Democratic Watchman.

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Miscellaneous.

A Poem.

Read by J R Dimm, at the Concert held at Aaronsburg, on the evening of the 18th of March, 1859.

(Correspondence.)

AARONSBURG March 28th 1859

Prof DIMM *Dear Sir:* The members of the Aaronsburg and Millheim Musical Association, being desirous of procuring your Poem read at the late Concert, at Aaronsburg, have appointed the undersigned a committee to respectfully solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Very truly yours
R F VANVALZAH
A WINKELBLECH
W. C DUNCAN,
FRED'K KURTZ
J G MEYER

(Reply)

Messrs Vanvalzah, Winkelblech Duncan, Kurtz and Meyer:

Sirs My brief poem is but of ephemeral growth, and I deem it unworthy of a more lengthy existence, yet at your earnest solicitation I place it at your disposal.

Most respectfully
J. R. DIMM

Poem.

Onward! Onward! is the watch word
That our age and nature give.
Take it easy! says the sluggard,
While we live then let us live!

There have always been some croakers,
Ever since the world began,
Holding back the hands of workers,
Elevating fallen man

Woe betide the ones that linger,
In the vanguard of the van.
And the progress strive to hinder,
Of this onward moving clan.

Fogies are there in religion
Bearing titles sounding high
Who profess to lead to Heaven,
Souls of men whene'er they die

They teach dogmas that are human
For the Gospel's sacred truth
Aged parents thus are ruined
And the souls of trusting youth

Minds there are as dark as Egypt
In its darkest blackest day,
Holding old exploded tenets
That have long since passed away

In some former age or nation
Would have been their right abode,
Ere the light of reformation,
Error's mazes did unfold

Priestly rule and inspiration
Long since left the lower earth
He who claims them is belated
By a most untime'y birth.

Fogies too, in Education,
By repressing proper plans
Bind the genius of our nation
And retard the cause of man

They would have their sons make money
Buy a farm and settle there
They would have their sons nutshells,
As before their fathers were

Oh ye tardy plodding natures!
Haste, or you'll be left behind
Pardon plainness but we tell you
You are far behind the times

EDUCATION, in its progress,
On its eagle pinions bears,
Up the craggy heights of Science,
Ruddy youth and maiden fair

Fine Arts, now assume some power,
Borne on every breeze of air
Like aroma from some flowers,
Scenting all where'er they are

Architecture gard'ning painting
Poetry, are all the go,
Sculpture only is decaying,
Music now is all aglow

Music then may be the subject,
Toward which our pen's inclined—
But not music in the abstract—
Its effect upon the mind.

Ancient Myths tell of two Sirens,
Sitting on a rock bound shore,
Charming all the passers by them
With their songs of ancient lore.

Wood-nymphs were they—beautious maidens,
On a distant island lone,
Blessed with more than music's essence
Almost touching hearts of stone.

History tells us of Ulysses,
Much renowned in arms and war,
Who was one of Hellen's suitors,
But rejected long before.

In response to promise made her
When for her fair hand he sued,
That from insult he'd defend her,
And the bridegroom whom she loved.

When the wife of Menelaus—
Helen was her well known name—
Had eloped from Greece with Paris,
Shepherd-prince of Troja's plain.

At the call of Grecian Princess,
To avenge the injured one:
To the distant realm of Priam
Had the brave Ulysses gone.

O'er the wave of the Ægean,
East of Greece as you're aware,
In a thousand ancient triremes,
Did he lead his host with care.

On the marshy coast of Asia,
In the sight of Troy he lands,
And the fair but faithless lady,
With the voice of war demands.

Priam, now the king, gives answer—
I will never yield her up
While the walls of Troy are standing—
While in warrior's steel there's hope.

Then began the ten years sieging,
Of the warrior's strongest hold,
Which was at last forced to yielding,
By a wooden horse we're told.

Then sets out the brave Ulysses,
For his distant home in Greece,
Glad to finish all his wishes,
And to rest his arms in peace.

There Penelope awaits him,
Ten years absent from her side,
Feeling all that pure affection,
Of the newly married bride

He looks back o'er thousands slaughtered
By his own unerring sword
Now how much he will be altered,
By his wife's sweet loving words!

How he hastens embarkation,
O'er the sea to sail again!
Oh how high his expectation,
Reaching far beyond the main

But the stormy sea arises,
And the lofty billows roll,
Thunder mutters lightning flashes,
From the zenith to the polls.

Now the ships are tossed toward Heaven,
On the silver crested wave:
Now they sink beneath the lever,
Failing all their men to raise

Long did thus Ulysses wander
O'er the sea to seek his home,
Sad as some rejected lover,
When the last of hope is gone,

Now detained and now retarded
Now thrown back on some lone shore,
Ten years more are now departed,
Spent amid the water's roar

Now he nears the lonely island,
Where the Sirens sit to sing
And the twenty years of absence,
Seem to fail to rescue him

Fast he binds himself with fetters,
While his men guide on the craft,
Stops their ears with waxen stoppers,
Lest the music draw them off.

Such are some effects of music,
On the warrior's blood stained heart,
So great feats of ancient usage,
May suggest the Modern's part.

Ancient myths tell not the real,
They imagine all they speak:
But they bid the Moderns wrestle,
Such perfection too to seek

Foes to progress have been vanquished,
More may still be overcome
What's by man has been accomplished,
May by man again be done

Onward! upward! there with Science,
Mere one to it belong:
Knowledge over the world must triumph
And Religion's sacred songs

Ever since the age of darkness
Wrapped the world in papal folds
When the worship all was heartless
And the prey'rs were dead and cold

Ever since the mists of error
Floating from the hills of Rome,
Were dispersed by Martin Luther,
Sent by God and his dear Son

Music constitutes a portion,
In the worships of mankind,
Bearing on its wings to Heaven,
Homage of devoted minds

Music's sweetest trains here enjoy,
The asperities of man,
While on earth his spirit wanders,
Fitting for a better land.

But the day is fast approaching,
When the Saviour will return,
Bidding singers of devotion,
Higher, holier strains to learn

Soon the angel bands descending,
With the judgment seat surround:
Soon the trumpet will be sounding,
Waking nations under ground.

Then the darkened depths of Ocean,
Will yield up the watery dead,
And the earthly mounds in motion,
Leaping from the coffin bed.

"Come to judgment!" will be sounding,
From th' equator to th' polls
"Come to judgment!" ye surrounding
Earth of ages, young and old!

Time has ended—judgment's over
Now to view celestial lands.
See on plain and hill top yonder,
Holy saints and angel bands!

These are singing—singing—singing—
"Glory to the Son of man!"
Hear celestial arches ringing,
"Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Such is, then, sweet music's mission,
On this sin stained earth of ours,
Up to waken by emotions,
Man's apostate moral powers.

Here I leave my theme unfinished,
Closing this imperfect rhyme.
Not for matter much diminished,
But for simple want of time.

DISCUSSION WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than that of tasting?" was the subject up before a western debating club in a bar room. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself Walking up to the bar keeper he called for a hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with great gusto—then turning to his opponent he hurled the empty glass to the leadin: disputant, and thundered out—'now smell it, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe 'brought down the house,' and also the decision for the negative.

A FAMILY PUZZLE.—The family of Mrs. Lucinda Burr, of North Wilbraham, according to the Palmer Journal, consists of one father, three mothers, two grandmothers, one great grandmother, two widows, three children, one husband, one wife, two daughters, one grand daughter, one son, one grandson, one great grandson, one mother-in law and one son in-law: yet the family numbers but five persons, who all live under the same roof.

How Sal & Me Got Spliced!

A SENSATION TALE

NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

There are but few married men who could not, if they would, relate some interesting incident connected with their courting experience Of course everybody expects to be married at one time or another, and consequently everybody is anxious to know how everybody who has crossed the matrimonial Rubicon, managed the ticklish business.

J W M, thus explains how he got married.

It may be funny, but I've done it I've got a rib and a baby Shadows departed oyster stews, brandy cocktails, cigar boxes, boot jacks, absconding shirt buttons whist and dominoes Shadows present hoop skirts, band boxes, ribbons, garters long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets little willow chairs, cradles bibs, pap, sugar teat, paregoric hive syrup castor oil, godfrey's cordial soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills Shadows future more little responsibilities, more hive syrup, etc, etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest most tea cussard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music I hung around the house whistling Old Dan Tucker' dancing to keep my feet warm watching the heat bobbing up and down behind the curtains and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable I concluded to shin up the door post No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed 'Now said I let her rip, dance till your wind gives out!' And cuddling under the quilts Morpheus grabbed me I was dreaming of sea shell grottos and stewed tripe and having a good time when somebody knocked at my door, and awoke me Rap again I laid low—Rap tap tap! Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. Pap, rap! Then Lib sings out 'Jack, are you in there?' 'Yes' said I. Then came a roar of laughter 'Let us in' says she 'I won't,' says I, 'can't you leave a fellow alone?' 'Are you abed?' says she. 'I am,' says I Then came another laugh By thunder! I began to get riled 'Get out, you petticoated crows!' I cried 'can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed?' 'I won't go home with you, I won't so you may clear out!' And, throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But, presently, oh! moral buttons! I heard a still, small voice very much like sister Lib's and it said, 'Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there' Oh! Lord what a pickle! Think of me in bed all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have collapsed on the spot. As it was, I rolled among the bonnet wire in a hurry Smash went the millinery in every direction I had to dress in the dark, for there was a crack in the door and the girls will peep and the way I fumbled about was death to straw hats The critical moment came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women 'Oh! my Leghorn!' cries one. 'My darling winter velvet!' cries another.' And they pitched in; they pulled me this way and that; boxed my ears: and one bright eyed little piece, Sal, her name was put her arm right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever had a taste and it was powerful good I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July. 'Jack,'" said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes,' said I 'I will," I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too After that, we took a kinder turtle doving after each other 'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen pen—the chickens were going to roost—the bull frogs were commencing their evening songs the polly wogs in their native mud puddles were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back log listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads, roosters, and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass button of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot hole in the hog pen, fell on Sal's face, dyeing her hair with an orange peel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat to bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue—she was almost gone and I was ditto She looked like a grass hopper lying with the hiccoups and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a codfish ball 'Sal' says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying porker, 'will you have me?' She turned her eyes heavenward clasped me by the hand had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her pallate said 'Yes!' She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she ate a week before. Well to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married till we got so we could walk as gracefully as a couple of Muscovy ducks The night the company and the minister came the signal was given and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall We were just entering the parlor door, when down I came I reckon on the old cloth pulling Sal after me It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail It was too late to back out so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced and taking a seat I watched the kissing of the bride operation My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a shee, when oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through the hole in my pants and pinned it to the chair and in jumping up I displayed to the astonishing gaze of the astonished multitude a little more white muslin than was pleasant The women giggled the men roared. I got mad but as the ordeal of matrimonial noose slipping is over I consoled myself with the reflection common to all heroes and martyrs that there is no crown without a cross or no rose without a thorn. Jack promises in a future article to give his experience in married life and for the present bids his numerous friends adieu

An Eloquent Extract.

Generation after generation" says a writer, "have felt as we feel now and they were as active as our own They passed away like a vapor while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded to be The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now a round our paths The world will have the same attraction for our offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has for our children Yet a little while and all will have happened The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest Our funeral will wend its way, and the prayers shall be said and our friends will return and we will be left behind in silence and darkness for the worm And it may be a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names Then shall we become, in the touching language of the Psalmist "forgetten and gone out of mind"

A Frightful Scene.

A frightful scene might have been witnessed yesterday morning on the roof of a three story house situated on Water street, between Monroe and Quincy A young man was standing upon the comb of a roof repairing a chimney, when the shingles being wet and slippery, he lost his foot hold and slid down, feet fore most, towards the eaves. Two or three persons who witnessed the accident turned away sick with terror Although the man made every effort to get a hold, which the fear of certain death would naturally prompt, he moved slowly down, and was only checked from falling to the pavement below by a water spout against which his feet came in contact But for this frail obstruction he must have been dashed into a shapeless mass. Without uttering a cry for help the young man kicked off his shoes and proceeded to ascend, which he succeeded in doing and went to work at his chimney again, apparently taking little account of an accident which had made the eye witnesses heart sick and dumb with terror.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

General Scott's Bravery.

In a speech delivered at Newark, N J., Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against General Scott, produced a document, which was sworn to several years since, as part of evidence in a pension claim. This was the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affirmation that Gen. Scott, after he was wounded, rode to the line where the soldiers were stationed, his neck, breast and arm in a gore of blood, which ran down his leg, and trickled from his foot upon the ground, and said to the commander of the line, 'I am wounded and very weak. I want one of your young men to get up behind me, and hold me on my horse.' A young man threw down his musket and at one spring leaped upon the horse, and slowly galloped away to the main body of the army. The excitement produced by reading this document was thrilling in the extreme. The hundreds present rose to their feet and gave the most vehement cheers, so that it was some minutes before the speaker could proceed.

Extraordinary Mesmeric Delusion

According to the New Orleans journals a person calling himself Professor Hale, tried a very curious experiment at the new concert hall in that city, one evening lately.—As certain members of this audience were inclined to be skeptical, the professor induced a couple of well known citizens to go upon the platform and announced to the spectators that he would give them unanswerable evidence of his psychological power After getting them into a "trance state," he invited them to take a voyage to California with him and by the mere exertion of his will he made them experience all the annoyances and trouble of a long sea trip; caused them to be shipwrecked to get the mines make fabulous fortunes bring the gold dust to him and take his checks on a city bank for the respective amount. The subjects took the check (pieces of a playbill) and seemed perfectly contented with their apocryphal fortunes But the professor did not stop here, he stated that the gentlemen would remain under the illusory influence until the following morning when they would actually present their supposed checks at the bank and invited the audience to come and see for themselves At ten o'clock on the appointed day a large crowd had assembled to see the fun and in came one of the deluded with a piece of tattered paper in his hand The paying teller had been "posted" and when the mesmerized asked if his "check" was good, replied in the affirmative. He even offered to cash it but the gentleman, still acting by the will of the professor declared that he only wanted to know whether it was all right and would leave the money on deposit Scarcely had No 1 gone from the bank when deluded No 2 rushed in, and said very pompously that he had "a check for fifty thousand dollars from Professor Hale which he desired to have cashed" The teller pretended not to be able to read the writing, when the holder read off the regular form (though not a word was upon the paper,) and endorsed it across the back, as requested. The teller then observed that the amount was payable in coin and pointed to a large, empty specie box, which he said contained fifty thousand dollars The mesmerized said he would hire a cart to take it away, and went out for that purpose On his return the teller informed him that he had just discovered Professor Hale's account to be overdrawn, and could not honor the check No sooner did the deluded man hear this than he rushed frantically from the bank, entered Concert Hall and attempted to stab the Professor with a sword cane.—Hale narrowly escaped being spitted by his assailant, who struggled fiercely with those who held him, and called the Professor a cheat He was at last induced to hear the Professor's explanation, when that gentleman cautiously approached him, and with a few mesmeric passes, brought him to himself Nothing could exceed the wonder of the entranced individual when he discovered his situation and heard of the attempts to slay the professor He said that he felt like one just aroused from a deep sleep and could remember nothing from the time he ascended the platform and was mesmerized The other subject was soon found, and allowed to have a will of his own, and both subjects pronounced the professor the most wonderful man in the world

THE MORMON ALPHABET.—We have, says the N Y Journal of Commerce, a copy of the Desert News, containing the Mormons alphabet, which is part of the scheme originally devised by the Saints to render their community quite exclusive, and to debar all Gentiles and outside barbarians from a too critical surveillance of the internal workings of the State. It consists of thirty eight phonetic characters, a single character in some cases represents an entire word, though more frequently a combination of the characters are required in the orthography It is in fact quite similar to the system of stenography now employed by newspaper reporters and others. All words having the same pronunciation are spelled alike and the reader or hearer is obliged to depend on the context for a meaning of such words. As each character is designed to represent the sound for which it stands, a Mormon word construed into plain English is not the most euphoneous. For instance—"Matthew, sixth chapter," is spelt in the new Alphabet—*maetheoo, sexseth cheahptxur* which would not by any means pass in our common school spelling classes.

A GIANT FARMER.—The Rockford Republican says that Mr. Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, has earned for himself the reputation of the giant farmer of the West. Twenty-seven years ago he emigrated to that State a poor man. His operations were small at first, but continued to increase each year until he had reduced over 30,000 acres of land to a state of cultivation. He has one farm of 10,000 acres, and another of 7,800. He has one corn-field in Morgan county nearly six miles long. He has usually employed from 200 to 300 men, and a large number of horses. Every year, until quite recently he has stalled from 5,000 to 6,000 head of cattle, and kept other live stock in proportionate numbers. In these twenty-seven years he has made a fortune of a million of dollars, and he is still hale and vigorous to enjoy it.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.—The Grand Jury of Baltimore a couple of weeks since made a report on crime and its causes in that city. They say that they have examined one hundred cases of what is called offenses against the person, consisting of murder, assault and battery with intent to kill, and assault and battery, and find, without a solitary exception, that these cases have occurred while the parties were under the influence of liquor. They also say that three-fourths of all other cases that have come before them may be traced to the same cause, and add, as their opinion that as much of this evil may be attributed to the quality as to the quantity of the liquor used They say that the poisonous articles used in the adulteration multiply, while the genuine intoxicates, and its effects are as disastrous to the health as to the morals of those who use it The system of adulteration has been carried so far that it would be difficult from the reports of the chemists who have investigated the subject, to find any description of pure alcoholic liquor. That portion which comes from abroad is adulterated to the fullest extent of the French chemist, only to be here re-adulterated by fully unscrupulous but less skillful hands.

THE following eulogy, from the Mobile Tribune, appears to be laid out by facts: "Smith O'Brien is one of the most estimable of the Irish rebels." He has not perhaps, so much of the intellectual vivacity of many of the brilliant knot of young men who put the rebellion on foot, but he has more discretion, steadiness and wisdom, and indeed from those qualities, more influence. He is a modest, honest true, patriotic gentleman, and what is not less uncommon, has an aversion to honors which so many of our people are disposed to give him. No man, perhaps hates more than he that sort of honizing which comes of a profound toadyism. He would rather pass quietly through the United States, pleased, no doubt to receive the honest and warm tributes of respect, which he can hardly reject, when given to him by his own warm hearted countrymen"

IF ANSELMORES, like wine and cigars improve with age, the following will "go down" with a fine relish

When Dr Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer, there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them

It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support on the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15,067?

AN Irish woman, who kept a little grocery was brought to her death bed. When on the point of breathing her last, she called her husband to her bedside:

'Jame, there's Missus Maloney, she owes me six shillings,' said she faintly.

'Och Biddy Darlint, yer sinsible to the last,' exclaimed the husband.

'Yis, dear; and there's Missus McCraw I owe a dollar'

'Och! be jabbers yer as foolish as iver'

A MAN CONVERTED INTO A CANDLE.—In Cincinnati, a few days since, a man fell headforemost through a hatchway in a warehouse, a distance of fifteen feet, striking a barrel of lard, and forcing his cranium through the head of a barrel into the grease burying him to the depth of two feet, and leaving his legs stick up in the air. Before he could suffocate he was drawn out, looking likea mammoth candle with a double wick.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I will a family paper take, both for my own and children's sake? If such there be, let him repent, and have the paper to him sent; and if he'd pass a happy winter, he in advance should pay the printer

THE great bar to happiness is the bar of the grog shop. He who frequents it will very likely soon find himself before the bar of Justices. Let us all, then, place a bar against all evils arising from intemperance—the rock on which many young men have been shipwrecked

"POMPEY, what am dat goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops: am no use to de wagon, and yet de wagon can't go without it?"

"I gubs dat up, Clem."

"Why, de noise, ob course, you black nigge."

That man who is afraid to make an enemy, or is afraid of his enemies when they come ready made, as come they will, is not made of quite the metal to cut his way through this world.

An Irishman complained of his physician that he had stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.