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INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Select Poetry.

Scrippsography.
BY SQUIRRELS, JR.
An R A now I mean 2 write,
2 U sweet K T J,
The girl without a I,
The bells of U T R.

I I der I B U got the I,
I wrote 2 U B 4,
I sailed in the A K D A,
A sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
I calm I D A bright,
But 8 T miles from U I must
M this chance in write.

And let, should N E N Y V,
H E Z, mind it not,
Should N K friendship show, b true,
They should O D 4 got.

But friends & foes alike D K,
As U may plainly O,
In every funeral R A,
Or unless L R O.

From virtue never D V B
Her influence B 9,
Alike influence 10 der gaz
& 40 lude D rino.

A if I cannot a —
Or cause an
I hope U'll put a .
2 1 1

R U 4 an X A tion 2
My cousin, heart and L
He offers in a
A 3 of land.

He says he loves U X S,
U's virtuous & Y,
In X L N C U X L,
All other in his L A.

This R A until U I C,
I pray U X Q A,
& do 0 burn in F I O,
My young & wayward muse.

Now fare U well dear K T J,
I trust that U R true:
When this U C U then can say,
An S A L O V.

Miscellaneous.

The Fugitive Patriot.
A STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.

Mary Morrison, the heroine of the present little sketch, was about seventeen years of age at the time this incident transpired. Mary was really a pretty creature, and a picture of robust health. Still we would not have the reader imagine that she was either coarse or vulgar; on the contrary, she was naturally refined, even above her station. But strong of limb was the plump little daisy, and what was more, she was brave of heart, too, as the sequel will show.

Mary lived upon a comfortable farm in Pennsylvania, along with her father and mother and two brothers, both the latter older than herself. At the breaking out of the war, her father and brothers were among the very first to shoulder arms in defence of the country; consequently, Mary and her mother were necessarily left alone to manage the things as best they could.

Early one morning, Mary's mother had gone away to visit a friend some few miles distant, and the young girl was busy with her household duties, all the while humming a familiar ballad to keep herself company. All at once she was startled by the door being suddenly thrown open. A moment after an American soldier, red and heated with violent exercise, and disordered in appearance generally, rushed into the apartment gaspingly crying:

"The blood-hounds are on my track! I can go no further! For God's sake hide me somewhere!"

The young girl was at first startled, but perceiving at once how matters stood, she immediately replied:

"From whom are you flying?" she demanded.

"Hessians! Hessians! my girl," responded the patriot, who was now standing with the door but a few inches open looking intently down the road. "They have chased me far, thirsting for my blood," he added, "my strength is all spent. Will you find me a place to hide, and thereby, probably save my life?"

"Will I?" responded Mary enthusiastically. "God knows I will, sir, if it is in my power."

A Hatter in Search of Russia Far.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of fur, including "beaver" and "coney." He wanted "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he asked.

"I could not answer, but assured him that there were 130 pounds of old Russia and 150 pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

"Off he started with the view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler the elder made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter "Rushia."

"What do you want of Pushia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats,"

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean," responded Mrs. Wheeler.

The Arming of Europe.

The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, entirely ignored the subject of the warlike preparations in Europe. The most noticeable feature of the delivery of the speech, was the emphatic manner in which her Majesty read the paragraph relating to the necessity of reconstituting the navy, owing to the introduction of steam power, and the immense power of the country.

The speeches from the throne are not remarkable for their conciseness, but the fact is more notable than usually. The Earl of Derby supplied the deficiency by alluding to the "great dangers that are evidently threatening and although he intimated that the Cabinet had received assurances that so long as Austria confined herself to her own limits, Sarlin's must not expect from France any assistance in an aggressive war, it was plain that his address had little effect in tranquillizing the apprehensions of his hearers.

A concluding remark that, whatever might happen, England was not committed to any course, but would find her hands free to take that which might appear best, seemed to be the chief point for consolation. The whole tone of the debate indicated that all parties were united upon the belief that the trio course was, "Let England prepare."

The Heart of Man.
Could the eye but penetrate into its depths and gain access to those secret cells which memory consecrates into her own sacred use, it would behold with all their brightness till clinging around them—as when they sank from the cold gaze of the world into seeming death—forms and things that once possessed a readiness and dazzled for a while, the mind with their too wild brightness—tenants of those silent chambers of the feelings.

Years may change the hopeful, too confident, boy into a sootling, iron-souled man; life's dark storms may sweep across him, with their hardening blast, until his nature becomes infected with the taint of his heart, and impressions that have slumbered there, unknown to all but him from happier days, will there remain forever, with all semblance of life, yet in all quietude of death, unless called forth by the deathless fires of an immortal love.

Truth.—A great truth brings along with it a great responsibility. The manna that our fathers gathered in the desert no doubt was good; but does not that which is equally good fall from heaven to-day? Every truth, like every plant, has its several stages of development, and the great end of both, is the fruit it bears. The corn is beautiful in the blade, still more in the flower, but loveliest of all when it is full in the ear, when it is ready to fulfil the great function for which the beneficent Creator designed it.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?"

"Got what, child?"

"Got legs, ma?"

Improve Your Time.

Every young man has ample time and opportunity to master a modern language while learning his business, in addition to his mother tongue, if he will only employ systematically, his leisure time, and thus no way trench upon his master's demands upon his time.

So far from it, it is a course which in nine cases out of ten, if pursued, would him a more competent, faithful and trustful clerk or salesman.

Instead of doing this, or otherwise employing the time of leisure in some other way to promote self-government, it is often worse than wasted, by being made the occasion of falling into bad company, whereby morals are corrupted, manners vitiated, habits of industry and economy broken up, health destroyed, and character for truth, honesty and manliness ruined.

Wight.
One of our exchanges says that the day is all very well for reasoning and realities, but for shadows and romances, he professes the night. Thus the soul expands—we draw the curtains—shuffle the weary coil of day and dip our senses in oblivion—a soothing touch of melody comes over the soul—some inborn strain then with a "dying fall" awakes us. Our nature is two fold; with the sun sinks all our earth born trials and sorrows, and night develops that softer nature which through the day lies latent; we yield to the abandon of its fanciful, mystic power—to its shadowy reveries, that bring back the past and whisper of the future.

The night, too, is all our own; it is our slave to do with it as we will; we may use it for thought for dreams, for sleep.

Wittening a Razor.—A young fop who had just begun to shave for a beard stepped into a barber shop, and after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved.

The barber went through the usual movement and the sprig jumped up with a flourish exclaiming:

"My foin fellow, what is your charge?"

"O, no charge," replied the barber.

Piccolomini Kissed by Mistake.

During Piccolomini's late sojourn at the Spencer House, in Cincinnati, the following incident occurred through a mistake, as natural as it must have been agreeable.

A young gentleman, residing in the northern part of this State, received a letter, last week from his sister, who had been attending school in Kentucky, stating that she would be on a certain day at the Spencer House, where two friends of hers were going, and that she would look for him to arrive in good season and accompany her home.

The brother, Alfred, came at once, for he had not seen his sister for nearly two years, having passed much of that time in New York, and on arriving at the hotel, asked for Miss — and the number of her room. Hoping to surprise her agreeably, he thought he would go up unannounced, having learned the floor and the position of the apartment. Just before he reached the room he saw his sister, as he supposed, coming out. She was small and plump, as when he saw her last, and thought he would conceal himself behind the wall of the hall until she was opposite. He did so, and in another moment a pair of little feet were falling in pedal music upon the floor. She was within reach of him. It was she, of course, he thought, although the gathering shadows of the evening rendered objects somewhat indistinct. That little head with dark tresses, and humming an air—always his sister's habit—made him confident. He would hesitate no longer, so he extended his arms, and clasping the diminutive figure before him, and bending down and imprinting three or four cordial kisses on one of the most delicious of mouths, he asked, "Don't you know your brother, you little rogue?"

The "little rogue" looked blank with amazement, and then, muttering something very soft, but not intelligible, slipped out of his half enclosing arms, and retreating in the direction she had come.

Alfred now saw he had made a mistake, and, as no one appeared, he went to the senior proprietor, to explain the awkward position in which he had been placed, having no desire to be compelled to be shot at or be shot by some gawney brother.

The Colonel, who was well acquainted with Alfred, informed him that he had mistaken Piccolomini for his sister.

For the first time the brother learned that the diminutive divinity was in the city, and immediately wrote her an apology, saying he could not regret what had occurred on his own account, but would, if she desired it, on his.

He had no idea he was pressing the Psyche lips of the loveliest and most fascinating divinity in the world, and that the mistake had only taken place because she was as beautiful as his sister. She had his most humble apology for what had occurred, and if she would not be satisfied he would return her what he had taken.

When this note was translated to the bewitching Marie, and she was assured of its sincerity, she laughed immoderately, and said she had supposed perhaps kissing a pretty girl (here she looked very archly) on meeting her was an American custom. It had frightened her at first, but now she did not care for any girl, in her attractive English tongue: "Ze keas doed me no 'arm—indeed it vas not dees—vat yu say get is?—leca a grable"—"vattants Bay quere."