

# The Democratic Watchman.

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## Miscellaneous.

### Parson Surely's Experiment.

A SKETCH FOR WEATHER GRUBBLERS.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and, as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger people, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it to come at any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely, on the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and, on the other hand, that he would give them fair weather whenever they wished it.

Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputized to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the Deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said as he ascended the platform in front of the desk. "I have heard your request to me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I do it only on one condition, and that is, that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member in the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor, and that he should give the people rain when they wanted it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings his wife was utterly astounded on learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into; but the pastor smiled and bade her wait for the result.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them.—You will be disgraced."

"I will teach them a lesson," returned the pastor.

"Ay, but you cannot be as good as your word; and when you have taught it to them they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, and he took up a book and commenced reading.

Time flew on, and the hot days of mid-summer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people began to think of the promise of their pastor, and hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with them this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now, you will see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am sorry you ever undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive them."

"Yes, you surely did."

"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour of the meeting came round, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there—some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, friends," said the pastor rising upon the platform. "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," blurted Farmer Sharp, "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Aye—rain—rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now when do you want to have it?"

"To night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, not to night," cried Deacon Smith. "I have six or seven tons of well-ripened hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck.—"We won't have rain to night."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time all the hay which is now cut can be got in, and we need not cut any more."

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mustn't rain then."

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in a week, and then sit down.

"This would not do. If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in; but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit but he met the disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but with the same result as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted it immediately—some in one, some in two, and some in three days, while other parishioners wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish; but the people would not listen to it; they had become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay on.

"But I will no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social, contented and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, "all things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for he doeth all things well."

How NAPOLEON PUNISHED SWINDLING IN HIS ARMY.—Just before the great battle of Wagram, while the army was encamped on the Island of Lobau, near Vienna, Napoleon walked one day with one of his Marshals on the shore and passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said he, "I hope you find the wine good." "It will not make us drunk," replied one, "there is our cellar," pointing to the river Danube. The Emperor who had ordered a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and made an immediate inquiry.

He found that forty thousand bottles set him a few days before for the army had been purloined and were unaccounted for by the Commissaries.

They were immediately brought to trial and condemned to be shot, which sentence was speedily carried into execution. Here was a venal offense, insignificant, indeed, when compared with the frauds upon the urgent wants and necessities of our soldiers, recently brought to light but it received a severe and merited punishment. A few such examples in our own army would do a world of good.

In the U. S. Senate, the resolution of the House declaring it to be the purpose of Congress to impose a war tax of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, was passed by a vote of 39 to 1.

The Fulton Democrat denounces H. C. Spaulding, of New York, the "Cephalic Pill" man, as a scoundrel and a swindler.

## Official Account of the Battle of Mill Springs Ky.

LOUISVILLE Jan. 22 1862.

To Major General McClellan, Commanding the United States Army: The following has just been received from Gen. Thomas:

The route of the enemy was complete.—After succeeding in getting two pieces of Artillery across the river, and upwards of fifty wagons, he abandoned the rest with all the ammunition in the depot at Mill Spring. They then threw away their arms, and dispersed through the mountain by-ways in the direction of Moultrie, but are so completely demoralized that I do not believe they will make a stand short of Tennessee.

The property captured on this side of the river is of great value, amounting to eight six-pounders and two Parrott guns, with caissons filled with ammunition; about one hundred four-horse wagons, and upwards of twelve hundred horses and mules; several boxes of arms, which have never been opened, and from five hundred to one thousand muskets, mostly flint locks, but in good order; subsistence stores enough to serve the entire command for three days, and a large amount of hospital stores.

As soon as I receive the reports of the Brigade commanders, I will furnish a detailed report of the battle. Our loss was thirty-one killed, and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded. Among the wounded were Col. McCook, of the Ninth Ohio, commanding a brigade, and his Aid, Lieut. Bass, of the Eighteenth United States Infantry.—The loss of the rebels was: Zollicoffer and one hundred and fourteen others killed and buried, one hundred and sixteen wounded, and forty five taken prisoners, (not wounded) five of whom are surgeons, and including Lieut. Col. Carter, of the 17th Tennessee Regiment.

GEN. THOMAS.

D. C. Buell, Brig. Gen. Commanding.

Having One's Own Way.

As we came on a Brooklyn ferry boat the other day, says an exchange, a gentleman, one of the fast men, evidently, drove on board at a rapid rate, and nearly ran over a man, who seized the bridle, and brought him to a halt.

"What do you mean," said the individual driving, "by catching hold of my horse?"

"What do you mean by driving over people in this kind of way?" was replied.

"Let go my horse, I tell you!"

"I say I won't till I get ready!"

"Well, then," said the driver, throwing his whip in the wagon, "just hold him will you?" and he walked into the cabin.

This was a quiet and quite as cute a way to settle a dispute as that adopted by Nooks when he met Stooks in a tight place, and neither could turn out without some danger of overturning their respective carts.

"If you don't turn out," said Nooks, "I'll serve you just like I did a man I met half a mile back here in just such a place as this."

Stooks was impressed by the decision Nooks displayed, and promptly complied with the request; but just as he was getting by inquired—

"How about that man you met—how did you serve him?"

"Well, you see," said Nooks, "when I found he wouldn't turn out for me, why I just turned out for him!"

HADN'T FORGOTTEN.—"Our city," says a Philadelphia friend, "has some divines whose sermons are more noted for their length than depth. One of them, Dr. Bull, happening some eighteen months since to pass the Sabbath in a small town in New Jersey, not far distant from this city, was invited to preach. He accepted the invitation, and spoke for an hour and a half from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' It is said that the church bell had to be rung at the conclusion of the sermon, to rouse the hearers. This report has never been confirmation."

Last month the Dr. was in the same town and was again invited to preach.—He announced his text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' At this juncture a staid old Jersey farmer sitting half way down the middle aisle, was observed picking up his hat and hugging and kissing the lady of the house. "Remember Lot's wife," was a second time sounded in his ears, he rose, and in a voice distinctly audible throughout the church, exclaimed, 'Haven't I forgot her since you were here last time?' and immediately executed a rapid movement towards the door.

WHAT NEXT?—They are building a railway under ground through the city of London. Deep down, beneath gas pipes and water pipes and sewers, a large artery will in future drain the overflowing surface of that mighty city. The first portion of this great work, extending from Paddington to the Victoria Station, will be opened by the first of May next. It will be so wide and well lit that it will seem more like a well kept street by night than a subterranean passage. It passes right under Fleet street ditch, the filthiest and foulest of the London sewers.

## Select Poetry.

[From the Look Haven Press.

"God Bless You."

BY C. W. HANBY.

How sweetly sound those holy words,  
These happy words "God bless you!"  
With joyous thrill they ever fill  
The hours that distress you."

You sadly press the hands of those  
Who lovingly caress you;  
And a responsive beaute to soul,  
In breathing out "God bless you!"

Your mother, in the days that were,  
Would earnestly address you,  
With many an admonition kind,  
And breathe aloud, "God bless you!"

"Go forth into the world, my boy,  
And should it cares distress you,  
Remember that thy mother's prayer  
Is ever this—"God bless you!"

"And when the sands of life are run,  
And Death's cold hand doth press you,  
Remember, through his risen Son,  
God evermore will bless you!"

ANNA LISLE.

Down where the waving willows,  
'Neath the sunbeams smile;  
Sh. showed over the murmuring waters,  
Dwelt sweet Anna Lisle.

Fare as a forest hilly,  
Never thought of gullies;  
And its home within the bosom,  
Of loved Anna Lisle.

Chorus:—Wave willows murmur, water,  
Golden sunbeams smile;  
Earthly music cannot waken  
Dear loved Anna Lisle.

Sweet came the hallowed chiming  
Of the Sabbath bell,  
Borne on the morning breeze,  
Down the woody dell.

On a bed of pain and anguish,  
Lay dear Anna Lisle,  
Changed were the lovely features,  
Gone the happy smile.

Chorus:—Wave willows murmur, &c.  
Raise me in your arms, dear mother,  
Let me once more look:  
On the dark and waving willows,  
And the flowing brook

Fanned in heavenly garments,  
Look on me and smile;  
Waiting for the longing spirit  
Of loved Anna Lisle.

Chorus:—Wave willows murmur, &c.

Mexico.

The latest intelligence from Mexico leads to the impression that the allied powers which have entered into a shameful combination to subdue a feeble nation, will not have so easy a conquest as at first appeared probable. Their army is hemmed in at Vera Cruz, and they can get no supplies from the country. A reconnaissance has been made by a Spanish regiment, but it was driven back by an unseen foe, before it got a mile from the city.

The dastard effort of three Governments attempting to subject a distracted country like Mexico, at a time when the only friendly rivalry in the world, which would be likely to resist the cowardly act is employed in quelling an insurrection of the most alarming proportions, shows how small a sense of honor and magnanimity is possessed by the most civilized communities. But Mexico is a country of great extent, and many parts of it not over-healthy for natives of Europe. It has some very natural means of defence against invaders, and if but a small amount of courage and perseverance be exhibited by her people, the European Powers may find their subjugation a rare troublesome and expensive work than they at first anticipated; and if our domestic war should be brought to a conclusion before their task is accomplished, Uncle Sam may yet have a finger in the pie.

The Philadelphia Press certainly endeavors to earn the stipend his editor receives from the Republican party. None of the old organs of that party are quite as malignant in their hostility to the Democratic organization as the Press. It is perpetually haunted with the dread that the Democracy may at no remote day come into power again; and then good bye to the power and the perquisites of J. W. F. The Press is convinced that the leaders of the Democratic party cherish "treasonable purposes," and that their sole aim is to destroy the country. The Press rags with warnings to the loyal men against the designs of these "disloyal Democrats," and thinks that the only salvation for the country is for Union men of all parties to form a coalition against the Democratic organization. How very disinterested! Of course, no selfish aims are disguised under this seeming patriotism—of course, Purvey does not calculate upon being one of the leaders of this consolidated anti-Democratic organization. Patriots of his class are never in the least selfish.

Talk about the duty of disceding party in this time of national peril! Was ever partisanship more rank more base, more disloyal, than that which seeks to make party central out of the troubles of the country, and to destroy the great Democratic organization in order that upon its ruins may be erected a new organization which shall acknowledge Forney as Dictator.

## ANECDOTE OF SIMON CAMERON.—A Pennsylvanian now in the army, relates us a traditional anecdote of the Secretary of War, which is probably as true as the posthumous stories of juvenile days of great men generally are; and we therefore put it on record for the benefit of his future biographer.

It was the custom aforesaid in Pennsylvania for mothers to place an apple a silver dollar and a Bible before their children, as soon as they were able to toddle about; and with a mother's interest watch them make their choice. It was considered indicative of their more matured predilections.—In accordance with this custom, the mother of the infant Simon, as soon as it was able to stand on his pins, produced the articles and set them before the child, hoping in heart he would select the Bible. But not so Simon. The future Secretary of War took a somewhat deliberate view, and with less reserve than King Alfred mounted atop of the holy writ, pocketed the dollar and commenced munching the apple! It is needless to add that he has been at that business ever since.—*Can. Eng.*

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—The New York Post gives the following summary of the forces of the Burnside expedition. The total land force of this division may be summed up as follows: Fifteen full regiments and one battalion of infantry; one battery of six pieces of field artillery; forty-five rifled guns, distributed through the fleet, or a total of fifty-one guns at the disposal of the land forces. The regiments are, with two or three exceptions, up to the standard of 1,000 men; and adding the gunners in charge of the fleet, the total fighting force amounts to fully 16,000 men, aside from the naval vessels.

The total number of vessels of all kinds, aside from the naval forces, is forty five, and are divided as follows: Five steamers, nine propellers or gunboats, four ships, five floating batteries. These steamers are all unarmed and are intended exclusively for carrying troops. Their capacity ranges from five hundred to one thousand men each the Northboro being the largest and the smallest of the number. The gunboats will both carry troops and assist in attack.

THE WAR MUST BE SHORT.—This war commenced on the 19th of April, 1861; it ought to be ended by the 19th of April, '62. The amount of cotton now on hand in the warehouses of Liverpool and Manchester is sufficient to keep the Lancashire mills at work, at their present rate of running, until the latter part of May. As that period approaches the impending distress of the manufacturing population of England will furnish powerful motives for the intervention of the British government to break the blockade. The overmastering instinct of self preservation will as yet its force, and pretexts will not long be wanting for war with the United States and an alliance with the South. Recent events have shown on how precarious a footing are our relations with Great Britain. It behooves us to strike vigorous, rapid, and effective blows while we have but one enemy to contend with, and no formidable third party interferes.—*N. Y. World.*

"SPIRITUAL" PROPHECIES ABOUT THE WAR.—At a spiritual seance in Boston on the 11th, before medium Cholechester, the following prophecies were elicited from what purported to be the spirit of Daniel Webster:

"Daniel Webster, can you tell me how soon there will be a big battle, and at what place?"

Answer.—"There will be a battle on the Potomac within two weeks—the greatest on record here."

"Daniel Webster, can you tell how soon this war will be over, and how it will result?"

Ans.—"Our country will soon be safe.—In eight months this war will be over. The South will be subjugated and return to the Union."—*Springfield, Mass. Republican.*

PETTY DESPOTISM.—Mr. Heston editor of the St. Clairsville Gazette, purchased five bundles of paper in Wheeling, a few days ago and ordered them to be sent to the Monroe House in that city. One Thomas Hornbrook who holds the office of Surveyor of Customs at Wheeling, seized his paper simply because it was to be used in printing a Democratic newspaper. After discovering that he had made an ass of himself, Hornbrook gave up the paper, after keeping it several days. The fool-killer will be sure to capture this fellow the first visit he makes to Wheeling.

Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantino. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored. "Leave them here it won't rain to-night," was the reply. "But I dare not leave them thus exposed: some of the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mohammedan merchant burst into a loud laugh, as he replied, "Don't be alarmed, there ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here."

## Millionaire Stewart.

The war is fast piling full the coffers of certain big operators. A New York letter says:

It is safe to affirm that no single merchant, banker, or other person, whatever calling in the world, is coining money at so rushing a rate as Alexander T. Stewart, of this city. During at least one year of his dry goods experience he has been known to clear profits amounting to one million two hundred thousand dollars, and his usual gains have been estimated at one million per annum; but since April last, and as the reasonable sequence of a lack of commercial confidence and numerous failures among merchants, Stewart's business has vastly augmented, until his sales have ranged at a million dollars weekly, for weeks in succession. The trade of all classes seems to set like a flood towards the Broadway marble palace, and now, men, women and children have come to consider it impossible to pass any number of days without visiting Stewart's. It is the rarest bee hive in the country at this time. But, startling as it may seem, the retail and wholesale dry goods business is not the most active or profitable department of this mammoth establishment—if rumor does not mistake the case. We are told that the millionaire merchant is making money in fabulous sums for Government contracts for blankets, army cloth, clothing, and various articles not found usually upon the retail counters down stairs. It seems that Stewart was shrewd enough to foresee the immense and continuous demand likely to arise for clothing materials and army supplies of such sort, and early proceeded to engage from the manufacturers their entire production for several months ahead. When our venerated Uncle Sam came into the market, he found himself forestalled by the Broadway merchant, and was compelled to pay tribute to the marble palace or go without the goods. In fact, Mr. Stewart had at one time so complete a monopoly that Government had to give him the contract for making many thousand uniforms, simply because no one else could get or furnish the cloth from which to manufacture them. I know of one instance where contracts were so plenty in the hands of the gentleman referred to that he threw in a little job of making fourteen or fifteen thousand uniforms as a sort of make-weight in negotiating the job of a lot of army clothing cloth. Who wouldn't be a member of the Union Defence Committee under such interesting circumstances?"

Cure for Cancers.

Our attention has recently been called to a cure for cancers, which is of such importance that we wish to make it known as widely as possible. Some eight months ago Mr. T. B. Mason, who keeps a music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother to the well known Lowell Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on his face the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again and while he was in Cincinnati on business it attained the size of a hickory nut. After remaining there several weeks under treatment, he has come back perfectly cured. The process was this:

A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it was exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood root and wheat flour, was spread on a piece of muslin of the circular opening, and applied to the cancer for 24 hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found to have been burnt into and appear the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and par boiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon separates and the cancer comes out a hard lump and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer so that it sloughs out like dead flesh and never grows again. This remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years with unfailing success and not a case has been shown of the reappearance of the cancer, where this remedy has been applied. It has the sanction of the eminent physicians and surgeons in London, but has not till recently been used in this country, and many of the faculty, with their proverbial opposition to innovation, look upon it with distrust.—*Mil. Free Democrat.*

THE BLOCKADE.—The necessity for increased vigilance on the part of our navy in enforcing the Southern blockade, is very evident from the following which we clip from a New York paper.

We have received from a Havana correspondent a printed list of fifty vessels that have run the blockade of the rebel ports. From the 26th of May till the 26th of December.

"Since the above was put in type, one steam and four schooners have arrived with cotton and naval stores at Havana and Matanzas from Confederate ports."