

# Democrat and Watchman

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1858.

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**Terms of Publication.**  
THREE—\$1.00 per month, and \$2.50 if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.  
ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and on a description of ADVERTISING.  
EXERCISES in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

**Business Directory.**  
**DR. G. L. POTTER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.  
Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Oct. 28 '58.

**DR. J. B. DITCHELL,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.  
Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring Street. Oct. 28 '58.

**L. J. CRANE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
CLEARFIELD, CLEARFIELD CO., PA.  
Sep. 30 '58.

**R. J. BROCKMAN,**  
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

**WILLIAM H. HANSEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Burnside.

**WILLIAM H. HANSEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office with Hon. James T. Hale.

**LENN & WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
Office on Alhambra street in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co. Bankers. August 10 '58.

**DR. JAMES F. BURTON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Successor to Dr. Wm. J. McKim, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILLS and vicinity. Office at the Water House.

**DR. J. D. WINGATE,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST.  
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.  
Office will be found at his office except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be away filling professional duties.

**GEORGE W. B. WARTZ,**  
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Rooms one door East of E. C. Humes & Bro. Store, on Alhambra street. Clocks, watches and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted. Aug. 12 '58.

**KACIE BROTHERS,**  
OPPOSITE THE WEST BRANCH BANK.  
WILLIAM H. HAY, PROPRIETOR.  
N. B.—An omnibus will run to and from the Depot and Pocket Landings, to this Hotel, free of charge. Sept. 3-37 '58.

**ADAM BOY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphans Court Practice and Surveing. His office is with the Hon. James T. Hale, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

**Original Poetry.**  
For the Watchman.  
**My Broken Pink.**  
Today I don't of spring attire, and placed My winter facings in a last year's hat. I wore it out, and after my return The little pink which peeped near my cheek A summer-broth, 'till all the winter's cold— Fell at my feet, and lay as if it were dead— I dropt a tear upon it as it lay,  
For I was sad that its accustomed place Could wear no more the beauty of its bloom. Then thinking of the past, I gratefully said "Twas a dear flower to live so long my own; I will take my pen and write how well I loved it. Then wrap the written words about my pink, And lay it carefully in some safe spot, Where memory may find it at her will, And give it at the winter's end, think Of that dear Sabbath before Christmas time When friendship's fingers placed it near my cheek To waft its fragrance, and fold up its leaves, A sweet, and cherished thing.

O blessed Friendship, fresh with spring-tune bloom, May never thou drop broken from my heart, As this sweet flower has severed from the stem, But bloom perennial, brightening with years, Until thou ripenest to golden fruit. In God's own Paradise.  
Petersburg, N. H. J. L. P.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**The Good Angels.**  
Come, Ady, and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little girls, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was one year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa hasn't come yet," answered Ady. "No, dear. But it's getting late, and it's time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."  
Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the little lamp on the mantle piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she spoke; when she saw that the children had both put on their bonnets and were tying their warm caps close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this; and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes and her voice trembled as she said—  
"It is very cold out to night children."  
"But we won't feel it, mother," replied Ady. "We will run along very quick."  
And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, that she could not say another word. As they closed the door after them, leaving her alone she raised her eyes upwards and murmured—  
"God bless and reward the dear children."

It was bleak winter night; and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their feet could move. The streets were dark, and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

"They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a hand some, ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words, "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing for a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly upon its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who sat reading. "Here are these babes again."  
Ady and Jane stood near the door and looked all around the room. But did not see the object of their search, and going up to the bar, they said, timidly, to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses: "Has papa been here to-night?"  
The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, when he said in an angry way—  
"I don't know about your father. And see here! don't you come any more. If you do, I will call my dog out of the yard and make him bite you!"  
Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance—called out loud enough for them to hear him—  
"Come here to my little girls."  
The children stopped, and looked at him, when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so.

"No, sir," answered the man, "I will take my pen and write how well I loved it. Then wrap the written words about my pink, and lay it carefully in some safe spot, where memory may find it at her will, and give it at the winter's end, think of that dear Sabbath before Christmas time when friendship's fingers placed it near my cheek to waft its fragrance, and fold up its leaves, a sweet, and cherished thing."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest. "That's a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the little ones," he added with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before," said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.  
"No; and I never wish to again; at least, in this place. Who is their father?"  
"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"  
"The same."  
"Is it possible?"  
A little group now formed about the man, and a great deal was said about Freeman's fall from solatary. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and all agreed that it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak to shed tears."  
"They are his great angels," remarked another. "But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the path which he has forsaken."  
"You can think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke the landlord; "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject: I would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets, alone, at this time of night."  
One of those who had expressed interest in the children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness—  
"And I would give less for the man who would make their father drink!"  
"Ditto to that," responded one of the company.

"At least," said the landlord, "the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept aside. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away. About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Freeman who was generally sober, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said—  
"I must crave your pardon before hand, for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?"  
"If you offer an insult, I will resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I come with the desire to do you a great service."  
"Very well. Say on."  
"I was at Lawson's refectory last night."  
"Well?"  
"And I saw something there that touched my heart. It lay sleeping at last night it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir! the thought of their coming out, in the cold winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins!"  
Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not say a word.

"My dear sir!" pursued the stranger, "you have fallen at the hand of the monster intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise if you will let me, then, in the name of the great babes who have shown in so wor dorfal a manner, their love for you, conjure you to rise superior to this deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom.—Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this one good act. Come!"  
Half bewildered, yet with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose and suffered the man who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated both had signed the pledge.

"What has brought you here?" said a lone woman who was quite "flustered" the other morning, by an early call from a bachelor neighbor who lived opposite, and who she regarded with peculiar favor. "I came to borrow matches." "Matches?" "That's a likely story! Why don't you make a match yourself? I know what you come for," cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into a corner, "you came here to kiss me almost to death! But you shan't, without you are the strongest, and the Lord knows you are!"

**The Great Balloon Race.**  
*The Royal Aeronauts on their Travels—Ascension of Three Balloons.*  
Yesterday afternoon the great balloon race which has been the talk of the town for the past two weeks, took place from the City Lot, and was witnessed by probably one hundred thousand people. The rival aeronauts were to start at four o'clock, and long before that hour the grounds were comfortably filled with people, while outside, surrounding the entire enclosure, there was no drug mass of human beings. Wagons, carriages, carts and vehicles of every description were drawn up along the curb stones of the streets bounding the square. The streets were completely blocked for a considerable distance in every direction. The fences were taken possession of, and the trees were swarming with old and young America in the branches.

The picture, altogether, in the region of the City Lot, was a beautiful one. As far as the eye could get a sight of a building more elevated than its fellows, the roof had been taken possession of. To have attempted a count, would have been like enumerating the leaves of the forest; and yet ten thousand persons in the crowd surrounding the lot could have spared a quarter each, and in a measure remunerated the daring aeronauts for their trouble.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon the inflation of the large balloons commenced within the enclosure, and when about half full of gas, the small balloon, the "Niagara," was brot up to the ground and filled. At 1 o'clock, J. C. Blinn stepped into the car and waving the stars and stripes, was cast loose from earth, and rose rapidly above the heads of the immense mass, amidst the shouts of thousands. The voyager moved off in a north easterly direction, at an altitude of about one mile. The ascension was a beautiful one, and quite exciting, and as a first attempt on the part of Mr. Blinn to make a trip unaccompanied by an aeronaut, may be regarded as entirely successful. He went up beautifully; how he came down we may be able to chronicle before our paper goes to press.

The balloon of Professor Steiner, which he styled "The Pride of the West," is constructed of the finest Irish linen, (five hundred yards being required) and is almost transparent. It is inflated much like an egg, and possesses an ascending power, when fully inflated, sufficient to carry one thousand pounds, including its own weight. The amount of gas contained in inflating it was 20,000 cubic feet. The car in which the aeronaut rode was a large round willow basket, about four feet in height, tastefully covered with red velvet and gilt lace. Inside the car the Professor had about six hundred pounds of ballast, a basket of provisions, a can of water, and a bottle of wine, the latter contributed by a friend.

The balloon of Monsieur Godard, "Leviathan," was much larger than its rival. It was constructed of brown linen, and when inflated made a beautiful appearance, being much more symmetrical and egg like than the "Pride of the West." It had also greatly the advantage in the amount of gas, it requiring 30,000 cubic feet to inflate it. Giving Monsieur Godard 6,860 feet of gas the advantage over his competitor in the race. In the basket with the aeronaut was Mr. William Hoel, who made an ascension with M. G. some two or three years since, and came near losing his life in the descent, getting two or three of his ribs broken and being otherwise injured. He certainly exhibited an uncommon degree of nerve to attempt a second aerial voyage after his former experience.

Notwithstanding the well-directed shouts of Mayor Thomas, Chief of Police Ruffin and the fere under their command, (all of whom deserve credit for their exertions) the crowd almost overran the balloons before they left the ground. They broke down the ropes and surrounded the cars and balloons, hardly affording a passage way for communications between the two for the Committee to arrange for their departure.—The utmost anxiety prevailed to see every thing and hear everything connected with this extraordinary and novel undertaking.

At ten minutes past four Prof. Steiner announced to the Committee that he was ready, and jumping on the hoops of his balloon, called to his rival to "Come on." Some delay occurred in getting Monsieur Godard's apparatus in readiness, but at 21 minutes past four the word was given by Mayor Thomas for a start, and both balloons were cast loose. Prof. Steiner started off a little in advance of his competitor, the Aeronaut standing erect in his car and waving the American flag to his thousands of friends below, who simultaneously joined in a shout that might have been heard ovas half the city. The thousands upon thousand outside were no less enthusiastic in their admiration of the beautiful ascent and joined in the general huzza for the stars and stripes.

The balloon attained an altitude of perhaps a mile, and struck off directly in the wake of the "Niagara." The Professor was

ing his flag and throwing out papers and handbills as he ascended.  
Monsieur Godard followed in a second or two after, rising beautifully above the immense throng, and starting off in the same direction. At the height of one or two hundred feet Monsieur climbed from the basket upon the hoops of the balloon, and waved a farewell with his cap to his friends below. The chase then became exciting. In racing parlance Steiner had the "inside track," standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiments, and express peace to whom they are addressed.

The salutation used by the Arab, "Salom," or "Shalom," means peace, and is found in the world's Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus: "May God grant you his favors, and give you what you are entitled to." This last expression betrays their faith.

Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime—"May your shadow never be less." An Englishman would never think of wishing a fine shadow. The climate of Egypt is fretuous, perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian meeting you, asks "How do you perspire?"  
"Have you eaten?" "Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman—a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.  
"Good evening," says the modern Greek in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends. A charming salutation, which could only have originated among the happy, careless Greeks.

The Roman, who were heretofore robust, indelible and laborious, and energetic salutations, expressing force and action: "Salve," "Be strong," "Be healthy," and "Quid gas?" "What do you do?" or "What make you?"  
The Genoise of modern times says, "Health and wealth," which is very appropriate for an active and commercial people. The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity;" and the Piedmontese, "I am your servant." The "How stand you?" and all Italy, facetiously follows the "How" of the Spaniards, grave, haughty and indifferent, wishing you "Good morning," to which we respond "At your service, Sir." Another salutation which Spaniards use: "God be with you, signor," shows a melange of respect for one's self and religious sentiment.

The ordinary salutation of the German is, "Wie geht's?" "How goes it?" and has a vagueness partaking somewhat of the dreamy character of the German. To bid one adieu, he says, "Leben sie wohl." "Late quiet and happy." This last plainly indicate his peaceful nature and love for the simple joys of life.  
The traveling Hollander asks you, "Hoo want see?" "How do you go? The thoughtful, active Swede, demands, "Of what you think?" whilst the Dane, more placid, uses the German expression, "Lid ved." "Live well. But the greeting of the Pole is the best of all—"Are you happy. The English have the "Good bye," a corruption of "God be with you," and some others; but that which best exhibits the character of the English is "How do you do?" as the activity of the people is this demand where the do is spoken twice.—Nothing is more characteristic, more lively, or more stirring than this.

The "Comment vous portez vous?" of the Frenchman is equally characteristic. The Frenchman is more active than laborious—more ardent, more passionate, than thoughtful; and hence the principle with him is not to do, but to go—to be lively; to show himself. There is something in this expression, "Comment vous portez vous?" "How do you carry yourself?"—which looks speaks at once his frank manner and pleasant face.

SIDNEY CHANGES.—Mr. George W. Constable, one of the Salt Lake mail contractors, says that when he left Salt Lake City, on the 14th of last month, the heat was oppressive; but when he got three days' travel out of the city it snowed, and the fourth day the ground was frozen and the ice plenty. Three days later he went through snow a foot deep and when he got over on the North Platte the muskitoes attacked him in swarms, and nearly drownd him. This was expected sudden changes and the four seasons in rapid succession.  
Winter Gizzards's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony his gentle wife said to him: "Well, Mr. Gizzard, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"  
A ragged individual was saluted a few days since by a little urchin, thus: "Uggy, you, sir, don't you belong to the army?" "No!" was the indignant reply. "Well, it said the boy, "I thought that you did, and you are out under arms!"  
"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you doing for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am Abberlin?"

Several days ago, says the Huntsville Democrat, a well dressed scamp got upon the cars at Chattanooga and by some means escaped the vigilance of the conductor until he reached Huntsville. Here conductors changed, and Mr. Fowler took charge of the train, and in making his first round to collect tickets, between Madison and Huntsville he found the door of one of the private saloons fastened. The brakeman assured him that there was a man in the saloon, and without suspecting foul play, he told the brakeman to point out the man to him when he came out, so that he might collect his ticket. Piqued had no sooner made his round than out came the gentleman thinking all was safe. When he took his seat in the car, he removed his hat from his head, and put it under his seat. When called upon by his ticket, he remarked that while in the saloon he poked his head out of the window to breathe the fresh air, and was so unfortunate as to lose his hat, with a ticket in the hand, and he could not get it paying twice.

The conductor told him he regretted the circumstance very much, but as it was one for which the railroad company was not to blame, he would be compelled to make him pay again, or the man who had the train at Madison station. The scamp was indignant—Fowler demonstrated in his polite, but firm way, until the station was reached when he informed him that he was at the end of his rope, and leave the car, he must. Finding there was no backing down, he reached under his seat, drew out his hat, and started to leave the car, when Fowler told him he would have to exercise his duty as conductor again—and that the fact of having lost his hat, did not entitle him to take a fellow traveler's hat for that the company would be responsible. Whereupon he took charge of the hat and showed the gentleman off the cars.

**The Great Wall of China.**  
The wall which separates China from Tartary has been built full two thousand years, and is supposed to be upwards of twelve hundred miles in length, its height varies according to the circumstances of the surface. It is upwards of 30 feet high, and about twenty-four broad. The foundation is laid upon large square stones, the superstructure is brick, the center is a kind of mortar covered with flag stones. A parapet of no ordinary strength runs on each side of an embattled wall. If we consider that this immense fabric covers the widest rivers, on arches of proportionate size, or in the same form, connects mountains together, occasionally descending into the deepest vales, the most active powers of imagination will be required to realize this effort of man! In every situation however the passage along it is easy and uninterrupted; it serves as a military road from one end of the kingdom to the other. At proper intervals there are strong towers placed, from whence signals are repeated, and an alarm may be communicated to the most distant parts of the empire, with the expedition of a telegraph.

Translated from the French.  
The expressions used as salutations among different nations have, under their common aspect, something characteristic and interesting, even for the most casual observer.

In the East the expressions savor, in a more or less degree of the Scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiments of the inhabitants. One recognizes the immobility of these pastoral and warlike people, standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiments, and express peace to whom they are addressed.

The salutation used by the Arab, "Salom," or "Shalom," means peace, and is found in the world's Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus: "May God grant you his favors, and give you what you are entitled to." This last expression betrays their faith.

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