Democratic Watchman.

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Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
☞ Farmers and Physicians on the country are invited to examine my stock

Original Poetry.

For the Democratic Watchman

I long! yet Fear to Love

BY S P S

I long yet fear to love, for I have seen
So much of falsehood and so much of guile,
And I have seen such dark and deadly sin,
Lurk in the silence of a beaming smile
And in mine own heart echambers there hath been
So much of sorrow rankling all the while,
That when my soul sits brooding like a dove,
I think of this and long yet fear to love

I long yet fear to love, I could not bear,
To fling my rich affections upon one
Whose inmost spirit was not wholly fair
In love less pure and lavish than my own,
And oh my heart would break in its despair,
To find the visions it had dreamed o'erthrown.
So when my heart and pulses wildly move,
I think of this and long yet fear to love

I long yet fear to love, my soul hath bled,
In its too perfect truths, in vows unkept,
And I had deemed that all my love was dead,
Yet now I know that it hath only slept,
And oh if evermore about my head
There sweeps the tempest that before hath swept,
Heart, mind and soul would wrecked and shattered prove
And knowing this, I long yet fear to love

I long yet fear to love, oh who will come
And speak the word I am all priest to hear
Oh who will make this yearning heart her home,
And fix there thrilling there each mystic year
Oh who will touch these lips so cold and dumb
With the live coal from love's own altar pure
Is there no answer? must my spirit rove,
Ever, as now, and long yet fear to love?

Miscellaneous.

The Last Scene of Washington's Life.

Irving's new Life of Washington, in five volumes, has just been completed In the fifth volume, after giving a succinct narrative of the Administration of Washington, his retirement from office, and his mode of life at Mount Vernon, Mr Irving brings the work to a close with the following description of the final scene

Winter had now set in, with occasional wind, and rain, and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active rounds of indoor and outdoor avocations, as his diary records — He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, visiting the outposts

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault, the old one being damaged by the roots of trees which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest"

"When I parted from him," added the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and an other. It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw, and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realize that he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him"

For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several succeeding years, specifying the cultivation of several farms, with tables designating the rotation of crops It occupied thirty folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager or steward It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits."

It was evident, however, that, full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long cherished hope, the enjoyment of a serene old age in his home of his heart.

According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day —11th—he notes there was wind and rain, and "at night a large circle around the moon."

The morning of the 12th was overcast.—That morning he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War.

About 10 o'clock, he mounted his horse and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About 1 o'clock," he notes, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to his house till after three

His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the Post Office in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr Lear perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed his fears that he had got wet: But he replied, "No his great coat, had kept him dry," As dinner had been waiting for him he sat down to the table without changing his dress "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual"

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride — He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the Post Office When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve his cold. "No" replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold Let go as it came"

In the night he was extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At day break when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the General breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly Washington desired that Dr Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for and that in the mean time Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it he was convulsed and almost suffocated — Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise but when the General's arm was ready for the operation, became agitated — "Don't be afraid," said the general, as well as he could speak Rawlins made an ancision. "The orifice is not large enough," said Washington The blood, however ran pretty freely, and Mrs Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr Lear to stop it. When he was about to unite the string the General put his hand to prevent him and as soon as he could speak murmured, "More, more," but Mrs Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken External applications were now made to the throat and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief

His old friend Dr Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians Drs Dick and Brown, were called in Various remedies were tried and additional bleeding but all of no avail

"About half past four o'clock," writes Mr Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside when he requested her to go down into his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

"After this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: "I find I am going; my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange all my military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun." I told him this would be done He then asked me if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling that he certainly was, and that as it was the debt which we all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared in great pain and distress from the difficulty in breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the general would say.—Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he, gratefully, "It is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The general noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock, his old friend Dr. Craik, came again into the room, and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack, that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long" The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed "I feel I am going," said he: "I thank you for your attensions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go offquietly I cannot last long" He lay down again: all retired except Doctor Craik The General continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was

Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered to him did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered a sigh or complaint.

"About ten o'clock," writes Mr Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." I bowed assent for I could not speak He then looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes." "'Tis well," said he

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of December 14, 1799) his breathing became easier He lay quietly, he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom Dr Craik put his hand over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed asked with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. "'Tis well," said she, in the same voice. "All is now over; I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through"

Timely Warning.

A yankee editor thus confesses to have dealings with Satan for the good of his readers, of course:

I was sitting in my study, when I heard a knock at the door

"Come in," said I, when the door opened, and who should walk in but Satan!

"How d'ye do?" said he.

"Pretty well," said I.

"What are you about, preparing your leader?"

"Yes," said I

"Ah! I dare say you think you are doing a great deal of good?"

"Well, not so much as I could wish, but a little, I hope," said I

"You have a very large lot of readers?" said he

"Well, pretty well for that" said I

"And I dare say you are pretty proud of them?" said he

"No, I am not, for not one half of them pay for their papers," said I

"You don't say so" he exclaimed

"Yes, that I do, not half of them pay for their papers"

"Well," said he, "they are an immoral lot, but let me have the list I think I can do a trifle myself with such people"

A Bull Dog Attacking an Elephant.

The Petersburg (Va) Express says.—"An amusing incident occurred while Van Amburgh's menagerie was crossing the Appomattox, a short distance above the Pocahontas Bridge, strikingly illustrative of the fact that a bull dog is the most courageous of all animals, and will attack any creature regardless of size. As the elephant entered the water, with his usual slow and cautious step, some individual in the crowd, prompted by a spirit of mischief, tied on a large bull dog to attack the animal The dog instantly obeyed, and plunging into the water seized hold of one of the hind legs of the elephant, on which the latter only switched him with his tail, as he would brush off a fly; but not ridding himself of his assailant by such gentle means, and feeling sharp teeth at work upon his leg, he suddenly threw his snout around and seizing the dog, held him under the water until he was nearly drowned, then, raising him high in the air, threw him at least a hundred feet out into the stream Fully satisfied with the punishment he had received, the dog made his way to the shore, and beat a hasty retreat.

We believe, says an exchange, in old fashioned girls. We never could admire a wasp waist or a sickly face. There are two styles of beauty which we cannot appreciate. One is the pale faced hysterical girl, who eats chalk, drinks vinegar and poultices her hands; and the other is the gross, red faced, plethoric creature, who drinks beer and talks vulgar, and to use a dutchman's simile, resembles "a fedder bed mit a string tied round ter mittle."

He whose friendship is worth having must hate and be hated.

Letter from the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles.

In the New York Herald of this morning we find the following letter from Mr. Sickles addressed to the editor, and it is but just to him that the views he takes of his reconciliation with his wife should be given to the public. It cannot be denied that Mr Sickles' course has met with very general condemnation, and that, too, from many who were his friends and sympathisers during his trial in Washington and the scenes which preceded it. His letter refers to this fact in language at once dignified and touching, and will be read with much interest:

NEW YORK, July 19 1859.

Through the course of sad events, which during the last few months have brought so much affliction upon my family, I have been silent No amount of misrepresentation affecting myself only could induce me now to open my lips; nor could I deem it worth while under any circumstances to notice what has been or can be said in journals never regarded as the sources or the exponents of public opinion, for in these it is too often obvious that only unworthy motives prompt the most vindictive assaults upon the private life of citizens holding public stations But the editorial comments in the *Herald* of yesterday although censorious (of which I do not complain, which I read them with regret) differ so widely in tone and temper from the mass of nonsense and calumny which has lately been written concerning a recent event in my domestic relations, that I cannot allow a mistake, into which you have been led by inaccurate information to pass without such a correction as will relieve others from any share of the reproaches which it is the pleasure of the multitude at this moment to heap upon me and mine

Retiring to the forgiveness which my sense of duty and my feelings impelled me to extend to an erring and repentant wife, you observe, in the course of your temperate and dignified article, that, "It is said, however that the last phase of the affair was brought about through the advice of his lawyers."—This is entirely erroneous. I did not exchange a word with one of my counsel up on the subject, nor any one else My reconciliation with my wife was my own act, done without consultation with any relative connection, friend or adviser Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall alone upon me I am prepared to defend what I have done before the only tribunals I recognize as having the slightest claim to jurisdiction over the subject—my own conscience and the bar of Heaven. I am not aware of any statute, or code of morals which makes it infamous to forgive a woman, nor is it usual to make our domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear to us And I cannot allow even all the world combined to dictate to me the repudiation of my wife, when I think it right to forgive her, and restore her to my confidence and protection

If I ever failed to comprehend the utterly desolate position of an offending though penitent woman—the hopeless future with all its dark possibilities of danger, to which she is doomed when proscribed as an outcast,—I can now see plainly enough, in the almost universal howl of denunciation which she is followed to my threshold the misery and perils from which I have rescued the mother of my child And although it is very sad for me to incur the blame of friends and the reproaches of many wise and good people, I shall strive to prove to all who feel any interest in me that if I am the first man who has ventured to say to the world an erring wife and mother may be forgiven and redeemed, that in spite of all the obstacles in my path the good results of this example shall entitle it to the imitation of the generous and the commendation of the just

There are many who think that an act of duty, proceeding solely from affection which can only be comprehended in the heart of a husband and a father, is to be fatal to my professional, political and social standing — If this be so, then so be it. Political station professional success, social recognition, are not the only prizes of ambition; and I have seen enough of the world in which I have moved, and read enough of the lives of others to teach me that if one be patient and resolute, it is the man himself indicates the place he will occupy, and so long as I do nothing worse than to reunite my family under the roof where they may find shelter from contumely and persecution, I do not fear the noisy but fleeting voice of popular clamor.

The multitude accept their first impressions from a few; but in the end men think for themselves, and if I know the human heart—and sometimes I think that in a career of mingled sunshine and storm I have sounded nearly all its depths—then I may reassure those who look with reluctant forbodings upon my future to be of good cheer, for I will not cease to vindicate a just claim to the respect of my fellows; while to those motley groups, here and there, who look upon my misfortunes only as weapons to be employed for my destruction, to those I say once for all, if a man makes a good use of his enemies they will be as serviceable to him as his friends.

In conclusion, let me ask only one favor of those who, from whatever motive, may deem it necessary or agreeable to comment in public or private upon this sad history; and that is, to aim all their arrows at my breast, and for the sake of my innocent child to spare her yet youthful mother, while she seeks in sorrow and contrition the mercy and the pardon of Him to whom, sooner or later, we must all appeal.

Very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
DANIEL E SICKLES

Extemporaneous Preaching.

Once two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching—

Well," said the old divine, (waxing warm) "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching: and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused"

The young divine used all his eloquence but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon could preach extemporaneously.

"As one of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning On ascending the pulpit you can hand a text from any part of the Bible and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper on which was written "And the ass opened his mouth and spake.." from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip to the elder preacher. After rising and opening the Bible the old man looked anxiously around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and re-read aloud —"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause in which a deadly silence reigned After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass? he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice said—"*I think I am, brother*"

Mad. Bonaparte of Baltimore.

The Cleaveland Herald makes the following extracts from a private letter written by a lady in Baltimore some time since:

Among the sights to be seen from my window is Mad Bonaparte, who still retains the marks of beauty on her fair skin and arched eyebrows She wears that everlasting ornament on her forehead that has been there all her life You should see her on the street with the little green bag going to the bank to look after her money She has a peculiar way of catching up her dress (which in summer is a brown bersage over white) thereby discovering to the world a pair of little feet and ankles that has been her pride now encased in the ugliest shoes one could imagine Her boonets which she manufactures herself, are models in their way. She usually dons red feathers, but this winter she wears a bonnet without any crown, old fashion, sun bonnet shape. The front, by some ingenious trick is made to flare considerably and is filled with the gayest scarlet flowers, in the greatest profusion, and for some little distance you see nothing on the street but the bonnet. Poor old lady.—She has not spoken to her son for 20 years, and is insulted should any of her fellow boarders mention his name. But the grandson who is now home on a visit, and is a splendid looking fellow, she is delighted to talk of, and one makes friends with her at once, but woe to the initiated stranger that speaks of the son The son (Jerome) is known by strangers by his wonderful likeness to the General. No two in the world could be much more alike as he drives in his high seated carriage with his tiger behind, on a much lower seat.

"OCCASIONAL," OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.—"Occasional," of the Philadelphia Press, is frequently in the habit of writing statements which bear no foundation of truth. He never penned a more positive falsehood than when he wrote the following, which appeared in the Press of yesterday:

"The editor [of the States] takes care everywhere to say that he has great regard for you [Forney] personally, but that it is necessary for him, in his position, to denounce you, he is therefore compelled to take a hand in the game and to make a bid for patronage, by the only course that would satisfy or mollify the President."

Mr. Forney knows very well that the States has never sought patronage from the President, nor does it ever expect any favors from him or from any member of his Administration.—*States.*

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said—

"That star you see up there is bigger than this world."

"No it ain't," said he.

"Yes, it is."

"Then, why don't it keep the rain off?"

Barnum at Bridgeport.

Mr. P. T. Barnum made a characteristic speech at East Bridgeport, on the 4th.—Speaking of his personal experiences and financial difficulties, he remarked:

"After leading a somewhat checkered and eventful life, the last few years of which have been shrouded in darkness and doubt, my pathway obstructed by ten thousand difficulties and disappointments, which seemed at times almost insurmountable;—my head filled with clock wheels and pendulums, broken train strings and dead weights; my back covered with writs and my path bestrewed with notorious endorsements;—my dreams disturbed with clocks run down and yet continuing to *tick*, while I myself inclined to *strike* although the clocks would not—I am at last partially emerging into an atmosphere where the reviving rays of that sun, which to me so long has been in an eclipse, are warming me into life, and inviting me again to the busy scenes of activity and freedom.

☞ The public will know the long to whose personal exertions and kindness I am peculiarly indebted for being led out of a labyrinth which was to me as inexplicable as it was sudden and overwhelming.

"In the midst of all my heart sickening and discouraging trials, I have constantly cherished a strong and abiding hope founded on three consoling assurances

First—I say it without egotism, and only because it is true I have had the consolation of knowing that my disasters were not caused by a departure from moral rectitude on my part. I can say conscientiously that it was caused solely by a misplaced confidence in my fellow men, and by my ardent desire earnestly and honorably to build up a beautiful, industrious temperate and happy city in this healthy and delightful locality, which I first knew as a wilderness, now building and blossoming as the rose

"My second consolation is the fact that my neighbors and fellow citizens expressed confidence in my integrity, and sympathy for my misfortunes, with a unanimity as general as it was exhilerating. That confidence was conveyed to me in warm and burning words of friendship and commendation, which nerved me with a giant's strength to retrieve, as far as possible, the sphere of usefulness, from which treachery had displaced me"

After thanking the citizens of Bridgeport for their uniform kindnes towards him, Mr Barnum continued:

"I deserved and needed the correction, and discipline with which I was visited, and when in the vicissitudes of life these visitations do come, there is no combination of philosophy and religion that can make temporal affliction bearable, like the reflection that if we ourselves do right, all that happens to us is for the best. Depend upon it there is a sublime truth in the words of the Poet—

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will"

And my friends, what a recompense is this which I am now receiving at your hands — An exile for years to foreign lands, driven abroad by necessity, I return to be greeted by family and friends, finding the clock factory, which caused all my disasters, risen like a Phoenix from the ashes, doubled, trebled, quadrupled in extent, and thronging with hundreds of ingenious mechanics, who have come from the glorious East—proverbial for its morality temperance, industry and intelligence These men I cannot regard as strangers, for, from the day I touched my native shore, they have essayed all in their power to make me feel at home in this, our charming and promising "New City."—What an interesting and extraordinary development of the ways of Providence, if the building which brought upon me apparent ruin, should prove to be the source of my greatest prosperity."

Why did Jacob Cry?

Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.—*Scripture.*

If Rachel was only a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about.—*New York Globe.*

Why, he wept tears of joy, Mr. Globe.—You never kissed a pretty girl or you wouldn't wonder a bit. We have been in the same boat with Jacob before now, and we blubbered right out—*Lynn News.*

How do you know but she slapped his face for him?—*N. O. Delta.*

Gentlemen, the cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Flag.*

In our opinion, Jacob wept because he hadn't kissed her before, and regretted the time he had lost.—*Age.*

If he kissed her any place else than *before* he had a right to weep.—*Juniata Register.*

That's 'em.—*Watchman.*

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is, that the pair down stairs is in the same fix."

The man who could'nt "trust his feelings," is supposed to do business on the cash principle