

Clyde's Union House Democratic

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Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Select Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.
The Coming Dawn.

BY ALBERT PINE.

The ancient Wrong rules many a land, whose groans climb, swarming to the skies by day and throning with piteous clamor around the thrones. Where the archangels sit in God's great light, And, playing mirth to see that wrong still reigns. And tortured nations reel beneath their chains. From Hungary and France fierce ones go up, To burst the portals of the skies; Fair Italy still drinks the bitter cup. And Germany in abject stupor lies. The knot on Poland's bloody shoulders rings, And Time is all one jubilee of kings.

It will not so always. Through the night The suffering multitude with joy desir'd Beyond the ocean's great beacon-light;

Flashing its beams into their starless sky,

And teaching them to struggle and be free.

The light of Order, Law, and Liberty.

Take heart, ye bleeding nations, and your chains!

Shall shiver like thin glass? The dawn is near,

When earth shall feel through all her aged veins,

The new blood flashing; and her drowsy ear Hall Freedom's trumpet ringing in the sky;

Calling her braves to conquer or to die.

Arm, arm ye for the struggle! let the stars Against the lordly lions stand at bay—

Each pass the Thermopylae, and all the crags

Young Freedom's fortresses!—and soon the day

Shall come when Right shall rule, and round the thrones.

That gird God's foot shall eddy no more groans.

Miscellaneous.

A Touching Incident.

I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the theatre, a small provincial one, was very crowded. The curtain drew up, and amid a burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly said twenty words when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity on the part of the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none, he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them; and altogether quite unfit for the part. His smile was ghastly and his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech, and let his eyes wander vacantly over the audience. Even when, in his character of a silly husband, he had to allow himself to be kicked around the stage by the young rakes of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife, and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet from which he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause were now such dismal attempts to portray the passion, that hisses were audible in various parts of the house. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several indiscreet individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had indulged in that evening. A storm of ribaldry and abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor; and not content with verbal insult, orange-peel and apple flew upon the stage. He stopped and turned round to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and large tears rolled down his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quiver with inward agony—I saw his bosom heave with convulsions and suppressed emotion, and his whole mein betokened such depth of anguish and distress that the most ruthless heart must have thrashed with pity. The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into solemn silence, while he stood near the foot lights, a picture of dejection.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "though in my acting to-night, I am conscious of mortifying your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfil my part so badly—my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fill my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her, and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear apology!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary prostration and grief. The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the wall tremble. Women wept loudly; and strong men wept silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings. There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire and utter studied witicism for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering upon the painted cheek and stage smile.

And in the great theatre of life, how many are there around us like the poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies some mystery of sorrow whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places, and in solitude reveals upon their hearts like a ghost among the tombs.

The editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, speaking of the "model subscriber" to that paper says:

"We have on our subscription list the name of one gentleman, who has taken the *Picayune* ever since 1829, and has not once during that whole period, that we remember, found fault with the appearance or contents of the paper, or complained of being irregularly served by the mails. He paid the first year's subscription in advance, and has not paid anything since."

Let us all hope.

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The Coming Dawn.

BY ALBERT PINE.

Where is there not hope? The husbandman scatters the seed, and hoping, waits for harvest. The boy though he may be poor, small, and sickly, hopes to be a man—respected, rich; he has country seats, with trees, vines and flowers, brooks, pools and fountains, fixed just to his liking; and farms, with here the woodland, there the meadow, and yonder the grainfields, pass before him at the bidding of fancy. Almost he hears the flowing of his cattle, and the whistling of his plowboy, and feels himself led to captain Eq., or duceso so-and-so, the richest man in town; and that dame too, what an angel of a woman is she. So, hoped the boy, little and raged; no less than one grown up—the young man—the gentleman; and the old man, hopes for too, though disappointed, has whitened his head and labor entailed his limbs.

The master may have toiled long and faithfully to no purpose, but he hopes on. The sailor hopes good luck now, till he shall have gained a competence for himself and loved ones; he has often dodged away to evide his grasp; and no less than one grown up—the young man—the gentleman; and the old man, hopes for too, though disappointed, has whitened his head and labor entailed his limbs.

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