

Democratic Matchman

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Moses Hale & Hoy will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by me in the trial of all causes entrusted to them.

Select Poetry.

To My Daughter.
As'er the sky, when morning first awakes the dawn,
The fresh light flashing with a lovely hue,
So thoughtless as the morning star just peering,
And I have stobed the morning star just peering,
Beheld the clouds that veiled the morning light,
And found my streaming eyes were filled with weeping,
At thoughts of you, so beautiful and bright.
And yet to sigh in that dim solitude of glory,
When morning, faded to a deep and low,
Took up the strain of Time's immortal story,
Filled heart and soul with a compelling glow,
Throbbing in echo to the tones of mine,
Pointing my thoughts and prayers in one direction,
To altars pure, to shrines exalted and divine.
For thee, my child, I've prayed! Alas, alone for thee,
Forgetting all the while my need of prayer!
Prayer for a change of rough destiny,
That seems to lead me rudely every where,
But to the scenes illumined by thy smile—
To me in fancy only known as home,
Where thy gay presence the dullest hours beguile,
And where, forever, I may never come.
Washington City, June, 1860. W. F.

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM H. WELSH,
CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, OF PENNSYLVANIA,
TO THE HON. RICHARD VAUX, ELECTOR AT LARGE.
York, Pa., July 16, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., which, however, it was my privilege to see in the daily papers, before you furnished me with a printed copy. I am glad you have adopted this public method of answering my brief note, as it enables me to lay before the people, in the same manner, my reasons for acting with the majority of the Democratic State Executive Committee at its last meeting. Had you contented yourself with a simple refusal to accede to the compromise proposed by the State Committee, I would have remained silent; but the ground you have publicly taken, demands from me a respectful answer, in justification of myself to those who placed me in the responsible position I now occupy towards the Democracy of Pennsylvania.

The public will look in vain throughout your letter, for any tangible objection to the proposed compromise, on the score of expediency, policy or principle. The one and only point in your communication, is, that the State Committee acted "without any authority." The question of jurisdiction is thus raised in your own mind; and is promptly decided by yourself, without argument, in your own favor.

Now, with all your political knowledge—and I am willing to concede to you the most enlarged experience, and the highest integrity of purpose—I am afraid you have failed to learn what really are the "certain specific duties" which belong to a State Committee. Certainly, I have no wish to extend the powers of the one over which I have the honor to preside; nor do I desire to shield any action of my own, under the broad and general terms of the resolution which authorized its appointment, and for which, I believe, you cordially voted in the Reading Convention. But I take it, that a State Committee is fully "competent" to act upon all questions which involve the working machinery of the party for whose benefit it was specially created; as well as to arrange and direct all the details of organization, to propose and effectually carry out all measures which tend to secure successful results in an impending struggle. Hence it was, that the National Executive Committee appointed by the Democratic Convention which met at the Front Street Theatre, in the city of Baltimore, without any other authority than the implied power contained in the resolution which created it, assumed the right to make a nomination for the Democracy of the Union, when Benjamin Fitzpatrick declined to accept the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas—and the adoption of the resolution, by the same Committee, in reference to the power of its members over Electoral tickets formed by bodies entirely separate and distinct from that which gave it political life, clearly shows that the gentleman who composed that organization has no very narrow or contracted ideas of the authority and "specific duties" of an Executive Committee.

to arrange the machinery of the State organization, so as to make it most potent and efficient against the forces of the common enemy. He who fails in this high duty, is false to the sacred trust reposed in him by the Convention. Thoroughly imbued with this feeling, a majority of the State Committee resolved, if possible, to propose some plan for united action, which, if accepted, would enable the Democracy of Pennsylvania to assist in the defeat of the Republican candidates. The head and front of its offending hath this extent, no more.

If you carefully read the resolution of the Committee you will perceive that it only "recommends" a certain course of action to the Democracy of Pennsylvania—and then "authorizes" its Chairman to correspond with the several Electors in regard to the proposed basis of compromise. Surely an Executive Committee has this power, if it be vested with any at all—and after an affirmative or negative response has been returned by the Electors, to the Committee, through its Chairman, that body, at a subsequent meeting, will determine what course is best to be pursued for the welfare and integrity of the Democratic party. Whether the Committee will undertake to place other names upon the Electoral ticket, or prefer to submit the whole matter to the State Convention which formed them both, are questions for future consideration and decision. In the meantime, you may withhold your assent to the line of policy proposed for the defeat of the Republican candidates for President and Vice President of the United States and Governor of Pennsylvania; but I must emphatically deny your right to question the jurisdiction of the State Committee, in its earnest and patriotic labors to unite the fragments of a broken and discredited party.

But while it cannot be successfully established that the Committee exceeded, in the slightest degree, its legitimate powers on the 24th instant, I freely admit that its recommendation is entirely new, and is calculated to awaken the deepest interest and reflection in the public mind. It is necessarily novel, because the actual position of the Democratic party, at the present time, is totally different from its condition in any previous portion of its history. Two National organizations, "like the twin children of Itaca, are struggling for the rights of the elder born." A large majority of the Democratic masses, firmly wedded to their party, regard this schism with unutterable regret. These masses are very far from agreeing with you, in assuming that the only Democratic candidate for the Presidency is the gentleman whom you prefer. Tens of thousands of them are, to say the least, quite as much inclined to respect the nomination made by "a meeting of gentlemen at the Maryland Institute, in Baltimore," as they are to support that of "a meeting of gentlemen," at the Front Street Theatre, in the same city. I do not propose to discuss the relative merits of these nominations in this letter; but the fact is patent to every one that there is, unfortunately, a great diversity of opinion as to the point. This diversity of opinion cannot be ignored—the division clearly exists—and while the respective adherents of the several "meetings of gentlemen" referred to, are divided in sentiment as to their choice of Presidential candidates, there is one point, I am happy to say, in reference to which they do occupy a common ground. They are closely united, in desiring a chance to strike a common blow at the enemies of the Union and Constitution. To enable them to do this, the State Committee offered them a plan, by which all the sincere opponents of the Republican party, in the Democratic ranks, could unite upon one Electoral ticket. Those who prefer the success of the Opposition candidates, will, of course, array themselves against this fair and equitable measure of compromise—while those who honestly desire the triumph of the Democratic party, without reference to mere men, will give their cordial adherence to the action of the State Committee. I indulge the hope that more mature reflection will induce you, like Martha of old, to "choose the better part."

If the proposition has not the color of precedent to recommend it to your favor, it is well for you to know that those who made it, learned a life long lesson from you and your political confederates, when you exultingly swept "the old landmarks" of the Democratic party from the portals of the Reading Convention. In your eloquent address before that body, when you were intrenching in forcible language against "time honored usages" in the selection of Delegates and Electors, you frankly said—"We have nothing to do with the past; we have nothing to do with precedents; we have nothing to do with rules; we are to legislate upon a condition of things that has arisen since this room was opened for our reception." To this earnest appeal the Convention responded, Amen!—and the past, with its crowd of witnesses in behalf of "usage," was ignored, and the representatives of the people as yet unborn, by the popular impulse, followed the States Committee. Come, let us reason together and see how far the Committee's resolution bears you out, in the position you have thus voluntarily assumed.

You, as a candidate for Elector, are but the creature of the Reading Convention.—Equally so is the State Committee. You are both the offspring of the same parent. Without any assumption of power on the part of either, it is your conjoined duty to endeavor

ice to your own lips. I was for "union," "harmony," and "conciliation," then I am for "union," "harmony," and "conciliation" now. It is enough for me to know that the Democratic party is divided and distracted. More anxious for the defeat of the Republican candidates, than for the advancement of any man's personal ambition in the Democratic ranks, I saw in the proposition adopted by the State Committee the only feasible means of accomplishing the overthrow of the Opposition forces in Pennsylvania, and securing the election of our gallant candidate for Governor, Henry D. Foster. The issue was plainly presented to my mind—it was Republicanism or Democracy—I, unhesitatingly, accepted the latter.

I have no fears that the action of the State Committee will not be sustained and upheld by the calm, good sense of the Democracy of Pennsylvania. But two of the large number of Electors have already responded to the resolution, have refused to give it their assent and approbation. Nor have I been disappointed in my expectations of the manner in which it would be received by the true-hearted yeomanry of this Commonwealth. They know that its only object is to preserve, if possible, the unity of the Democratic party, and prevent the State of Pennsylvania from being made the unwilling instrument in the election of Lincoln, Hamlin and Curtis, when she has the power within herself, if properly directed, to ward off such a dire calamity. Already has the voice of hearty approval gone up, from all those who love Rome better than Caesar. The Democratic masses of the "Old Keystone" stand, unflinchingly, by the union of their party, for the sake of the Union and the Constitution of their country. The hopes and aspirations of millions cluster around the old creed, which has always taught—"the equality of the citizen, and the equality of the States." The farmer in his field of toil; the mechanic in his busy workshop; the artisan by his humble trades, and the man of letters in his quiet study, have all felt its saving influence, and its regenerating power. Across the blue waves of the Atlantic, in homes made desolate by the depopulation, where eyes grow bright as they turn to the land of the setting sun, prayers ascend to Heaven for the triumph of that creed in the hour of battle. Spurning all sectionalism, the Democratic faith has bravely struggled on through more than half a century, and has stamped its indelible impress upon the civil and political institutions of the freest and happiest people on the globe. Those who feel and appreciate the blessings which follow the inauguration of Democratic rule, will unceasingly struggle to encourage "union," "harmony," and "conciliation" in our ranks; because, with out them, they know that our columns will be broken, and become like reeds shaken in the wind. Let such "union," "harmony" and "conciliation" as are now proposed by the compromise of the State Committee, once more sit by us our councils guiding us painfully through their influence, and driving from our midst all local jealousies, and all ungenerous personal rivalries, and the Democratic legion will again be able to march against its united foes in an iron phalanx, and will still be perpetuated as the true and only conservator of our National Freedom.

In conclusion, permit me to reciprocate the sentiments of personal respect contained in your letter, and before me to sit, Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. WELSH,
Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee.

To the Hon. RICHARD VAUX, Elector at Large.

ANOTHER OF JAMES.—The following incident in the life of the late G. P. R. James is related on the credit of "one of his oldest and most intimate literary friends."

When Mr. James was a young man, his cousin was about to marry the daughter of an eminent lawyer of the time, and the title deeds of this gentleman's entailed property were, at the request of the father of the young lady, submitted to his examination. The keen lawyer discovered that the parson of the gentleman, although moving in the best society of London, had never been married. Mr. James was made acquainted with this awkward fact, and at the same time informed that he himself was the heir at-law. The match was about to be broken off, and much distress occasioned on every side, when Mr. James, having quietly taken possession of the property, went at once to the unhappy young man, his relative, and conveyed to him the whole of the property, which amounted to a very handsome independence.

An exchange knows the owner of a pretty piece of crinoline who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he has the spirit of a man remaining he will peep on such occasions. He reminds us of the man, who upon finding a friend of his in bed with his wife, insisted upon an apology, and when the apology was given, expressed himself fully satisfied. The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get easily at its contents.

An Incident in the Cars.

On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents are not common in the cars, I think. This opinion I expressed to my friend Summer the other day. In reply to my remark, he related a little adventure, which, as it is appropriate and moreover, involves a little love and sentiment, I give without apology in his own words. It proves that in most unlikely places love and sentiment may be discovered:
"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte D., to whom I was at that time quite devoted. We got into one of the crowded avenue cars, where Charlotte could scarce find room to spread her voluminous frounces. I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.
After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl clung to her skirts. She looked tired and weak, but there was no vacant place, to be sure, Charlotte might have condensed her frounces but she did not. Beside her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying, by moving down closer to others, to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D.— At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw she invited the poor burthened female to be seated. Charlotte D.—drew her dainty around her and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new comer, who was, however, clean and decently, though thinly clad.
The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her, and wrapped her velvet mantle round the small half clad form, and put her muff over the half frozen little blue hands.
So great was the crowd that I alone seemed to observe her. The child shivered—the keen wind from the open door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly draw from under her cloak a little crimson woolen shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the mother looking on in confused wonder. After a short time she rose to leave the cars, and would have removed the shawl. The unknown gently whispered, "No, keep it for her." The woman did not answer—the conductor hurried her out, but her eyes swam in tears which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she hastily descended to the basement, and I hastily marked the house.
Soon after, my unknown also arose to start. I was in despair, for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not leave Miss D.—
How glad, then, was I to see her bowing, as she passed out, to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the door-way. From him, ere many minutes, I had learned her name and address.
To shorten my story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the small incident which introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage I showed her the blessed crimson shawl, which I had redeemed from its owner, and shall always keep as a memento.
There are sometimes pleasant things to be found even in unexpected places—certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."—Home Journal.

Crime in England.

The judicial statistics of England and Wales for the year 1859 have just been published, and they afford the London journals a fruitful subject of remark. It appears that there are in the kingdom no less than thirty-nine thousand five hundred and thirty professional thieves, thirty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty-eight suspected persons constantly under the eye of the police, and twenty three thousand three hundred and fifty-two vagrants, having no visible means of support—or, in all, 104,985 criminals at large. These figures make little or no impression on the mind, as they are written on paper; but if the reader will imagine the whole of them brought together, as one of the London journals suggests, he will get an idea of the number of desperadoes at whose mercy the subjects of her Britannic majesty hold their property and lives. Organized in military fashion, they would make more than seven regiments of the line—placed to gether in a row, they would extend over twenty miles of ground—and a good walker would require four or five hours of steady walking to inspect the troop. Their direct cost to society, supposing each man to consume two hundred dollars worth of value a year, is only ten millions of dollars. But this is only a part of the expense to which society is put on their account. The police and constabulary forces are supposed mainly to watch over these delinquencies, and the greater part of the prison and judicial expenditures have the same origin. Putting these together, it is estimated that the cost of the United Kingdom about \$150,000,000, or about double the sum spent upon the Royal Navy.

How is your husband, dear? asked one lady of another. "Oh, he's in a very bad state," was the reply. "And pray, what kind of a state is he in?" still persisted the other. "In State Prison."

Marriage is a Ticklish Thing.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
One of the civil courts of Lyons, France, had just been applied to by a somewhat elderly lady, who desires the legal documents necessary to compel her husband to support her. The husband objects to doing anything of the kind, and between the two they have made a story to the following effect:
It seems that, in 1812, the defendant—then quite a young man—was desirous of escaping conscription for the army; and, as marriage was the only alternative, he resolved to become a husband. Going to a public ball, he asked the first girl he danced with to get him out of his difficulty by marrying him, promising to give her a thousand francs on the wedding day, after which they were to separate forever. The maiden jumped at the chance of making a little fortune so easily, the bans were published, the two were made one, and then they took leave of each other. The husband of an hour went directly to England, and remained there until the fall of 1858, making a handsome fortune, and entirely forgetting the girl he left behind him. Converting all his property into cash, he returned to Lyons, set up a handsome establishment, and was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in splendid style, until one day, when his servant informed him that a lady of a "certain age" wished to speak with him privately. Like a true Frenchman he gallantly acceded to the request; but bitterly did he repent his courtesy when he beheld before him the woman he had married forty-eight years before. Nor was she alone. Her lawyer accompanied her and politely informed the husband that he must either allow the lady eight hundred francs per annum for the remainder of her life, or hand over fifteen thousand francs on the spot, as she was greatly in need of immediate financial relief. The astonished old gentleman very decidedly refused to pay the lady anything, or receive her as his wife. The consequence is, the wife's present appeal to the law;—and we think it quite likely that the Anglified husband of an hour will be compelled to make an addition to his household, or a subtraction from his bank account.

A Good Bell.

Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching. "Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are tuning yourself by writing sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your sermons; and if you were called upon to preach unprepared, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be confounded."
The young divine used all his eloquence but in vain to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.
"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sunday morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who can make the best of it."
The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.
On the following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of his delighted hearers, and claiming his old friend with his eloquence.
In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible the old man looked sadly around.—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trump, and read aloud.—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time.—"Am I not thine ass?" looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said:—"I think I am brother."

Underground Railroad—Sharp Practices.

We learn that a few days ago, a negro boy, a regular looking, suck egg off his nose, who had been laying around loose about the Cadiz Junction, on the Pittsburg, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad—was summarily disposed of by the underground railroad; the citizens desired to get rid of the nuisance, and finally the right plan was hit upon. He was put under charge of a stranger, and carefully concealed in the baggage car of the train going West—and when arriving at Uhricksville, the stranger got off the passenger train and went whispering about for Esquire Collier, a noted abolitionist, but he was not present. Soon another abolitionist got scent of the concealed dork, and offered to take charge of him. The conductor introduced him to the stranger as one "of all right," the stranger's hand was fraternally pressed, and assured that the poor fugitive should be in Canada in a very short time—he had only to get him over to New Philadelphia, and he was safe. A close carriage was produced, the negro hurriedly placed in it, when the driver moved off at a funeral pace until he got behind a rising piece of ground, and crack went the whip—off went the horses at a full gallop—the people of Cadiz Junction were rid of a great nuisance—the worthy abolitionist had a conscience well at ease—a dorky that couldn't take care of himself was put on the road to Canada, and the railroad boys enjoyed a hearty laugh over the cute dodge.

Some persons look only on the surface of the stream of life, and see its bubbles with perhaps here and there a water-lily; if they would look deeper they might find pearls of the bottom.