

# THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

BY W. T. GILES.]

UPPER SANDUSKY, WYANDOT, O., FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1846.

[VOL. 1. NO. 19.]

## Business Directory.

COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC  
For the Year of Our Lord  
1846.

Boundary	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14
February	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
March	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14
April	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21
May	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
June	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31
July	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
August	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14
September	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21
October	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
November	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31
December	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7

**Job Printing**  
NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY  
EXECUTED  
AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Democratic Pioneer.**

**MADISON FLETCHER, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Having permanently located himself in  
Upper Sandusky, tenders to the public,  
his professional services.  
Office, at Col. McElvain's House, where  
he may be found at all hours when not  
necessarily absent.  
Upper Sandusky, Dec. 19, 1845.—14-16.

**PETER A. TYLER,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.  
WILL practice Law in this and adjoining  
Counties, and punctually attend to all  
business entrusted to his care.  
OFFICE, in McCutchen's.  
Dec. 19, 1845.—14-16.

**R. McKelley,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chan-  
cery,  
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.  
Office in the Land Office.

**LAW AND LAND AGENCY NOTICE**  
**Chester R. Mott,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, and Commissioner to take the  
acknowledgements of Deeds and other  
instruments under Seal, to be recorded in  
Pennsylvania, will hereafter practice in  
the county of Wyandot, and the adjoining  
Counties. He will also faithfully and  
promptly attend to any Land Agency busi-  
ness entrusted to his charge. Deeds,  
Mortgages, and other instruments of writ-  
ing, neatly and correctly drawn.  
OFFICE, Upper Sandusky, Wyandot  
co., Ohio.  
Sept. 5, 1845.

**John Sell,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLIC-  
ITOR IN CHANCERY.  
Has located in Upper Sandusky, Ohio,  
where he will hereafter practice, and also  
in the adjoining counties. He will also  
faithfully and promptly attend to all busi-  
ness entrusted to his care, both English  
and German, as he can speak both lan-  
guages fluently.  
September 12, 1845.

BLANK NOTSTABLE SALES, FOR  
SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

BLANK DEEDS, for sale at the Dem-  
ocratic Pioneer Office.

## POETRY.

**COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR:**  
And wherefore do the poor complain?  
The rich man asked of me:—  
Come, walk around with me, I said,  
And I will answer thee.

'Tis an evening—and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold,  
And we were wrapped and coated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bear-headed man;  
His locks were thin and white;  
I asked him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter's night!

The cold was keen, indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he,  
And therefore he'd come abroad  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begged loud and bold;  
I asked her what she did abroad,  
When the wind it blew so cold!

She said her father was at home;  
And he lay sick in bed,  
And therefore 'twas that she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

I turned to the rich man then,  
For silently stood he—  
You ask me why the poor complain?  
And these have answered thee.

## MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.  
PRECIPITATION.

BY MISS F. W. B. CAROTHERS.

'AND you are really going to be mar-  
ried, Bell?'

'Yes.'

There was a pause of several minutes,  
and both girls looked embarrassed. Isabella Clayton turned to the dressing glass and hid the confusion that suffused her beautiful brow and burnt upon her crimson cheek, by arranging her glossy hair anew, though the moment before she had turned away apparently satisfied with the arrangement of her jeweled tresses. Mary Ellett sat still on the low ottoman she occupied, her arms gradually sunk down by her side, her head drooped, and the long silken lashes fell over the ashy pale cheek, and but that the face rose and fell with every swell of her bosom, she would have resembled some fair specimen of stately brought from those southern European climes where woman's loveliness inspired the poet and the sculptor with the genius to perpetuate its glory.

The bride stole a glance at her companion, and the carnation deepened on her cheek—another, and neck and brow were glowing with the bright carmine that sometimes flushes the alabaster complexion of youthful beauty; but neither girl spoke. The one was the triumphant, the affianced bride of one of those favourites of fortune whom the world flatters into a belief of superiority; the other was the gentle companion of his boyhood, the trusted, but then neglected friend of his youth. Ah, sweet Mary Ellett, thy thoughts are away in the deep wildwood of the early home; the tinkling of the sheep bell is in thine ear, and the soft gurgling of the brook over its pebbly bed; but most musical of all is the gay ringing voice of Theodore Morton, thy orphan cousin. Keep the picture bright in thy memory, gentle limner, for nothing in after life will ever prove so fair, though much will be as false.

Isabella was city born and city bred, and no such reminiscences of girlhood came to pale the bright hues of health and hope upon her cheek. Taught from her cradle the artificial conventionalism of fashionable society, she resembled nature as little as the roses that adorned her bonnet. Early initiated into the world's maxims, she believed the first object of pursuit was the securing a good match that would allow her an establishment within the circles of good society; and without this she believed life not worth having. Several men of fortune had already presented themselves and received successively that degree of encouragement that fashionable ladies can bestow or withdraw at pleasure without committing themselves—for Isabella was scrupulously correct, and little as she cared for paining a manly heart, would have been shocked at being accused of bestowing one more smile or waiting once more with a gentleman than was strictly allowable. At length young Morton presented himself in the hemisphere of fashion, and his handsome person and half a million of dollars at once secured him the approbation of its stars. Caught by the transcendent beauty of Isabella, and charmed by the brilliance of her manners, he followed in the magic dance of pleasure, and, almost before he was aware, the tide of burning and passionate admiration had been poured into willing ears, and words had been

spoken that could never be recalled, and pledges exchanged ere the delirium of excitement had passed away to give place to the calmer day-dreams of happiness that for years, in the old college groves, had made Mary Ellett their theme. True, no word of love had been spoken, no pledge of the betrothal exchanged, but they had grown up one in heart and soul, and both had loved, as none ever love again, while they were nature's children; and now that he was no longer nature's but the world's and fashion's, Mary was forgotten in his temporary idolatry of the proud beauty. So fascinated was Theodore by the round of frivolities, that seem so charming in the eyes of the young novice, and by which the votaries of fashion try to hedge out their friend enanti, that he remembered not his venerable uncle, his more than maternal aunt, the tender nurse of his infancy, nor the quiet and beautiful home of his youth, until an accidental conversation brought them back in all their power to the heart of the bewildered boy.

In Mr. Clayton's parlor some morning visitors were sustaining a lively conversation with Isabella, and much gay badinage was exchanged between the girls in reference to a naval officer who was but just arrived, and who had been the star of attraction at the springs the last season.

'Ah, Bell, it was too cruel to treat the gallant tar so unmercifully,' said a lady, with an audible sigh, while a smile struggled still to display her white teeth.

'Indeed you were mistaken,' replied Bell, gravely; 'it was Mary Ellett, the pale girl who always walked with her father, who was the object of the gallant tar's addresses.'

'Yes, indeed, I recollect,' said another young lady. 'Many thought she had caught him, but I believe he slipped through her net.'

'That was the girl for whom the rich Georgian propose,' observed the first speaker, 'and the silly fool rejected him because he was old and yellow, and she poor and certainly not handsome.'

The gliding in of a new circle of visitors and the departure of the first, allowed Theodore time to reflect. His thoughts revolved themselves for their temporary oblivion, and vividly rose before him the images of his beloved and neglected relations. 'And I have ventured to make so important, so momentous a step, without even the poor compliment of bestowing my confidence on my dear and faithful old guardians. And thou, too, Mary! But we have not time to soliloquize with the youth of two-and-twenty, who, just emancipated from college restraints and possessed of large fortune, was already giddily driving in the round of folly. Passing through the city on his way home, from which he had been absent for years, he determined to spend a few weeks in participating in its pleasures, and ere a few days had expired, he had forfeited his so lately acquired liberty. He had not paused in his mad career of passion to consult his friends; but now that he heard their names pronounced by strange lips, an undefinable emotion of jealous regret took possession of his heart, and he that a moment before had hung entranced over the instrument from which Isabella was drawing sounds that he thought might charm an angel at her was now impatient to be gone. Isabella had marked the gloom that settled over his brow, but unknowing the cause, she waited till the departure of their last guest, and then, with the graceful ease of girlhood, she passed her arm through his and walked through the now deserted apartments. Her winning tenderness awoke the slumbering spirit of passionate adulation, and for a few minutes he again poured forth those accents so dear to her vanity; but soon the shade passed over his eyes, his color changed, and though he walked beside her, his air was so abstracted that Isabella, piqued at his neglect, reproached him for becoming tired of her society already.

'No, dearest, that could not be; but I heard names to-day that recalled me from the delirium of love in which I have existed for the last fortnight.' Then altering his manner, as if some painful thought stung him, he abruptly turned towards Isabella. 'Do you know Mary Ellett?'

The deepest crimson that can blush through the transparent cheek of woman dyed Isabella's as she replied, hastily—'No—yes—that is, she was the passing acquaintance of a temporary association at the springs last summer. But why do you ask? she said, raising her eyes that had drooped beneath his keen, nay, almost stern scrutiny.

'Because she is my own dear Mary, my uncle's daughter, the daughter of her who nursed me into life in her maternal bosom. They spoke contemptuously of her to-day. I must return directly to my uncle's. I was on my way thither when I met with you, Isabella, and you have made me forgetful of all I most value.'

fore Mary Ellett had crossed her path and snatched from her the proudest trophy to her garland of conquest. It was not to be endured; but the rich prey must not be suffered to escape, and she bent her fair head in seeming sympathy with Theodore's feelings as he poured out the full tide of all his latent fondness for his relations, and while internally wishing her at Jerusalem, was contriving some scheme to keep them separate until their engagement should become irrevocable. It was at length arranged that Theodore should proceed to his uncle's bearing a letter to Mary praying her instant presence as bridesmaid to consult as to the thousand et ceteras, of a bride's toilette. Instantly sitting down to her task, Isabella penned so affectionate a letter to Mary, that she fancied she could not resist her appeal, and with an uneasy and beating heart she bade him farewell, and then putting on her bonnet walked out to make some purchases. Meanwhile Mr. Ellett had been called to the city on some business, and Mary wishing to make some additions to her wardrobe before the return of 'dear Theodore,' had accompanied him. She was deeply engaged in pricing silks and muslins when a fair hand grasped hers and the silvery tones of Isabella's voice brought back the memory of her beautiful Spa acquaintance of the last season. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and so pressingly did Isabella insist on Mary's accompanying her home, that Mr. Ellett yielded, and arm in arm the two lovely girls returned to Mr. Clayton's just as Theodore, after despatching an early dinner, had gone on board the steamer that was to convey him to his uncle's.

Reflection had now time to awaken regret at his precipitation. Should she prove ill-tempered! Should she, the idolized of a crowd, not prize the pleasures of domestic life! Theodore felt he was made to be happy at home, and he now sighed to remember in what a giddy round of amusements Isabella was continually engaged. The beautiful scenery of the Hudson passed unnoticed, and when he found himself actually landed at his uncle's, the home of his childhood, the play-place of his boyhood's holidays, the fount of long suspended feelings was unsealed, and as his good and kind aunt folded him to her bosom, hot tears gushed to his eyes. The absence of his uncle and Mary he felt to be a positive relief, and as he unbosomed himself to his aunt, he felt for the first time in his life the want of that cordial sympathy that, from her, at least, had ever been his. When, on Mr. Ellett's return on the third day, he stated that Mary had earnestly begged to visit her aunt, who resided a few miles from the city; to be convenient to attend Theodore's nuptials without encroaching on the hospitality of the Claytons, her mother felt the propriety of her arrangement, and hastening to join her daughter, left Theodore and his uncle to finish the few preliminaries consequent upon entering into possession of his fortune.

'It was not thus I used to be welcomed home,' he ejaculated between his teeth, as his aunt waved her adieu, while lonely he wandered through the old haunts where he and Mary had sported, as careless of the future as happy in the present, and all too late he felt he had been too precipitate.

Hastening back to the city barely in time to make the bridal purchases, he carried the conviction pressing on his heart, that no cup presses our lip undashed by the bitter that is man's allotted doom.

The guest were gathered in the handsome mansion occupied by Mr. Clayton, and every eye was strained to behold the beautiful bride and not less strikingly handsome groom, who entered attended by a train of superbly dressed bridesmaids and men. All that wealth and fashion could do to embellish the charms of Isabella had been done, and as she proudly stood arrayed in her bridal robes, a lover's woman could not have been seen among the daughters of earth. Why, then, do the eyes of her chosen wander, and why does his gaze settle on the cold, white, tranquil brow of the fair girl who stands beside his magnificent bride? Her cheek is as white and transparent as the chiseled marble, and no mark or sign of recognition on that calm brow, save a slight compression of the ruby lip, and a rather deep shading of the sixteen lashes over the downcast eye, could have told to one who knew that Mary Ellett had ever before beheld the bridegroom of Isabella Clayton. And when, after the ceremony, the cons came with quivering and hot lips to press the colorless cheek for one short instant only, the dark violet eyes were raised to his—and then she turned calmly away and mingled in the crowd. The bridal was over, and the happy pair were whirled off in their new and splendid equipage. Mrs. Ellett and Mary also had made their parting adieus, and entered the plain coach to return to their peaceful home.

'Mary,' said Mrs. Ellett, in the soft, compassionate voice of love—a mother's love.

'Mother!' and Mary was sobbing on her mother's bosom and folded close to her heart. For several minutes she gave free vent to her feelings, and then raising her eyes, like violets bathed with dew, she kissed her mother, and whispered—'Forgive me this once, mother, and you shall never see me shed another tear for him. Henceforth I shall be firm.'

Vexed as Mrs. Ellett felt at Theodore's conduct, still she could not but feel alarmed for his happiness when she, with the keensightedness of a mother, marked his wandering gaze and fluctuating cheek, and mournful were the feelings with which she pressed the hand of her daughter; but she was assured her well regulated mind would teach her to triumph over this first wound inflicted on her heart, while, perhaps, Theodore's more feeble spirit would suffer in the conflict—for she had also marked the proud glance of the mortified bride and the lightning glance with which she regarded Theodore as he approached Mary; and too truly she fancied that it had proved gall and wormwood to the haughty temper of the undisciplined child of prosperity.

Years vanished and time had done his work. Mary Ellett had glided into mature and graceful womanhood. Mr. Ellett had been gathered to his fathers, leaving a virtuous fame to console his friends, and the poignant sorrow of his good wife had softened into that tender regret we feel for the good who are gone. Mary had supplied her father's place as well as a daughter might, and their small but well-managed estate permitted them to live in ease and comfort. Mary had learned to use time aright; and time, in return, had made her happy. True, vague reports came that Theodore Morton was a ruined gambler in Paris—for the cities of the Union had been too narrow a sphere for his spoils and beautiful wife, who was only happy when surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, and he had lived for years abroad—but stories wanted confirmation, and Theodore remained obstinately silent. At length a city paper came, and as Mary read the announcement of Isabella Morton's death, a strange thrill passed through her nerve that awoke her to a more intense anxiety to the fate of her childhood's companion. Still he came not, and his name rarely passed her lips.

One evening Mary had been visiting a neighbor's sick children. Among them was a little orphan whose mother was just dead, and as it rested its soft pale cheek on Mary's bosom, an indefinable emotion awoke in her heart. 'I shall never be a mother,' was her involuntary thought, and the tears fell from her eyes on the pale brow of the little babe.

Holy nature, thou art strong in woman! The emotions this little incident had called up had rendered her pensive, and as she slowly walked home, twilight had gathered over the woodland through which lay her path. Suddenly a stranger enveloped in a cloak emerged from a clump of trees, and placing a child of a year old in her arms, as suddenly disappeared. Frightened and breathless, she ran to the house; and abruptly entering the sitting-room, where lights were already placed, dropped the child in Mrs. Ellett's lap. The cloak fell back from its face, and there sat the softened image of Theodore just as he had looked twenty-five years before, when first Mrs. Ellett clasped her sister's little orphan to her heart. The same large hazel eyes, luminous with their own light, the same flowing brown curls and white brow, but softened into feminine beauty.

Again a restless light beamed in Mary's eye. Month after month rolled over, and no letter, no token came from Theodore. Mary's figure grew lighter in its proportions, her cheek more etherealized in its transparent purity, and sometimes when the fringes were too suddenly withdrawn, her dark eyes were humid and heavy. The little Theodore had grown too dear to both.

Another month and a sealed packet with a foreign post-mark came to the anxious Mrs. Ellett. It ran thus—'Think not, best beloved friends of any soul, that forgetfulness or estrangement caused me thus long to remain silent. Oh, no; when I felt most anguish, I was fettered and might not complain. Suffice it, I was not a happy husband, and she who is gone could only receive happiness in that which was to me a living death, and I felt compelled to yield to her whatever could gratify her even at the sacrifice of my country. Two years since I became the father of a little girl, but, strange to say, that which yielded such exquisite and yet mournful pleasure, was only a source of annoyance to my wife, who after her seclusion from society, flushed with brightened zest into the dissipations of this most dissipated city, and neglected a cold caught after her confinement, was taken ill and died. The day previous to her death she caused the nurse of our child to come to her apartment, and sending every one else away, was alone with her an hour. The next morning nurse and child disappeared, and from that hour no tidings have reached me of either, though I exhausted all methods that ingenuity could invent and have traversed half Europe. To morrow I set out on my journey to the United States. Will my be

loved aunt, will Mary receive the poor prodigal, and permit him to die at home! Home—blessed word!

A week went by, and Mrs. Ellett smiled quietly to see how anxiously Mary arranged the little Theodosia in her most becoming finery, and how familiarly the little cherub talked of her papa. A fine, quiet autumn evening, and Mary, almost sick with hope, deferred, strolled down the old wood-path in the opposite direction from the approach, and there, at the spring, by an old root, sat Theodore.

## Cherokee Nation.

We have news from the Cherokee Nation to the 13th ult. The presence of the United States troops had in a measure restored order. The murderous of Star and Rider, on the mountain near Evansville, Arkansas, had not dispersed. Companies D and G, of the U. S. Dragoons, arrived at Fort Gibson from Fort Onschita, on the 4th, under command of Captain Steen, and proceeded to Evansville, the scene of the Indian disturbances, where they now are. Col. McKissick has called upon Gen. Arbuckle, requesting that a company of dragoons be sent to Beau ty's Prairie. Some of the Cherokees who were escaped below Fort Smith, were, at last accounts, returning to the Nation.

A man whose name is supposed to be James Pollard, was frozen to death near Middleton, in Logan County, Ill., on the 1st ult. He stopped before sundown, at a house to enquire the road, and was at the time considerably intoxicated. About nine o'clock at night the team he had driven returned to the tavern without the driver, and search being instituted, he was found next morning dead in a grove about three miles off. He is supposed to have come from the State of Ohio, and to have been a shoemaker by trade.

The Second Advent Tabernacle, at Akron, Ohio, was badly shattered a few days since, by the explosion of a keg of powder. The pulpit end of the edifice was completely blown down, the north wall protruded out of line, and hanging by the corners, the roof unsettled, and the windows dashed into fragments. The keg had been placed immediately in front of the pulpit, but by whom no one could tell. The Bible, which lay on the pulpit, was unharmed.

The Philadelphia Typographical Society celebrated its anniversary on Saturday evening last. The reunion was a most delightful affair. Our friends Godey, Page, Holden, and Wallace spoke in reply to complimentary toasts, at the excellent supper, provided for the occasion.

At Westchester there is a stuffed rat of ordinary sized, but the four front teeth, two upper and two lower, about an inch long each; are curved like elephant's tusks, and of a peculiar whiteness. One of the upper curves up into the jaw, the other took a contrary direction; so those of the under jaw curved differently.

## Poverty in England.

In this country we can form but a faint conception of the pauperism in Great Britain. According to a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, the number of paupers is 4,000,000, or one seventh part of the population of the empire. The proportion is as follows: In England 1,500,000; in Ireland 2,300,000; in Scotland 200,000. Since 1815, a period of only thirty years, there has been raised for the relief of the poor in England alone, upwards of £300,000,000, or about one thousand millions of dollars. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated, by the returns of the income tax, that there are seventy thousand persons in the Empire whose annual revenue is £200,000,000, or about £2,300 each.

## A Whaler.

A placard was recently hung out in New York, intimating that thirty men were 'wanted for whaling.' A six-foot fellow, who had landed but the week before from Tipperary, went and offered his services. He said, in proof of his qualifications for the employment, that he had the week before whaled Mick Finn and Ned Dublin; that morning before he took his tray, he had whaled Owen Conner, and that he had promised to lick Terry Duffy the first time he cum across him. The ship agent told him the list was full, so the Tipperary whaler walked out to execute the vow he had registered against Terry Duffy.

A lady having requested 'Sponges' of the Sunday Mercury to write in her Album, he sat down and perpetrated the following:  
Fair lady, on this spotted page  
Allow my thoughts to spread  
Their selves like maple leaves o'er  
A slice of rye and injun bread.

Your rosy charms will soon decay—  
Those blissful joys that childhood bring,  
By time will soon be done away—  
So go it, lady, go it while you're young!