

The Democratic Watchman.

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NO. 45.

Select Poetry.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

All day with measured stroke I hear
From throbbing down the busy ear
And in the noise of stable ear
Incessant pipe the speckled quail.

All golden ripe the apple glow
Among the orchard's russet leaves
Southward the twittering swallows go
That sing all summer 'neath the eaves.

Across the fair horizon's line
The slender Autumn mists are drawn;
The grapes are purple on the vine,
The sun-drops shine upon the lawn.

And stretched abroad the burning sky
The spider's threads of silver white,
Like netted vapors to the eye,
Hang quivering in the moonlight.

Year ago to-day we stood
Beside the maple's crimson glow,
That like a watch-fire in the wood,
Gleamed on the yellowing vale below.

Calm was the day, without a breath,
An all pervading stillness fell,
A calm that seemed the calm of death—
A silence like that of sleep.

And only on the listening ear
Through the wide world that hollow sound
Of dropping nuts, and sweetest clear
The spring that bubbled from the ground.

Close at our feet the brook slid down,
Darting tangled knots of sedge and weed,
And under leaves of gold and brown,
Took its way through the level mead.

A look of lust, a ring, a flower—
The latter faded, old and gone—
Mute records of that vanished hour,
Reminders that my heart holds dear.

Like one who in a penive dream
Sees long-lost friends around his bed,
I gazing on those treasures, seem
To hold communion with the dead.

The whirled rose—the flitting kiss—
The long embrace, the cheek to cheek—
The kisses that pressed on our lips,
Beyond the power of words to speak.

All seems so near—then hush, we wreath
Through meadows where the aster grow,
While overhead the hush were bleat
Of muses with the melting blue.

Of fire that glows the autumn leaf—
O halm that keeps no quaking breath—
O winds that stir the unrequited shade—
To are to me the types of death.

Al! soon those roses that had their glow
And youder sun had faded away,
And those that through the dew-drops blue
Shall leave the branches black and bare.

Miscellaneous.

Cousin Tom.

"Mary, I am astonished!"
Of course, the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth, and in fact, she lived in a chronic state of amazement; for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Thorne could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the domain shadows of the little south porch and discovered that yonder moving object half way up among the unbragging branches of the huge old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a ruse-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-checked peaches swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crooks of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.

"I don't care," said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the best place in the world up here; feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here. Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruth? It's easily done; just put your foot on that knot, and—"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne, are you crazy? Come down this instant, old and easy—"

"I shan't!" said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.

"But we are going—"

"Yes, I understand. You are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, gentlest, and grandest of all mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. O, dear! I wish I could run away somewhere and hide. I hate this paragon of prudence. I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it. No, I am not going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home!"

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible rouser. I wish you weren't too big to shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed."

"It is a pity, isn't it," said Mary, demurely. "Of course it is, Mary; if Cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning be sure and explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind!"

"All right," said Mary, demurely. "I always liked Tom; we used to have grand romps together, when we were children."

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamamryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rap in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled through ever moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins put their heads to one side to listen.

The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the pale moon of shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church spire among the far off woods had chined out eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree.

Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary a pungent aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the letter to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses nor the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums, none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell.

"My patience," said Miss Mary, "it's a cigar."

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black wax curls—stood on the porch steps, quietly smoking, and indulging in a languished view of the garden steps.

"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself.

"Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors, he's very much mistaken!"

"Tom!" she called out in a silver accent of impatient summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed around him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.

"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom," she ejaculated, "don't stare off towards the cabbage bed! Look straight up here! you may come up if you please. There's plenty of room for both. You are Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course, I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you savvy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and, besides, aren't we cousins?"

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days. Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice moustache you've got. I shouldn't have known you, Tom!"

"No," said Tom, reproachfully. "And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid!"

The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment if I dared. But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as some haunted hall."

"All gone to welcome horrid, poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that man!"

"Hate him, what for?"

"O, I don't know; I'm sure he's a snuffed, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves that he wears spectacles!"

"Nonsense, Mary! why he's only twenty-six!"

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And Tom, if you'll never breathe a word of this—"

"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.

"Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dim old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—"

"Hate him, what for?"

"For it's a solemn fact in this world, that whenever a girl says she 'neer, neer,' will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets, and Mary is no exception to the general rule—N. Y. Ledger.

IGNORANCE A BLESSING—A private letter from Mr. Charles Wright, on the gunboat Benton, on the Mississippi river, to his sister in this city gives an amusing account of an interview with a lumberman on the Yazoo river, who had never heard of the troubles about Secession, and received his first intimation that war was raging from our forces on the gunboat. He had been in the gum swamps four years; during a large portion of the time he had not seen a human being. When he met our gunboats and heard of the war he was much astonished as may well be supposed. He was on his way to Vicksburg at the time, to secure a market for his lumber.

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fixed on his, he'd have done it! Any man of taste would.

"I promise!" he said; and they shook hands on it!

What a cozy place for a chat that gnarled old tree was! And when they talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into a network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin in the deep musical voice that maidens love to listen to!

And Mary sat there, watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad white brow, and the long, black lashes almost touching his olive cheek. And she thought how very, very handsome cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him; and she wondered whether Tom had been rich like that Prof. La Place, instead of a poor medical student—and—

And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though she had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet!

"Come Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough! Help me down, and I'll show you the old sundial that we used to heap up with buttercups when we were children."

What a tiny, insignificant, little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin. And how nice it was to have the steady head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—for somehow Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wonderfully shy!

A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered. "Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."

"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning much as she strove to repress the tall tale blue.

But there was no one in the barouche, save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep, beside the two cousins.

"Where is the Professor?" questioned Miss Mary.

"He was not at the depot," said Miss Ruth—and—

But Mr. Thorne had sprang from the carriage, and clasped both the strangers hands in his.

"La Place, it is possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Station!"

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind, now, so you are safely here," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Prof. La Place!"

Mary had dropped his arm and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were cousin Tom!"

"So I am cousin Tom; that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary, and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating ardency, "don't be angry because I don't sniff, nor wear spectacles! I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am a very glad he isn't here. Mary is just and don't hate Cousin Tom, because his other name happens to be La Place!"

He need not have been so apprehensive, for in their twilight walk beside the sundial that they were evening, he confessed that she did not find Prof. La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little cousin Mary all the better for those pear tree confidences!

But no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have two Cousin Toms; and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship, and in spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs. Prof. La Place.

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THE WOMAN AND THE SURGEON.

An interesting case has just come to my knowledge within a day or two, where a New England woman alone and friendless, achieved a great reform in one of our hospitals. The surgeon having charge of this particular hospital was a brute, treating the men in his charge, visitors, and indeed the surgeons under him, with contemptuous cruelty. Having political influence, it was not an easy matter to remove him, though there were a hundred acts of his, any one of which would or should be considered sufficient cause for his dismissal from the service. But every one beneath him was afraid to take the first step for fear the brutal man would turn upon the person beginning the complaint, and with his superior position and influence crush the complainant. One day a New England woman came to the hospital to see her sick son. She soon found the surgeon in his charge, and indeed the surgeons under him, with contemptuous cruelty. 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