The Democratic EAatchman.

"Bless me, what's the matter ?" exclaim

"Oh dear ! oh dear !" cried Bridget,

BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 19, 1861.

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Misgelangous. [From b New York Weekly. THE THRE GHOSTS. A SKETCH FOR SUPIS'ITIOUS PEOPLE.

BY L. AUGTIS JONES.

"When shall we tee meet again-In thunder, lightny, or in rain ?" Масветн. I wonder of any offic readers of the New

York Weekly are surtitious ? I hope not. In fact, I don't live they are ! To speak the truth, I wonth't have the auda- politely. cious impudence to imat or imagine such "Wal, I will, an' then I must be gettin' a thing. But notwittending, there is a along toward hum." The humorous old with very fanciful and fatastic ideas, and self to the cider and begun : whose power of imagintin is wonderful to sensible folks.

'bout a ghost I seed fourteen years ago in the church yard. One night I was a comin' rose to depart. He had just bade us "good home late, and jest as I was a passin' the might," and was in the act of opening the 'ards and for'ards agin the church wall .- the house and hurried footsteps were heard 'That's a ghost,' sez I. 'an I'm a goin' in in the hall. We sprung up. just as Bridget-

and speak tew it.' So I opened the gate and the servant girl, rushed breathlessly into our walked straight ahead until I cum within presence in her night clothes, followed closeabout paces from where it was; an' thar I ly by my aunt and cousin, who were pale stood and looked at it. It was orful dark, with fear. but I want a bit skeered, although it kept a waltzin' back and forth again the wall. - ed my uncle. "Is the house on fire ?" 'I'm bound to hev a tussle wi' ye enyhow,'

sez I. I buttoned up my coat and took a spasmodically. "there's a ghost in-oh dear, down to breakfast." step closter. Still it waltzed away. I got Sir-in-in me room. Sure I seen ud before mad. fur it did'nt 'pear tew mind me a bit. 1- I went to slape, but I didn,t mind it till Finally I made a jump fur it, an' as I jump- I woke an hard it breathing undher me bed. made a hearty meal, he came on deck and ed I got a blow right on my nose that sent Sure its there sthill. Oh, murther ! go me a staggerin' ba 'k'ards, with the blood hunt it some of yeez or I'll die dhis min-streamin' down my face. I looked up. an' ute."

the darned thing was hitchin' about jest the Leaving the trembling females in the same still. I got skeered an 'n tew the kitchen ; ourselves, the valorous trio, armed and model and a ' according to these terms. Fire, pol' and model aneous notices charge-d according to these terms. Fire, pol' and model aneous notices charge-a according to these terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms. Business not is, five any specific terms of the terms of terms of the terms of ter the devilish thing dancin' away still. The lamp, and quickly ascended to Bridget's sexton went up tew it an' began to laugh." chan.ber. The door was open. We paused and listened. All was still.

poker," whispered my uncle. a square. Communications recome ding persons for of-fcc, inserted at ten cent, ill in the wall an' hung his old coat on it; must accompany the complication. and the pay must accompany the complication. I cautiously crept forward, held the light when he went home he forgot it. When the low, and placed the point of the poker under he ever have occasion to travel that way wind blowed it moved, an' I took it for a the hangings. Slowly I raised it, while Uncle Ben grasped the tongs with both hand -, ghost !"

"But what struck you on the nose ?" asked Uncle Ben.

" That's the funniest part of the story," ghost appeared ; there was nothing under said Warren. "When I jumned to grab the the bed but an old cradle, in which was darned humbug, my right foot came slap on thrown a lot of old rubbish. I burst into a in ninety days the Unionists of the South the teeth of a rake that lay on the ground. loud laugh, and my allies ground their would reconstruct the Union. It is only the and the handle flew up and hit me an orful arms.

slap right atween my eyes. I treated the " Imagination !" said my uncle. sexton to say nothin' about it ; but it leaked "All nonsense !" exclaimed old Warren. "Hold on !" I returned ; "I have discov-

ly over.

"I'll soon sh

out somehow, an' now I don't care who knows it." We laughed heartily and emptied our glasses.

"Tell us another, Mr. Warren," said I listen.

" I hear it breathe !" said Uncle Ben. The humorous old gentleman helped him I turned over again. "I can hear it too," muttered Warren.

"I remember a thing that frightened me

Wha' is it ?' wuss than the other. When I was a boy

We finished our cider, and old Warren A CHEAP BREAKFAST. -- A SOD of Erin. at Schenectedy, heard the break fast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out fol church, I seed sumthin' white movin' back- door, when a piercing scream rang through Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard. "Sure, captain, dear, (said he,) and

what'll ye ax a man for travelin' on yer illegant swand of a boat ?" " Only a cent and a half a mile, and found.

eplied the captain. " An' is it the vittels ye mean to find,

ure ?" "Yes. And if you are going along, go

" Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the Cabin and requested that the boat might be stopped. "What do you want to stop for ?" inquir-

d the captain. "How far have we come ?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile ."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents; and cooly told him that he believed he would not go any fusthe with him, as Judy would wait the breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out.

" Go in and raise the bed valance with the The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped helped Pat ashore, and told him that should again he would be most happy to carry him.

HOW TO RESTORE THE UNION. - The N. Y and Warren brandished aloft his murderous Express, in a reply to the Abolition ultraists gridiron. When I raised the screen, no thus forcibly and plainly puts the case:

" If Abolitionism did not exist in the North terror of No thern Abolitionism that makes

the South the solid column it is ! Nor can slavery be trodden under foot unless the rep resentative three-fifth principle of the Feder al Constitution and the fugitive Slave com ered the mystery. Come up close, and keep perfectly quiet. Bridget said she could hear pact article be trodden under foot too! To the ghost breathe. Now stand still and tread these under foot, is of course, to tread the Union under foot. This brief paragraph is a sufficient answer to all the twaddle I laid down on the bed, and turned slowabout " abolishing slavery " in order to save the Union. To abolish " slavery " is to overthrow the Constitution at a blow, and not a State would be bound by that instrument, for

its terms of union would be abrogated. But beyond this, even if we had the power to

You are mistaken about that,-The same

Select Poetry.

THE PICKET GUARD. BY MISS NANCY PATTON .

only fourteen years of age-Miss Nancy Patton-of Ralston, Lycoming county. They were a part-ing gift to a soldier, and are certainly highly credtable to their young authoress :

> Comrades, how goes the night without ? The wind seems wintry cold;

A weary watch 'twill be to-night For our pickets brave and bold A weary watch for our noble boys, But their hearts are brave and true, And they who wish a soldier's name, A soldier's work must do.

A weary watch the picket keeps. But his stout heart never fails, As his keen eye scans the distant hills

And intervening dales, Through long, dark hours that endless seem, Without one resting breath; For should he sieep upon his watch,

The penalty is-Death ! Death ! Oh ! how hard the thought must be

At such a time and place. When danger's ever threat'ning form

Eo stares him in the face,-With naught to break the stillness That seems as of the grave,

Except his own, firm, measured tramp, That seems the grass to pave.

Perhaps some distant musket bo From out some rebel lair, Or a comrade's death-shot-who can tell ?-Breaks on the midnight air. The sound excites a moment's thought-A moment's wonder slight-As soon forgot as echo sinks

Back to the caves of night

He thinks of what ? of war ? ah, no ! Home memories throng his mind, And he thinks of letters fresh from home And of dear ones left behind : Of loving ones beside the hearth, And a little form at prayer,

And he, thinking, says, " Elsewhere forgot They'll not forget me there."

The hours creep on, and daylight breaks-A comrade takes the beat And the guard, unfalteringly true, Dare rest-and rest is sweet Upon his lowly camping-bed He seeks from cares release

NO. 49.

Malice Outwitted. The owner of a saw mill in the country. having a little enmity against a neighboring farmer, laid no less a plan of revenge than to get him arraigned as a thief. convicted. and sent to the penitentiary. But as the The following lines, which we copy from the last Lycoming Gazette, are quite beautiful, and are said to have been written by a young girl foul expedient of secretly conveying some foul expedient of secretly conveying some of his own property upon the other's premises ; so the it being found there, it might

be proof of his guilt. For this purpose he took a thousand feet of boards, having his own mark on, and at dead of night 'dumped them into the field near his neighbor's house. But the farmer did not happen to be as fast asleep as his enemy supposed .-He heard a noise, or thought he heard one, and getting up pretty soon after to satisfy himself on the subject by the help of a lantern he found a load of boards with his neighbors mark upon them. How they came there and why they came there flashed upon him at once. His course was promptly taken. Allowing his enemy just time to get fairly home and into bed, so that the light of the burning pile might not be detected. he set fire to the boards, which, being well seasoned, were, in a few minutes, entirely onsumed.

Early in the morning, as the farmer had inticipated, the sawyer came with a constable and search warrant, to look for his prop-

erty. "You are suspected," said the officer, "of having taken a thousand of boards from this man, and by virtue of this warrant I hold in my h nd, I must search your premises." " Very well," replied the farmer, "you are at liberty to search as much as you please. But if you find the boards, I'll engage to eat them for my breakfast."

" You'll have something harder to digest than that, I fancy," said the sawyer, with a

He then triumphantly led the way to where he had dumped the boards, where he confidently expected to find them, and lo ! there was nothing but a heap of ashes !-Ilis disappointment, chagrin and mortifica. tion may be judged of. He sneaked away home; and the secret of his foul plot getting wind in the neighborhood, the ghost om the ashes of the load of boards never

ceased to annoy him; until, taking advan-

tage of the darkness of another night, he

++++

gate.

long to the Macbethia. Jon Gilpin, Tam my eyes, an' got ready fur my work. My Thank Heaven for it. Di supertsition me a cut with his ridin whip, he scz : make progress as rapid as common sense and knowledge, the wor wuld have been the devil don't ketch ye, fur l seen him in in a horrible state by is time, and the the yard.' days of Salem witchcrayold have been

the darkness of night fliprothe rising of lookin' come runnin' rite up tew me an' stop-

When the family clock tick p my a unt the lantern an' sailed fur the door, an' rush- will you ?'

takes must be with me. goint on the skeered at is in the kitchen now, dryin' itself Lake to-morrow, and ol War will be by the fire ; come an' see it.' here in a few minutes wiour tag rods. If Kate takes him off ith 'I won't ain't ; so I got up an' follered 'em. have a chance to get a it at h for a " I can't see no ghost,' sez I, arter I had week, for he'll be luggeo cund picnics, and the old boy only kni what er 'nics among a lot of women. 7 vs argument was clusived the

"never give in to women"

mm idgin a on the ball be det-

lips, about the "awfutnig" Susan seen in put up his hoss in the stable an' go to bed. ders ! and threw them on the floor." the back kitchen, th vy night before He always went down to Rube Timon's tay grandfather died ; the stange noises' Pe-ern every night after supper, to spend his breathing !" should old Warren. "When traces there." What became of the rest of ter hearl in the garr, wen 'little Sis'' evenings drinkin'. I had to set up to put she turned over she pressed the wind out of the harness he don't state. - Erte Dispatch. had the measles : any o old Giles, the Bess in the stable ; fur he was giner'ly 'em. Bladders, coats, rakes, and umbrellas, village sexton, saw a 'ill gure all dressed drunk when he got back. Wal, this night turned into ghosts. Ha, ha, ha, I declare !!' up in white," dancing 3s a the graveyard 1 m speakin' about it rained an' blowed tre- And the old fellow laughed so heartily we take thee to thy hame." The balance of the mendously. 'Twas past ten when I heerd were forced to join in his merriment. These superstitious diduals, who be- the hoss a comin' up the lane ; so I rubbed

O'Shanter school, are juling away fast. father came staggerin' in, an' arter hittin' the uproar. When the mystery was ex-" Go an' put Bess in the stable, an' mind we did.

"I didn't say a word fur fear I'd git an to drink another glass, and put away our for further on, the " poick" informs us. that nothing to the presenty Bulwer has truthfully said, "Knowle power." and into the stable. Arter I finished rubbin' The clock struck ele

knowledge will grow an ough in strength century by century as g s the world trade while ignorance a settime will be settime to a settime will be settime to a settime will be settime to a settime trade will be settime to a s stands, while ignorance startion will The wind put out my light je t as I turned the night. vanish before its triump_{it} arch, even as round; an' somethin' black an' cur'ous I stayed with Unele Ben a fortnight, and OF MRS. EATON, widow of Gen. Eaton.

ped all of a sudden. ' That's the devil,' "A very good beginn, " reader may thinks I; an' I begun to shake an' tremble old elm tree that guards the garden gate. says: exclais; "but that is r wh we want. We are waiting patientlo hr about the tried tew think of my prayers. I hadn't got Werry yet Uncle ?" You take the NEW YORK having recently married an Italian dancing werry yet Uncle ?" shosts.". Very well, y'shalhear about mo'n three wo ds out afore the devil made WEEKLY yet, Uncle ?"

a jump, an' away he went tearin' round the Four years ago I took, trijut to see a yard in circles like a skeered cat in a small without it. That paper is our most welcome her grand children. The newly married rich old uncle of mine, 5 ow a nice farm kitchen. I started toward the house, but visitor !!' on the outskirts of a pleint age. I ar- afore I got tew the door he was after me "Well, look sharp," I replied; "and lor, her head reclining on his bosom in a rived in the morning, sit a asant day. fast. Wal, ef I didn't run I must ha' done sometime you will find a sketch in its col. very loving attitude, and as the artist has ate a hearty supper, and njoya comfort some tall walkin'. I was faintin' with fear umns, entitled The 'Three Ghosts.' Don't given her 'form and features,' one would in y evening. fur I heerd him arter me. I throw'd down say a word about it to any one until it comes not suppose her to be over 30 years of age.

"You had better go bed rly," my heels into the kitchen, an' fell head over aunt remarked to me, ". I at you to in' agin it, it flew open an' I fell head over I st you to come tew I found mother and one of the drive over to L-ville the thing with gals settin' by my bedside. I asked 'em ef your cousin, and see ne cour old the devil had gone ; and they both bust out road, and in a few minutes the stage coach

"" He can't go !" said juncemphati- a lamn. " Why, you foolish cretur,' says my cally, "the boy don't co, to t us but mother ; ther' ain't no sech things as devils cousin. once a year; and the st ersion he or glosts on the airth - the ghost ye get

by the fire ?' sez my mother.

when you went out to put Bess in the sta- this sketch, but to afford others pleasure, I thrifts their cash, bestowing it on all objects Old Warren soon came with rods, ble, it was blowin' about still, an' that's have at last done so. Old Warren soon came and after shaking hands, begt over-haul our lines and hooks "Tell us a good story, arren id my uncle. Wal, I didn't say a word, I was so 'shamed I went rite tew bed, and I've never b'lieved in ghosts or devils since." My uncle and I laughed heartily, as we filled our glasses with cider.

by hearing some wond fu tale from their fur the old man to come home, so I could methinks the reader exclaims-"two blad. cutting off our own noses.

The noise brought Bridget, my aunt, and harness is still missing, however. - La Cros-

cousin Kate up stairs to learn the cause of the uproar. When the mystery was ex-plained, they laughed almost as heartily as the lines that sorrow left have faded out in

Soon afterward they retired ; and Uncle joy." The rest of the harness is still missing.-Exchange. Ben, Warren, and myself went down stairs

The clock struck eleven before the old man decked her for the bridal." Nothing yet has -" loving hands with simple flowers had

enjoyed myself famously. When I was oid- Secre ary of War under Jackson, the Washding them "adieu," as we stood 'neath an ington correspondent of the Ch cago Journal

master of the matured age of 26. The ac-" Oh yes my boy! we can't ge: a'ong quaintance sprang up through his teaching

"Not to Cousin Kate, eh ?" " No !"

"I won't, then !"

The sound of the born echoed far down the stopped for me.

"When will come again ?" inquired my from Mr. Parton's life of Jackson :

"Next Summer, if God spares me !"

A tear fell upon my cheeck, as I sprang

 7
 is argument was clusived the ladies retired rather ores on high in the rest of his life is with the set of his life is withe set of his life is withe set of his life is withe set

We have all of us, a same period in our 'bout nine year old, I was settin' in the ing from the bed. and I put my hand beneath overthrow "slavery," it would be the ruin lives, met with them inchave been edified kitchen of my father's farm house, waitin' it into the cradle and drew out- What ? " of the North to do it. We should be simply

"Them bladders was what she heard she was fair, but sorrow came and left his ' THEM HARNESS."-- A poet says :-- " Oh We do not know who wrote the following nes, but they possess a melancholy beauty very opriate at the present time : Oh no ! Further down the bill of poetry

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms, To deck our girls for gay delight : The crimson flower of battle blog And solemn marches fill the night.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day Droop heavy o'er our early dead ; And homely garments, coarse and gray, For orphans that must earn their bread

Keep back your tunes ye viols sweet. That pour delight from other lands! Rouse there the dancers' restless feet-The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of worls, With mystic fame and subtle power, Go. chatter to the idle birds. Or teach the lesson of the hour

Ye Sybil Arts, in one stern knot

Be all your offices combined ! Stand close while courage draws the lot, The destiny of human kind !

And if that destiny could fail, The sun would darken in the sky, The eternal blocm of nature pale, And God, and Truth and Freedom die !

Affairs in Charleston and Richmond. A correspondent of the Boston Traveller,

writing from Fortress Monroe, on Monday, says "I have had a long conversation with a

gentleman who 'eft Charleston last Friday, She is in affluent circumstances, is very fond and he assures me that the people of the of company, has fine conversational powers North are much deceived about the true ently stationed as sentinels to watch the en-

up beside the driver, and my heart was op. after the campaign opens, for the day to ar- outnumber our troops, and this notwi h-"Thinks I, ef the women ain't afeerd, I pressed with sadness as I looked back, and rive which decides its fate and his own.- standing that they have received no reinforce- SECRETARY CHASE is considered a pretty waved my hand. In four days I reached my Through the long hours of the day of bat- ments of any moment from Virginia. He shrewd financier ; he corducted the $\begin{array}{c} \text{int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f got ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f got ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f got ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f got ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \text{ so f ap at lotted ent.} \\ \text{ int} \mathbf{r}, \mathbf{r}$

And dreaming still of frierds and home The picket sleeps in peace. picked up his all and left the country. Ralston, Lycoming Co., Pa., Nov. 19, 1861.

OUR ORDERS.

Strange Sight -Seventy Swarms of Bees War

at War. Ezra Dibble, a well known citizen of this town and for many years engaged extensively in the management of bees, communicates to us the following interesting particulars of a battle among his bees. He had seventy swarms of bees, about equally divided on the east and west sides of his house. One Sunday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the weather being warm and the windows open, his house was suddenly filled with bees, which forced the family to flee at once to the neighbors. Mr D. after getting well protected against his assailants, proceeded to take a survey, and if possible, learn the cause which had

disturbed them. The seventy swarms, appeared to be cut, and those on one side of the house were arraved in battle against those on the other side; and such a battle was perhaps never before witnessed. They filled the air, covering a space of more than one acre of groud and fought desperately for some three hours --not for " spoils," but for conquest ; and while at war no living thing could exist in the vicinity. They stung a large flock of Shangai chickens, nearly all of which died, and persons passing along the roadside were obliged to make haste to avoid their stings.

A little after 6 o'clock, quiet was restored and the living bees returned to their hives. leaving the slain almost literally covering the ground, since which, but few have appeared around the hives, and those apparand dispenses hospitality with a liberal hand." from the tone of northern papers which he has been enabled to peruse. He has been a resident of Charleston the last two peruse. Neither party was victorious, and they only WAITING.—It will be well if the public resident of Charleston the last two years, ceased on the approach of night, and from ever learns the truth of the following words, from Mr. Parton's life of Jackson: "The chief employment of a soldier's life helft, and the Southerners were anxious for is Waiting. He waits his life time for the breaking out of war. He waits for months after the campaign opens, for the day to ar-optimized operation opens, for the day to ar-

waiting for these hoars or minutes to come round." GREAT talkers use their minds as spend-thrifts their cash, bestowing it on all objects alike. WHY is John Smith like a badly colked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown, SPURGEON is called, the Barnum of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Waiting for these hoars or minutes to come thrifts their cash, bestowing it on all objects alike. WHY is John Smith like a badly colked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown, SPURGEON is called, the Barnum of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel by the London Spectator. Has a table of the control of the gos-pel the table of table of the table of table o