crossing the bridge led into the most lovely spot ever found in the vast garden of Nature.

A profusion of hemlocks, interspersed with wild ash and here and there a majestic green maple, rendered it a lovely spot. The bright little stream formed its boundary by winding itself circuitously around it.

Mrs. Ide often called Nora and heard her answer from the garden as she thought, but Nora did not often go to the garden. She had formed for herself a rustic seat in that bright spot. There she read favorite books. There she took her slate and pencil, and composed pages of little sketches which would have done honor to a popular author, and wrote little poems which were the buds of sweet poet flowers. There she dreamed day dreams, unsullied happiness, and wove bright garlands for the unsullied brow of futurity, while she built air castles, and decorated them with tracery, formed from the deeply tinted flower of love and the pure white blossom of friendship.

There, she would sit for hours, and it seemed as though the breeze that gently played with her golden curls, had a power to bring white winged hope to her side, and as the dream god touched his shadowy harp for her so often, she would linger until her mother called her, when she always took care Nora should have a severe reprimanding for loitering in the garden, a spot which was held almost sacred by the old Lady, and in which if any mischief was perpetrated Nora was the criminal, she was always in the *garden*. She would never tell where she had been *that* would be discovering to them her retreat, but would frankly delay having been in the garden, and the consequence was she must be punished for a fault of Rover, or the house cat, and then be sent supperless to bed, after a [illegible]

Thus Nora grew to be a woman in cares and experience, long before she was in years, she grew up sad and morose, and is it amazing that she did? Her sister at two years younger than she was all fun, gaiety, and beauty, and was heart worshiped by all, especially by that one who called herself "mother" was she worthy the appellation?

Thus years wrapped their dark fingers over the page of Noras life while time's pen never wrote one of those glowing lines of affection for which the young heart naturally yearns, and without which the rich heart-tablets gradually decay, and the life clouds of disappointment grow darker.

Need we wonder that her favorite secluded retreat, often drank her tears? when for days she would not be kindly spoken to, unless Bell her sister would say, Poor Nora has been crying again. This was the only solace to the hearts deep grief, when from childhood she had sighed for the purely spiritual love of one friend to smile upon her.

Thus shelved, until at an early age she was to be married to a young man, who shortly before the time set for their union, proved himself unworthy of her hand, by associating with ill-famed characters, and was discarded at once and forever. This excited her mother's indignation very much as she considered a little riches were to be far higher appreciated than her daughters happiness.

Bell! said Nora one day, "I will be like you. I will cease being sad and try to please mother that way," but it was the swing words away, all was the same until she resolved to go forth into the cold world, to seek among strangers for the bright bower of love, which she found not at home. She left the spot where she never had been truly loved and engaged in the laborious task of teaching. Upon visiting her friends the first time after her absence, she wrote home she was coming and Oh! how she hoped for a cordial welcome from those bound to her by lifes strongest natural ties.

But having delayed two days later than she expected, the sin was an unpardonable one, and when her mother met her she turned coldly away without speaking.

Again she mixed in the gay circle of strangers, and as she almost ceased to believe there was such a thing as love, or true friendship, she became a confirmed coquette, flirting with scores of gentlemen, and caring for none. Wearing a smile and ringing out a merry laugh when the heart was wrapt in sadness.

Her profession bringing her an ample salary, with which she placed her brother at a respectable school, and having become popular as teacher and writer, every one tho't her happy.

Stern winter's sear robed prophetess was whispering his coming, when the coach bro't Nora once more to her father's home. She had found the world cold and heartless, with nothing to love; while every channel of affection that ever was open in her heart was frozen; and still she met the same averted look of almost hatred, and heard the same chilling words of "anything but affection."

Her poems had pictured all the pure beauty of the hallowed spot, "home;" and her sketches portrayed all the glowing associations which became connected with the sacred name Mother. But these things existed only in her imagination. She knew not by sweet experience that sacred joy which characterized her writings.

One bright Autumn day, Nora was missing, many hours were spent in search for her and at last they looked in the chamber of trees where they had but a remote idea of any one going. There fell to her sweet seat with its long ribbands just to hang the water gems, was her summer hat with a letter pinned inside addressed to her mother, it read thus:

Dear Mother I feel I must die or as this is the last opportunity I will ever have of addressing you, who has never loved me. I think you have always hated me. Oh! how I do long to have you imprint upon my cheek a kiss of love like you so richly lavished upon the more favored. Hers may be the joy and the light of a smile on the home hearth of one, a gem of the most beautiful place. I used to contemplate the future, and hope for brighter days. But Alas! I have found happiness but a dream, pleasure but a shadow, friendship and love but names. I have buried all my high hopes, and now stand really in the valley of death, the cheerless branches over the tomb. I have done all I could to love you, and will pray for a happier home while my watery grave is overmantling my burial sod at my feet. I will forgive this rash act of your dying and undutiful daughter.

NORA.

They soon found her form on the bed stream and soon she was laid away to sleep that sleep which knows no waking. They buried her close by that little seat among the trees where she used to read and laugh and then sequestered to weep.

Now a sister's hand plants a tree to grace the mound on her grave, and a mother with a heart somewhat softened by her sad fate, over and anon drops a silent tear with the tears of "The Unloved One."

Paternal Duty.

A writer in the London Leisure Hour full of the [illegible] which [illegible] sense:

"The father who plunges [illegible] so deeply that he has no leisure for [illegible] the duties and pleasures [illegible] intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a stately lamentation over their unbearable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to have [illegible] the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it even as to say that he cannot support his family in the present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can he thus demand of them in a manner which requires him to neglect his solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them that competence which he desires—for is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affections; the love of parents of brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property, simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render the property a blessing."

BRUTAL SPORT. Last week in Cincinnati, a wager was laid by a Scotchman that he could kill twelve rats in regular dog fashion in less time than a Scotch terrier famous for his destruction of these cunning little animals. The wager was accepted, and on Saturday afternoon the contest came off in a rat pit near the corner of Third and Sycamore streets, about which a number of the "fancy" had assembled to witness the "sport." The man and the dog were placed in the ring, and both went to their work energetically and bravely. The human creature would snatch up the rats in his hands, and, biting them across the back of the neck and spine, precisely as the terrier, kill them at once. Both did well, but the man killed his twelve rats just as the dog had finished his tenth. When the Scotchman came out of the ring he was covered with blood, and his hands were bitten in various places, but he seemed to care nothing for his wounds, after having obtained a triumph over a dog!

THE WAY IT IS DONE.—In the year 1772, a man in England astonished the natives, by having a loaded cannon fired at him at a distance of ten yards only, and catching the ball—a nine pounder—in his hand. On the payment of a considerble sum he divulged his secret, which was this: When the proper charge of powder was ready, a little of it was in the cannon, then the ball ran in, and the rest of the powder put in after it. The wadding was then rammed tightly in; when fired, the report was as loud as usual, but owing to their being a small quantity of powder behind the ball, it would only carry about twenty yards.