

# Democrat Matchman

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J. H. STOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
F. P. GREENE, DRUGGIST.

**Original Poetry.**  
**The Dying Year.**  
The year is dying—let it die!  
It cannot take the thistle away  
Or kill the hopes which fresh as May  
Send up their fragrance toward the sky  
The year is waning—let it wane!  
Not less shall grow my treasure love  
For friends around, and God above—  
And death I know is not in vain  
Even from the roots of wrinkled years  
Fresh flowers shall send their fragrance up.  
Fresh dew shall glisten in each cup—  
And eyes I know shall weep fresh tears  
But sorrow makes a better heart—  
So death and tears not vainly come  
We'll open life's doors and give them room  
Till heaven's peace whispers them—  
J. L. P.  
PONTIAC, N. H.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**An Interesting Scene.**  
Rarely in the annals of our criminal calendar has a scene so striking and so sad been witnessed, than that exhibited a few days ago, in Baltimore jail, when the death warrant of Marion Crops was read to the unfortunate prisoner. The event to which we refer took place on Saturday, the 12th inst., and is thus described:  
"At half-past eleven o'clock, in company with the Deputy Prosecuting Attorney, Frederick Pinkney, Esq., the Sheriff proceeded to the jail for the purpose of reading the fatal document to the condemned man. They entered the cell a few minutes before noon, when Sheriff Creamer said, 'Marion, I have an instrument from the Governor, which I have come to read to you,' to which Crops replied: 'God's will, not mine, be done.' The Sheriff then read the warrant. During the time it was being read, Crops stood in a humble attitude, with his hand raised above his eyes and resting against his forehead. Once or twice he lowered it to his mouth, about which there was a convulsive twitching of the muscles. He seemed to bear up well under the ordeal, though now and then a falling tear gave evidence of a struggle of mind against the fate that awaited him. Almost immediately after the reading of the warrant, the Sheriff told the doomed man that everything for his comfort would be provided, and retired from the cell. Mr. Pinkney then approached Crops and said he wished to ask him a few questions for his own satisfaction, to which the condemned signified assent. He then asked, 'Marion, did you fire that fatal shot?' Crops replied, 'No, sir, as God is my judge, I did not.' 'Then,' said Mr. Pinkney, 'did you hold your hand for a rest for the pistol?' And Crops again said, 'No, sir, I did not.' 'How then,' said Mr. Pinkney, 'do you account for that smell on your hand on the night of your arrest, soon after Tidgton was shot?' Crops replied, 'I do not know, sir, unless it was from some rhabarbar I had in my pocket, or from a gun I cleaned the day before.' At the time of the arrest Crops accounted for the smell of gunpowder on his hand, by saying that he had cleaned a gun the day before yesterday, meaning the Wednesday before the Friday on which Tidgton was murdered. He acknowledged that the fatal shot was fired by his pistol, but would not tell by whose hands Mr. Pinkney then told him the court was done with him, and he would have to look to a higher tribunal for mercy, and counselled him to prepare for death as there was no hope for life.  
Soon after Crops had been left alone, Peter Corrie was brought in from Townstown by Sheriff Hook and several of his deputies, when the warden, Capt. James conducted him to the cell heretofore occupied by the colored man Stevens, alias Cyphus, who was placed in one on the opposite side of the passage. Corrie looks to be in good health, and conversed freely with those who surrounded him about his approaching fate. His conduct was marked with becoming seriousness, and his voice subdued. Shortly after his arrival, Sheriff Creamer, accompanied by the warden, visited his cell, and after an introduction the Sheriff told him that he had just performed the unpleasant duty of reading to Marion Crops his death warrant from the Governor, and gave him some Christian advice. The Sheriff spoke to him but a few minutes when Corrie expressed a desire to visit the cell of Crops, which was at once granted by the warden, who overheard the expression of the desire. The Sheriff and Capt. James then conducted him to the place of Crops's confinement. The door was thrown open and Corrie entered first, when he found him sought with a brother sitting by his side, the last named in deep distress. As Corrie approached, Crops arose from his seat, and the former, catching the latter by the hand, exclaimed, 'How do you do, Mal?' Crops took the proffered hand, and the vigorous shake he received seemed to take him somewhat by surprise. Corrie then said to him, 'Come, we are in the same situation—the same future awaits us, both. Don't suffer your feelings and emotions to get the better of you; bear up under your present situation—I mean to do it and hope you will. Mal, we must expect no quarters, our doom is sealed—our fate is fixed—it is all up with us. Our only hope is now in God; in him we must put our trust; I hope to be able to

so, and I trust you will do the same. It matters nothing to leave this world, so we leave it right. Mal, God is good, gracious and forgiving; and He will forgive us. I know it, and will put my trust in Him and hope you will do the same.'  
During the delivery of these remarks Corrie held Crops firmly by the hand, who seemed deeply impressed. As he was about to leave the cell Corrie continued, 'Good bye, Mal, I may never see you again. Put your trust in God, and don't suffer your feelings to overcome you. Good bye, God bless you—your only hope is in Him now.' Crops seemed deeply affected, and only replied, 'I know it, Corrie—I know it,' and he wiped away the tears which rushed unbidden to his eyes. Corrie was then reconducted to his cell. The interview was of a deeply affecting character, and those who were present will not soon forget the scene presented by the two men slowly dead to the law, and who will in a few weeks expiate their offences on the gallows.

**The Deacon and the Irishman.**  
A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I., was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in a hole of the diggings in that vicinity.  
Pat was a strong athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant Church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in with brother Ingalls. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper which could be heard all round, inquired:—  
"Sure, an' isn't this a hinstuck church?"  
"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."  
"An' faith, not a word will I speak at all," replied Pat.  
The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted, "Glory!"  
"Hist, ye spalpeen!" rejoined Pat with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be dacent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."  
The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan.  
"Hist, ye blackguard, have you no decency, at all, at all!" said Pat, at the same moment giving him a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner said:—  
"Brother, do you see any objection in this way. Will some one put that man out?"  
"Yit, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and cutting the action to the word, he galled the Deacon and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, landed him in the vestibule of the church.

**A Tall One.**  
Do you know Joe S—? Well, he lives down by us in the town of B—, and is counted by all persons, far and near, as the greatest liar 'out of jail.' He was a great hand for stories, always had one ready, which, of course, no person believed. One evening a few of us were seated by the stove in the bar of the tavern, when the door opened, and Joe entered. Of course we all pressed him to tell us a yarn. "But boys," said he, "I don't know any."  
"Yes you do."  
We told him to give us a good yarn, and he should have a drink of what he called "white eye." So he began:—  
"When I was at home, I found a cat one evening down by the road, and took it down to the house to keep. And such a cat! It weighed about ten pounds, and was as black as a Guinea nigger. It would go around the house, 'ye you, me van'—"  
"So one morning I caught Tommy, and took him down to the creek, and tossed him in. Without waiting to see the result, I started home. Next morning, on getting up, I beheld Mr. Tommy seated on the porch, just starting his infernal 'me you.' I grabbed him before he could run, and taking him to the creek, tossed him in. After watching for a while, I went up home, thinking I had sent the cat to 'kingdom come.' Next morning the first thing I saw was the cat seated on the porch, making the air around with his nose. I took him, picked up the hatchet, and proceeded to the creek. Arriving there, I cut off his head, and threw both parts into the water. I then went home fully convinced that Mr. Tommy would not trouble us any more. But may I be blessed, next morning, if the wasn't seated on the porch, with his head in his mouth!"

**A Good Story.**  
About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone, and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made fast to the wharf. They were in the city, but for fear they would get dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark of a black night too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half-tipsy fellows could muster, keeping their spirits in the darkness by pouring the spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be pretty near home, and seeing through the dim gray of morning a house on the river side, Stone said:—  
"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."  
"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."  
Barham disembarked, takes observation, and soon comes stumbling along back, and says:—  
"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington here yet, and what's more the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"  
It was a fact and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for dear life without knowing it.  
A WOODMAN'S STORY.—A Frank B. Fay, of the Chelsea, who visited Europe last summer, delivered a narrative of his travels, in a lecture he related the following anecdote of Queen Victoria:—  
"It is reported that her Majesty has a sweet little temper of her own, and that her cara sposa, like a prudent man generally reverts before the storm, and locks himself in his private cabinet until the sky is clear and sunshine again illumines the classic shades of St. James or Windsor. "After one of these luncheons, the Queen gave a 'thundering knock' at the door of the room where Prince Albert had taken refuge, and upon being asked, who's there? 'The Queen.' 'The Queen cannot enter here,' responded the hen pecked. After the lapse of half an hour a gentle tap was heard upon the door. 'Who's there?' asked Prince Albert. 'Your wife,' responded Victoria. 'My wife is always welcome, was the gallant reply.'"

**The English Tongue.**  
If any one will look over a modern dictionary of the English language, or a treatise on pronunciation, he may easily ascertain a few facts in regard to the English tongue, that will show how hard it must be for a foreigner to master. The letter Q may be pronounced in seven distinct ways. The five vowels have thirty-one, the nineteen consonants have thirty-two, and diphthongs and triphthongs (not to mention the various combinations of these) differently represented in the English tongue. Sixteen distinct sounds are sufficient for a perfect phonetic alphabet, so that on an average each of these must be represented in about eight different ways. Which is the proper way of representing a given sound is determined by usage, and this usage has got to be ascertained by practice. When, in addition to this, it is determined, it must be conceded that it is no small task to master our language.  
Some words that are pronounced alike are spelled differently, and some that are spelled alike are pronounced very differently. Be-a-d may either indicate the present or past tense, but the distinction that escapes the written word makes itself known at once to the spoken. To the superficial, then, it would not seem wonderful, by any means, that a large body of men should be anxious to introduce a system of writing purely phonetic, and thus save all the labor of the spelling book. No doubt such processes are very handy, and would be more so, if more freely used for reporting speeches and conversations. But as a means of superseding ordinary writing and the present mode of spelling in books and printed matter, it would be difficult to conceive of a more directly retrograde step, towards barbarism, than just such a system. . . . one of simple phoneticism.  
Every word in the English language has a history, and has had a growth, and has been steadily, and often extending through centuries, until now it fits into its place in the language, and condenses into itself a thought which might occupy a whole page of a volume. French has done much to show us how our words have grown. Richardson, in his dictionary, has done more to trace them back to their roots, and shows, by examples at different periods, the ways in which they have been modified and meliorated by time. In the London Encyclopaedia, the chronological arrangement of examples and authorities adds greatly to the value of the citations for this purpose.  
Any system of merely phonetic writing would blot out most of the records of this history, and make our language far less systematic and intelligible than it is. The complications of spelling represent, on the whole, with wonderful fidelity and exactness, the complicated processes by which our thoughts formed themselves into words and the elements from which they were derived.  
The English language is so full of these complications, because it is, above all other languages, the embodiment of thoughts derived from so many and such various sources—ancient and modern. Our word "Sabbath" and many of our religious terms and thoughts, come from the Hebrew. Our scientific terminology and most of our terms come from the Greek from the Latin and French who shall tell how much, and all grafted on at Anglo-Saxon banks.  
It is only by keeping these elements distinct that we can preserve the tongue from inextricable confusion. By degrees and of itself words run quite fast enough into a phonetic simplicity, and get to be written as they are pronounced, except so far as some original element, that we cannot afford to lose, is better preserved by a different mode of spelling. It is by keeping open and easily accessible those fountains of our language. Thus, then, on the surfaces of language, the same sort of work is all the time going on that there is on the surface of the earth, where a gradual softening down into harmony and beauty of the rougher features and under peaks is ever taking place, while yet it is so arranged that the records of all these changes shall at the same time be carefully registered and preserved.

**A Noble Girl.**  
The following good story is told in a Portland paper, by a traveler going East from Detroit, a few days since:—  
"On reaching the depot, at Suspension Bridge, the conductor told a young man—whose health was very feeble, and who was on his way to Springfield, Mass., where he had friends—he must leave the care; he had no money to pay his fare. Notwithstanding the debilitated appearance of the young man, he was suffered to be led out of the car without any movement being made for his relief. As the young man was about leaving the car, a handsome young lady rose and asked the conductor how much the young man's fare to Albany would be. He replied eight dollars. She immediately stepped to the door and told the conductor to return and resume his seat. He did so, and then some of the male passengers began to exhibit some signs of being charitable, offering to pay a portion of the fare. The young lady declined the proffered aid, saying she preferred to pay the amount herself. She did so, and besides, gave him a 'script' to keep him in Albany over Sunday, promising to see him forwarded to his friends on Monday."  
Both, the tragedian, had his nose broken. A lady once said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is gone."

**Good Advice.**  
If you are well let yourself alone. This is our favorite motto. But to those whose feet are lame to be told we suggest:—  
As soon as you get up in the morning put both at once in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way up to the ankles. Keep them in half a minute in winter, or two in summer, rubbing them both vigorously, wipe dry and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of your feet feels as dry as your hand, then put on your socks or stockings.  
On going to bed at night draw off your stockings and hold your feet to the fire until perfectly dry, and get right into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet.—  
All Indians and hunters, sleep with their feet to the fire.  
Never step from your bed with the naked feet upon an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness.  
Wear woollen, cotton or silk stockings, whichever keeps your feet most comfortable; do not let the experience of another be your guide for different articles: what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, can not be good for one whose feet are always dry. The donkey who had his bag of salt lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion who was loaded down with a sack of wool, to do the same, and having no more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and in a moment the wool absorbed the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him to the bottom.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

**A Touching Incident.**  
A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia, to the Louisville Democrat, relates the following:  
While an aged and poorly clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart looking young sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him and extended her palms in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his capacious pocket, and when he drew it out it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept saying:—  
"There, good mother, take this; you may as well have it as the land-sharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with four hundred dollars on hand, but as the neighbors told me my old mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, spent it all inside of a week, and then slunked again."  
"Oh good, good sir! you are too kind to an old body like me. For your sake I will take it. Oh, you remind me of my poor son George, who shipped and was drowned. Oh, George, George White, where are you now."  
"George White?" hurriedly exclaimed the now excited sailor. "Why that's my name! And you—you are my mother!"  
With this he seized her in his arms, and caressed her affectionately, while big tears of joy ran down his bronzed cheek. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene.

**Tough Story.**  
The following is from the Dubuque Times. It is thrilling and tough:  
Day before yesterday as Henry Fredeux, a citizen of Dubuque, with two young ladies was riding on the ice a mile or two above Eagle Point, in a cutter drawn by a span of the fleetest horses in town, and were just at the point where Wisconsin Lake intercepts the main river, and were going at the spanking rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour. Mr. F., saw within a rod or two ahead of them an open space of clear water. There was no room for calculation, hardly for thought, the danger was so near. As if impelled by instinct higher than reason, he gathered the reins more closely in his hands and struck them to the raw, when the spirited horses, with one mighty effort, bounded over the chasm, and the party were saved. Mr. F., with some friends, a short time afterwards, measured the place he had so providentially crossed, and found it over 13 feet wide! Well might he say "God be praised."

**The Girls of the Present Day.**  
We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter worthlessness growing up anxious to become more fashionable than good, more anxious to cultivate their heels than their heads, and to encircle their skirts with whalebone rather than the brow with wreaths of love, kindness and beauty. As a general thing, those who are handsome think they are lovely. Far from it. When we, years gone, took one to be Mrs. P., girls were girls. It was fun to go a dozen miles a foot with mud knee deep, to see them, as you were sure to find the clear girls—nature instead of art. But now it is different. The dentist supplies the teeth, Uncle Ned, the cotton, some optimism the eyes, and a skillful mechanic the legs and arms: an artist furnishes paint a Yankee the hoops, some French Miller gets up artificial maternal forms, and the very devil robs himself to give them a disposition to be, tall, gossip, make mischief, and kick up all sorts of bobberies among respectable people generally. Vanity of vanities, said the preacher. We love the girls when they act like girls, but this counterfeit article now being palmed off on fashionable society is an intolerable humbug. Her the girls now: stay wife neither fit for wives, nor do they know enough for mothers.—*Exchange.*

**A Noble Girl.**  
The following good story is told in a Portland paper, by a traveler going East from Detroit, a few days since:—  
"On reaching the depot, at Suspension Bridge, the conductor told a young man—whose health was very feeble, and who was on his way to Springfield, Mass., where he had friends—he must leave the care; he had no money to pay his fare. Notwithstanding the debilitated appearance of the young man, he was suffered to be led out of the car without any movement being made for his relief. As the young man was about leaving the car, a handsome young lady rose and asked the conductor how much the young man's fare to Albany would be. He replied eight dollars. She immediately stepped to the door and told the conductor to return and resume his seat. He did so, and then some of the male passengers began to exhibit some signs of being charitable, offering to pay a portion of the fare. The young lady declined the proffered aid, saying she preferred to pay the amount herself. She did so, and besides, gave him a 'script' to keep him in Albany over Sunday, promising to see him forwarded to his friends on Monday."  
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