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Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Mercury.]

A Reminiscence.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Mr. — is elected! Ain't you glad, Daisy? Good for old Pennsylvania, I say. There will be some chance now of getting to Washington next winter—for father is sure to get an office. I will have such 'loves of bonnets'—such shoals of floozy, floating, evening dresses, and beaux."

"What kind of beaux, Kitty? Trimmings for your dresses or righty beaux? as we used to call Ned and Joe, when we went to singing school at the little red school house."

"Hush! not a word about the old school house. We have forgotten that, dear—ignore it—put it behind us. We were educated as Madame Flyways, in the city of —, etc., etc. But to answer your question, dearie. Of course, I mean real beaux, 'hangars-on,' 'hon-ton' exquisites—Is that it, Daisy? But why don't you hurrah? Ain't you glad? or ain't it your politics?"

"I haven't any politics, Kit. I guess, though, I'm 'conservative'—or like one half the politicians, waiting to see who comes out victor; and then I see 'thar.' I am really glad, though, that Mr. — is elected, simply because I know him and his, and wish success to them."

"Do you know him, dear? Is he married?"

"Aye, Kit; he's married. So you are out there, *na belle!*"

"Too bad—ain't it? Oh, well! I'll go to Washington and electrify the nation with the sight of my wardrobe, and my impudence. People will be saying: 'There is Miss Kitty Potter. How beautiful she is, but what a tongue!' Is my nose very pug, dear? or what is its style?"

"Its rather disposed to be a turn up, Kit, but if you rub it down three times a day, and bandage it at night, I think it will improve."

"How wise you are, dear! But you will visit me at Washington this winter. You shall have the cunningest little room to write in."

"I think, my dear, you have forgotten that superior piece of poetry—'counting your chickens,' etc."

"Pshaw!—you are so matter-of-fact. But you did not tell me what Mr. —'s wife is like. Is she pretty?"

"A real woman's question. When I saw her last, I was at a large evening entertainment, at her own house. I thought—as I saw her moving gracefully hither and thither, er, doing the honors—that she was the handsomest woman I ever saw. Dark brows, with cheeks and lips like crimson, and large, shadowy, dreamy eyes. But Kit, have you set the day for your wedding yet?"

"No. I did mean to be married on Thanksgiving day (because Ned is so fond of pumpkin-pies, you know), but the truth of it is, I'm not altogether sure what Ned's politics are. He seems to be on the fence, and that I despise."

"O, Kit Potter—you will be the death of me yet. I wish you would stay at home mornings, and let me get some writing done. You flash in here every morning without even stopping to knock—bringing your pink cheeks, and bright eyes, and an odor of fall leaves, and pleasant out-door air—creating in my heart a longing to go out, and entirely routing my ideas. Its too bad; after one has a most blistered one's forehead trying to rub them up."

"Cinch them, dear, between your fingers; but Daisy, let me—just this once—wipe that hateful pen, and close up this forlorn portfolio (I wish somebody would give you a new one), and you sit down in this great arm chair, and tell me more of the party you attended at Mr. —'s, years ago?"

"How could I refuse? So, with the bright head laid upon my knee, and the rich curls floating over my dress, I began:

"There is little to tell, Kitty. The party passed off as such things generally do. The noble host and his gentle wife did all in their power to make our evening pass pleasantly. I remember the happy heart that beat under my white bodice that evening—happy, and free from care. The past only flanked here and there with some swift sorrow—the future full of glorious anticipations, and glowing, hopeful dreams. There was a sad ending to our evening's pleasure: for one of our number—a sweet, gentle girl—was taken ill, and left—throwing an unaccountable gloom over us all. We left the party—sadly generally do—tired enough, and could scarcely keep our eyes open long enough to remove our trippings. I remember Cousin Nan said—just before she entered the 'Land of Nod'—'I do hope Annie will be better to-morrow.' At day light we were wakened by the sweet voice of Annie D. —. She

was ill and had come several blocks from her own home to see the friend who had always been as a mother to her."

"O Aunt M.—I am sick unto death.—What shall I do for relief?"

"How quick Aunt M.—'s fleet feet went pattering round the room, trying to get dresse 1, while the suffering girl leaned her head down in agony. Quickly she was got home, and everything that human skill could do, was done; but in vain. God wanted her. Death stood waiting. He laid his icy hand upon the young girl's brow, and sealed forever the sweet lips lately so full of life. What cared the Great Reaper, that there was a brother that had on earth, but this only sister?—that there were friends who loved this orphan girl?—that her trunk stood ready packed for a visit to the South?"

"It threw a great gloom over us Kitty, and we felt keenly the mutability of earthly things. One night full of happiness and glad young life, robbed for the banquet—the next, robed for the grave, a sweet, pale sleeper. One night she robed gayly among young, happy hearts—the next, the slender feet were laid side by side, in the narrow confines of the coffin. I gazed long upon the pale face of my friend, and then turned sadly away. In the hall I met the stricken brother, pale and wretched. As he uttered my name, Kitty, I longed to stop and comfort him—but I dared not trust myself to speak; my heart was full to overflowing. But why grieve you, dearie, with this sad tale?"

"I love to hear you talk—don't mind my tears. You used to be a good deal in B— Did you not, Daisy?"

"Yes, Kitty; some of my happiest days were spent there. I was always warmly welcomed in my dear Cousin M.—'s home, and have stayed months at a time. Alas! the valley soods red heavily upon her head. Young girls were written motherless, and hundreds of people, rich and poor, lost a priceless friend. She was fleet of foot, Kitty, and was constantly putting round doing good to some one. She was wealthy, and could 'give unto the Lord.' I have seen her with a course negro servant's bleeding foot in her white hands, binding it up as tenderly as if it had been one of her own children. Thousands of kind acts rise up before me. But time presses, and I must hurry on. I remember the pleasant times we used to have at the Spring—as my cousin's home was called—a happy, merry, by of girls, who knew nothing of sorrow, save its name. Some of us have drank deeply, since, of that bitter cup; and we are separated far enough now."

"Up on the hill top stood the academy—where the boys and girls got most of their 'learning'—as our friend Obadiah Smart says. I remember the moss grown stile where we used to congregate—it was close by the Academy, and a right royal place for fun. Many a sly lover's chat I have had on that old stile close by the B— Academy. You see we had old fashioned names then, Kitty. There were no *passionists*. I remember well when our friends George P. John M. James D., and George F., used to go there—and studied so hard that they almost grew gray, and certainly grew hungry over it; for regularly a white flag was surreptitiously hung from the window, serving to intimate that gingerbread and beer was wanted; and when it could be smuggled over from town, it was done. We were all as thick as pick pockets. Paired off in couples, sometimes, we enacted Damon and Pythias over again for a long time—but generally wound up with a grand fall out, only for the pleasure of making up again. Each one of our four beaux has M. D. written to his name now.—George P. has three or four little sun-beams of children in his home and a sweet, gentle wife to help him part the few clouds that overshadow his pathway, and peep beyond at the blue sky. Dr. John M. has also obeyed the great command, and taken to himself a help meet; but I hear the bachelors James D. and George F. have foresworn wedlock. There are two others who used to congregate with us at the Spring, whose names linger pleasantly in my memory—those of J. W. and Jane H. The former is an artist—has the wondrous power of transcribing upon canvass the faces of our loved ones. He left our party long ago and wandered far over the blue sea to Europe, lingering long in glorious Italy, and brought home the same cheerful spirit and happy-heartedness that of yore made him one of the 'select' of our gatherings. The land of sunshine and of song could not tempt him to wed one of her daughters. Italy, rendered famous by its gems of art, and its bewildering beauty, and now rendered sacred by the names of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. I have stood in his studio, and gazed upon copies from the grand-master pieces of the olden painters—whose rich coloring seems as though a halo flung from sunset clouds had glorified them. Oh, I wish I possessed this wondrous talent, and could give life and coloring to the glorious image in my heart—transcribe the angel face, and sapphire blue eyes, and golden curls that haunt my sleeping and my waking hours."

One—the dearest of us all—the happiest, merriest, 'don't care' one of all has taken up the song of Zion, and gone to far away India to labor among the heathen; whilst I have learned to consider fallacy most of the glorious dreams of the long ago; have learnt, at last, to meet coldly and fashionably the dear friends whom I long to fling my arms about and kiss lovingly; have lived far, far away from those my soul worshipped; have looked on death, and shut up cunning, laughing eyes, in whose dear sight I was perfect. I meet with her in dreams, but our joyous intercourse on earth is over. In sleep, too, I meet a sweet, childish form, that seems ever about me. I lay me down to sleep, and sleep teaches forgetfulness. I dream that a soft, warm little hand is nestled within my breast, or about my neck, and that a golden head is pillowed upon my arm. A little while the dream lasts; then I wake to remember that I have folded those little marble hands upon a cold breast, and settled the golden curls under the coffin lid, and have tried to quiet the anguish at my heart by saying, over and over again: "God knows best!"

"Try to forget your grief, darling; and be happy. Peace will come at last."

"I know it, Kitty; but dry your bright eyes, dearie; I did not mean to grieve you. We must all be content, and do our earth's work bravely. We have all a work to do—be it great or small. We must cover up the waste places in our hearts and lives, and live for the present. We must let the shadow of Past alone, and look not into the dark future. There is little praise to us if we work while the sun shines; we must stand bravely up and let the storm beat upon our uncovered heads. Ruskin said: 'We are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that must be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all.'"

"Do you like Ruskin, Daisy?"

"I do, Kitty; don't you?"

"Yes, rather. But he is awful good and solemn."

"You will like him better, darling, if ever you should know sorrow. You will find then, that when you are sinking down, down with heart-sickness and the loss of hope, that his words of encouragement, or his ideas of duty to be done, or our loss to be borne meekly—will lift you out of the 'slough of despond.'"

"Tell me more of your friends in B—, Daisy, won't you?"

"Not to-day, dear; I must to work. It is a long time since I have seen some of these dear friends, of whom I have been writing, Kitty. But I know some of them think of me sometimes; for, only a few days ago, a loving letter wended its way from the far shores of India. Though not given much to shedding tears, there was not a tear fell on that precious letter—a mirroring of sweet and bitter. What would I not give to see them all once more, and to feel that I am not forgotten! I know when they read this sketch, and find how often I think of them, that they—one and all—will conclude to subscribe for THE WATCHMAN, where they will meet with me often, besides making the acquaintance of hosts of pleasant people, who will chat to them pleasantly each week, and throw a weird glamour over their hearts, woven by fancy and facts."

DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—AN INDIAN GOD AND A BURIED CITY.—While all the world is busy with the present, so big with great events, we have a select circle of gentlemen in Boston—the Ethnological Society—who have the taste and leisure for delving among the forgotten relics of the past. At the last meeting of this society some interesting results of antiquarian research were presented.

From Central America came the report of the discovery by our minister at Guatemala, in the yard of his house, of an ancient Indian idol of stone, which had been there for two hundred years, where it was brought by the Indians from the ancient residence of the Quichean King, more than 150 miles distant over lofty mountains, and through difficult and dangerous passages. For forty-six years it has been buried to hide it from the Indians, who came by night to worship, until it was at last unearthed by our minister, Hon. Mr. Crosby. A more interesting discovery still is that reported to have been made in November, of the ruins of an immense city, buried in a dense forest, in the province of Esquintla, about forty-six miles from Guatemala city, which is said to contain a very large number of fine specimens of sculpture. Of this we shall hear hereafter.

The Boston Herald says that "the Emancipation League in that city is in full blast. The furnace is heated seven times hotter than ever, and the whole pack of Anti-slavery Abolition devils are at work to make hell appear more inviting."

A Woman of Good Taste.

A VERY HAPPY AND TRUE SKETCH.

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly—or how recent a shape, if it be awkward.—Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it.—She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own hands. Not that her costume is rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty—and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a stupid sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirit contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gull buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware however that the garish is as important as the dress, all her inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all there is no great art either in her fashion or her materials.—The Secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points.—And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

The Jug Without a Bottom.

On a bridge that crosses the Grand Rapids we met a hale old man and his wife, with seven sons, seven daughters, and thirty-seven grand children, with numerous horses, carts, wagons, oxen, cows, calves, sheep, and furniture of antiquated appearance; among which were seen cradles for babies, Cradles for grain, spinning wheels, pots and kettles, and almost everything requisite for a settlement such as fifty blood relations will make in the Grand River country. After the train stopped we made inquiries, and asked the gentleman what could be done with a *bottomless jug*, which was carefully stowed away among the domestic equipment and received the following reply.

"Why sir, I am a man of many years, and have worked other people's lands all my days, and paid from four to nine bushels of wheat every year for doing it, and have all the time used a jug with a bottom to it, by which all my profits have been wasted, and I got sick of feeding both landlord and rumseller—so I sent seven of my boys to Mexico to fight for the r country. They all got back safe; and bought seven sections of land, that please God, will be mine without rent. And now the old jug you see there shall hold all the whiskey and rum that will be used in my whole family while I control them. Old General Taylor told my son John that a bottomless jug was the best kind of a jug to put liquor in and I believe it."

The Cavalry Speculation.

A difficulty is presented at Washington, as to the disposition of all the cavalry regiments accepted into the service. The commanding General asked for TWENTY SEVEN regiments and the whole number accepted and authorized to be raised by General CAMERON, the late Secretary of War, is SEVENTY-THREE! This is forty six more than General McCLELLAN either wants or knows how to dispose of. This excess will cost the Government just about \$45,000,000 of needless expense, but what of that? It gave SIMON CAMERON'S friends an opportunity to buy up about FORTY THOUSAND OLD HORSES and sell them to the Government at an enormous profit.—The Government now owns so many horses that they don't know what to do with them, and the animals have been put out to Delaware, by the thousand among the farmers in Delaware, Maryland and the lower part of Pennsylvania at 40 cents a day. It has now been determined that the number of Cavalry regiments actually required shall be reduced as efficient as possible, and the others either discharged or turned into Infantry. After that is done, the poor old horses will be sold at from thirty cents to ten dollars is held. The rascals who forced all these horses on the Government, should be made to take them back or eat them.

Landlord.—Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best stable in the city.

Editor.—I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis.

Landlord.—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper.

Editor.—I thought you were glad to board me for nothing.

It's a poor rule that don't work both ways.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Committee met at Buehler's Hotel, in Harrisburg, on Wednesday last, agreeably to the call of the Chairman and adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the next Democratic Convention be held in the City of Harrisburg on Friday, the 4th of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Speaking of the action of the committee, the *Patriot & Union* very properly remarks, "Under the present circumstances of the country it was wise in the Committee not to call the Convention upon the customary Fourth of March. We have always regarded that day as entirely too early to open the campaign; and in the present unsettled state of the Nation, when new questions are constantly springing up, and when the rebellion requires the undivided attention of the people, there were the strongest reasons against hasty action. By the Fourth of July we may be able to see our way clearly out of existing complications. The Convention will be called upon to nominate candidates for Auditor General and for Surveyor General."

SELLING AN ARTIST.—Mr. W. is one of our most popular artists and draughtsmen. For long since, while busily at work, he was interrupted by a rough looking customer:

"Be you Mr. W. the painter?"

"I am, sir."

"You teach creatures to draw, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, who fancied his visitor some wealthy old father.

"Do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No, sir, not my darter."

"Your son perhaps?"

"No, not my son, neither."

"Who then, sir? Not yourself, I hope?"

"No, not myself, but somebody a darned sight more difficult—a four year old mule I bought the other day. Learn him to draw, and darned if I don't out pewter and give you the biggest hundred dollars you ever seed."

The countryman went down stairs with a hop, skip, and jump, closely followed by an old pair of boots, a meerschaum pipe, and sundry other moveables.

THE EFFECT.—We are reliably informed that when the news that permission had been granted by the United States authorities for British troops to cross our territory became known in Canada, it produced an electrical and profound effect upon the public mind of the most gratifying character. It seemed to dispel the fear frown instantly; and well informed gentlemen predict that the effect in England will, if possible, be still more happy. We trust it will prove so; we expect it will. It is no use to paw dirt or shake horns at John Bull or any other variety of the Anglo-Saxon race, unless you desire fight. Generous confidence and magnanimity appeal to the better side of his nature, and he is as unwilling to be outdone in that direction as the other. This little courtesy may turn the whole current of feeling between the two countries into a better channel, and give it a more natural, rational tone. God grant that it may.—*Portland Argus.*

A DARKEY CONFAB.—"Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum,

"Well, Julius, succeed, I've open for the quethum."

"Can you tell me why de art of self defence am like the riber at low tide?"

"No, Julius, I dosen't see no similarity in de two subjects, so darefore, I gurs cm up."

"Well, den I'll tell you—it is simply because it develops de muscles! You is de most ignorant nigger I never seed."

"Yah-yah! I knowed it all de time what dat was, only I did'nt want to say uffin! jiss ax me again and see if I can't told you."

A Puzzle.

HERE LIE

Two grandmothers, with their two grand-daughters,

Two husbands, with their two wives.

Two fathers, with their two daughters.

Two mothers, with their two sons.

Two maidens with their two mothers.

Two sisters with their two brothers.

Yet but six lie buried here.

All born legitimate.

AN Irishman at Bull Run battle was some what startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain; when the Irishman rushed to him exclaiming: "Blast your soul, you old woman, stop your cryin'! you make more noise about it than the man who lost his head."

A Bill has been introduced into the City Council of Nashville to convert all citizens between the ages of 17 and 45 into policemen, for the purpose of watching the city by night, all of whom shall take an oath to support the Southern Confederacy. Passed first reading and referred to the Police Committee.

A Persian Story.

Jesus, says a Persian story, arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare a supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground, and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eye of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long shall the foul beast offend your sight?" said another. "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for stealing." And Jesus heard them, and looking down on the dead creature he said: "Perils are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people turned toward him with amazement, and said among themselves—"Who is this? This is Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve, even in a dog;" and, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him and went each his way."

SERENADE TO GEN. SHIELDS.—On Wednesday evening, the 9th., Gen James Shields, recently returned from Northern Mexico, was serenaded by the Fifth Regiment Irish Brigade, at Washington.

After being introduced, the General returned his thanks for the compliment. A few weeks ago, he said, he was wandering in Northern Mexico, supposing himself to be forgotten by his countrymen. As soon as the call of our Government reached him, he cast aside every personal consideration, and hastened to the North to perform any duties that would assign him, so far as his ability enabled him.

He spoke of his attachment to his country and again pledged his fidelity to the oath which he had already taken. While compromise was possible and honorable, he was in favor of it, and while peace was honorable he was also in favor of it; but now that we were in the midst of civil war, he was in favor of prosecuting it to a successful conclusion at every national sacrifice, and at every peril to his life.

He alluded to the fact that in this trying crisis he had not escaped suspicion; although he regretted the fact, it had not influenced his action. We must avoid as fatal all military mistakes; armed multitudes do not constitute an army. Numbers alone constitute force; all that was necessary to insure success is the proper direction of that material now existing in the Free States.—The army he said reflected credit upon the General-in-Chief and his Administration.—If gallantly led in the future, we would reverse the Bull Run disaster.

MARRIED AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.—Romance marriages appear to be the order of the day. The *Cleveland Herald* says

On New Year's morn the Cleveland and Pittsburg train, bound south, arrived at Salineville, a party of ten couples boarded the train. They were, like the fair Dinah in the thrillingly affecting song, "dressed out in gorgeous array," and gave other indications of being out "on a little time."

By a curious coincidence a clergyman made his appearance at the same time, and was also invited into the car. The train was started off and was soon rattling at a tremendous rate. Just as it attained the top of its speed there was a hustle in the rear car, the party was crowded around the minister, who thereupon stood up, facing a blushing young lady and a slightly embarrassed male passenger who were a step or two in advance of the remainder of the party. A few words were said by the minister who then stated that the bonds of wedlock had been made fast, and pronounced the couple man and wife.—Conductor Swain was so carried away by the excitement of the moment that he made a very neat and appropriate speech, and invited the entire party to ride with him whenever they chose—on payment of the regular fare.

CALIFORNIA SULPHUR AND ALUM.—At Coosa, California, there is a peculiar volcanic district. There is no large distinct crater, but streams of lava pour forth from thousands of tubular openings. The sulphur congeals, and is found hard in several places. Alum is also found in great abundance. It appears that as the sulphur congeals it throws out a coating of alum. These sulphur springs cover about two acres of ground. They are situated on the side of a volcanic hill, about three hundred feet above the level of the plain, twenty miles south of Coosa, and fifteen miles north-east of Little Owen's Lake.

GRACEFUL SMOK!—The Republican editors say that Cameron only retired from the Cabinet. What a graceful fellow he is!