

Democratic Watchman

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1858.

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GREEN & MOORE

Original Poetry.
For the Watchman.
Lines to My Mother.
BY KATE BERRY.
Mother your eyes are not as bright,
As when mine first saw the light;
But to me they look as blue and mild,
As they did when I was a prattling child.

Time and his companion care,
Begin to alter your dark brown hair,
But it looks as smooth and soft to me,
As when I used to sit on your knee.
Mother your cheeks are beginning to fade,
But then I am sure they are only made
Fairer by far, than they used to be,
If they look to all as they look to me.

Mother dear when I come to die,
May you be there to close my eye—
And wipe from my brow the damp of death,
And watch me breath my latest breath.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 4th 1858

Original Essay.
(For the Democratic Watchman.)
Stray leaves from a Country Girl's Diary.
[No. 2.]
SABBATH.—This morning witnessed old Phœbus, starting on his journey for the regions of Atlas. The Auroral chambers were for a short time enveloped in mist, but soon the golden rays from the oriental kingdom peered through the gloom, and a flood of light and beauty burst upon the sight. This afternoon attended preaching where I once taught school. It afforded me much gratification to meet many of my former pupils there, but the pleasure was not all on my side if I may judge by the manner in which I was greeted after the services.—Childish smiles wreathed round dimpled faces, bright eyes peered through the crowd to see me, tiny hands were reached out to clasp mine, and one little girl with deep dark eyes reached up, standing on tip toe, for me to kiss her rosy cheeks. All had a word of greeting for me, and I left them perchance to meet them no more until the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet, but the knowledge of their remembering me, with kindness, will shed a halo of light 'round my darkest hours.

WEDNESDAY.—We take no note of time but from its loss: To give it then a tongue is to be in man. "Remorseless time" The chariot wheels roll.

The golden moments beaming in the past, Will never more return. But by thy pen The tablets of the heart are written full And as we muse, we see some sable lines. Some hours dimly gleamed. Upon the altar sleep Some days dimmed of life's pure radiant love Some dead or thought or word, which we would (all recall).

Then view the exalted standard of our hope, Which has never reached, and thy tears "Still our throbbing hearts".

With this wild cry, "Oh God it might have been" And can it be that my stay here must come to an end so soon? Yes, this is my last evening here, and now I must bid goodbye to these romantic scenes, where amid "God's first temples" I have wandered.

TUESDAY.—Upon arriving at the residence of my brother to day, I found no person at home, but the back door being unlocked gained admission, and after waiting for some time the return of the wanderer, and feeling a strong desire to obtain something in the form of dinner, I concluded to make a fire and "peep" into the pantry, where much to my satisfaction I found that Mary kept beautiful white bread, delicious butter, and nicely browned pies.

A portion of those with a slice of cold ham and a cup of steaming tea which I soon prepared formed a repast, better than which I would not wish.

Evening set in wet and dismal, and with it brought the return of my brothers family. They all appeared very happy to see me, and indulged in a hearty laugh over my story of the stolen dinner.

SABBATH.—Just returned from the funeral of Mr. B., who died yesterday, Nov. 6th. Another home is made desolate, and the husband and father we have just consigned to his narrow home amid the sleepers.—Such is life. Soon oh! soon, friends will congratulate 'round our last resting place. The clouds will rattle upon our coffin lids, but we will heed them not. Our spirit will have joined the gold-crowned choir in a happier clime; or taken up a doleful lamentation in that region where hope and mercy are strangers.

WED. ROSS.

PAY THE PRINTER.—Breathes there a man with soul so dead, That never to himself hath said— My Country paper now I'll take, Both for my own and families sake. If such there be, let him repent, And have the "Watchman" to him sent; And if he'd pass a happy winter, He in advance should pay the Printer.

ALWAYS AHEAD.—In the last international regatta, we whipped Europe on the water; in the late chess contest in London and Paris, we whipped her on the land; and in the late balloon race between an American Aeronaut and the French champion, we beat her in the air. We wonder what element she will choose for the next trial. She had better not name fire, for we have shown in two wars that we can stand fire better than she can.

A Live "Subject."
SCENE IN A DISSECTING ROOM.
There are epochs in every medical man's history, each of which comprises a lifetime of horror. Only three short weeks ago, I was one of the gayest students of medicine and surgery in the United States. To-day—well, let me not anticipate.

Two years have elapsed since I was sent from Mobile by my father, to study medicine at the North. I listened to my first course of lectures in Philadelphia, and there made the acquaintance of Professor—, who is, probably the best demonstrator in physiology that ever taught the young idea how to shoot, allopathically, on this side of the Atlantic. I was fortunate enough to become a particular favorite of his, and was introduced by him to one of the cleverest surgeons in—I think—the world. His name is—, I will call him the Professor, however. He is one of those individuals for whom you at once conceive a great dislike, or a wonderful partiality; and it was the latter I, at the first time we met felt for him.

He was a strange being; at least he seemed so to me upon our first meeting, and for ever afterwards. Oftentimes he drank deeply, and while under the influence of drink he would let fall curious hints concerning "nightmare hopes," "the reality of kindred," and "the folly of supposing any affection sprang from the ties of consanguinity." On one of these communicative occasions he told me a heart-rending history of family experiences. I gathered, by piecemeal from his conversations, the fact that one of his own blood had treated him most heartlessly, and driven him, by fraud of the grossest character, from his native place to the country, penniless and friendless.

I ought to say, *en passant*, that his drinking bouts were conducted strictly upon the gentlemanly plan, and were seldom or never made known to the public, or even to the majority of those who ranked among the immediate friends; and furthermore, I should remark that he was well advanced in years, although no doubt you know that already.

"My evil spirit is upon me," he would sometimes say to me, and then he would illustrate, in his conduct and manner, the most singular phases of hypochondria I ever witnessed.

It appears that he was born in the town of—, (I must be guarded, for I am now violating confidence) and was unfortunately caught, considering the laws which give the elder brother everything, to be ushered into the world after his brother John. For this *trava* he felt the intensest affection. To him he confined a history of his hopes; to him he looked, more than to his infirm father, for advice; to him he communicated a narrative of his love; and of his successful wooing. The maiden of his choice was beneath him in wealth and station, but his brother approved of that choice, and he was content.

It is necessary to my object, in pointing this narrative, only to state that the elder brother seduced the girl, robbed by a fraud of the basest character, her honorable lover of all his means, (also robbing the old father to penury by fortunes), and then eloped, taking the young girl along to Italy.

"Did you never take vengeance upon the seducer?" I inquired, when he related these facts to me.

"I did not regret either of the things any worthy of my anger," he replied. "I never followed them as such."

"Did you ever hear from them?" I asked.

"Yes several times. The last news I got was to the effect that she had become shameless and besotted, and was living in a condition of public infamy in Paris. Of course he had left her."

"And he?"

"Had become a gambler—some wrote to me, a thief. (Here he shouldered) Certain it was that he had squandered all of his ill gotten means."

This was all I could gather of his early and domestic history. But to the point of my communication.

Three weeks ago, the Professor was to explain to us all (a class of students) a certain condition of the human stomach, and he was to do this practically in the dissecting-room. There was a dispute as to the propriety of some of the late Dr. Marshall Hall's teachings with reference to the divisions of the nervous system, and the Professor was to settle the dispute, scalpel in hand. The division of Dr. Hall, permit to say, arranges the nervous system into three sections: the cerebral, or sentient voluntary; the true spinal, or excitomotor; and the ganglionic, or nutritive, or secretory.

The Professor is one of the most skillful of lecturers, and a precise and handsome demonstrator. His devotion of the anatomical branch of medical science amounts almost to a monomania. The patients which he will work around and elaborate the smallest preparation for his cabinet is spider-like.

Connected with the muddled questions concerning the stomach were others which it is unnecessary for me to describe; but they made it imperative that the body to be dissected should be that of a male adult somewhat aged.

The night arrived. We were all in our dissecting room apparel. The body entirely nude, and completely covered with a cloth, as is the custom, lay upon the table, and we impatiently awaited the Professor's arrival.

The conduct of students in the dissecting room, is not, as I presume the most of your readers know, from the many able medical sketches you have published, particularly dignified. In fact, it is (in view of the sad proofs of our wretched helplessness and mortality spread around) frivolous, disgusting and utterly at variance with the scene, the legitimate purposes of the assemblage. Rude jests, profanity, the immoderate use of ardent spirits, pipe-smoking, etc., are practiced and indulged in by all, or nearly all. On this night we were in the wildest spirits; and when, soon after the hour appointed, the Professor entered, he found us engaged in the most animated series of laughs at the spectacle of a Heliogravure stick between the lips of a half dissected negro.

The Professor appeared to be as joyful as the students. He regaled us with several anecdotes, more pointed than polite, but calculated to inspire the heartiest mirth. I perceived that he was in his best mood. There he was, a perfect man of science, unbothered for a moment, from the disposition of his station, so as to insure a feeling of ease to those who had congregated to receive his instructions. And ease, in the presence of the preceptor, let me tell you, is very serviceable to a pupil.

It is astonishing," he said, as he prepared himself for the business of the night, "how soon we get to be familiar with the 'reign of mortality.' Habit is everything.—The first time I was introduced to the dissecting-room, I was compelled to bite a piece of human flesh, that being considered, among my companions, a rite of initiation that could not be dispensed with. The generation of horror I experienced cannot be described. I vowed mentally that I would never enter such a revolting place again, but in three months I was the most reckless of the members of all the classes. Now I handle the dead as if they were babes of cotton. Disease in every shape I face without fear. The effects of the most appalling character pass by me, leaving no impression worth mentioning. And this, gentlemen, I am not boasting."

He raised his voice and approaching the table whereon lay the subject, "This faculty of conquering our weakness is what makes us valuable as physicians. Nerve that, young gentlemen is our greatest aid in difficult practice. Learn to suppress every approach to nervousness—school yourselves to view the severest sufferings with admiring firmness—never betray the slightest fear, and with hard study to back you, there can be nothing to retard your progress in the noblest of all the learned professions."

Here he made the usual sign to the janitor, and that official partially removed the cloth from the subject, the Professor standing, then, with his back towards the table.

"Our first business," he resumed, "is to get the stomach."

We gathered around him full of anxious expectation.

"You will pay particular attention to me," he continued, laying the scalpel, and half turning towards the table—"the first incisions are very important."

We concentrated our vision upon the corpse. He looked steadily at us.

"I will now," he resumed, "bring our attention directed upon his words, and movements—lay open the body directly beneath the region of the diaphragm."

He now faced about full to the table, and lifted the scalpel. He paused an instant. We gazed all earnestly upon the body.

The scalpel descended. Scarcely had it touched the lean, bony scraggy, and insensate relic of mortality, ere there was a fearful change. The most perfect silence reigned in the room. The scalpel a second time touched the body, and then, as if the instrument had been a galvanic battery, the supposed corpse, with a countenance most horribly contorted, sprang up and seized the Professor by the gown, and then fell back quiescent. A glance of horror and recognition seemed to pass between the "subject" and the Professor. He, as if struck by lightning, staggered back, with a loud cry, or rather a shriek, and stood in an attitude of despair and wild terror, gazing vacantly into the air.

Before we could recover from our terror, he had fainted.

We looked at the body; the muscles of the face were working—those of the limbs were twitching convulsively, and yet, as after investigation proved, it was dead. Why it should have made this strange manifestation is not to be resolved into a matter of certainty. One of the physicians connected with the institution says that he has witnessed the same phenomena among the bodies of those who died suddenly in fits, as well as of those who were slain by cholera. Heaven only knows the reason of the terrific and curious demonstration! But the strangest part of my story remains to be told.

We naturally supposed that the Professor swooned from fright. We applied restoratives, and finally he exhibited indications of consciousness. We explained to him that the show of life given by the poor, faded form upon the table was purely spas-

modic and fallacious; but he incredulously shook his head, muttered "It was the hand of God," and relapsed into insensibility. A second time we restored him to his senses, and his first words were:—"Remove the subject!" Hide it from my sight!" and then, as if again horror-stricken, he fell into violent convulsions.

We remained near him until he seemed to have recovered from the effects of the scene enough to be left in charge of one watcher. Before we retired, however, the explanation of the Professor's extreme afflict at the scene of horror was made. The revelation (for such it was) was given under a pledge of secrecy—a pledge extorted from me by the surrounding circumstances. The corpse into which the Professor was about to plunge the scalpel was that of his brother.

How or when he had reached this country is not known. But it is known, that after earning an unenviable notoriety among gamblers, horse jockeys, and the victims of prodigality generally, he gradually sank into the mire of degradation until he became a dweller in a den of thieves well known to the police. Here he was seized with disease, and deprived of his accustomed strong potations, delirium tremens was the consequence. He was kicked into the street—attempted to commit a highway robbery—was arrested, tried, and condemned to the State's Prison. Before reaching there, however, he was to all appearances dead, and was in that condition conveyed to the purveyor of "subjects," and so brought to our dissecting-room.

"The college (in which we do not reside) is for the present closed. The remains which greeted the horrified vision of the Professor—which sprang from the same loins as his own body—which he had often enfolded in his arms—and in the integrity of the heart, that animated which he had once placed the firmest reliance—were silently placed in a neat coffin, and deposited not to disturbed again, I hope, until the day of resurrection, in a secluded spot in—cemetery."

Combs to the Young.
Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last forever. The darkest day will pass away. If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when you are in the air. A sunny morning will come without warning. Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. But that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay. When gold and silver fly away. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it strongly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that reproveth knoweth no rest. The meek possesseth a peaceful breast. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have encompassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day. Weans the hardest rock away. And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick. A grumbler is the slowest work-stick. Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not offend you.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray. To drive all evil thoughts away.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Herald has a despatch from Cincinnati, dated October, 18, stating that the overland-route party, with which Senator Broderick is travelling eastward, is getting along slowly. Mr. Broderick has the neuralgia and cannot travel rapidly. The Indian war in Washington Territory is at an end. After the battle of the Spokan Plains, the Comor d'Alones, and other tribes begged abjectly for peace, and gave up the offending members of their tribes as well as hostages for their future good behavior.—The Alta Californian says that "The war is now considered at an end, not only for the present but for the future. The tribes in the eastern part of Washington Territory are ignorant of the power of the Americans, and were presumptuous enough to defy the whites. A brief campaign of six months in the field had broken their power and their pride. Henceforth they will never dare to raise a hand against the forces of the Government."

The World.
The following was one of the late Major Noah's stories:—"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter of one of the principle hotels.

"Yes sir."
The dinner was brought and devoured and the eater called the landlord to one side and addressed him:—"Aren't you the landlord?"
"Yes."
"You do a good business here?"
"Yes."
"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed. I have been out of employment about seven months, but I have engaged to work to-morrow. I had been without food for twenty-four hours when I entered your establishment. I will pay you in a week."
"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor-house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."
"I have nothing."
"I will take your coat."
"If I go into the street without that, I may get my death by cold, such weather as this."
"You ought to have thought of that before you came here."
"Are you serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from to-day I will pay you."
"I will take your coat."
The coat was left, and a week after he deemed

Seven years after the fact before mentioned, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented to a caucus as a candidate for Congressional nomination. The principal of the convention held his peace, he heard the name and the history of the applicant, who was a member of the church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was the chairman. The vote was a tie; and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy candidate whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said:—"You don't remember me?"
"No."
"I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged you my word of honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out in the element air at the risk of my life, without it."
"Well, sir, what then?"
"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."
Three years after, the christian hotel keeper became a bankrupt. The poor dinerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. I know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception itself.

THE BULL is traveling in Norway. As he was lately walking quietly through the street of the small town of Drammen, smoking his cigar, he was suddenly accosted by a police officer, who led him off to the commissary of police, by whom he was sentenced to pay a fine for violating the laws relating to the carrying of arms, and for carrying a loaded revolver on his person. He was consequently sent to prison, and it was not until the next day, on ascertaining who he was, that the official sent an order for his release. The Norwegian journals have taken up the cause of the *artista*, and at the present moment the case of the Bull has assumed the magnitude of a question of high importance.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL. I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity is a feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father was a monster.

SWINS ON THEM MUSOLE.—They had a pig fight in Cincinnati last week, which was witnessed by two or three hundred persons and was conducted in a spirited manner as to "excite universal admiration. They fought like two brave pigs, long and well, and had evidently been trained in the school of porcine pugilists, for they had mind, skill, pluck and bottom. One was christened Morrissey and the other Heenan, and after fighting more than an hour, Morrissey bowed his tail, thus acknowledging himself vanquished.

A young man in Cincinnati, named Pike, having grown rich in the whiskey trade, has just erected a magnificent opera-house, the finest in all the West. A wag wants him to call it "Pike's Alcaz-hall."

A Hard Custody.
A green looking customer observed a sign hanging over a grocery store, reading thus:—"Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen, until he got facing one of the clerks, who was exhibiting some fine sugar to a lady, when he broke out with:—"Say, Mister, who's boss here?"
"The proprietor has just stepped out sir."
"Well, he's a talking shop?"
"The young man hardly comprehending greeny's thought, simply answered:—"Yes, sir; a wholesale and retail store, if you please to call it that."
"Guess you understand your trade?"
"O, yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for one of his lady customers, "what can I do for you?"
"Well, as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I might as well come and give you a job."
"I don't understand you, stranger," replied the clerk, who began to think the fellow was in the wrong bar.
"Exactly so; well I'll tell you."
"Explain what you mean, my friend," said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat.
"Well, as I said before, the cold weather's coming on, I thought I might as well fix for winter. Come mighty near freezing; I other winter I'll be did, but."
"Stranger, I hope you will tell me what you want, so I may serve you interrupted the clerk, seeing there were a number of customers waiting to be served, but who in fact had almost forgotten their errands in the rich conversation between the clerk and his dull customer.

"Certainly, square certainly, I always do business in a hurry, and just as quick as the old master will let you. I want you to recollect these old shirts. Let 'em come down to about my knees, case I don't wear any drawers."
The effect may be imagined, but as the novelists say can be described. The ladies and clerk blushed, and the loud bursts of laughter which followed from the man, served to convince the poor fellow he had committed himself, he put his long legs in motion at the rate of 3-10.

Wonderful Exhibition.
A LIVING MAN'S HEART OPEN TO INSPECTION.
A great curiosity was yesterday exhibited to the students of the University Medical College at the house of Prof. Mott's clinic.

It was a condition of the sternum (heart) which enables the several muscles of the heart to be seen. It has been exhibited in a series of lectures for several years throughout the cities of Europe and Britain. The subject of the dissection is a very intelligent gentleman, Mr. Grant, a native of Hamburg, twenty-eight years of age, somewhat under the average height, and rather pale, though he appears to be in health.

The dissection was conducted, (as other dissections are) by the aid of postures, but there are some where the sternum should be cut, and the heart exposed. In the natural state this is a very difficult matter, and a half an hour would be required to do it, but by the aid of the postures, it is done in a few minutes.

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