

Democratic Watchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE-COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1859.

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Business Directory.

E. J. HOCKMAN,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER.
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Miscellaneous.

Mr. Brown's Mishaps

Mr. Elphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born grow up and die in this world of ours. It chanced that Mr. Brown had an occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Miraculous Escape—Man Carried 100 Feet above the Earth.

The Wheeling Intelligence soberly relates the following startling incident. It is true; it certainly deserves record as a remarkable accident and escape. The most frightful, and at the same time the most remarkable accident we have ever seen on record, occurred at the Catholic Church, yesterday morning. Some twenty persons were engaged in putting up the new bell which had arrived from Pittsburgh "the evening before." There was a windlass erected on the ground, to which was attached a snatch block and pulley. Immediately above the open space in the cupola, to which the bell was to be drawn up, there protruded a beam, to which was attached another snatch block and pulley, and the bell was to be conveyed to the top by means of strong ropes, working through chocks, sheaves by the power of the windlass and cylinder upon the ground. The bell had been raised in this way almost up to the open space in the cupola, and the men were just ready to pull it in.

The Bride of a Week Returns after a Twelve Years' Absence.

We have been requested to suppress the names in the following curious history, which has recently transpired, or rather the last chapter of which recently occurred in this country. A farmer's son, twelve years ago, married a neighboring girl—the daughter of a very respectable family. They removed immediately to a distant place, where they had been living but a few days when upon his return home one evening the wife of a week was missing. She did not return that night, during which he felt, of course, the utmost anxiety, and in the morning he started in search of her. He could only learn that he had taken the stage alone which led to a railroad station some miles distant. He looked, but at the depot lost all traces of her. He wrote to her former home, and published notices in the newspapers, but could obtain no clue to her whereabouts. He grieved in loneliness at her supposed criminal act, and to escape the scene where his week of unsatisfied happiness had been followed by so great a grief, he removed to this then sparsely settled wilderness. He here settled upon a promising piece of land, and in his cultivation, and the cares of life sought forgetfulness of the past. He succeeded admirably, he filled offices of trust, and grew wealthy. After a few years, his home requiring attention, he married, but his wife lived only long enough to hear him a son, and witness the first year of little one's existence.

A Good Joke.

A correspondent of the *Lambertville (N. J.) Beacon* says, a short time since, while staying at the borough of *King*, he overheard the following, which he thought it good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under Government, were seated on a tavern porch talking when an old toper, named John D., a person who is very loquacious when combed, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that the company had no objections, he would tell them a story. They told him to fire away, whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain King I don't recollect his name had a philosopher upon whose polemic he always depended. Now, as to his opinion that, one day the King took it into his head to go hunting, and after summing up his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along they met a countryman moulting a peacock. He advised them to return; for, he said, 'it certainly will rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower came up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace the King reproached the philosopher severely. 'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you do; he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.'

Surviving the Ship Fever.

A few days since one of the Metropolitan cars was stopped for the purpose of taking up an elderly lady and a sulky-looking little girl. In the car were two females, five or six men, and the seats were very full. Every inch of room seemed to be occupied by the occupants of the car were fish in a barrel. No one offered the old lady a seat, or made room for her by seeming to cough, sneeze, or do anything else. For a moment the old lady stared at the faces of those who sat near her, and then she smiled at the want of courtesy which characterized the conduct of the passengers.

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Miscellaneous.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him exclaiming:

"Father, I want you to buy me some more candy."

"Father?" was it possible, that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

"Who are you speaking to my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you, father," said the little one surprised.

"Really?" thought Mr. Brown, "this is embarrassing."

"I am not your father, my dear," he said, "what is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.

"What a funny father you are," she said, "but you are going to buy me some candy?"

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown nervously.

Miscellaneous.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionery store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me."

"You shouldn't have bought so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."

"Jones? I made up," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's a mistake. I am Mr. Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Elphalet Brown of W. and this is the first time I have ever been into this here city."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Jones what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife."

Mrs. Jones' ton was now defiant, and she tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

"I haven't any wife, madame; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married."

"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am."

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones, but mine is Brown, madame, and always was."

"Madame," said her mother suddenly taking her child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Madame who is this gentleman?"

"Why, that's father!" was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his.

"You hear that Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should govern when you, I'd like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? But I presume you never saw her before in your life."

"I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribe your child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without warning, she fell back on the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the comers of Brown.

"She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her."

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Sir," said the speaker sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."

Poor Brown was dumfounded.

I wonder thought he, whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm really Jones, and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that

Miscellaneous.

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but that it may be bettered. The sun that rises in the clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

Miscellaneous.

The accident struck everybody with a amazement, and all the eye witnesses were loth to believe in the incredulous feat. The bell weighed three thousand seven hundred pounds, and as it fell without hindrance, some idea may be formed of the rapidity with which Newton ascended. He says he thought of letting go the rope, but before the thought was clearly decided, he was at the beam, a hundred feet above. He had not time to let go his hold upon the rope. Some cog-wheels and pieces of machinery were hurled a distance of two squares from the church; and a Mr. Smith, who was standing near, received an ugly wound in the face from a flying particle. Mr. Newton was taken to the office of Dr. Dump, where his wounded hands were dressed. The flesh was all torn from the palms of his hands even to the bone, which is supposed to have been done by the death grasp, and his sliding down the rope during the swift passage into the air. Altogether, we suppose, there is not a more startling or remarkable accident, or a more miraculous escape on record.

Miscellaneous.

The King then gave him his walking sticks and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the King, "how you knew it would rain?"

"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the King.

"By picking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

The King sent the countryman away, and procuring the jacks of him, he placed them in the office of the philosopher.

"And here," observed Jack looking very wise, "is where the King made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired the auditors.

"Why ever since that time," said Jack with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants an after!"

Miscellaneous.

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon, and the annual sessions of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of mad dogs as could be found in the State who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement for there were then few theatres, concert-halls, or shows. These lovers of mischief had established a *mark* *Masonic Lodge*, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd. On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good natured, athletic young man, about half a sinner, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was particularly happy) had consented to act the role of deity; and, to make the services more impressive had put on a false face and a large paper cap, surmounted with horns, and with some chains in his hands, placed himself behind a screen. After taking the candidate through a variety of ceremonies he was brought to stand before the screen, and told that he had then to confess all the crimes he had committed during his whole life. The candidate confessed some trivial offences, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding-place, groaned, and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared that he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended deity became furious, the chains rattled, and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out:

"Hold on! *Master Deity*, if I must tell you, I did did, *h-kies* Judge Grass is nuff a c-couple of t-tims!"

The groaning ceased.

A CORRESPONDENCE WITHOUT A FIGHT.—The following notes are said to have passed between Governor Giles, and Patrick Henry of Virginia:—

Giles to Henry. Sir: I understand that you have called me a "bobtail" politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning.

Henry to Giles. Sir: I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

Very respectfully, PATRICK HENRY.

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream.—"True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him "a beaver naturally takes to the water."

Miscellaneous.

DR. J. H. POTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
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THE WAY TO MAKE A POOR PASTOR.

1. Be very careless and irregular in attending to his flock. Never go except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.
2. When at church be either asleep or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.
3. Treat your pastor with a cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.
4. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.
5. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular.
6. Be very like-warm and worldly-minded and yet complain of him for want of zeal.
7. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary.

Do all these things, and you will never fail to have a poor pastor.

Miscellaneous.

Spurgeon and the Yankee.

A gentleman who has recently returned from England, relates an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon that is too good to be lost. The great preacher had for his theme one day the power of individual personal effort; and to illustrate it, he told a story of a "Yankee," as Mr. Spurgeon called him, who boasted that he could whip the entire English nation himself. "And how could you do it?" said a bystander. "Why," said the Yankee, "I would whip him, and then I would take another, and so I would go along till I had whipped the entire nation." At the close of the sermon Mr. Spurgeon, the rest of the anecdote, and several friends, retired into a vestry. Soon there came in a tall, lean, long faced, solemn looking man, who hailed from the State of Maine. He presented to Mr. Spurgeon a letter of introduction, and was welcomed by the preacher. Soon Mr. Spurgeon addressed the newcomer by saying—"Well, my American friend, how do you like my illustration of individual power, drawn from your countryman?" "Oh," said the member from the Pine Tree State, "I was well pleased with it, because it was so true," and this was said with the utmost solemnity of tone, and gravity of manner. "So true, true," said Mr. S.; "what do you mean, sir?" "I knew a Yankee that did it once," was the reply. "And what was his name?" Mr. Spurgeon asked; to which the Yankee answered—"The name, sir, was George Washington; perhaps you've heard of him." Mr. Spurgeon was dumb for a moment; he then joined in a hearty laugh, and allowed "the Yankee" was too much for him.

A western editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. The wife was of an exceedingly peevish nature, and said to her mate—"Notice that moon, how bright, how calm, how beautiful." "Couldst thou think of noticing," returned the editor, "for anything less than usual rates—a dollar and 84 cents for twelve lines."

Miscellaneous.

Life After Burial.

A singular occurrence says the *Albany Knickerbocker* of the 27th, was discovered in a vault attached to one of our burial grounds on Sunday last. It was that of a female, who was deposited therein for dead some two months since, being found on opening the coffin, to be lying on her side, with one hand under her head. From this it was evident that the woman was alive when placed there, and awakening from the trance into which she had fallen, endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment. This, of course, was an impossibility; the cover was not only screwed down tight, but the space was too contracted to allow of even an effort. It was evident, however, that the unfortunate woman became convinced of the fact and concluded to die. She therefore took the easy posture in which she was found, and breathed her last. The thought that they had buried her while yet alive, set her friends almost crazed. The father and mother had just arrived from the Old Country last week, and were brought to the vault to see their child. The scene is related as a heart rendering.

"Edmond, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar?" "I don't know—isn't that the way, mother?" "No, my son, you have disobeyed me, you have been in swimming." The boy was for a moment silent. However the satisfactory explanation, as she thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant look and a bold voice, he exclaimed:—"Mother, I guess I turned it getting over the fence!"

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he got behind the door and swallowed the dose, when he lifted both hands and exclaimed:—"Verily I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people! What will Abigail say when she smells my breath!"

HARD TIMES IN IOWA.—A letter from Chickasaw, Iowa, states that there is not enough breadstuffs in the country to sustain the people until harvest. Flour is \$4 per bushel; corn meal \$1.75; corn \$1 per bushel; oats 60 cents; potatoes \$4; pork 10 cents a pound, and so what to be had.

Miscellaneous.

Shocking Scene at an Execution.

The Chicago Times, in giving an account of an execution there on Friday, of Michael McNamee, for the murder of his wife, describes the following painful scene at the gallows. The sheriff, by a quick and sudden motion pulled the cord, the bolt came out, and the trap fell astir. The wretched man fell flat down on the stone floor of the prison below. The fall could not have been less than ten feet. Of course, the prisoner was very much bruised, and stunned. No sooner, however, had he touched the floor, than he was raised there by the vigilant officers in attendance, and this time carried up the stairs. It was some minutes before the rope could again be prepared and during this interval his sufferings must have been very great. Altho, however, a running noise was made in the rope, and the rope itself placed around his neck. Again was the wretched man placed in the proper position on the drop; again was the cap placed over his eyes, and again was the bolt withdrawn, and the murderer launched into the space below. This time the work was better done. The poor man struggled violently and swung to and fro for some minutes, but his struggles grew fainter and fainter, and after ten or twelve minutes, ceased altogether.

Our lady readers, who take pride in good pastry and desert, will thank us for the following excellent recipes for puddings. They are worth the whole price of the *Watchman* for one year.

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An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony, by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so pleasing.

A witness before Judge H. of Mississippi in answer to a question replied:—"Yes, sir, I saw a man on the Judge's side say 'Mr. Clark, five Mr. Jones five dollars for the rice, and five for the lob'."

Juror Fined.

Mr. Samuel R. Ellis, of Pottsville, summoned as a Juror in the U. S. Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, was fined \$50 by Judge Chadwick, last week, for expressing an opinion after having been panelled as a juror. The case on trial was that of Judge Vandersmith, of Lancaster county, for committing pension frauds. The circumstances are thus reported in the Philadelphia Press:

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April 17, 1859

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