"The Democrat."

S. C. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Blessings of Labor.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich choral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
Hear through his voice goes the life current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Tries as the sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod;
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST SPARKING.

BY PETER PETERFORD, ESQ

Right well do I remember my first introduction to the thrilling delights of courtship. I had just attained the enthusiastic age of eighteen, and being of a very ardent, susceptible disposition, was in a manner peculiarly prepared to take impressions from the fair sex on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. But I was, unfortunately, bashful, even to girlishness; extremely modest, painfully diffident—in fact, to use one comprehensive phrase, "was green" in all matters having the slightest reference to the dear beings for whose society I was lingering with all the anxiety of a little Miss for a new doll. I did use to wish the rule was reversed, by which it was established that all first advances shall proceed from the gentlemen, and that some kind creature would take me under a course of instruction; in plain terms—"put me through," and then, after I had advanced sufficiently far in the rule of two to match a Miss without absolately fainting away, thought, perhaps, I might afterwards succeed as easily as rolling off a log. But no; the teasing little angels! instead of showing pity for my distress, they positively seemed to enjoy the fun amazingly, as they were pleased to term my gawky attempts to do the agreeable, and at the very moment I was blushing to the roots of my hair in consequence of my being spoken to by some beautiful creature whose black eyes and wicked smiles alone, set my whole soul in a blaze; my cousin Nell—dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked Nell—would laughingly cry, as she patted me patronizingly on the shoulder, "poor verdant little fellow! what a fine lady's man he would be if he wasn't so shy." And what made it so much harder to bear with anything like a good grace, arose from the presence of a fellow—how I did hate him—named Tom Smart; a little undersized puppy, with red hair, and a turn-up nose, who had every girl doting on him to distraction, and took any of them out for a walk, to balls, parties or theatre, whenever he wanted to. I leave it to my male readers whether it was not peculiarly galling to be beaten by a chap at least a head and shoulders less than myself, and so far from being good looking, that he was not fit to be mentioned on the same day of the month, except in contrast? At length, however, the fates kindly interposed in my behalf, by throwing a divine creature in my way who taught me more of the mysteries of courtship in one evening, than, had been left to my own unaided resources, should have found out in a twelve-month.

Ah, Mrs. Clara Bell was indeed a charming woman. United to a clear complexion of the most beautiful contour, in which the rose and the lily seemed to vie for precedence, an exquisite form inclining to that delightful proportion by the French termed embonpoint, she was possessed of the most winning manners, and had a certain attractive way with her, which nothing earthly could withstand. The first glance of her bright hazel eye threw me into such a whirl of tumultuous emotion, that, I swear, I scarcely knew whether I was standing on my head or heels, and I stood gazing at her with open mouth and distended eyeballs, like one demented; nay, I was so completely fascinated, that a moment afterwards, when she hooked me her tea-cup with the most graceful air imaginable, and in a sweet, soft voice, declared me to be so kind as to pass it down the table for raspberries, I felt it fall into the dish-water, and scorched her the sugar-bowl; and then, in my confusion to repair my blunder, I performed a sort of pirouette in the middle of the table cloth with the entire equipage, that I was fain to hide my agonized distress in another apartment, and wish the house would fall on my head and bury me out of sight forever—for that odious Tom Smart had witnessed my blundering carelessness, and his taunting laughter rung in my ears as painfully as though I had been stretched on the rack.

"Come, come, Peter," said a musical voice, tender and soothingly, as I felt a small hand laid on my shoulder, after having kicked my toes on a sofa cushion, for a full half hour, in the misery of my endurance, "you mustn't let such trifles trouble you, indeed you mustn't."

I looked up, and beheld the dimpled chin of Mrs. Clara Bell hanging over me, encircled by such meditating smiles as wraped my soul in elysium, and transported me to the inner regions of Paradise in the twinkling of a dew-drop. (There is a poetic image for you; and we beg leave to warn all those distinguished versifyers who may appropriate it for their next Parnassian effort, that we shall expect them to give us the proper credit, or dread our severest displeasure.)

"Get up, that's a dear fellow," she continued, "and escort me home."

"Will you—will you allow me to walk home with you?" I cried, springing up with wonderful alacrity; and then feeling alarmed at my enthusiasm, I sunk back, the very picture of frightened terror, and bent my half closed eyes on the floor in dread confusion.

"To be sure I will," she replied, laughing at my bashful behaviour. "Get your hat, and I will put on my bonnet and shawl in about a moment."

Arrived in the street, she took my arm with all that confident ease which none but a widow can assume, instead of silly-smiling as embarrassed as myself, as would have been the case had she been a mere young Miss, untutored in several years experience in the life matrimonial. And surely no budding youth felt so unexceptionably big, as I did while strutting along the streets with the fair widow hanging affectionately on my arm. But vain would be my effort to describe the strange thrill which shot through me, tingling from the topmost hair of my head down to my boots, when her taper fingers became gently pressed against my throbbing heart. Speak! I could not have gasped an articulate word to have saved my neck from the halter. I actually felt as though I were heated up to such a volcanic glow, that I should scarcely have been much astonished had an eruption taken place, causing me to evaporate in a cloud of consuming fire.

Not so my companion, however. She rattled away unceasingly, every now and then taking a sly peep at my blushing face, as wishful to note the effect of her words.

First she delivered an eloquent eulogium on the then brightly shining moon, which she said was the goddess of love; and then catching a glimpse of my countenance, to which the allusion had called a whole paint-cap full of vermillion, she added that Luna had certainly smitten me with her beams, for that I looked the most decidedly moon stricken gentleman she had seen for some time, bursting into such a merry-hearted laugh, that several gentlemen near suddenly stopped, and stretched their heads forward to catch the faintest echo of such angelic music; and I—I shivered from head to foot in a perfect delirium, and thought if I could only then and there be permitted to eat the lovely widow bodily, at a mouthful, I should be the happiest fellow alive.

"At length to my great disappointment, we arrived in front of my companion's dwelling; for, though I had been unable to join in the conversation as we walked along, I had experienced such ungratified enjoyment from her words and encouraging behaviour, that I could have wished to ramble with her forever, if that had been possible; and, of course, never dreamed of her extending complaisancy towards me so far as to invite me within. But in this I was agreeably deceived, for when I had bid her good night, and was on the point of retracing my steps, she cast on me, as I thought, a look of gentle reproach, saying:

"Are you tired of me already, that you won't stop in and set down a few moments?"

What I stammered in reply was never very clear to my remembrance, but a moment afterwards I was seated on a chair in one of the snuggest little parlors it would be possible to imagine, trembling all over in a pleasurable sort of ague fit. There was a nice fire burning in the grate, which not only diffused a remarkably agreeable warmth throughout the apartment, but reflected back that delightful hue from the damask curtains close down across the windows, which is peculiarly appropriate for scenes of love. A hearthrug velvet-covered sofa stood in the recess formed by the fire-place, whose numerous bottoms seemed lately moulded to what at me, as saying what a dull fellow I was for not sitting down thereon; and immediately opposite stood an open piano, just as it had been last played upon by its divine mistress; over the mantel hung a half length portrait of the latter, on which I found a look of intelligent admiration, engaging myself unobserved.

"You are thinking the artist flattered me very much, I see," said Mrs. Bell, leaning over my shoulder with a smile.

"He hasn't half caught the dimpling," I ventured, scarcely knowing what I said, until the words had passed my lips.

"Oh, you rattlebrain!" she cried, in a pleased tone, and, patting my cheek, as she said so.

"I fear I did not offend you?" I stammered in a heavy fright lest I had spoken too warmly.

"Oh, dear, no!" she rejoined, "ladies are not in the habit of being offended with gentlemen for praising them, except, as is too frequently the case, the praise chances to be mere lip worship, without any meaning. But, my gracious, what a dreadful condition your hair is in; I declare, I don't believe you have combed it for the last four or five days."

She would have been nearer the mark if she had said the last four or five months. The fact was, I had imbibed a notion that my hair naturally inclined to curl in the most graceful style; I considered it little short of sacrilege to meddle with it in any way at all.

"You have beautiful hair," she continued, smoothing down the awry curls with her palms; "which positively makes it a shame to neglect showing it off to the best advantage. I'm sure you cannot feel the full importance of a good head of hair, or you would never let yours run to such unsightly stubble as this. Why, I have known gentlemen to marry a fortune on their hair alone, shorn of which they would have been as weak as Sampson of old." Saying which she opened a small dressing case, and taking therefrom a couple of combs and a brush, told me to sit on a sofa; and then taking my head within her arms, proceeded to fix my hair more in accordance with her notions of manly beauty.

To say that I was in a trance while this truly delightful process lasted, would but poorly express the singular sensations I experienced. All my preconceived ideas of the pleasure derivable from the society of woman, dwindled away like the thin mist before the present enraptured reality. I seemed to be going through a new existence—surrounded by an atmosphere within whose hallowed precincts was concentrated all of earthly happiness it would be possible for mortal to enjoy. The white and rounded arms would move slowly up and down my cheeks, while her breath fell on my hair like some aromatic breeze of summer.

"There!" said she at length, "you sweet little fellow, take a look at yourself in the glass now, and tell me if I have not made you look at least twenty dollars better. I'll engage the first young lady you meet will fall in love with you at sight, on the strength of your hair alone. And I will make you a present of these combs and brush, that you may have no excuse for neglecting your hair again."

I made out to insinuate, as I accepted her gift, if I might only dare to hope that she would fall in love with me, all the young ladies in creation might "go to thunder," for anything to the contrary I cared about.

"Ah! now you are talking silly, Peter," she responded, assuming a grave look.—"But I suppose you forget I am not far off from thirty, while you are a mere boy, eh?"

I felt rather nettled at this allusion to my youth, for at that precise era of my life, I remember, I labored under the delusion that I was about as complete a specimen of undoubted manhood as could well be found, and I replied to my companion, that I was desperately in love with her, and actually went to the length of averring, that unless she consented to run off with me, for the purpose of conferring upon me the inestimable privilege of occupying the place vacated by the lamented Mr. Bell, I would hang or drown myself forthwith.

"Don't talk so foolish, Peter, my dear boy," she replied, as soon as she recovered from a hearty fit of laughter at my earnest appeal; and speaking in a patronizing style, which would have been in strict keeping with a mother giving advice to her son, "you must not think that I have all this time been laying a trap to ensnare you. I merely wished to remove a little of that irksome bashfulness with which you are troubled, so that you may be enabled to mix in female society with some degree of ease. I have really often been pained for you, when I have seen the foolish looks you put on when addressed by a lady—you positively looked wretched. But come, I will sing you a song or two, and then you must go; and be sure, when you have won the affections of your cousin Nell—which you will find no trouble in doing now—not to tell her under whom you took instructions, for it is more than probable that she may feel a decided objection to my such tuition."

I felt bad—perfectly flat; but Mrs. Bell's beautiful singing soon brought me round again and when she finally accompanied me to the door, I turned to depart with only this regret on my mind—that she was not fifteen years younger, or I that much older.

"Peter," she said, when I had got a step from the door.

I stopped back with alacrity, and inquired what she wanted. She cast on me one of the most bewitching glances that ever fell from the eyes of woman, as she whispered—

"You forget to kiss me, Peter."

Did I kiss her, do you say? You'd better believe it; and though a great many years have since elapsed, I am yet recalled the thrilling entanglement of that, my first salute.

"There," she said, "you'll do now, Peter; and always bear in mind, that all indue respect to be blessed by their lovers as partners as a token that the cold lover's professions expressions of love and admiration are not mere empty words, but the sincere offspring of unalloyed reality within."

All my subsequent attempts to gain a kiss in this way failed, but whether I proved more adept at the art of stealing the kiss from my cousin Nell, I leave the reader to infer from the following circumstance, which occurred the morning of my first visit to her after the memorable evening I spent with Mrs. Bell.

"Cousin Peter, I'm so glad you have come, I want you to do me a great favor. I have promised to sing a song for Tom Smart, and I don't know a single one. Now, I want you to lend me your voice for a few days, while you stay with us, that I may learn your song."

"Why, Nell, I don't sing a single note."

"Oh, fie, Peter, how can you tell such a story? I know you do, for I have heard you."

"I hope I did not offend you?" I inquired from Mrs Bell, that I soon had the pleasure of supplanting Tom Smart, and that so effectually, that one evening, when I had been doing the agreeable in my best style, and had just performed the finishing touch in the form of a parting salute, Nell said she never would have believed I would come to be such a dear agreeable fellow—so much better than that hateful thing, Tom Smart.

From the Golden Rule.

Patrick Henry.

BY WINSLOW TRACY.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun shines through the darkest clouds,
So honor "fearth in the meanest habits."

Among those of our proud land who have reared for themselves on the solid foundation of real merit, a fame which stands a monument of glory, "amid the solitude of time," no one has commenced lower and risen higher than Patrick Henry. In claiming for Mr. Henry this proud station, I would not detract in the least from the dearly-bought and well-deserved fame of his worthy patriots; many of whose names appear more conspicuous on the page which records the great events of our country's History. In the hearts of their countrymen, in the banks and plaudits of the millions who are yet to come along the tracks of the future, to enjoy those glorious privileges and civil liberties, there is glory and honor enough for them all. Their names have not been written in the sand, that the first gale that sweeps along the plain might bury them in oblivion. They have been interwoven in the very fabric of our free government, and can be crushed only when that shall have crumbled and wasted away in the vortex of political dissolution.

The heroism of a Washington might lead brave people to victory. The wisdom of a Jefferson direct the decisions of sage legislators; but it required the eloquence of a Henry to arouse that feeling of patriotism which prompted the heroes of Seventy-six to that soul trying struggle for freedom.—And when the American people cease to do honor to this name, we shall behold them in chains—weeping at the tomb stone of liberty. He was the first American legislator who opposed the odious and obnoxious stamp act. When the Continental Congress had assembled, he first dared to break through the gloomy cloud of fearful anxiety which overhung that venerable body, and betrayed with unequalled skill the oppression of the colonial wrongs. He first exclaimed the "war is inevitable; *let it come.*" He proposed and headed the first military movement to his own native State, in support of the cause of independence. He was the first Republican Governor of the state of Virginia. Then may we not agree with America's great statesmen, in saying "Mr. Henry gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution?" that impulse was given in a speech by Mr. Henry, in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in which the character of the King, for the first time in America, was publicly arraigned and denounced. It was during this speech that he gave utterance to that memorable sentence, which created against him, from the minions of an arbitary prince, the cry of *Treason!* He said, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example."

Patrick Henry is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man; that true greatness is native in the man, not dependent upon external condition. At twelve years of age he was an idle fishing boy—at fifteen a clerk in a counting house—at twenty honestly delving the dusty earth with his own hands to obtain a livelihood—at twenty-four a bankrupt merchant, at twenty-seven suddenly bursting from obscurity into a rich popularity, a bold, noble, and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which, had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "the greatest orator that ever lived."

There is something in genuine eloquence at once so supremely grand and majestic as to constrain us to confess it the summit of human dignity. The artist may please the eye, the musician the ear, the poet the imagination, and the inspiring power of song, and the sweet melody of the vocal harp, attuned in harmonied unison, may warble forth their loftiest strains, and gratify for a while the finer feelings of our nature; but it is left to the orator to combine all these unprecedented powers in thought, word and action; for the orator to strike all the pleasure-giving chords of our beings, nature, and make them vibrate symphonies of delight to the humane heart.

The coming of logic may convince the understanding. Eloquence does more.—It unlocks the human heart, unhinges obstinacy, lends down superstition, arouses to real and engaged activity, elevates charity, and conquerors all the conceiling energies, stirs the judgment, "and shakes the humanest soul."

Such was the power wielded by Patrick Henry; and never was a power wielded in a better cause, and with better success.—His genius was an accurate mirror of the human heart, and reflected in all its powers, the thoughts and emotions from which emanated him to spring the chord responsive to the circumstances, whose connection with the welfare of his humane.

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