

# Democrat

# Matchman

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN. TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1860.

Vol. 11, No. 25

TERMS.—\$1.50 per month in advance, or \$4.50 per quarter, or \$15.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

**Business Directory.**  
W. J. HOOKMAN, SURVEYOR AND CONVEYOR.  
WILLIAM H. BEAVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
E. J. CRANE, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
JAMES H. HANCOCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
EVEN H. BLANCHARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
J. J. LINGLER, SURGEON DENTIST.  
LENN & WILSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
W. P. HANCOCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
MARTIN STONE, AUCTIONEER.  
DR. J. L. SARGENT, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
DR. J. H. TITCHELL, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
J. D. WINGATE, RESIDENT DENTIST.  
W. P. HANCOCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
W. F. REYNOLDS & CO., BILLIARDS AND RETAIL DEALERS.  
HUMEN, MCGALLISTER, HALE & CO., ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
J. H. STOVNER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
W. P. CARMEN, DRUGGIST.  
CHARLES H. HALE & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

## Select Poetry.

### I Wish He'd Make Up His Mind.

I wish he would make up his mind,  
For I don't care much longer to wait;  
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly  
That I thought of changing my state;  
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,  
I can't bring him out though I try,  
Even that he's very good temper,  
But then he's so dreadfully shy.

When I speak about love and a cottage,  
He gives me a look of surprise;  
And if I but hint at a marriage,  
He blushes quite up to his eyes;  
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—  
And 'tis no use my being unkind,  
For that's not the way, I'm certain,  
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,  
I've worked him both slippers and hose,  
And we've walked by moonlight together,  
Yet he never attempts to propose!  
You must really ask his intention,  
Or some other bean I must find;  
For indeed I won't tarry much longer  
For one who can't make up his mind.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Touch of Human Nature.

Raymond Willford was considered through a young man, one of the most flourishing merchants. He was a welcome guest in our so-called highest circle of fashion, while many a calculating father considered him a very desirable son in law in prospect. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with pecuniary losses and embarrassments; while the news spread as fast as gossip tongues could report it. Strange to say, although his elegant mansion had to be sacrificed, there was not a debt that remained unpaid, while some money was yet left him.

"What think you of human nature, my friend?" said he to me.

"It is a philosophical enigma," I replied.

"So it was with me till I solved it," said he. "I found it a strange companion; the larger portion of which was selfishness. For instance, when the gliding wealth covered my name, I was sought after by the very men who now turn their backs on me. I was flattered by women, who, if my name was now mentioned in their presence would affect forgetfulness of ever having heard of it. After dinner we will make some simple illustrations of what I have said."

Accordingly after dinner we set out. We first entered the counting room of a merchant, to whom he introduced me as a friend. I soon learned that my friend was not held in the highest estimation, from the cool formality with which he was received. We did not even have the courtesy of chairs offered us. With a meaning smile Raymond bid the merchant good afternoon, and we found ourselves again in the street.

"This is illustration No. 1," said he with a smile.

"Is it possible that you could have been intimately acquainted with this man," I asked.

"That man has been reduced to the extremity of begging his dinner. Time after time, have I thus accumulated him. I even loaned him money to commence business, and now you see how graciously he has received me and my friend."

We next passed to the door of an elegant mansion, wherein Raymond had been frequently an honored guest. It was the residence of a professional gentleman of large fortune, who still did Raymond the justice to regard him as such. His lady evinced a professed friendship for him greater than her husband's if not for her own at least for her daughter's sake to whom rumor once reported she was engaged. Since Raymond's misfortune was whispered to her, she no longer spoke of him as a near friend, but endeavored to persuade her husband to rid the house of him, which provoked the calm reply:

"He is a gentleman, and as such it is my will that you should entertain him whenever he may honor my house with his presence."

On this account, I suppose, we were tolerated on the present instance, for the gentleman was not at home. The lady treated us rather coolly, which I was prepared to see. After we were seated, Raymond inquired for Miss Richards, her daughter, to which she replied with an apparent shrug of the shoulders, that she was well, but at present engaged.

"No, mamma, I am not, said the beautiful girl, as she lightly entered the room. "I am happy to meet an old friend, who I am sure, is none the less welcome for having been so unfortunate."

The lovers for they were—had not met since Raymond's misfortune, and their meeting was now so heartily that I could not for a moment doubt the affection of either. I saw also the cloud that rested upon the brow of Mrs. Richards, nor was I surprised to hear her say:

"My daughter is so pleasantly engaged, gentlemen, that I trust my presence is no longer required; and without ceremony, she left the room."

"Clara," said Raymond, taking her white hand, "are all my fondest hopes to be realized? Can the daughter of a wealthy man condescend to acknowledge her attachment for a poor bankrupt merchant?"

The fair girl blushed and looked doubtfully at me.

"Do not fear to speak in my presence," said he, "for next to you he is probably my best friend."

## Singula Divorce and Marriage.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor, and a mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the wealthy man liked the latter. As in the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends, having thus sold herself, she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path. For time, feeling that this couple were too happy, feeling, and the man's riches took wings and used them in flight. Thereupon the husband found no life business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding house, and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittance arrived from him at first, then nothing came, and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted. The family whose good opinion of the husband had not lately been so often published as formerly, now began to look upon her as a case for a divorce. When she had become well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate wife was thrown into the society of the mechanic lover, now prosperous and still unmarried. The memory of her early, real love came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that she had remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute. This accomplished there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth. She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feelings cannot have been pleasant to learn that since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the unfortunate lover of her youth had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and at the time of her hand, some of her no longer palpitated for him. In fact, Barkis was not willing! As if all this were not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth, that he was on his way home, and that she was to meet him at New York.

## "This is the Road to Hell."

This terrible suggestive expression was used the other day by one of the prisoners now under sentence of death in our county jail. The occasion of its utterance was as follows:

A party went to visit the prisoners in jail; one of the condemned recognized one of the visitors as a former resident of the same town in Ohio. His widowed mother lives there still and some of his sisters. The visitor asked him if his mother knew of his situation. He replied that she does, and that he had received a letter from her but a few days previously. Immediately upon this allusion to his mother his mind seemed to wander back to the scenes of his youth, and the home of his early affections and his face gave evidence of an intense and indelible anguish of heart, so painful and terrible that he was unable to look upon her burst into tears, and addressing the visitor in question, who was a lady, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Little did I think when I saw you in Ohio that I would ever come to such a condition as this. Little did I think I would ever come to the dishonorable death I am doomed to die, and break the heart of my poor old mother, and disgrace all my relations. Oh my God! my heart will burst. I never killed Wood, but I was drunk and I was present at his murder. Had I not been drunk I would never have been there. It is whisky that has ruined me. Whisky led me to bad company, and it is whisky that has brought me to the gallows. The temptations of the whisky shops first led me astray. Yes Mrs. Little the whisky shop has been to me the road to Hell and now, if I was able I would have propped the door of every whisky shop in Dubuque and everywhere else in big letters that every body could see these words of truth, 'This is the Road to Hell.'"

Here the poor fellow's head sank upon his hands and his agony seemed terrible. He doubtless felt the truth and force of what he said, and all who saw him pined him. As the words of a doomed and dying man his forcible and agonized remarks made a deep impression on all who heard him.—*Dubuque Herald.*

## Fact, Fun and Faery.

Field Douglas's paper is out for Lincoln. That is according to the fitness of things.

Belgium is about purchasing the Island of Cuba from Turkey for the sum of 40,000,000 francs.

There's a brassy smash, as the wag said, when a drunken man fell through a pane of glass.

That's part of the sinking fund, as a chap said when a box of specie went to the bottom of the river.

An Irish sailor once visited a city where he said they "copper bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet lead."

Paternal—If Virginia is the mother of Presidents then Pennsylvania must be the father for it is universally known as Pa.

Some think life too short, nevertheless find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

A lawyer, on his passage from Europe, observed a shark and asked a sailor what it was, who replied: "We call them sea lawyers."

In France, only one traveller is killed out of every two millions of passengers on the railroads, and only one wounded in every 500,000.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either one or the other.

The name of what public institution would express the condition of a man about to be married to a lady named Mary? Answer in five words.

Brigham Young, with several of the dignitaries of his church, but with few, if any of his wives, spent several days in Philadelphia recently.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet one season he always harrows her bosom and at another he pulls her ears.

James says he has a way of getting a drink of water at his boarding house without asking for it. He gets it by asking for a third cup of tea.

A Printer's Devil, wanting to kiss his sweet heart, addressed her as follows:—"Miss Katy, may I have the pleasure of placing my imprint on your bill?"

A fire at St. Joseph, Mich., on Wednesday last, destroyed fifteen buildings, including half the business portion of the place. Loss \$30,000; the work of an incenitary.

The cattle disease, which has lately destroyed so much stock in Massachusetts and the other New England States, has it is said made its appearance in Berks county, this State.

A lady wished a seat. A portly, hand-some gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh, you're a jewel!" said she. "Oh no," replied he. "I'm a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

Abbotting—Sawyer's letter upon the Chicago nominations. It breathes a mournful, heart broken resignation—a beautiful, but sort of "thy will be done" spirit, that makes one feel when reading it. Pity the sorrowed &c.

Flour at Denver City. Pike's Peak is worth from \$40 to \$50 per barrel. \$50 per bushel, 25 cents per pound—butter, 75¢; Eggs, 75¢ per Doz.—Hay \$10 per ton. In the mountain mines these prices are 50 per cent higher.

Are you in love, Mary? "Yes, mother."

How much? "Well, I don't know exactly; but I should think about five feet or thereabouts, for I feel all overish."

The best reason we have yet seen assigned why the Black Republicans call Lincoln "honest Abe," is to distinguish him from the balance of the party. There is always one black sheep in a flock—why not one white sheep in a black flock?

This is punch: "Our fair cousin Fanny (we dare not give her surname) says she is really surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men keep making about crinolines; for of course they must admit that the widest of wide corset and two feet!"

Whisky is now tested by the distance man can walk after tasting it. The new liquor called "Tangle leg," is said to be made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, boot-leg and tobacco, and will upset a man at a distance of four hundred yards from the demijohn.

A forlorn and disconsolate husband thus advertises:—"My wife, Anna Martha, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do as he thinks fit; as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely I'll pay hers."

The great Carstang breach of promise case came up again in Court in St. Louis last Friday, on argument for a new trial.—The Judge refused to hear oral testimony to show that the jurors in the recent trial had prejudged the case, alleging that the proper mode was by affidavits. The case was postponed for the purpose of preparing them.

## A Heroine.

Recently died at Hammermith, in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for her beauty and constancy. Having met with opposition to her engagement with Capt. Charles Ross, she followed him in men's clothes, when after such a research and fatigue as scarcely any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods, lying for dead, after a skirmish with the Indians, and with a profound wound. Having studied surgery in England, she, with an ardent and vigilance which only such a passion could inspire, saved his life by sucking his wound, the only expedient that could have effected it at the crisis he was in, and infused him, with a serene covering from the sky for six weeks.

During this time she remained unsuspected by him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark, and keeping to a man's habit, well supported by the transport of hearing his unceasing aspirations of love and regret for that dear though, he then thought, distant object of his soul, being charged by him with transmitting to her the captain's sword, his remains, and the dress assertions of constancy and gratitude for the unparalleled care and tenderness of his nurse, the bearer of them; but recovering they moved to Philadelphia, where as soon as she had found a clergyman to join her to him forever she appeared as herself, the Priest accompanying her.

They lived for the space of four years in a fondness almost ideal to the pre-est age of corruption, and that could only be interrupted by her declining health. The faulds she had undergone, and the poison never properly expelled which she had imbibed from his wound, undermined her constitution. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret at having begun the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died with a broken heart last spring at Johnston, New York. She lived to return and implore forgiveness of her family, whom she had distressed so long by their ignorance of her destiny.

## A Description of the Person of Jesus Christ.

AS IT WAS FOUND IN AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT SENT BY PUBLIUS LINTULUS, PRESIDENT OF JUDAEA TO THE SENATE OF ROME:—There lives at this time in Judaea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match falling into graceful curls below his ears agreeably curving on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sons of the Nazarenes. His forehead smooth and large, his cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his beard reaching a little above his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with majestic counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in a word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being! No man has seen him laugh; but the whole world would hold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from sympathy with him. That, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man for excellent beauty and driving perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

## SHAMEFUL BETRAYAL.

A young girl, about seventeen years of age, was before Alderman Beutler at the Central Station on Friday, under the following circumstances. She was found wandering about the streets of the Fifth Ward weeping bitterly. Upon being questioned by an officer she stated that she was homeless and without friends. She was taken to the Station house, and subsequently to the Central Station, where she told a sad story. It was as follows: She was seventeen years of age and a native of Salem, New Jersey. Two years ago her father purchased a plantation near New Orleans, and with his family, removed there. The girl went to school a few miles from home, and a hired man was in the habit of carrying her backward and forward in a wagon. During these rides he succeeded in winning her affections, and in persuading her to elope with him. She stole a hundred dollars belonging to her father, and the couple came to Philadelphia, where the villain effected her ruin, and after obtaining all her money, and plugging nearly all her clothing, he deserted her. Having no means left, the poor creature was turned into the streets by the proprietor of the house where she had been staying. The girl refused to make affidavit against the "wounded" who had betrayed her. She was sent to the House of Refuge until her family can be communicated with.

## A Dying West India Planter.

A dying West India planter, gazing to his favorite servant, sighed out, "Ah, Mambo, I am going on a long, long journey. 'Never mind, massa,' said the negro, solemnly, 'it am all do way down hill!'"

## The Best Sewing Machine.

Punch contains the following admirable description of an old-fashioned sewing machine, which ever bachelor should possess. The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust and once in motion will go on unintermittently for hours without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, dress-stocks, sew on buttons, mark pocket-handkerchiefs, cut out patterns and manufacture children's frocks, out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do to hand your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order, a little from being overworked it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern for a wife—one for instance that sings whilst working and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house.

## FLIRTATIONS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

The innocent flirtation of married women is one of the abominations of modern society. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one and his approval, should be all that she ought to desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see her degrading that beauty for public gaze; to see her seeking the attention of sensualists fops around her, and rejoicing in her admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. Her beauty should be for him alone, not for the gaze of the fools that flutter around her. There is always among the sedate and the wise a sensation of disgust, when a married lady attempts to gaze or catch young men by profuse display of her charms, or an unlicensed display of her sensuality. Such charms and such smiles are loathsome to the indifferent beholder; the trail of the serpent is over them.

KREN SATHE.—At a ball one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along, persuaded the lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The plain woman, observing that all that had passed, with a frigid indifference moved toward a card table and sat down to play a game of whist. The captain in a few minutes afterward stepped up to the lady to excuse himself, as he had forgotten to another that he had forgotten.—The coquette, which charged, approached the whist table, in hopes to secure her first partner, and said: "I believe, Mr. B. it is time to take our positions." The old fashioned sailor, in the act of dividing a pack for the next dealer, courteously replied, "No, madam, I mean to keep my position—when ladies shuffle, I out."

## MINSTER'S WIFE SAYS.

A Minister's wife says:—"The first time I took my oldest boy to church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed, with caresses and frowns, and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he clung to his feet, and stood on the seat looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make pappa say amen!'"

## AN AFFLICTED HUSBAND.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was.

"Well," he said pathetically, "I think I feel the better of that little walk."

## TO KATE.

To KATE—J. ain't think of the time Kate, when sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaved since I o'er the pun, and neither spoke a word but the rattling of the beans. Kate was all the sound we heard. Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate, and kissed thy lip cheek; thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then; had a-ber before occurred, when the rattling of the beans Kate, was all the sound we heard. I thought it was not wrong, Kate, so leaved o'er the dish, as you snatched up a handful of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And suddenly there came a shower, as I neither saw nor stirred; but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound we heard.

## MR. ELIZABETH LANGRISH HAS ISSUED AN APPEAL.

MR. ELIZABETH LANGRISH HAS ISSUED AN APPEAL in behalf of a plan which she has been for the last three years practically demonstrating. She has purchased a farm of ninety five acres at Rye, Westchester county, New York, where she proposes establishing an institution where females without means may be enabled to substitute for laborious employment at needle-work, in the school-room or factory, the advantages of pure air and out-of-door exercise with moderate labor.

Published by S. S. BARNHART, No. 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.