Democratic Watchman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY [illegible]

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1860.

TERMS: $1 50 IN ADVANCE.
VOLUME 5—NUMBER 27.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS:—$1,50 cts. if paid within three months $2,00 if delayed six months, and $2.50 if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to

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December 15, 1859.

Select Poetry.

The Same Old Story.

Come sit by me Katy, and tell me
Of what he was talking last night,
When you stood at the gate 'till the moonbeams
Had quenched all the stars with their light'

You came back with cheeks glowing crimson,
And eyelashes glittering with tears,
And a smile which, half sad, half triumphant,
Still over your sweet mouth appears

Did he talk of the beauty of *summer*;
Or praise the wild rose's perfume?
Or speak of our arbors so rustic,
Where woodbine and jessamine bloom?

"He told you a story'" Oh' did he?
Well Katy dear, tell it to me
"You've almost forgot it'" Already'
How very much flattered he'd be'

You say that you "think I may guess it'"
Yes, Katy, the story I know
'Tis an old tale *yet always a sweet one*;
I'm certain that you found it so.

'Twas now in the first days of Adam,
When, wandering through Eden's fair bowers,
In Eve's little ear it was whispered,
While, blushing, she played with the flowers

You are blushing too, what is the matter?
Why, what are you crying about?
Your grandfather told your grandmother
The very same story, no doubt

Just three little words tell the story—
What thousands of hearts they have thrilled'
How many with joy they have gladdened'
How many with sorrow have filled'

The little words are that "I LOVE YOU'"
You see 'tis the very same tale
That you heard there last night by the woodbines
Beneath the bright moon's silvery veil

Don't say I know nothing about it—
You know very well it is true,
But Katy, my dear did you tell him
The same story that he told you

Miscellaneous.

THE RENEGADE.

BY WILLIAM H. NEY PECK.

On the western shores of Lake Champlain, during the first years of the war of the Revolution, there dwelt an aged but evil [illegible] Madge. It was rumored that she had sought the solitude of the woody shores to evade the punishment due her for the perpetration of some heinous, but unknown crime, many years before in the city of New York To have attempted to trace this rumor to its fountain head would have been futile, and men were contented to believe it, after one glance at the lowering, black browed, and scowling visage of the shrivelled hag, who seemed to have no affinity for any of her species, save for a tall, lean faced man, who called her "mother" or "devil," as the humor suited him, and who appeared at long intervals, to make a brief sojourn at the lonely log-hut, in which she passed the greater part of her exitence. Sometimes the hunter, strolling by accident past the only door of her dwelling, might pause to stare in wonder at the witch like shape, smoking a pipe, in the doorway, and glaring with baleful eyes, at the wavelass lake, as if she envied the water its calm, and would conjure a storm, to tear it from the opposite distant and rocky shores. But he would soon hurry from the spot when the hag leaped towards him, ferociously hurling stones and curses after him. Otherwise, no visits were ever paid to Hester Madge.

The rumor of the rapid approach of Burgoyne, with an immense force of red-coats and red-skins, from the Canadas, was driving all those whom British fury stigmatized as "rebels," from the sparsely settled region of Lake Champlain; and, while the women and children were hastened to the safety of the interior, the men hastened to join the American army, that was springing into armed life in every town and hamlet to rebuke the boastful invader

Hester Madge did not fly from her mountain home; but, perched upon a projecting rock that overlooked the borders of the lake screamed her derision at each fugitive laden boat that glided past. Save the loud jeer of some reckless lakeman, as he laughed at her rage, no greeting was given her but the silence of contempt.

"Run, run, ye dogs! and may the red-skins give ye all bloody nightcaps!" was her continual song, until the the last boat had vanished from her sight.

One moonlight and silent night, after a day of cursing because no boat had passed her door, she sat crouching over a gloomy fire, smoldering upon her hearth, muttering:

"They're all gone and I'm queen of the lake—I'm queen of the lake—queen of the lake! But the red-skins will roast them.—They hated me and I hate them—curse them all! curse and blight every one!"

Hours of this senseless jargon had flown by, and the wierd stillness of the night had settled upon shore and water, when, as she heaped fresh faggots upon the embers, her long absent son threw open the unbarred door and entered, dragging after him a bound and beautiful girl.

He was a man whose shaggy and uncombed locks were already grizzled, but more by crime then time; and his cat-like eyes, greenish and phosphoric, gleamed from a visage stamped with every feature of vice.

But the captive, whose white and tender arms were bound with cruel thongs of buckskin, so tightly knotted that the small and delicate hands were purple and swollen, was a maiden of some seventeen summers, tall and stately, despite her bonds, and with large, black eyes that flashed scorn and defiance upon her unmanly captor Her air and dress were much superior to such as usually belong to the girls of the frontier, and her whole bearing was that of a refined and brave woman rising above all misfortune.

"D'ye know her, mother?" were the first words of the ruffian, whose semi barbaric and semi civilized garb denoted one of those soulless, mercenary renegades who sided with the British not from loyalty to the king, but because the red-coats were in the ascendency. At the first turn of fortune Abner Madge would have changed sides to slay his former comrades The hag had plucked a brand from the fire and held its flame near the pale, proud face of the captive; gazed intently for a moment, and then slapped the defenceless cheek with her open palm.

"*Do I know her!*" *she screamed* with fiendish glee, and tossing aloft the brand—"Do I know a fish from a snake! It is the daughter of the rich rebel to his king, Henry Upson, and the man who could hang Hester Madge, were she in the grip of the law. Ha! minx! you may curl your lip at me, but when I tell you your father saw me do what my hate made me do—"

"Bah!" exclaimed Abner impatiently, "out with it, old woman You dislike my step father because the old man had made up his mind never to die and as you wanted his gold Henry Upson saw you drunk, and saw me help S[illegible] to the city few years ago, you grown old [illegible] with the curse of a useless crime upon you and having heard that the only witness of the deed, had settled up many miles from here, a year ago, we have had to wait to put him out of the way, that we might go back and claim the wealth that now rusts for want of an heir. But I must be off again for a few hours, to gather my band of Hurons. You see we are in advance of Burgoyne's host, I and my ten savages and coming upon old Upson and his family, in [illegible] when, with a band of [illegible] would from his implacable foe Harold had dashed him across the body below his belt!" He plunged beneath the wave and [illegible] that Harold struck at his neck as he rose for breath. The wary American again sank and when the fatal Fifing renegade came up, his enemy was beneath him.

He then whirled a savage assault, but [illegible] Harold had [illegible] dagger to the hilt in Abner's throat. The renegade, blind with the loss of blood, swam round and round in irregular circles, and as Harold again rose, the merciful bullet of Henry Upson ended the strife. The glare of the burning hut shone in the glazing eyes of the renegade as he gasped and sank to rise no more Harold hastened into the canoe, and the evening of the next day saw father, lover and maiden within the lines of *the American army.*

The hut blazed on, and when the sun shone again, the blackened bones of Hester Madge were all that remained of the Renegade's home

Burial of the Dead Mummies—Glass Coffins

Two or three years ago a gentleman of this city was so anxious about the proper disposition of his body, after he should leave it, that he had procured a coffin to be accurately made to order, and kept it in his house always ready for its final use But this foresight of dissolution proved the very means of hastening that sad event; for one day, reaching for something placed on top of the coffin, which stood on end like a cupboard, it fell forward, crushing him to the floor and killing him instantly This unfortunate man no doubt was a *connoisseur* in coffins, and had made a deep study of the art of burial He had been on Potters' Field and knew the fate of poor folks, or had seen the removal of graves about the old Brick Church And perhaps he had gone but a little way beyond the speculations of almost any one of us; for who does not sometimes think of what shall become of his mortal soul? Certainly all men have a choice in the matter, and many express it. We go to view the ground where we shall shortly lie, we plant the cyprus over the final home, we hew tombs from the rock We help as the greatest crime, the desecration of the grave, and we think with shuddering of the feast of worms; and no man envies the fate of poor Yorick, or is pleased with imagining the sight of his skull on a phrenologist's shelf. Mankind have always had such notions and the resources of science and skill have always been in request for the perpetual security of what of us is mortal. The decent disposal of the dead is ever looked upon as a sacred duty of the living, and is every where surrounded with the solemnities of religion. The denial of burial rites is the last and greatest punishment of criminals.—It is only among the savages or through the exigencies of war or commerce, that the bodies of men are left unprotected on the earth or cast into the sea.

So it is not at all strange that coffins were used at a very early day, and the first allusion to a coffin in history associates with it the art of embalming. In the book of Genesis we are told that the body of Joseph was embalmed and placed in a coffin in Egypt. The first material for coffins were probably wood, but as soon as the art of working in stone and clay was learned, coffins of the most durable character were made; indeed coffins are among the most interesting relics extant of the remotest antiquity Layard found plenty of coffins of stone clay, and even glazed earthenware about Mosul, and in Egypt and Palestine sarcophagi and tombs are the objects of prime interest to travelers The Egyptians of all people showed the greatest care in preserving their dead. They removed the most perishable organs of the body and by the use of spices and balsams, the flesh was rendered imputrescible, the body was then closely wrapped up in lined cloth The coffin into which the body was now laid was of pasteboard or a kind of *papier mache* shaped much like the body, profusely ornamented by mouldings color and gold This paper coffin was laid in another of the same material, and this in another, still of paper, [illegible] proper coffins was enclosed in one of wood, thus preparing it for its final receptacle of stone which for kings was a pyramid In Egypt there are now so many mummies packed closely together, that they speak of mummy by the square league In some countries (especially Spanish) the coffin is used only, like our hearse, as a receptacle of transport to the tomb in which the body is laid and closed up by masonry It is to such a tomb that Shakspeare represents that Juliet was carried

There is quite another method of disposing of the dead which was in vogue in ancient times particularly among the Greeks namely burning or incineration The body was placed upon a funeral pyre of wood and the fire was kindled by the nearest of kin or the dearest friend When all was burned the ashes were carefully collected placed in an urn and finally enclosed in the tomb This practice, originating in pagan superstition, disappeared with the rising of Christianity In modern times a few poets like Shelley or mistaken sanitary philosophers have tried to revive the practice, but without success.

materials which are most fit for the manufacture of coffins and some which our forefathers knew nothing about Wood has always been the only resource of the poor, but those who can afford it, and are most anxious that the bodies of their friends shall be [illegible] centuries will have coffins of hard stone, cast iron &c. The making of coffins (as appears from the fact that every paper on flint must one) is a very important branch of industry and a productive field to the ingenious.

The above thoughts and recollections have been suggested by an examination of a coffin made entirely of clear white glass, by Mr. John R. Cannon of New Albany, Indiana There is no substance so durable as glass, nothing which will so securely keep what ever is inclosed in it, and it is probably only for the reason of difficulties of construction that glass coffins have not been sooner made The qualities and advantages of glass for the purpose are easily apprehended and need no elucidation from us The coffin exhibited to us is composed of two parts, each molded by pressure; the joint is made true by grinding, and secured by cement so as to hermetically seal the cavity For still further security Mr Cannon binds on the cover by passing around the whole two or more metalic straps to which are attached ornamented handles When desired, also, the interior air may be removed by an exhaust pump, or displaced by carbonic acid.

A coffin thus made constitutes a tomb of itself, at once simple and convenient; and by the simple appliances which Mr. Cannon has invented, it can be made very cheaply at the same time being susceptible of a great variety of ornamentation, it may be made as expensive as the most costly coffins now used The application of glass to this purpose is novel, and seems likely not only to open up a new and important industry, but to work important changes in the mode of preserving the mortal remains of humanity.

A CURIOUS RETORT Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was once running for Congress, with an opponent of unusually large stature, and on the stump one day the discussion became unusually warm. Whereupon the large man said to Stephens, who was small and delicate

"Why I could button your ears back and swallow you whole."

"And if you did you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."

The laughter which followed effectually dissipated the ill humor which was fast gaining ground

There are large quantities of cranberry lands in Massachusetts—over five thousand acres—and some of it is very valuable. The product is probably not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, which is larger than that of wheat, barley, oats, or rye, or any vegetable except potatoes. Great success has attended the cranberry cultivation on Cape Cod, and even in the sands where nothing else but a worthless grass could be produced.

A Beautiful and Useful Thought.

A little incident published sometime ago in the Youth's Dayspring, and recalled to mind by a correspondent of that paper, is worthy not only of republication but to be embalmed on the heart of every parent. We are selfish always selfish, and need such reproofs, as contained in this child's suggestion, to keep us from looking on even death itself as bringing us some temporal good How often do we hear of individuals enriched, yea, even brothers and sisters, by the decrease of a dear friend!. This child's poverty would enrich the church, and enough many a poor heart, whilst he the god it might bring God's blessing on the little gift as so as to make it a full portion. Here is the correct Read it weeping parent, and consider if such a link might not bind your loser to your angel child

A little daughter, ten years old lay on her death bed It was hard to part with the pet of the family, the golden, the laughing blue eyes, the bird-like voice, the truthful, affectionate child! How could she be given up! Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship but the love of [illegible] He fell on his knees by his darling's bed side and wept bitter tears He strove to say but could not "Thy will be done" Here was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure

"Papa" she asked, in faint, broken tones "how much do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear; be quiet" he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on

"But please—papa how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice; "Well, dearest, perhaps *two hundred dollars What then, darling?*"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children—to remember me by"

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble loving [illegible] Self was for future. Nought remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year, as long as I live. And thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven"

Pride Mortified

At a ball given in Prymont, a celebrated watering place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottingen student, requested *a young lady to dance with him*

But as the dance was about to commence the lady inquired of him

"*With whom have I the honor of dancing?*"

"I am the tutor of Count Von Z—," replied her partner

"And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined, to which he answered in the affirmative

"Oh, then," continued the lady as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner"

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance is to be lost cast for the rest of the night if not longer It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is

The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself

His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball room followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly excepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride she had taken, from ranking with the humble tutor to pairing off with the wealthy noble.

Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"With the Lady Von B—," she replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side,

He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room.

Few will deny that it was a well merited punishment.

Various Estimates of Happiness.

In all ages—among every people—by each class do we find the different notions of it entertained. To the wandering gipsy a home is tiresome; while a Swiss is miserable without one. Progress is necessary to the well-being of the Anglo Saxons; on the other hand, the Esquimax are content to their squalid poverty, and have no latent wants, and are still what they were in the days of Tacitus. An Irishman delights in a row: a Chinese in pageantry and ceremonies, and the usually apthetic Javan gets rapturously enthusiastic over a cock fight. The heaven of the Hebrew is "a city of gold and precious stones, with a supernatural abundance of corn and wine;" that of the Turk a harem peopled by houris; that of the American Indian a happy hunting ground, in the Norse paradise there were to be daily battles with magical healing of wounds, while the Australian hopes that he shall jump up a white fellow, and have plenty of sixpence. Descending to individual instance, we find Louis XVI, *interpreting* greatest happiness to mean—making locks instead of which his successor read—making [illegible] It was seemingly the opinion of Lycurgus that perfect physical development was the chief essential to human felicity; Plutrius, on the contrary, was so purely ideal in his aspirations as to be ashamed of his body Indeed the many contradictory answers given by Grecian thinkers to the question What constitutes happiness? have given occasion for comparisons that have now become trite. Nor has greater unanimity been shown among ourselves. To miserly Elwes the hoarding of money was the only enjoyment of life; but Day, the philanthropic author of "Sandford and Merton" could find no pleasureable enjoyment save in distribution Rural quietude, books and a friend, are the wants of a poet; a tuft-hunter longs rather for a circle of titled acquaintances and the box at the opera. The ambitions of the tradesmen and the artist are anything but alike; and could we compare the air castles of the plowman and the philosopher we should find them of widely different orders of architecture. Generalizing such facts we see that the standard of "greatest happiness" possesses as little delay as the other exponents of human nature. Between nations the differences of opinion [illegible] seconds, we observe that even in the same race the *beau ideal* of existence charges.—The memoirs of each community disagree upon the question

Another Mystery Come to Light.

DEATH BED CONFESSION—STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

The residents of Dutchess county are now labouring under great excitement, caused by the confession of a dying man in Beekman, in that county to a participation in a horrible murder, which took place nearly twenty years ago The particulars up to the latest accounts, are as follows. A man named Henry Harrington an old resident of Beekman Dutchess county has for some time past been fast declining by consumption, and on Monday night breathed his last.—Before he expired, however, he appeared in great agony something apparently weighing upon his conscience, when he at last exclaimed that he could not die without making a confession. Five or six persons who were in the house at the time at once came around the bed of the dying man, when he commenced with the account of a terrible deed of blood

He proceeded to state that, some eighteen or twenty years ago, he and another man, (both then employed in the Beekman Iron Factory) were in the factory woods one afternoon when a pedlar named Lee was seen coming in that direction and it was at once agreed between them to waylay, murder, and then rob him, when they should bury him in the woods, and carefully remove all traces of the deed. This was accordingly done the unconscious pedlar trudging along with his pack upon his shoulder, and singing gaily, when the murderers rushed from their hiding place, struck him senseless to the ground, and then deliberately dashed out his brains. He was at once taken up and buried in the factory woods, when, as agreed upon by them, all traces of the deed were carefully obliterated, after which they took different directions and returned to the village

Before the conscious stricken wretch could finish his confession, death sealed his lips, but enough had already been said by him, as to his associate in crime, and the place where Lee was buried, that but little more could have been added. The man whom Harrington accused as being implicated with him in the deed left Beekman very suddenly eight or nine years since, and from that time to this has never been heard from or seen. The affair will be thoroughly investigated, and some time this week a party will start out for the factory woods for the purpose of searching for the body of the murdered pedlar.

There is little doubt but that the above is reliable, as several yet live in Dutchess co., who well remember "Lee, the pedlar," and that he suddenly disappeared about twenty years since, and never again made his appearance in the county. The sudden disappearance of Harrington's associate, the unsettled mind of the confessor, and the confession itself, all bear witness that the murder was committed, without a doubt, and that every word uttered was truth.—*N. Y. Tribune, June 15.*