

# Democratic Matchman

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1859.

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## Select Poetry.

### Be Union of Friends in Heaven.

We are glad about with shadow,  
Nothing here is sure,  
Sunshine, o'er the greenest meadow,  
Passing clouds obscure,  
Fairest night and balmy morn,  
Joy is pride of sorrow  
Fatehood dwells in fairest feature,  
Lies are gleamed with art,  
Truth oft' weath' roughest nature  
Who can read the heart?  
That we see is only seeming,  
That we do, we are but dreaming.

Life and death are strangely mingled,  
Bliss and pain are strangely blended,  
Each from each can scarce be singled,  
They such likeness have,  
Life to death is ever giving,  
Dying seems truest living.

When the world's sweetest blowing,  
Plagues its bliss to know,  
Wisest sage has no knowing  
Of the love of Death,  
That great love, the deepest hidden,  
Is light to us of hidden.

Yet, are lights of heaven blending  
With the shades of earth,  
Death is evermore ascending  
To the gates of Birth,  
Faith can peer beneath the curtain,  
The uncertain it made certain.

## Miscellaneous.

### Incident in the Life of a Locomotive Engineer.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me, I found out to be a Locomotive Engineer, and in the course of our conversation he made the remark, he hoped he had run his last trip upon a Locomotive. Upon making hold to say his reasons, he gave me the following story, and since then I have found it to be strictly true:

"Five years since I was running upon the N. Y. & R. My run was from B. to R. It was the Light House Express Train, and it was what is name denotes, for it was fast, very fast, and if I do say it, the old Locomotive could go. I have seen her throw her six feet drivers so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed that Railroad engineers are a hard hearted set of men, their lives are hard, true, but I do claim to have as fine a feeling, and a heart that can sympathize with the unfortunate as any man that breathes. But to my story.

About half a mile from the village by B. there is a very little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about 4 years old, as bright, blue-eyed, curly-headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

"One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast. We did not stop at B. and I was making up one hour before reaching R. We came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eye following the track not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten, which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the alighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than lightning that blast the tall pine upon the mountain top. I whistled 'down breaks' and reversed my engine, but I knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did that old engine try to save him. The awful straining and writhing of its iron drivers told too plainly of the terrible velocity we had attained. I was out of the cabin window, and down on the cowcatcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still. I motioned him off and shouted, his little blue eyes opened wide with astonishment, and a merry laugh was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to save him, but missed, and as his little body passed under I heard the cry of 'Mother!' and the forward truck crushed him to atoms.

"Oh, God! that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once. She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget the look she gave me as she beheld her first-born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment! I have seen death in all its forms upon the railroads. I have seen men, women and children mangled and killed—I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy, as he looked up at me—it unnered me and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive any more.

The young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour the boy was killed reason had left its throne. He stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, 'You may think it weak in me to shed tears, but I cannot help it.'

## A Case of Jealousy and Proposed Murder.

A dealer in strong drink, once residing in Albany, assured me that when he purchased imported liquors, in New York, on ship-board, he felt no security in receiving the imported article unless he watched it. A large number of pipes of imported brandy, purchased of the importer while on the dock, were removed the following night, the casks emptied and fictitious brandy substituted, the casks replaced in their old position before morning, and the whole sold at auction the next day, as pure imported brandy. A dealer one said to me: 'If you purchase my stock of wine cost (which he valued at \$5,000) I will give you the trade.' I replied, 'I will purchase every gallon you will warrant pure.' After some hesitation, he answered, 'I have not one.'

## Fatal Duel at Mobile.

A duel was fought at Mobile, Ala., May 17th, between W. J. Vick, only son of Colonel H. Vick, of Laqueena county, Mississippi, and James Smith, of Vicksburg, in which Mr. Vick was killed. A letter to the New Orleans Picayune, from Mobile, says: As announced to you already, by telegraph, two young gentlemen, Mr. Smith and Mr. Vick, came over to this city to day from New Orleans, to settle an 'affair of honor,' the result of which was the death of the latter. Their original destination was Pass Christian, but circumstances brought them here. They were attended by two seconds and a surgeon each.

The meeting took place at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the old race course (Bacomb's). The weapons were common Mississippi rifles; distance forty paces. They fought on the inside of the course—some eighty yards from the enclosure and under the open sun. Coolness and calmness marked each antagonist, as he walked to his position, and indeed until the fatal discharge. Mr. Vick won the choice of position; Mr. Smith won the 'word.'

All preliminaries being arranged, and the weapons placed in the hands of the belligerents, the usual command was given. Each gentleman answered audibly, 'Ready.' At the word 'Fire' Mr. Vick brought his weapon down and discharged it. At once Mr. Smith fired, and his antagonist fell instantaneously dead. The ball took effect immediately under the left cheek, and ran upward, passed into the brain, where it lodged. The unfortunate victim fell stiff and cold, and was laid before his seconds reached him. What a change! A robust, manly form, vigorous and healthy a second, and it lies a bleeding corpse! There's honor for you!

## Envy.

Envy is a mean passion. It neither consoles reason nor sways until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject—like the scorpion, it eats out the substance of everything outside of itself and then turns and prays upon its own vitality, and grows to say, that in feeding upon itself, it strength and strengthens and becomes more capable of performing its destructive work. The envious person can never be happy. The thing is impossible. As well expect the cornucopia to be out of pain and experience pleasure with its sharp beak on its own heart, and drawing forth the fluid by which its life is sustained. If the silly bird that drinks its own blood can be at rest and satisfied then may an envious man pronounce himself contented. But while the wound is open and bleeding, the process of destruction must be going on; and the result is inevitable. When the last drop is drawn forth, the work is finished. Envy destroys itself with the destruction of its possessor. But the worst of all is that while envy is doing its work of destruction in the heart that entertains it, none of the parties are at all hurt or disquieted. The vile passion can only prey upon itself. It can do no harm outside of the poor mistaken bosom that affords it a harbor.

## Deplorable Condition of the Pike's Peak Emigrants.

The regular correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Denver City, on the 9th inst. recounts the most deplorable condition of affairs on the Plains.

Many of the emigrants are dying from starvation, while the others are subsisting on prickly pears and wild onions found along the road. The State agent reports picking up a man, named Blue, who was reduced to a skeleton from starvation. On recovering, he gave a most lamentable account of his adventures. He started in company with two of his brothers for the mines, one of them died on the road, and the remaining two were so far bordering on a state of starvation that they eat his body.

Another died, and in turn was nearly devoured by the survivors.

A man named Gibbs had reached the mines in a starving condition, and expressed the opinion that his party, nine in number, had all perished.

Many graves were seen along the route. Much property has been destroyed and abandoned on the road.

The writer of the letter before referred to, says the number of departures from the mines is about equal to the arrivals.

About five hundred of the returning emigrants reached St. Joseph on Saturday, all of whom confirm the previous accounts of the suffering and privations on the Plains.

## Kissing a pretty girl down South.

A young gentleman asked her: 'What makes you so sweet?' 'Oh,' she replied in utter innocence, 'my father is a sugar planter.'

Five hundred Mormons arrived in New York last week, from Europe, en route for Salt Lake city.

## Double Execution.

The execution of Christian Jacobi and David S. Evans, convicted of murdering their wives, took place, in the jail yard, at Pittsburg, on Friday last. Both the unfortunates appeared to be deeply penitent, and expressed themselves willing to die, having made their peace with their God. On being led to the scaffold Jacobi refused to say anything to the people present, but Evans made the following speech:

GENTLEMEN.—I stand before you for the last time. A few more minutes and I shall be in the presence of my Maker; and Judge since the 11 of May, 1858, I have been deeply in the waters of affliction; but while thus encompassed I have had the Lord Jesus Christ sustain me. A dear companion was then taken from me, for whom I would willingly have laid down my life. Oh death I have been coveted, but before God, my Maker, I declare my innocence. Who did the awful deed I know not. I do innocently, but hope my death may be an atonement of good to some here. I once promised to make a statement to the public before my execution; but as it has refused to believe what has been already offered, I have decided to refrain. [He here referred to some statements which were given in evidence on his trial.] I was going to declare these statements false, but I leave the witnesses to their God. I did not see the body that morning; and did not discover the loss of the money until some time after. I entertain no enmity to the witnesses against me; and I leave them to a higher Being. I could get down on my knees and pray for all of them; and I sincerely hope to meet them all where sin and sorrow shall be no more. But I am not a left-handed man, and the witnesses knew it was false.

In your cell I have bowed before my God. I have prayed for them and me. I have made a written statement, which is in the hands of a friend, with liberty to publish it if he and others think best. It contains more than I can tell. Before I leave the world, I want to declare my trust in my Savior and Redeemer, my belief that he has forgiven my sins, and that he will clothe me with the robes of purity and bliss. Let your hearts intercede in my behalf, that when my body drops, my soul may fly aloft to an everlasting habitation. [After conferring with his spiritual advisers he proceeded.] Gentlemen, if I know anything of my own heart, I love the Lord Jesus. I know that for his sake my sins have been forgiven. I have a home beyond this vale of tears—a home in the heavens. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I believe that when the drop shall fall, the Lord Jesus will receive me to a home above. I feel happy in anticipating that I shall soon join them in another beloved companion and offspring. I hope to dwell with them and my Lord Jesus. I have nothing more to say except that I am going home, and expect to enjoy a blessed immortality.

## The Beginning of the World.

The following is an extract from a sermon of Spurgeon, the English preacher, and is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two, has made his name familiar in both hemispheres:

"Can any man tell me when the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that, God was forming some matter to make it fit for man, and putting a race of creatures upon it, that they might die and leave traces of his handiwork and marvelous skill, before he created his hand on man. But this was not the beginning, for Revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned, to the days when the morning stars were begotten—when like drops of dew from the fingers of morning, stars and constellations fell thickly from the hand of God; by his own lips, he launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with his own hand, he sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to those days when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not approached the beginning yet.

"Until we go back to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn—until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, dwells alone, everything sleeping in his mighty gigantic thought—we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back—ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use a word, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing may be tired, our imagination may be weary, but our imagination may be weary. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashes in majesty, power and rapidity; it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose his people, when un-navigated, either was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, no motion, no light but God himself alone in his eternity; when, without the song of an angel, without the attendance of a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, 'in the beginning was the Word,' and in the beginning God's people were—in the beginning He chose them all unto eternal life.

## A Great Man.

George Lippard, in his work called the 'Fugitive,' thus speaks of President Jackson: 'He was a man! Well I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair. I can see him now. We took him of the public distress—the manufacturer's union. He showed eagles in crape, which were carried at the head of 20,000 men into Independence Square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposits where they were, to uphold the great bank at Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. We had one of our members more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the bank was crushed a rebellion might follow. Then the old man arose. I can see him yet.

'Come,' he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clenched hand was raised high above his white hair. 'Come with bayonets in your hands instead of your petitions—surround the White House with your legions—I am ready for you! With the people at my back, when your gold can neither save nor buy, I will swing you around the Capitol—each one of you on a gibbet as high as Hatan's.'"

"When I think," says the author of that one man standing there at Washington, battling against all the powers of bank and panic—conquered, betrayed by those in whom he trusted—assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss, or the fiend of falsehood howl. When I think of that one man placing his back against the rock, and lifting his voice for the blow, while he offered his soul, I will not swerve one inch from the course I have taken." I must confess that the record of some may be the proudest days of Charweller, Napoleon—cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of Andrew Jackson—when he placed life and soul and fame on the Lizard of a one for the people's welfare.—Providence Sentinel.

## The Two Names A Contrast.

The name of Washington is universally beloved and respected. We love him for the intrinsic excellence of his character, and for being the instrument in the hands of God of securing to us the blessing of civil and religious liberty. Well does he deserve the affection of every American tongue. I would not understand any less the respect and esteem due him for the services which he rendered to his country in those times that tried men's souls."

But I cannot help wondering at the indifference manifested by us as individuals for another name as deserving of our love and gratitude as that of Washington. One secured to us freedom from British tyranny and oppression, the other suffered and bled and died to reflect on from a bondage more intolerable than that of any earthly potentate. Why do many love the one and despise the other? Washington was good and true. He sacrificed a crown and kingdom for the welfare of mankind, and bequeathed to us the richest earthly boon, "freedom to worship God." But Jesus Christ has done more than this. He left the glorious mansions of his Father's love, and came down to earth to redeem us from the power of sin and death, and makes us joint heirs with him to an inheritance "uncorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," eternal in the heavens. To accomplish this, he bore the scourg of a wicked, gossamer world, and suffered the death of the cross.

## Eloquents.

The following items which we clip from the Tyrone Star and Harrisburg Patriot and Union, explain their lives and each other.

**STRONG'S CONDUCT.** On Wednesday night last, a young lady of this place, (whose name we suppress on account of her former respectability, and that of her parents,) packed up her trunks and trunks, and departed herself with a veil, green spectacles, &c., and took a passage on the train for Huntingdon, without the knowledge of her parents! The next day, her father followed her and brought her back. Her conduct has afflicted her parents very much, and it is to be hoped she has learned a lesson which she will not soon forget. It has been intimated that a certain individual who was formerly a resident of this place for a short time, but who now lived in Huntingdon, had better "make himself scarce," lest his earthly career might suddenly be cut short!

**ELOPMENTS.**—Our police officers received a telegraphic despatch yesterday, from Mr. Crutcher, a hotel keeper in Tyrone City, requesting them to arrest his daughter, who had eloped with a married man by the name of D. S. Africa. The officers were promptly at the depot, and awaited the arrival of the train, but one of the birds had been caged, and the other had flown. The conductor, Mr. Wetzel, told them that the would be happy bride, had been taken at Huntingdon, and escorted back to Tyrone, by her anxious parent. The African gentleman thinking that discretion was the better part of valor; sloped for parts unknown, and thus evaded the eagle eyes of our police. Such is the history of the elopement.

On Saturday, Judge Thompson sentenced Alderman Allen, convicted of conspiring to defraud Jacob Karstetter, to nine months imprisonment in the county prison. Reckless, for the same offence, was sentenced to imprisonment for a year.

## Advertisement for Dr. James B. Hutchinson.

DR. JAMES B. HUTCHINSON,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office on the Diamond, one door west of the Court House.

## Advertisement for J. G. Irwin.

J. G. IRWIN,  
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,  
OAK HALL MILLS, PENNA.

## Advertisement for Lank & Wilson.

LANK & WILSON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office on an Alleyway street, in the building formerly occupied by Hume, McAllister, Hale & Co.

## Advertisement for D. G. Huber.

D. G. HUBER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

## Advertisement for J. D. Winkate.

J. D. WINKATE,  
RESIDENT DISTRICT CLERK,  
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.

## Advertisement for George W. Swartz.

GEORGE W. SWARTZ,  
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,  
Rooms on the East Side of the Diamond, near the Court House.

## Advertisement for Dr. G. L. Potter.

DR. G. L. POTTER,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring Street.

## Advertisement for Dr. J. B. Mitchell.

DR. J. B. MITCHELL,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa.

## Advertisement for J. H. Stover.

J. H. STOVER,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Bellefonte, Penna.

## Advertisement for W. M. Reynolds & Co.

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## Advertisement for Artists' Materials.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,  
Materials for painting in White Colours, Oil Colours, incompressible Tubes, Varnish for Gilding, Oil Paintings, Silver Fall, Gold Leaf, Gold and Silver Bronzes, Camel Hair Brushes, Paper, India Ink, superior English Prepared Canvas, &c., can be had at the Drug Store, Bellefonte, Pa.