Democratic Watchman.

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December 15, 1859.

FARE REDUCED.
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Miscellaneous.

A Heroic Woman.

On the Illinois river, two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived, in 1812, an old pioneer known in those days as "Old Parker the Squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen.—At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after their departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in, and seated himself by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one or sometimes more of a party of Indians to run abruptly from a hunt at some sign they may consider ominous of bad luck, and, in such instances, were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with—

"Ugh, old Parker die."

This exclamation immediately drew Mrs Parker's attention, who inquired of the Indian—

"What is the matter wtith Parker?"

The Indian responded—

"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go—he die."

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor the Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work, and barricaded the door and the windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went to hunt his father. The old lady took the rifle, and the daughter the axe; and thus armed they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves if necessary. They had not long to wait. About nightfall, or shortly after that some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out—

"Mother! mother!"

But Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son; and in order to ascertain the fact, she asked him where the Indians were. The reply, which was "um gone," satisfied her on that point.—She then said, as if speaking to her son—

"Put your ear to the latch hole of the door I want to tell you something before you open the door."

The head was placed at the keyhole, and the old lady fired through the spot and killed the Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quickly two rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like silence ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, an Indian was about to spring in, when the unerring rifle, fired by the old lady, stretched his body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly, surviving Indian fired at random, and ran, doing no injury. The mother and daughter, with the rifle and axe, then went to the river, took the canoe, and in six days arrived among the old French settlers in St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois, and, after an unusual search, returned without finding either Parker or the boys. They were never found. There are yet some of the settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria who still point out the spot where old Parker, the squatter lived.—*Sketches of Frontier Life.*

Criminals Generally Fools.

This striking fact is thus forcibly and instructively put forward by President Felton, in his speech at the dedication of the new chapel at the State Reform School. "The man who, tempted by evil suggestions or the allurements of his passions, rose in his audacity and defied the laws, was not only a criminal but a fool. It is found that the great body of offenders, so far from being the superior minds that they were sometimes accounted, when brought to any practical test, proved deficient not only in the moral sense, but in common sense. It was true that human laws were marked by human imperfections; but they expressed man's apprehension of the divine law. He had a strong conviction that the average intellect of the inmates of our prisons was far below the average intellect of honest men. There might be exceptions, but, generally speaking, the wits of even the most celebrated rogues were low and mean compared with the wits of very commonplace men who were not rogues. And then what a life is led by the ablest of these fools during the short period of their seeming success! Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard—harder than that of the drudge or the slave. But, stupid as is the game of crime, uniform as is the lesson taught by the lives and deaths of the criminal, the lesson is still unheeded, and multitudes run the desperate hazard."

Young ladies should never object to being kissed by printers; they should make every allowance, for the freedom, of the press.

Rough Beginning of the Honey-Moon.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt and sharp featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating widly the while. Then the tall female would put her foot down and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he could no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what all this meant about 9 o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine 'swears' startled the people at the hotel and they rushed to the spot.—The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband in his Gentleman Greek Slave apparel. It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly wedded pair;—that the sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract.

"Won't you go away now, Susan, peaceful?" said the newly married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go for to contin' up in this way; now don't."

"I'll cut up's much as I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out amoung the crowd, "well, jest you two women put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole darned caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the "sensation."

THE USE OF A BATH.—Julius, a Western darkey, having landed at Chicago, saw an advertisement notifying those who wished to be clean that they might get a good bath for a quarter, thought it would be a good idea to ask the use of a bath of another darkey, who said—"Bath were used by white folks to wash in." Accordingly Julius started with a bundle under his arm, and being shown into a bath room was left to his abulutions.

Considerable time elapsed, and Julius did not come forth; and, after waiting for about an hour the keeper of the baths went to the door and screamed out:

"Say, darkey, are you coming out?"

"Yes as soon as I get troo my washin."

"How long will that be?"

"P'raps an hour to an hour an' a half," cooly answered Julius.

With that the man burst into the room and there all around the room, was the darkey's freshly washed clothing hanging up to dry, but not noticing it just then, remarked

"See here," you just clear out at once; you've been in over two hours!"

"Look a here," said Julius in an enraged manner pointing to his drying clothes, which rather took the bathing man down. "I'd like to see you wash and hang out two dozen pieces in less time than I've been at it!"

In another minute Julius was landed in the street, surrounded by his washing.

A Very Small Excuse.

The Republicans deny most strenuously and indignantly that 14,000 negroes voted at the State election in Ohio, and say that the number was much less than this, and that they were *mulattoes*. So it seems that it was only a very small "nigger" after all.—This is some consolation for the Republicans, and will go far towards easing their consciences; but we don't see what difference it makes whether 5,000 or 14,000 negroes voted in Ohio, when the principle of negro equality is admitted by allowing them to vote at all. This excuse reminds us of that given by the unfortunate young female who was convicted by unmistakable evidence of a lapse from virtue. She protested that it was "only a very little one." So the Republicans admit that they have been guilty of the offence of allowing negroes to vote in Ohio; but not the genuine blacks—they are only mulattoes.

Jake Willard and the Blind Horse.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

The Mobile Register is responsible for the following mirth provoking incident:

For twenty-three years, old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought with him for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the old dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun so he quietly slipped up to the horse, and unbuckled the bell strap approached with slow measured "ting-aling" the edge of the well.

"G—d dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a comin' this way sure, and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!"

But the continued approach of the 'ting aling' said just as plainly as words, that 'Ball' wouldn't *whoa*. Besides Jake was at the bottom resting, before trying to 'shin' it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. *Whoa!* I'll—d dang you *whoa*."

Just then, Ned drew up to the edge of the well; and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'me gone now. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now Oh! Lord have mercy on me."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself."

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

The Tortures of Sing Sing Prison.

The tortures of Sing Sing Prison exceeds by far the punishment inflicted in Neapolitan dungeons, if the details of the 'showering' of one desperado, a noted ruffian, who suffered is correct. It is said he only took advantage of the keeper's negligence, escaped, was recaptured, and the keeper actuated by revenge, punished him beyond reason—Kelly was placed naked in a bath, his feet, hands and head being firmly pinioned. The water was allowed to trickle down his face and warm body a few minutes before it fell upon his head. At length it fell. Tom bore it well, not a shiver of the legs, not a muscular movement of the hands or fingers, not a single cry of distress, although he was actually being drowned for about five minutes. "You bear it well, Tom," said one of the keepers, after five minutes had elapsed, and time been given him to recuperate. "Its awful," was Tom's reply, "but I can't ask for mercy." Down came the water again, and for five minutes longer the gurgling sounds of a strangling man were audible, and when he was exhausted, the cord was let up and the water was stopped. A few minutes of release were granted, and down came the water again, and the scene was more terrible than the worst execution. At length congestion of the brain was threatened, and a hiss from the physician brought the third scene to a close. He had been fifteen minutes under the shower bath, but had twenty five of the same to endure; and for the next forty days the same sort of punishment will be meted out to him, unless he dies under the hands of the keeper. It is described as an awful spectacle to witness this man under the bath. Every muscle contracts, and becomes convulsed and every nerve strained, when there would follow a relaxation. After Kelly had been showered and taken to his cell, the keeper turned a round, and with a malignant smile exclaimed, "We'll subdue him!" Outsiders, from that single expressive sentence, may guess at the rule in Sing Sing.

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?"

"Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

Curious Story of a Pirate.

The Governor of Bourbon was very circumspect in his conduct towards the pirates. It so happened that the Viceroy of Goa came to an anchor in the road St. Dennis, and was invited to dinner by the Governor; but he had no sooner landed than a piratical vessel of 50 guns moored along side his ship, and took possession of it. The captain then came on shore, invited himself to dine with the Governor, placed himself at the table between him and the viceroy, and informed the latter that he was a prisoner. When the wine and good cheer had put the pirate in a good humor, M. Desforgues, the governor, asked how much he would accept as the viceroy's ransom. "I must have a thousand piastres," was the pirate's reply. "Come," said M. Desforgues, "that is too little for a brave man like you and a man of rank like him; ask more or set him at liberty." "Bah!" said the generous corsair, "why waste words on such a trifle?—he is free." The viceroy hastened on board his vessal, glad, no doubt, to escape from the society of a Governor who was so little select in the choice of his society. The corsair, counting no doubt, on the gratitude of the Governor, at whose suggestion he had done such a generous action: and trusting that colonial charity would draw the mantle of oblivion over the past, ventured to settle on the island. He soon found that a pirate backed by a vessel of 50 guns was treated with a consideration quite different from that accorded to a pirate retired from the business, isolated and alone. A member of the colonial council, possessing a retentive memory and an avaricious eye, denounced the ex-pirate, not so much from a desire to satisfy public justice as to obtain possession of his wealth. He was condemned to death, but like many other free handed 'minions of the moon,' he evidently had the sympathy of the public along with him. His denouncer soon met with an untimely end which popular opinion regarded as a just retribution on account of his having assumed the odious office of public accuser.—*From Rev. P. Beaton's Six months in Reunion.*

Arkansas Mode of Enjoyment.

The state of society in Arkansas was excessively 'rough,' several years since. We hope and believe it has improved lately.—The most frightful tragedies were enacted very frequently, and the people seemed to think nothing of them. A dangerous cutting scrape was regarded as a rather comical affair than otherwise as witness the following which is substantially true.

Two desperadoes met at a tavern in Helena, one evening. They were named respectfully Tom Scroggs and Bill Pike. Says Scroggs—

"How's things?"

"P'art," says Pike.

"Heard you said you'd bleed me next time we met," says Scroggs.

"That's me," says Pike, and two bowie knives flashed fiercely forth. The fellows had carved each other pretty briskly for ten or twelve minutes, when, as Pike's ears had been shaved off, and his abdomen several times punctured, it suddenly occurred to him that he had enough of it, and he struck his colors.

"What's all this?" tremblingly inquired a stranger who entered just as the fight ended.

"Oh, its of no account," says the landlord, an etherial creature of some two hundred and fifty pounds weight, and with a face of barndoor proportions, "taint nothin'. Some of the boys have been enjoyin' theirselves a little, that's all. Won't you hist in a little pizen, stranger?" and the genial landlord set out a black bottle and yellow bowl of brown sugar.

Curious country, that Arkansaw, several years ago.

Reuben Todd's "Bad Spell."

The importance of spelling correctly is seen by the following, especially the necessity of spelling lager beer as it should be. A country tumseller wishing a supply of that beverage wrote as follows.

BUNGVILLE July 1st 1860.

Messrs. Blotch and Drinker sen me up as soon as possible a cask of Brandy and one Large Bear for forth of Juli sen the Bear by express in Haist Reuben Tood.

The answer came as follows:

Mr. Todd—Dear Sir: We send you today one cask of brandy and the bear by express as requested. You must feed him on raw meat, and be very careful that he does not escape as he is very savage. He cost four hundred dollars and we let you have him for the same. Please forward payment. Yours Respectfully, Blotch & Drinker.

The consternation of Reuben Todd was complete when the furious animal was landed at his shop door, with a half scared, curious crowd around it, and it was only by a sacrifice of the cask of brandy for a keeper and a couple of trips to New York, that he got rid of his ugly property and learned how to spell lager beer.

At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication:

"Pray, sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—oh! ah!—steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration"

Your Local Newspaper.

Fowler's "Life Illustrated," published in New York, is one of the best illustrated family newspapers. In its last issue we find among other good things, the following sensible remarks:

Reader, did you ever reflect on the subject of supporting liberally the press, and first of all your own local newspaper? If not, permit us to suggest to you your privilege and duty in this respect.

Each city, town and village, in a country like the United States, should be represented by a live local newspaper, and it would be well not only for the people and the place so represented to have a paper which would reflect credit on both, but a paper which would be an honor and a credit to the state and the nation. Strangers from abroad judge us from our newspaper press, and hence the importance of making that instrument as perfect and potent as possible.

It is the duty of every citizen of each place to contribute something toward improving and strengthening the local press. He may do it by subscribing and *paying* for his paper, by advertising in it, by recommending it to others, or in all of these ways. Were the country press thus liberally patronized and as well supported as it should be, the country would not be as flooded with worthless trash, in the shape of "love and murder stories," as it now is, which poison and vitiate the minds of the young. There is usually more moral integrity circumspection manifested by editors of the country press than those in the large cities, and a more healthy tone of mind and morals will generally be found to prevade them. They are more free from the reports of degrading vices and crimes, and are never opened with that feeling of suspicion which attaches to the common "flash" literature of the day.

The country press may be improved.—Each individual residing within the limits of its sphere and circulation may aid in its improvement. He may be on the "look out" for interesting information and when this is obtained, communicate it to the editor. He may bring his own business before the public by an appropriate advertisement, or, if he has beef, pork or grain to sell he may announce it through his local press. He may give historical sketches of the past; and show the progress and changes going on at present. He may help to make his local paper a source of instruction to strangers, and of entertainment to his neighbors. If he be a manufacturer, let him invite capital and influence by setting forth such natural advantages as the place may possess, and indicate the roads by which it may be reached, its accessibility to the markets, ect. There is no estimating the advantages as to any town or village of a *live* local journal, and we doubt if there is to be found at the present time an editor who gets fully paid for the services he performs, and we put the responsibility where it belongs—namely on the people, whose business and duty it is, first of all, to support handsomely their own local paper.

A Heart Worth Having.

A young printer of this city, fell in love with a beautiful girl, who had the misfortune to be rich. He essayed to attract her attention, but who ever heard of a pretty rich girl falling very deeply in love with a poor printer? Despairing, he started for California—that land of refuge for broken fortunes and wounded hearts. This was in the year 1850 when San Francisco was a village, and wanted printers more than at present. The boy quickly became a man there, and embarked in the printing business soon found himself the proprietor of an establishment from which sprang in due time, a weekly paper ere long to be followed by a daily.—His journal and his fortunes flourished amazingly, and he returned to New York in 1854, with the avowed purpose of buying a six-cylinder press, but, with the unavowed purpose of locking up a lovely form in his golden chases. Alas, for human hopes! The maiden was wedded and the mother of two children. The printer bought his presses and returned to california—sadder, not a wiser man. Years progressed and he prospered. One day, a lady visited his editorial rooms to lay her modest contribution on his table in hopes of getting some remuneration for it. Her story was told briefly; her husband had come to mend his fortunes in the land of gold, and had died, and she was left very poor, with her two children to support. The editor looked at the lady a moment—then handed her a dubloon. The astonished woman essayed to utter thanks, but was waved away. To shorten the story, the lady was his early love, and he married her, sold out his establishment, returned to New York, and is now enjoying as much felicity on the banks of the Hudson as it falls to the lot of a few printers even to conceive.—*Springfield Republican.*

A black minister was once closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill manners to laugh so that the sable supplicant heard them. He had said but a moment before and very earnestly, "Bless all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "Amen," the pious old negro said:

"O Lord, we are not in de habit of adding postscripts to our prayers, but if de 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bless some dat ain't human, also, besides!"

An Actor Mortally Stabbed in the Presence of his Audience.

The New Orleans Bee, of the 29th, records the following tragical occurrence of the previous night:

At ten o'clock last night, a shocking tragedy was enacted in reality, on the stage of the German Theatre, or Concert Hall, on Poydras street, between St. Charles and Carondelet. They were playing the drama of The Wolf, and at that moment were acting a scene in a gambling house, where a young man is fleeced of his last dime, and when he charges the gamblers with cheating, is stabbed and killed. John Kruger was playing the part of the gambler, Emile Stener that of the ruined young man. Kruger had not been furnished with a stage dagger by the property man, and borrowed a real one from officer Berwin, who was the special policeman in Concert Hall.

In acting such scenes with real daggers on the stage the person who strikes the blow keeps his elbow out further than the point of the weapon, and the person who pretends to receive the fatal thrust leans backwards, so that the striker's elbow, coming against his breast, stops the motion. Stener was unhappily somewhat intoxicated, and instead of should have thrown himself backward, he suddenly stooped forward, and before Kruger could check the impetus of his arm, the dagger had gone into the right side of Stener's neck, opening a gash to the back bone. The unfortunate actor was instantly carried off the stage and sent to the Charity Hospital mortally wounded, while Kruger was taken to the lock up by officers Dalton and Berwin. The curtain was down but a short time, the pool of blood was washed up, and then it was announced to the audience, but that a farce would be substituted. The audience applauded, up went the curtain, and for a whole hour the fellow actors of Stener exerted themselves to make fun, while the auditors laughed and applauded, as if the spilling of a man's life blood was a mere trifle.

Curious Will of a Southern Planter.

An aged gentleman, a planter in one of the Southern States, has just died, leaving a fortune of 100,000, which is to be disposed of according to the provisions of his will, and that document is as follows:

"I bequeath all my effects to the children of my brother, on the following conditions: Desirous of marking my sense of the service which my New Foundland dog rendered me in saving my life one day when I was drowning, and wishing also to provide for my housekeeper, I appoint my said housekeeper nurse, tutor, and mother to my dog. My natural heirs shall, on this account, pay to her, out of my entire fortune, a daily sum in the following manner. The daily payment shall continue so long as the dog shall live, not one second longer. During the first year after my decease, or for so much of it as the dog shall live, my housekeeper shall receive $5 a day; the second year she shall receive $10 a day; the third year $15; and so on until the death of the dog. In the course of the month in which the dog shall die, there shall be paid to my housekeeper for every day of the dog's existence $125. On the day of his death, she shall be paid per hour of the dog's life $250. In the last hour of his life, she shall receive for every minute that he lives $375, and for every second of the last minute $500. My notary is charged with superintending the carrying out of my will.

This eccentric gentleman appears to have entertained for his dog sentiments similar to Byron's. What the heirs will think or do we cannot say, but we shall not be much surprised if that dog lives many hours longer. Supposing him to die at 59 minutes and 59 seconds after 5 o'clock on the 30th day of the month, the sum to be paid to the housekeeper would be:

30 days,	at $125	$ 3,750
11 hours,	at 250	2,750
59 minutes,	at 375	22,125
59 seconds,	at 500	29,500
Total,		$58,125

BOLD AS A JACKASS.—"Well, Pompey, how do I look?" inquired a Southern exquisite, after a somewhat protracted toilette—tossing a picayune to the watchful darkey.

"Kil massa, you look drefful fine—I nebba see you look so fierce in all my life!—You look jus' a' bold as a lion!"

"Bold as a lion, Pomp? what do you know about a lion, you never saw one."

"Kl, yi! massa, how you talk! old Pompey nebba see a lion? hab't I seen massa Peytons's Jim ride one ober to de market eb'ry day?"

"Why, you black fool, that's a jackass!"

"Can't help dat, Massa, you look jus' like him!"

On Tuesday evening last, a couple of young folks called on Esquire D., and after considerable hesitation, requested to be united in the "holy bonds of matrimony," which request the Esquire proceeded to comply with. The bride, from the lateness of the hour, and the peculiar nature of the call thought some explanation necessary, and in a very innocently remarked: "We came from Columbia county to attend the Fair but finding the taverns all full, and no place for Alex. to sleep, we concluded to get married, so he could sleep with me!" Such a wife as that is worth having.—*Madison Patriot, Wis.*