Democratic Watchman.

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Passing Away.

BY KATE REESE.

The heaving surge of the ocean's breast,
Its milky spray like a swans white crest,
As it verges near to a fleecy cloud,
Cries "passing away" in oblivion's shroud

"Passing away" says a beautiful flower,
As it droops and dies in the shady bower;
You "Wither away, I too must pass,"
Says the blighted, seared and dying grass

When the rainbows kiss the sun's last ray,
They softly whisper "passing away,"
And the morning breeze tells the mournful tale,
As it sips the dew from the grassy vale

The silvery streams as they gaily leap,
From the rugged mountain's lofty peak,
As their waters blend with the briny bay,
In thunder's echo, passing away

The many years that have swiftly fled,
The unconscious throng of a slumbering dead,
In solemn tones speak back to-day,
"We are gone, you too must pass away"

"Passing away" cries the dying man.
As eternity's bounds he tries to scan;
But cries as he lands on its endless shore;
"I have passed from the earth to die no more"

FILLMORE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A

Miscellaneous.

Oh! the Drink!

The following world picture is an extract from the temperance lectures of John B. Gough

There is no power on earth that can make a fiend like drink. One circumstance in my own reminiscences I will give you I was asked by an individual to go and see the hardest case in town. I said:

"I have no right to go and see him;" he will say to me, "Who sent you to see me? Who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your own business, and I will mind mine, you wait till you are sent for." I have no right to go to him."

"Well," said he, "he is a hard case, he beat a daughter of his, fourteen years of age, with a shoemaker's strap, so that she will carry the marks to her grave."

Said I, "he's a brute."

"His wife is very ill now with the fever; the doctor says he thinks she cannot get over it, the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you can get at him now, I think you might do him good."

I thought I would go I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been at one or two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me

Said he, "Mr. Gough, I believe I"

"Yes, that is my name, would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?"

"Certainly; come in.'

So I got in. I sat on one side of the table and he on the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half way open, that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked with him about everything I could think of but the subject. I talked of trade and crops, railroads and money matters; and then I got on the public houses, and then drinking, and he headed me off again. I looked, and thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eyes, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet." I was about to give it up but, I think providentially, I saw the children.

I said to him, "You've got two bright looking children here, sir."

"Oh! yes, bright little things!"

Said I, "You love your children, don't you?"

"Bless the children! to be sure I love them."

"Said I; "Wouldn't you do anything to benefit the children?"

He looked at me as if he thought something else was coming after that.

"Well, to be sure sir, I said he, "a man ought to do everything to benefit his children."

Then I stood up so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said, —"Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore you wont be angry,—suppose you never use anymore intoxicating liquor, don't you think your children would be better off?"

"Well, well, you have me this time," said he.

Said I, "You have a good wife, havn't you?"

"Yes sir, as good a woman as ever a man had for a wife."

"And you love your wife?"

"To be sure I do."

"And you would do anything you could to please her?"

"Well, I *ought to.*'

"Suppose you were to sign a temperance pledge, would that please her?"

"By thunder, I rather think it would; I could not do a thing that would please my wife more than that. If I was to put my name down there, why the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks, sick as she is."

Said I "Then you will do it?"

"Yes, I guess I will do it." And he at once opened a closet, took out a pen and ink, and I spread out the pledge, and he wrote his name.

The children had been listening with eyes, ears and mouths wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principle of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed it, one said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge!"—"Oh my!" said the other, "Now I'll go and tell mother!" and away he ran into the other room. But, she had heard of it; and I listened to her calling "Luke! Luke! come here a moment." He said, "come in here along with me; come in and see my wife."

I went in and stood by her bedside. The face was ghostly pale, the eyes large, and deep sunk in their sockets; and with her long thin and bony fingers she grasped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began to tell me what a good husband she had. "Luke" said she, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children, and is very kind to them; but the drink! Oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know anything about it."

The man shook like a leaf; he snatched the hand from the grasp of his wife; tore down her night dress from her shoulders, and said "Look at that!" and on the white, thin neck, close to the shoulders, was a blue mark. Said he, "Look at that, sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon the bed, and she has told you that she has a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed clothes in his hands, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said, "Don't cry, Luke; don't please don't, you would not have struck me if it had not been for drink. Mr. Gough, don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived!—Don't cry Luke!"

Death, Insanity and the Dungeon.

The sad consequences of vice were never more strikingly exhibited than in the following paragraph, which we copy from a late New Orleans letter. It is truly a melancholy case, and it should prove a solemn warning to persons tempted to depart from the path of virtue:

"The grand jury of this parish has found a bill of indictment against Geo. W Hardy, who, several weeks ago, shot H. C. H. Stone, whom he charged with seducing his daughter. The bill was found on Saturday last. The trial will probably take place in the course of a month or six weeks. Public opinion now seems to be that the homicide was totally inexcusable, and that young Stone had met an unmerited fate. This is a truly melancholy case. The father is comparatively an old man, and heretofore stood well in the community as a teacher of youth; now he is immersed in a dungeon and charged with murder. Stone was prosperous in business, and surrounded by a host of confiding friends; now a cold grave enwraps him. The daughter is young and highly educated; was beautiful and greatly admired; now she is a maniac, it is said, and her future happiness gone"

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S LIBERALITY. The Lancaster Express relates the following incident: Not long since, a couple of mechanics or laboring men, not being satisfied with their situations in Lancaster, concluded they would endeavor to better their condition by going to Washington and work upon the public buildings there. When they arrived at the Capital, they found, to their dismay, that the work had been suspended, and that they were in a strange city without a cent of money. After spending a day and night without eating, and being unsuccessful in every endeavor to make a "raise," they concluded that as President Buchanan was a Lancasterian, they would call upon him and make a plain statement of their necessities. They did so, were cordially received by the President, who had them comfortably provided for, and furnished them with means to return to their native city.

THAT'S WELL DONE.—Not long since a class of little boys in a Sunday School were engaged in reciting the wonderful history of the Creation, which formed their lesson. The class had progressed to that part of the narrative in which the creation of light, and the expression of the Creator on beholding the work of His Almighty power, are related. The teacher at this point asked, "And what did God say when He created light?" A little boy, seven years of age, whose turn it was to answer the question was at a loss for a reply. He looked thoughtfully, for a moment, and then, with eyes glistening with delight that he had recalled the fugitive idea, he answered—"God said, *that's well done.*" The boy had the idea, and his rendering of it is original and forcible.

"Ah me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a very powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the Word unto us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Some Uniform.

The Norfolk folks are poking deliberate fun at the new army uniform, vide the following which we clip from the Norfolk *Argus*:

Editors Southern Argus:

Having received from Washington, through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Psalmsinger, a copy of the recent order establishing a new uniform for the U. S. Army, I beg leave to present you a copy for the wonder and edification of your numerous military readers. The good taste displayed in its selection is eminently characteristic of the inventor; and it is to be hoped that new companies forming in this section of Virginia, will show their appreciation of the uniform by adopting it *nem con.*, and with the utmost promptitude.

1. *Hat.*—To be made of soft felt, butternut colored, 3 feet 9 inches high, and tapering to a point. The front to be ornamented with a gilt wooden spread eagle, 10 inches in diameter, holding in his beak a scroll containing the name of the soldier, his age, and a small and concise history of his parentage and relations. The rim to extend in front in a horizontal position 4 feet 6 inches, supported by two pieces of 2x3 scantling firmly based against the shoulders.—The rim in the rear forms a sack hanging against the back, which is to contain a gridiron, bottle, frying pan, pipe, tobacco, and other necessaries.

2. *Pompons.*—It being well to unite utility with ornaments, the pompons will be as follows: For cavalry and dragoons, *ripe oranges*; for altillery; *apples*; and for infantry, *fish balls.* The Generals and staff will wear *pickeled mangoes.* The weary soldier will thus be able to find a little graceful refreshment on the march by sucking or nibbling at his pompon. Pompons will be supplied every morning in a fresh condition by the Commissioners of Subsistence.

3. *Shoulder Straps.*—To be hair and clothes brushes as per pattern. When not on duty the soldier can employ his ornaments to great advantage on his own person or the clothing of his officers.

4. *Jackets.*—To be made of three-ply carpeting, of a light and pleasing pattern, the bodies to be red for artillery, blue for infantry, and deep green for cavalry and forrest 2nd lieutenants. To be fastened up the back with hooks and eyes, which arrangement is calculated to exercise the soldier's patience and make him a better and wiser man.

5 *Buttons.* To be tin plates and cups, four of each, ornamented with a bust of General Washington holding a handkerchief to his eyes. These buttons are to be attached to a hook, so as readily to be removed for the soldier's repast.

6. *Pantaloons*—Of duck or drilling, with a flannel stripe down the side, going clear around the leg. The stripe to be red for artillery, bird gray for the infantry, and sky blue pink for the dragoons.

On the seat is to be firmly affixed a brazen star, with a strong brass hook protruding from its centre, on which may be hung the camp kettle and lighter articles of the soldier's baggage.

The advantage that this hook possesses in doing away with the objectionable practice of "bucking," must be evident to all. By hitching it to a strong staple in a wall the soldier is effectually secured without doing that violence to his feelings that the passage of a stick between his legs is calculated to occasion. The dragoons can have their hooks attached to a staple in the cantle of the saddle which will give them a secure seat, and make them the most fearless horsemen in the world.

Three ostrich plumes, red white and blue, will surmount the star, thus securing to the soldier a brilliant end, under any and every circumstance.

Shoes.—Of the ankle or Jefferson kind, with a likeness of Jefferson worked in worsted on each foot, and red heels.

This includes the main portions of the uniform, which I believe to be entirely correct; but should there be found some difference between this and the original order, I doubt not this will prove the more sensible and acceptable of the two.

With great respect, your ob't serv't.

DENNIS O. PODELDOCK.

Late Surgeon Old Point Light Mule Battery.

BEHIND THE AGE—Mr. Leonard made a successful balloon ascension from Montgomery, Ala, last week. He states while "up," and but a short distance from the capital, he was shot at three times by a Minnie rifle—in the hands of some one who probably took the aerial navigator for a monster "man-bat," and no doubt a descendant of the same family which ran out to stop the first high pressure steamboat they saw going down the river, mistaking it for a runaway saw mill.

That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

For the Democratic Watchman.

A Chapter on Clouds for my friend Mary.

To me the clouds appear as one of nature's *sublime* beauties, and form a seeming world of white airy mountains, with valleys of rainbow hue, ever changing, ever beautiful,—the impenetrable veil that hides the Heavenly World from ours. In childhood they were looked upon as forming a beautiful country the happy spirits pass through on their way to Heaven, and which they often visit for the purpose of communing with us—as such were regarded with reverence and unbounded admiration. What is it makes us so much admire an early sunrise? Is it the return of that shining orb or not, rather the band of clouds in robes of beauteous splendor that have met to pay their morning welcome, for it certainly appears less beautiful when shining at mid day in the blue expanse without any variation of color.

There is not a more beautiful scene in nature than that of an October sunset. Myriads of bright clouds shining in colors so transcendantly beautiful, the sun seemingly sinking beneath gorgeous waves—then earth seems to recede and the soul feels like soaring, not to that beautiful place, but "from nature up to nature's God," dwelling in that city where walls and gates far exceed our conception of the beautiful, and whose streets are of gold, of which the fleecy clouds seem but an underlining.

Though Cloudland has unnumbered fairy scenes, it is at times shrouded in a dark forbidding mantle, the very sight of which makes us tremble, when, from the bowels of those dark mountains the loud thunder breaks forth rolling and crashing as if loosening their very foundations—then the vivid lightning playing among the dark waves renders the scene terrible though beautiful. I think in admiring the works of nature we do not justly regard this part which is ever fraught with beauty as well in dreary winter as in the sunny days of summer.

KATE.

A Sordid Wretch.

We had yesterday the particulars of a revolting transaction just come to light in Greenville. Harlan Hyde lost his wife one year ago. She was his third wife, and had been married only a year when she died, and was buried in the Greenville Cemetery. About one week ago, Hyde went to the cemetery, dug open the grave, broke open the coffin, and rifled it of what? does the reader imagine?—Of a set of false teeth, that he might coin the gold plate, upon which the teeth were set, into money to put into his pocket! We dare say the fellow meant to sell the teeth, too, if he could find a purchaser. We wonder not at the intense indignation which blazes against the miserable creature in Greenville, or that the women of the village can scarcely be restrained from treating him to a coat of tar and feathers.

Hyde is not far from fifty years of age, a house carpenter by trade, in comfortable circumstances, as to property, and, we shame to add, is a member of a Christian Church. It is now currently reported and believed, in Greenville, that when his wife died, and while she laid dead in her shroud in the house, her affectionate husband attempted to remove the coveted teeth from her mouth; but the rigid muscles would not relax, and he was, consequently, compelled to suspend operations for the time. But it was only a suspension. The purpose was merely postponed, not relinquished; and after brooding over the idea for a twelvemonth, he has finally put it in execution. Hyde not only confesses to have done this horrible thing, but he is even brazen enough to justify it.—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier, 25th.*

THE CHICKEN AND FEATHERS.—At breakfast, one morning, in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick despatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustachios, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said:

"Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide break fast at that rate?"

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't have me eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken; de vite de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my pelly?" The farmer was dumbfounded.

An honest farmer, having a number of men hoeing in his field, went out to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he inquired the cause. The man answered:

"I thirst for the spirit."

"Grog, you mean I suppose," said the farmer, "But if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also—'*Hoe!* every one that thirsteth.'"

"Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasur ob a dinin' wid your mos humble servant, won't you, heh?" "Why look here—I'se not particularly in my sociations; but I wish to know fus, before I vail myself ob, your perlite imptimashun, whar you hab your loddjins?" "No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid mo—only to eat dinner in agreeable sociumbility."

The Duties of a School Teacher.

Mr. Solomon Bruser, a school teacher, in Dauphin county, in this State, was recently arraigned before the Court of the county, upon a charge of undue severity in the chastisement. Judge Pearson presided. As it will be of interest to know how far the duties of a school teacher extend, we give below an abstract of the Judge's remarks:

He said that the laws authorized the teacher to have the same power and control over the scholars while under his immediate charge, that a father has over his children. That a teacher must guard against anything like severity, but must enforce obedience.—A teacher has the right to punish his pupils but he must be careful that the punishment is not excessive. If the whipping is inhuman, without sufficient cause, or done in a passion, for the sake of gratifying a revengeful spirit, it is assault and battery.—Obedience to teachers is the duty of scholars, and training the mind the duty of teachers. Teachers have a right to enforce all proper commands upon their pupils, if they disobey, they deserve to be punished, and the law guarantees the infliction of reasonable punishment by the teacher. The object of punishment is to enforce obedience, reform the offender, and hold him, or her, up as an example to deter others from committing like offences. The case before the jury is not as trifling as the gentleman representing the defendent would have the jury believe—it involves the rights of a teacher as well as a scholar. If the defendent beat the prosecuter so severely as to cause marks upon her body, showing excessive beating, or to draw blood, it is a proper case for investigation. The jury, however, must judge of the severity of the whipping. It is in evidence that marks of violence were found upon her person, showing improper castigation. She may not have suffered as much as her skin indicated—the jury, however, are to judge of these facts. If the defendent gave way to passion, and struck severely, it is the duty of the jury to convict. Whatever action the School Directors may have had in the matter must have no weight with the jury. They cannot judge between teacher and pupil.—Such improper conduct must be investigated before a judicial tribunal. They have the right to dismiss a teacher, and also a scholar for improper conduct. If the jury believe the defendent is guilty, it is their duty to convict; and if innocent, their duty acquit. If however the Jury believe the teacher is to blame, but not sufficiently to convict of assault and battery, it might be a proper case to put the costs on him.

An Ornament to Society.

The conduct of certain young gents who consider that they alone have a right to talk in company, reminds me of the awful satire of Charles Lamb upon a "pompous" young ass in the English navy, who mainly monopolized the conversation at a hospitable table of a friend in Camden-town, where lamb was an honored guest. "That is a most extraordinary circumstance which you mention," said Lamb; "I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist." "Oh, no o-o, not at all; a mere *bullet*-wound—don't you see—but a ball—a *cannon* ball—don't you observe—is a different matter! Once, on the "Terrific Johannsbull," (470-gun-ship, ye kno',) there was a sailaw who mounted the shawouds; a ball came, and took off his 'ands and harms. He dwopped, of caws; but *w'ile* he was dwopping—don't ye see—there came *another* cannon-ball, which struck him abaft, and took off both of his legs. It couldn't possibly 'ave 'appened—you observe—in ten cases out of five, in the most tewifick engagement." "Wonderful!" exclaimed Lamb; "and you *save* this yourself!" "I saw it as plain, p'raps, on the 'ole, plainer, than what I see you at this moment!" "Ah! was the seaman saved?—You say he dropped a "'elpless 'ulk into the hocean; but was he ultimately saved?" "Good God, no?—harms gone—legs shot hoff, don't you see? 'ow could he swim?—*Lost*, of couse!" "What a pity!" said Lamb, musingly; "if that man had been saved, *he might have become an ornament to society!*"

The Rev. T. L. Cuyler has been writing a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, in which he took occasion to refer in a very uncharitable manner to the late Judge Kane of Philadelphia, in consequence of his decision in the famous Passmore Williamson case.—The sacredness of the grave, and the solemnity of death, could not detect the deceased from the columny of the living. In reply to Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Bethune, who was a warm and attached friend of Judge Kane, in the same paper, thus gallantly comes out in defence of his reputation:

"In India they pile heavy stones on the graves to keep off the jackalls that would tear the flesh of the newly dead. The tomb of living rock, on the Schuylkill, in which the Artic hero sleeps beside the father whom he venerated with all his soul, has not been so safe an asylum."

MORE FATAL THAN CHOLERA.—About thirty deaths have occurred in Peterstown, Giles County, Va., from typhoid fever during the last winter, and the disease is on the increase. The population of the places does not reach 300. The fever prevails in other parts of the county, and in Montgomery it is also exceedingly fatal.

Baboons at Home.

A new work has just been published in England, by Capt. A. W. Drayson, of the royal artillery, entitled "Sporting Scenes among the Kaffirs of South Africa." We extract from a review of it the following amusing description of an ape family.

"I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their lips, and appeared to be doing their hair, while a patriarchal-looking old fellow passed backward and forward, with a fussy sort of look he was evidently on sentry and seemed to think himself of no small importance. The estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him, watching his proceedings. Sometimes, with the most grotesque movement and expression, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference—scarcely turning around at the insult. Matter impudence was about repeating the performance, when the *pater*, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang around, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness. The old baboon, evidently, was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered around the naughty child, who child like (seeming commiseration,) shrieked all the louder. I ever fancied I could see the angry glances of the mama, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

The Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane

Major General Winfield Scott, while on the frontier during the border difficulties, at the time of the Canadian rebellion, at a complimentary dinner given him by the citizens of Cleveland related the following characteristic anecdote that occurred during the battle of Lundy's Lane, in the last war: In the very midst of the battle, his attention was arrested by observing at a little distance, where a whole company of riflemen had just been cut down by the terrible fire of the enemy, three drummer boys quarrelling for a single drum, all that was left to them. Soon the two stronger ones went to "fisticuffs," while the third quietly folded his arms and awaited the issue of the contest. At that moment a cannon ball struck the boys, and killed them both. With one bound, the little fellow caught the drum from between them, and with a shout of triumph, and a loud "tattoo," dashed forward to the thickest of the fight. Said the General, "I so admired the little soldier, that I rode after him, and inquired his name, which was ——, and directed him to find me at the close of the battle; but I never saw him afterwards." At this moment, Mr. ——, one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland, arose, and with a smile and bow, informed the company that he was the "Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane."

A BUFFALO HUNT, OR A BUFFALO HOAX. For some time past the journals throughout the country have been advertising as a matter of news that a great Buffalo hunt was to start from Breckenridge, Kansas Territory, the apparent object of which was to enable all who wished to experience the excitement of the chase, a fair opportunity. In connection with this it was stated that Congressmen, Foreign Ministers, and even Mahommed Pasha, the Rear Admiral, were to take a part, and learn how matters were done in the "Far West."

From present indications it looks as if the whole thing is a hoax, and there are some people who give out that its object may be to give notoriety to the "city" of Breckenridge, a paper town of Kansas, in the hands of a few sharp speculators.

We deem it due, says the Washington Union, to Col. Kane, to state that the reports in circulation that he is a Mormon are not only unfounded but ridiculous. He is a worthy brother of the late lamented Dr. Kane, possessing his energetic and benevolent character. He and his family are universally respected in Philadelphia, where they are best known. His journey to Salt Lake as a private individual was undertaken from motives of pure benevolence, and in the hope that he might be instrumented in inducing the Mormons to submit to the constitution and the laws, and thus spare the effusion of blood.

At a late dinner in Ashland, Va., G. P. R. James, Esq., the very popular and efficient British Consul General of Virginia, in the course of a reply to a sentiment which brought him to his feet, remarked that he entertained no doubt that, if it was proved that any infraction of the law of nations had taken place on our coast, Great Britain would make the most prompt and ample apology; and that, of all the nations of the world the United States would be the nation to which England would most readily accord justice, and reparation for any wrong.