

Democratic Watchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1858.

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August 10, 35-1858.

WILLIAM H. BEAMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.
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BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND NOTES DISCOUNTED.
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INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS FOR NINETY DAYS UNDER SIX PER CENT. AT THE RATE OF FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM—FOR SIX MONTHS AND UPWARDS, AT THE RATE OF FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

Selected Poetry.

Take no Thoughts for To-Morrow.
Poor heart! why clog thyself
With weights thou need'st not bear?
Enough for every passing day
Is its own load of care.
Why be in haste to pay?
A debt before 'tis due?
No soon life's sorrows come, why run
To catch the distant view?
O! let to-morrow's woe
In wise concealment rest;
Do not her frightful visage trace,
And wear it on thy breast.
Enjoy, endure, and do,
From vain foreboding free!
And make life's bitterest moments yield
Their lingering sweets to thee.

Terrific Murder near Portsmouth, Ohio.

The Portsmouth Tribune, of May 7th, has the following account of the murder of Mrs. Samuel Morgan, by her husband, at Franklin Furnace, Ohio. Morgan is fifty-five years of age, and has a large family. His character is violent.
At the time of the murder, (about 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening,) there were some of the smaller children at home, and a woman named Sarah Chamberlain, who, it seems, has been an inmate of the house for some time, and a cause of difficulty between Morgan and his wife. The house is situated about three hundred yards from neighbors. On Wednesday evening a dispute arose between Morgan and his wife, when she started across the yard to escape. In getting over the fence, Morgan struck her with a piece of fence rail, felling her to the ground, and he repeated the blow until life was extinct. Mrs. Chamberlain and the children were witnesses to the damming spectacle. After Morgan found his wife was dead, he laid one of the children on his back on the ground, and then dragged it across the yard. Here he proceeded to strip the body of all clothing, and then left it lying at the door all night, while he remained in the house until next morning.
The prisoner, together with Mrs. Chamberlain and two of his children, are now in our jail, the three latter being detained as witnesses.

Make Yourself Known.

Some years ago, a New York manufacturer of sarasparilla spent a hundred thousand dollars annually in advertising his "weak concoction." Some people shrugged their shoulders at the waste of money, and said, in their hearts, who man was a great fool. Yet the great fool has retired from business with an immense fortune, and has a splendid palace on Fifth Avenue. Recently, another individual with the same odd notions started a flash and trashy weekly newspaper, and advertised the sheet in all parts of the country, at the expense of many thousands of dollars. Some people put him down as a madman, who would go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. He filled all the spare columns of widely-circulated dailies with the advertisements of a single article. Intelligent readers laughed at the pretensions of his weekly, but they could not turn their eyes to the press in any direction without seeing the announcement of the contents of this wonderful hebdomad. They were frequently started before and had run a swift career into oblivion. But this paper continues to flourish and to extend its circulation: about three hundred and fifty thousand copies are distributed weekly, and there is good reason to believe that, before long, the number will reach half a million. Every week, the publisher increases his expenditure for advertising. He says he is now willing to spend twenty-five thousand dollars in advertising a single blood-and-thunder border story. Far from being ruined, according to general anticipation, this man, who, a few years ago, had not a thousand dollars to call his own, has accumulated a hundred thousand dollars worth of taxable property.

Major Noah on Marriage.

The last veteran of the press, M. M. Noah, held a very racy pen, which threw off sparkling paragraphs with as much ease as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. The following is one of them:
"We like short courtships; in this Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep on Wednesday evening, and woke to find himself a married man. He appeared to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting M'Le Ene, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood, have wished we were the man 'what did it.' But the deed is done; the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No evasive deans were there: no croaking old maids; no chatting aunts and grumbling grand-mothers. The birds of heaven were minstrels, and the glad sky their organ. Their notes, which were the music of the wedding, were: 'I do, I do, I do.'"
"One thing about the first wedding brings a queer thought to us, in spite of its Scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to marry—some two or three days old, according to the sagacious speculation of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience—without a house—without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden."

The Patent Umbrella.

Beard, the Cincinnati artist, has invented a plan to stop that most inconvenient and unpardonable crime, umbrella theft, which is intended to make public the risk of violating the patent laws. We will tell the story as he related it:—
"I had bought a fine silk umbrella, and started for the Burnet House, on a rainy day, when I began to reflect upon my extravagance, and to wonder, as I tripped along proudly under its broad and safe cover, whether or not it would go the way of all umbrellas, and leave me to the pitiless peltings of the storm." before the day was over, I had lost it. I had been walking in a public bar-room, or even to have it quietly taken out of my hand by some adroit 'purchaser.' Suddenly an idea occurred. I stepped in a hardware store and purchased a small padlock.
On arriving at the hotel, I closed my umbrella, slipped the lock on the handle, and then proceeded with the most perfect confidence in the public track. I was not long waiting for a customer. A splendid looking fellow, with a goatee and moustache, stepped up with the most perfect nonchalance and took my identical umbrella. I quietly sauntered toward the door, giving a casual glance at the weather; my hero essayed to spread the sheltering silk; but alas! it was no go—again? Still worse. What the deuce was the matter? He looked, saw the trap, and the fall of his countenance was exactly the step from the sublime to the ridiculous I had so often heard of, but never seen before. My umbrella was quietly deposited in its place, and my gentleman meekly sauntered towards the reading room and slipped out of another door umbrella-less.
I was by no means satisfied with one experiment. In a little while I saw one of the most brazen appropriators of small things (he was especially hard on lunches and drinks—free) in all Cincinnati:
"Now," said I, "is my chance."
This customer had an article in his hand, which might in courtesy be styled the "ghost of an umbrella," and cotton at that. With a grandiloquent air, he deposited it right along side of mine, and went to the bar.— There he picked up a treat and sat crackers and cheese enormously. Thence to the reading room, with my eye still on him, and in less than a minute, with a shrug, and buttoning up his coat an extra button, he passed in a rapid business manner to the door, picked up my umbrella, with scarcely a glance, as he went along. I was on hand. With a sudden movement he attempted to raise it; no go!
Again! Still a failure! With a decision perfectly Napoleonic, and worthy of the occasion, he was about to tear away the slight obstruction, when I stepped up and said:—
"Don't do that! I'll lend you the key."
"—Ah! Mr. Beard, his! Strange mistake—thought it was my own. Good device, I think I'll adopt it."
And with the most perfect ease, he put my umbrella down, took his own and returned.
I was satisfied. I had found out how to keep an umbrella—and now I am on my way to Washington to get a patent for it.

A Picture of Life among the Mormons.

The Leeds (England) Mercury publishes a letter from a young woman, named Miss-blett Cotton, who formerly resided in that place, but was induced to join a Mormon emigration party. The following are extracts from the letter:—
"I am afraid I shall never see you again, but still I live in hopes."
"We started from Salt Lake some time since to come back again, but the Mormons met us, and we were compelled to go back."
"On arriving at Salt Lake, I was not a little surprised to see the men running after the women and asking them if they were married; but I have not got married yet, and I do not intend to. Many of the men have eight or ten wives, and he sleeps with one two nights and another two nights, and so on, this is Mormonism. But this is not all for Brigham Young has sixty women, and they had twelve sons in one year, and how many daughters! I do not know. What they preach about is—stealing, and cutting somebody's throat, and if you say any—a business.
"I know one young woman of fifty who has had four husbands in five months, and that gives you an idea of Mormonism. Ann Jubb came along with us along the plains, a lady when she got to Salt Lake there were so many men running after her that she got married, and she is the second wife, and they call her Ann Webb, but she is far from being comfortable, and would be glad to be back again.
"If I was in England, and any Mormon elder came to the house where I was, I would give him a pretty stern reproof—Mormonism in England and Mormonism in Salt Lake are as different as chalk and cheese.
"When we crossed the plains, in 1850, we had a quarter of a pound of flour in our day; it was very cold weather, nearly 14 feet deep in snow. We could not travel, and had to wait on the plains until the Mormons came up with teams to fetch us in. I could tell you a great deal more if I was with you. I am your affectionate daughter."
"BRIGAMITT COTTON."

Miscellaneous.

The Woman who Lays Without Resting.

We have, says the New York Evening Post, published several letters respecting this extraordinary case of suffering; they are important to scientific men, and painfully interesting to all. The following is written by Rev. S. P. Williams to the Christian Advocate.
"Mrs. Hayes is not yet dead. I have seen her several times. And after reading all that has appeared in the Advocate in regard to her, venture to communicate a few thoughts upon her case. Before she passed into this peculiar and affecting condition, her health was for some time extremely poor. She ate but little, and that occasioned a considerable amount of suffering. Sometimes it threw her into spasms. For nearly a year before she ceased to take refreshments altogether, she lived wholly, or nearly wholly, upon the juice of dried raspberries, until that became a source of suffering. Then, for a time, she took occasionally a small quantity of cold water; and in no nearness a year since she swallowed any liquid, to the knowledge of any one. Indeed I have no doubt that a teaspoonful of liquid, put into her mouth would be the occasion of her death, unless the spasmodic action of her throat should expel it. Any person to see her ten minutes must be satisfied that there is no deception in her case. Her head and shoulders, one or the other, are in perpetual motion. She is frequently thrown forward, until she is nearly doubled together, and then the head thrown back, and her neck liberally doubled, and the body forced back, and the whole face, chin and all, entirely buried in the pillow. This is done several times successively in less time than I take in writing it. The last time in the series the face will remain nearly buried in the pillow, and she does not breathe for ten or fifteen minutes. Once she remained six-two minutes without breathing. When this is over, and the spasms pass off, she struggles for breath, and her head is rolled from side to side almost with the velocity of lightning for a moment or two; the face becomes red with the rush of blood to the head, and the skin quite moist with perspiration. Then the spasms subside into a gentle motion of the jaw and shoulders, keeping time, as one would think, with the action of the heart.—Her skin about the face, neck, chest and hands is delicate and healthy as the skin of an infant. The pulsations of her blood about the chest, neck, head and arms, tho' exceedingly delicate, are quite regular.—Her hair does not grow, nor is it worn off her head, as one would naturally suppose, except a little just upon the crown. The action of the liver is entirely suspended, of course. The action and state of the lungs are perfectly healthy. They have been thoroughly examined by skillful physicians with the aid of a stethoscope, and are supposed to be perfect. Her nourishment is wholly from the atmosphere. The last nutriment, indeed the last swallow of water she was known to take, was in the last of June, 1857. The last time she was known to be conscious was last December. When she comes out of this long stupor she seems to cry for a moment, like an infant in distress. At such times her husband thinks she may be conscious. It is most distressing to hear it. She is not above the ordinary laws of disease. She has recently had a thorough case of the mumps. Precisely as others have them. Her nails upon her fingers, like her hair do not grow at all."

The Plea of Insanity.

A negro in Louisiana broke open a box belonging to a comrade, containing three silver dollars, and stole one of the pieces. Having been arraigned for the theft, the counsel plea of insanity was urged, the counsel declaring that no sane man would take one and leave two dollars behind. Whereupon the coffee who was robbed, exclaimed with great emphasis: "Massa, I tell you dat nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out. Now, if he had broke de box open and put a dollar in, den I'd say he's crazy." His argument was conclusive and the theft went up.

The Pocket Book.

Scene first—A young gent is discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.
Young Gent—'Boys, I'll tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it's the old man's pocket book that I'm after.'
Chorus of Friends—'Ha! Ha!'
Scene second—A Parlor—time 11 P. M.
Young lady seated—Young gent rises to depart—hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:
"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."
Young lady—'Ah, yes, so I have heard and I shall be only too happy to grant you what you desire.'
(Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolds it, displays a large old fashioned and empty morocco pocket book.)
"Tha, I have been informed, is that objection. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."
Young gent swoons.

The Closing Scene.

The undignified closing scene of our own State Legislature were not without precedent. In the state of Maryland the closing hours of the session were decidedly ludicrous, and the last scenes in the legislature of Ohio, which adjourned on the 13th inst., consisted of singing Auld Lang Syne, Oth in the Stilly Night, Home, Sweet Home, and the Star Spangled Banner.

The Learned Professor.

The death of Jesse Barber aged four years and nine months, is announced in the Chicago papers. This little girl was the last surviving member of the family of the late Jesse Barber, of Chicago, who, with his wife and daughter, perished in the Collins Steamer Pacific in 1856. At the time of his death his property was estimated at about \$250,000, and has increased its value to \$400,000.

The Learned Professor.

"Cool as a cucumber."—A man noted for imperturbability and a soothing wife was stopped in the woods one night by a pretended ghost. He only said:
"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—I married your sister."

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