

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. II.

BELLEFONTE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1857.

NO. 22.

The Watchman.

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC NEWS PAPER IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY JOHN T. HOOVER.

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REMOVAL. DR. G. L. POTTER & MITCHELL, Dr. G. L. Potter has removed to the Brick House directly opposite his former residence; and Dr. J. B. Mitchell to the building lately occupied by Wm. Harris, Esq., on Spring St., Office, next door above Dr. Potter's residence, where they can be seen, and are professionally engaged.

GREEN & MOOREN, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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THE TREE OF LIFE.

The tradition of a relation between the Tree of Life which was set in Paradise, and the Cross on which hung the Redeemer of the World, are almost infinite; or rather, the one deep idea of their identity has clothed itself in innumerable forms. They constitute, indeed, one of the highest portions of what may perhaps, without offence, be termed the mythology of the Christian Church. We give French's translation from the German of Ruckert, of one of the most beautiful of those allegorical traditions.

When Adam's latest breath was nearly gone, To Paradise the patriarch sent his son—

A branch to fetch from the tree of life, Hoping to taste of it ere life was done.

Seth brought the branch, but ere he had arrived, His father's spirit was already flown.

Then planted they the twig on Adam's grave, And it was laden still from son to son.

It grew while Joseph in the dungeon lay, It grew while Isaac died in Egypt green.

Sweet odors gave the blossoms of the tree, When David harping sat upon his throne.

Dry was the tree, when from the ways of God Went erling in his wisdom Solomon.

Yet the world hoped it would revive anew, When David's stock should give another Son.

Faith saw in spirit this, the while she sat Mourning beside the fountains of Babylon.

And when the eternal lightning flashed from heaven, The tree ascended burst with jubilant tone.

To the Dry trunk this grace from God was given, The Wood of Passion should from thence be won.

The blind world fashioned out of it the cross, And its Salvation sailed with scorn thence on.

Then bore the tree of life unengaged fruit, Which, whose taste, life shall be his loan.

Oh look, oh look, how grows the tree of life— By storms established more, not overthrown!

By winds blown down, but not overthrown!

By storms established more, not overthrown!

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ADDRESS.

A USEFUL EDUCATION.

An Address delivered by the Rev. D. Moser, before the Atholton Literary Society of the Pine Grove Academy, on the 26th of March A. D. 1857.

My dear friends, as you have been pleased to honor me, as your orator, at your fifth Anniversary Festival; and as we have been permitted to see the time on which it was appointed, and being now assembled under such interesting circumstances, as gather around us here this evening; I shall endeavor to comply with your earnest and kind solicitation.

As regards apologies on such or similar occasions, I must, nevertheless be allowed to express the apprehension, that by some means or other you may have been led to expect more, than my abilities and time, amidst circumstances, in preparing these remarks; will allow me to present as worthy of your consideration.

May the theme we are about to consider, however imperfect the manner of its elucidation, be deemed of sufficient importance to engage the attention and regard, of all in this large and respectable audience.

The theme will be an attempt to answer the question—

What constitutes a useful Education?

I shall not attempt to bestow any vague and discriminate eulogy, or bombastic panegyric on this subject; which, indeed, could be entitled to very little respect, in the estimation of any intelligent person as an audience.

The subject in hand, however is indeed an all important one, if the real nature, aim and object of it, are properly understood and presented. But it appears that there are many even among those who consider themselves, as belonging to the literary classes of persons; who seem almost entirely to overlook the very essentials of a useful education.

What I now allude to is the disposition, to consider a child or youth well educated, if he has taken a certain course in reading, writing, and Arithmetic; or if he should have aspired after something more, and has made some little advancement, in some of the higher branches of education, may signify to him, that he is a perfect scholar indeed.

I need scarcely say that such a course would only be an illustration, of the confirmed conclusion, in the judgment and estimation of all well informed minds, that such an one is not only much deluded in his imagination, but that he must be fully ignorant.

But even when the education of the young is carried forward in a regular, natural and proper manner; when the rudimentary branches are founded, as they ever should be, as the foundation of all subsequent acquisitions; when no undue haste is made to finish an education; but when proper pains are taken to expand, enlarge and strengthen the intellect, and store the mind with a knowledge of the various useful branches of a regular education; so that the pupil shall be able to rehearse with precision all the rules, which govern any particular branch of science—this would not yet be all that is comprehended in a useful education.

In a word, it is not sufficient to sharpen the intellect and furnish it with operative powers; without a proper guidance and control; in such a case, would not such powers prove operative for evil rather than for good? I refer to its power, as well as to others?

What I wish to say is simply this, intellectual or secular education alone, comes far short of the essential attributes of a truly useful education—in other words, unless you educate the moral faculties—their consciences and hearts—you have no just reason to expect that they will be properly fitted for usefulness in this life, or for eternal bliss after the scenes of this world.

Who has studied your interest and happiness—the sure to sustain him in adversity—Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power.

WORKS MOVEMENT.—The municipal government of New York has voted \$24,000 for the erection of a monument on the triangular plot of ground bounded by the Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Twenty-Fifth street, in commemoration of the military services of Major General Worth. The shaft will be about thirty-five feet, ten inches in length and will be decorated with a representation of military trophies won at Chippewa, and Amity's Lane, in Florida and Mexico, by General Worth, together with the names of all the battles in which he figured conspicuously.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—John G. Montgomery, Esq., Democratic member of the Thirty-fifth Congress, from the district composed of the counties of Luzerne, Columbia, Montour and Wyoming, died this morning at his residence in Danville. He is another victim of the dreadful and insidious malarial fever contracted at the National Hotel in Washington, where he lodged at the time of the inauguration. Mr. Montgomery was a lawyer of standing and had served with credit in the State Legislature.

This authorities at San Francisco recently ordered that all the bar-rooms should be closed at midnight. They were closed, and in five minutes opened for the next day.

word true wisdom is knowledge applied to proper and wholesome uses, or purposes. This however cannot be expected to be the blessed result; while the faculties, the conscience and heart, remain uncultivated.

Is education the development of human nature? Are we to understand the word literary; and as signifying education—the leading out of the human powers? If so, a complete education, under such circumstances, would be the great possible mischief to the subject of it, and without the area of his influence to society. Human nature is the worst kind of nature. No other is so malignant, artful and deadly; it is "enmity against God"—so terrible is the virus of human nature, that it involves itself in the destruction it causes. It was properly compared to, or described as, "A triple headed viper, which with one head, hisses and strikes at heaven, with the other at society, and with the other, at itself." What could be so terrible as the successful and complete development of such a nature?

Let us, then understand the case, as an education—the sowing of good seed—the pouring in of sweet and holy precepts, by a wise and diligent preceptor. The subject may then seem to be relieved of its horrors. But the nature and condition of the soil, are the basis of the just hopes of the farmer—Why cast seed upon the sterile sands? Upon the highway? Upon bare rocks? Among the choking weeds? And why put sweet and wholesome fluids into a vessel, whose surface and surface are deadly poisons? He that drinks must die. In short, it must be very evident to all, that there is a little hope connected with this theory, as with the other.

My dear friends is not society withering in the most piteous, spasmodic action; is not the word reform heard in almost every man's mouth? And is there not something within us that responds to all this? And what can that be, but a sense of the evil pressing upon us from every direction, and forcing us to hail with interest, every promise of relief?

Revelation comes to supply this special need of deliverance, explaining to us its modus operandi, and results. Would that it were listened to! We should then learn the cause of our distress, and receive the most ample instructions of our deliverance. Revelation sets before us the only true reform, Jesus Christ. His plan is to correct the foundations for the foundation of the fatal stream of human conduct. His reformation begins in the heart, the seat of our heart; and affixing such a thorough conversion, that he may be regarded as a "new creature," the natural enemy to God and virtue having been subdued, and in its place, love for God, and love for man, a love that "worketh no ill to his neighbor." The time of life most appropriate to this great reformation, is youth. "Remember now, thy creator in the days of thy youth." To which corresponds that prime precept of our Saviour, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Here, precisely here, is our point. Youth is the time for this reformation, this great change; and it is so, at least in great part, because youth is the season for education; and unless this great change precede, what is education but the development of the worst principle in nature—enmity to God.

Education in its most extensive meaning, comprising every kind of instruction, which exerts a moulding or modifying power upon life and character. Hence from the earliest dawn of the mental powers, some kind of influence will be exerted upon the mind of the child and rising youth, either for good, or for evil; and that almost every where—in the family, in the church in the school, and in the company and general circumstances by which, they may be surrounded. Much will depend in these circumstances, for the character and usefulness of the man or the woman in future life. O how careful ought all to be, who they conduct themselves in the presence of children and the rising youth!

For the future elucidation of this same important point, we would remark; that there is a love of knowledge for its own sake, which should be encouraged. The mind hath a dislike of ignorance, as the eye hath of darkness, or the limbs of confinement—The mind loves to look on the light of truth, and to roam in the freedom of its faculties. This is especially the case in early life; and it is appointed for the best ends. For instance, if children will not be at rest, but, by ceaseless motion acquire the ready use of all their limbs; so the mind in youth by an innate restlessness, tries itself in every way and ought no more to be hindered, than the boy ought to be confined. Education should be to the mind, what exercise is to the body—an instrument for developing its powers; and therefore, for many years, various toys should be presented to the mind—some to the fancy, some to the memory, some to the judgement, much to affection, and much to piety. And that the child is actively employed in putting forth its abilities, it will be easily directed to almost every end.

This is the time, that knowledge begins to be the slave of wisdom, or the servant of vanity, or the servant of ambition, or the servant of wealth—just according as you apply or use it. Let me advise you, therefore, young friends, to apply your knowledge and your hearts unto wisdom; and then of course you will value your time, and think as you ought to think, of your highly favored situation, circumstances and great advantages afforded you, in God's good providence; then you will appreciate and honor the institution with which you are connected.

you will love your studies, honor your Professors and teachers and fear God—then you can scarcely fail, in applying yourselves with energy, to the work of a thorough preparation, for great usefulness; as true citizens, in this great nation of the earth, for every position, relating, duty, true honor, and true happiness in this life, and for the stupendous mysteries of eternity.

I am, myself, a father, and when I hear that Divine Father of us all, saying to that young man approaching this, honored, or any other similar institution, "My son give me thy heart!" I understand the tenderness and wisdom of the gracious appeal, to an extent that seems to compel me to add, "Do it, my young friend, do it. Do it as the paramount duty of thy life!" For then I know he would be enabled to make his escape from the temptations of the devil, the flesh, and the alluring things of this world. Because he would then concur, with the holy psalmist, when he says, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners; nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." That is, who denies himself; puts a firm and determined negative, upon his carnal nature; opposing checking and defeating its development. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doth shall prosper." Ps. 1. O what an amount of truth and encouragement, is in these words! Read them often, my dear friends, meditate upon them—and apply them to your hearts—they will do you good, for time and for eternity.

A few words more to the pupils of these Academic halls of education, and I have done. My young friends! it affords me much pleasure, once more to have been honored with the privilege of witnessing the examination, through which you have passed, with much honor to your instructors and credit to yourselves. All of which, together with your noble performances this evening; testify to any honest or unbiased mind, of the skill and conscientious fidelity of your worthy professor and faithful teachers; as well of your studious application and great energy.

This I say not to flatter, but to encourage you to still farther efforts.

Finally, may the Lord bless every effort, which in his kind providence was made, and still may be making, for your needs and thorough preparation, for great usefulness in the world; in society; but more especially in his church on the earth.

But eventually, when he shall come to remove his children from his church here below; may you all, by his grace, together with his true followers be well prepared, for an admittance into his church above; for the society of angels, and for his prizes for ever. May the Lord grant this to all of us, for his great name's sake.

MARY MOORE.—A LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her.

My mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. On a bearing have I gained on such occasions, for other boys beside me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafores. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name; how sweetly her blue-eyes looked up at me; how gaily rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward blushing youth. I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father." I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in gray hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary Moore. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender strapping, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I knew; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of profession, and I prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding-school at some distance, and was not expected home till

the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought as the vehicle whirled away from our door—"In a year or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary Moore is as pretty as she is used to be, why then, perhaps, I may get married to her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years—I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me, then, she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have perhaps found I was mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success; but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. When, at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside of it—that was all, and yet the sign of the fiddle toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, of its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within the little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company were assembled there—I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family with no stranger eye than I was looking curiously at.

"But no—no servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who he asked for admittance. A little thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family; and while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head: a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another time,) and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice: "Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tripped, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath the blow. And, hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wopt tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my father out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying—

I looked up. There stood a pretty sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dearer little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and then, stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said: "Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Lizzie, don't you know me?" I cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently in to the lightest parlor, and stood with her before me.

There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother, prang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh! strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayward wanderer! And, as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for

me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room who had risen on my sudden entrance.—One was the blue-eyed child whom I had so lately seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my boy!" he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my dear boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly; "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quite low, as I looked in his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," he answered with a heavy laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife!—could I hear that name and keep silence still!