

# The Democratic Watchman.

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## Miscellaneous.

### The Tale He Told the Marines.

Now mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell you as he told it to me. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is so inclined, from— But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is. But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkyns is a man who has had some strange experience, and this is not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't of ten find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at dinner at Lord—'s. Well! it does not matter there. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda water, and smoking cheroots with three officers of Marines, one of whom, with five gloves (ladies' six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how, after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over and marries Blubber.

“It is like the sex,” said the second Marine. “Its woman that seizes all mankind,” said the third Marine. “It reminds me of what once happened to myself,” said Jenkyns; “you don't know the story.” “be continued, turning to me.” “So just order yourself some sherry and soda water; ah! and while you are about it order some for me too, and you can pay for them both when they come; then I shan't be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your cigars. Well, gentlemen! turning to the Marines, “some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House. P—— share. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on—Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet “stunning” applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Ninrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could run like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and looked like Venus. If I've seen her smoke.”

“One good point in her character, at any rate,” said the third Marine. “Just like the sex,” said the second Marine. “Ah! she was a stunner,” continued Jenkyns; “you should have heard that girl whistle and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together. I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.”

“Don't be a fool!” she said. “Now drop it, do, and pat me a fresh warm on.” “O Fanny!” I exclaimed, “don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—”

“I tell you what it is, now,” she replied angrily, “if you don't drop it, I'll pitch you out of the boat.”

“Gentlemen,” said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, “I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove, she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up, and climbed into the boat.”

“Jenkyns,” said I to myself, “revenge! revenge!”

“The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon—though I understood that pretty well before—and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated, Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

“Am I to lose my air expedition?” she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. “Some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!” she called out to me, “you understand it, don't you?”

“Perfectly,” I answered.

“Come along then!” she cried; “be quick, before papa comes back.”

The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said:

“How jolly!”

“We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

“I understand the going up part,” I answered; “to come down is not so easy,” and I whistled.

“What do you mean?” she cried.

“Why, when you want to go up, faster you throw some sand overboard,” I replied, suiting the action to the word.

“Don't be foolish. Tom,” she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

“Foolish!” I said. “Oh dear, no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny. I know. Go it, you crumples!” and over went another sand bag.

“Why, you're mad, surely,” she whispered, in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags; but I kept her back.

“Only with love, my dear,” I answered smiling pleasantly; “only with love for you, O Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.”

“I gave you an answer the other day,” she replied, “one which you I should have thought you would have remembered,” she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

“I remember it perfectly well,” I answered.

“I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand bags? I shall ask you five times to be my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand bag—so lady fair, as the cabin man says, reconsider your decision, and consent to become my wife.”

“I won't!” she said. “I never will, and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way, to press me thus.”

“You acted in a very lady like way the other day, did you not?” I rejoined, “when you knocked me out of the boat?”

“I laughed again for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl! However, I went on, its no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?”

“Never!” she answered; “I'll go to Ursula first though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius first, wouldn't you?”

“She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've been a thing I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand bag, and commenced whistling the Dead March in Saul.

“Come, Mr. Jenkyns,” she said, suddenly, “come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.”

“I continued the execution of the Dead March.”

“But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.”

I laughed, seized another bag, and looking at her, said:

“Will you promise to give me your hand?”

“I've answered you already,” was the reply.

“Over went the sand, and the solemn

notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

“I thought you were a gentleman, said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; “thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why, a chimney sweep would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?”

“I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the goddess of Anger or Boudicca—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon—she said:

“I command you to begin the descent this instant!”

“The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:

“We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us we are trespassing. Will you promise me your hand?”

“She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself on her knees and bursting into tears, she said:

“Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong and I am very sorry. Take me home and I will be a sister to you.”

“Not a wife?” said I.

“I can't! I can't,” she answered.

“Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments to give her time for reflection, and then said:

“Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.”

“I took up the fifth bag.

“Come,” I said, “my wife in life or my companion in death! Which is it to be?” and I patted the sand bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms as if it had been a baby.

“Come, Fanny, give me your promise.”

“I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing; and I confess, she had beaten me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: “Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Merry whomsoever you'll will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables; endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Pakikwan ki Indians. Whatever happens Jenkyns is your slave—you're dog—you're fool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.” I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

“You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.”

“With all your heart?” I asked quickly.

“With all my heart,” she answered, with the same strange look.

“I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

“Gentlemen,” said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand as if he were going to take an oath; “Gentlemen will you believe it? When we had reached the ground and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned her to receive anew the promise of her affections and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon the ground, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.”

“You villain!” said Sir George advancing toward me with a horse whip in his hand. “you villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!”

“Sir George,” said I, “villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble;” and snatching it from his hand I broke it in two and threw the pieces on the ground.

“And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning, Miss P——. I forgive you,” and I retired.

“Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever

come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?”

“As I said before, it's like the sex,” said the second marine.

“Yes, all mankind is seised by woman, said the third marine.

“It's just my case over again,” said the first marine. “After drawing me on in that way—after gaining my affections in that traitorous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!”

Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But I said before I began that I will not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true, but yet the marines believed it.

## Opening of the British Parliament.

**THE ROYAL SPEECH.**  
LONDON, February 6.  
Parliament opened today. The speech from the throne is as follows:

*My Lords and Gentlemen:*—We are commanded by Her Majesty to assure you that Her Majesty is persuaded that you will deeply participate in the affliction by which Her Majesty has been overwhelmed by the calamitous, untimely and irreparable loss of her beloved consort who has been her comfort and support.

It has been soothing to Her Majesty, while suffering most acutely under this awful dispensation of Providence, to receive from all classes of her subjects the most cordial assurances of their sympathy with her sorrow. We are commanded by Her Majesty to assure you that she looks with confidence to your assistance and advice.

Her Majesty's relations with all the European Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory, and Her Majesty trusts there is no reason to apprehend any disturbance of the peace of Europe.

A question of great importance, which might have led to very serious consequences arose between Her Majesty and the Government of the United States of North America, being the seizure and forcible removal of four passengers from on board a British packet by the commander of a sloop of war of the United States. That question has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection, and by the disavowal by the United States Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer.

The friendly relations between Her Majesty and the President of the United States are, therefore, unimpaired. Her Majesty willingly appreciates the loyalty and patriotism which have been manifested, on this occasion, by Her Majesty's North American subjects.

The wrongs committed by various parties and by successive governments in Mexico, upon foreign residents within the Mexican territory, and for which no satisfactory redress could be obtained, have led to the conclusion of a convention between Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French and the Queen of Spain, for the purpose of regulating the combined operations on the coast of Mexico, with a view to obtain that redress which has hitherto been withheld. That convention and the papers on the subject will be laid before you.

The improvement which has taken place in the relations between Her Majesty's Government and the Emperor of China and the good faith with which the Chinese Government have continued to fulfill the arrangements of the treaty of Tien Siem, have enabled Her Majesty to withdraw her troops from the port of Canton, and to reduce the amount of her forces on the coast and in the seas of China.

Her Majesty always anxious to exert her influence for the preservation of peace, has concluded a convention with the Sultan of Morocco, by means of which the Sultan has been enabled to raise the amount necessary for the fulfillment of certain treaty arrangements which he had contracted towards Spain, and thus to avoid the result of a renewal of hostilities with that Power. That convention and the papers connected with it will be laid before you.

Her Majesty regrets that in some parts of the United Kingdom and in certain branches of industry temporary causes have produced considerable pressure and privation, but she has reason to believe the general condition of the country is sound and satisfactory.

Her Majesty confidently commends the general interests of the nation to your wisdom and care. She fervently prays that the blessings of Almighty God may attend your deliberations, and may guide them to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of her people.

A distinguished divine, on a certain occasion, while preaching with his usual eloquence and power, said, “Brethren, I sometimes illustrate my subject in this manner; and putting his bankerchief to his nose, blew a blast loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. But was not the intended illustration but some of his hearers thought it was.

## Select Poetry.

### Lines to Miss

BY THE MAN IN GREY.  
When the heart within is burning,  
With thoughts it cannot tame,  
When the spirit feels a yearning  
For that it may not name,  
When the anguish'd soul by night,  
Pours forth the briny tear,  
And slumbers sweet have taken flight,  
And left a wakeful fear—  
Ah, then it is, we realize  
What this life is to us so much prize!  
I left my home—I fled from love,  
And vowed to love no more;  
I said I'll not the sweet South rove,  
I'll rest me in the shady grove,  
And every sweet of this life prove,  
Without its sorrows sore,  
But, faithless vow! and perjured me!  
(If sin, it is forgiven—  
An angel could not censured be,  
For loving one so fair as thee),  
And I, in all love's misery,  
Am headlong, blindly driven.  
Is there no hope? I ask and shrink,  
And all my senses rove;  
My soul reels as on the brink  
Of some abyss, where'er I think  
I may the cruel waters drink,  
Of unrequited love.  
No glittering wealth of gold, I bring  
Upon thy shrine to lay;  
I make noattery's offering—  
I found me no despoiled fling—  
Affection is a holy thing;  
Oh! cast it not away!

**PER HAN THROUGH.**—A gentleman had occasion to send his daughter up to the garret for some articles which he wanted. The child returned crying; and upon being asked what the trouble was, replied: “That the snow had sifted in upon the garret stairs, and she had slipped down and hurt herself.”

“Well, did you get what I told?” inquired her father. She replied that she had not.

“Well then,” he exclaimed, starting up, “I'll go; I guess I ain't afraid of a little snow.”

After he had gone, the child observed that “She hoped papa would fall just a little, to pay him for laughing at her.”

Soon afterwards, a distant bumping and rolling was heard, accompanied by the sound of suppressed wrath. The family listened with intense interest, but the object of their solicitude was whistling quite as soberly as though nothing had happened.

He crossed the two rooms above, and as he approached the head of the stairs thence descended—“Open the chamber door! Next you know, you'll have me tumbled down here, and break my neck. It's so dark now”—but the sentence was never finished.

Trip went, his heels, and rolling, thumping, rattling and swearing, he sprawled his six feet on the kitchen floor, where he was greeted with bursts of merriment. At last he shouted:

“Open the cellar door, Ann, I may as well put her through clean to the bottom.”

**A ZEALOUS COLONEL VS. A ZEALOUS CHAPLAIN.**—One of the Chaplains of the Army of the Potomac called on a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and beckoned to a seat on a chest.

“Colonel,” said he, “you have one of the finest regiments in the army.”

“I think so,” replied the Colonel.

“Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?”

“Well, I don't know,” was the Colonel's answer.

“A lively interest,” remarked the Chaplain, “has been awakened in the—regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men men have been already baptized! [This was a rival regiment.]

“Is that so, pon honor?” asked the Colonel.

“Yes, sir,” replied the Chaplain.

“Sergeant,” said the Colonel to an attending orderly, “have fifteen men detailed, immediately, to be baptized; I'll be— if I'll be undone in any respect!”

The Chaplain took a note of the interview, and withdrew.

“What can a man do,” said a green one, “when the sheriff is seen coming up to him with a writ in his hand?”

“Apply the remedy,” said the knowing one with a shrug.

“Remedy! what kind of a remedy?”

“The healing remedy you goose—run!”

**PROBS DARKY.**—“Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tell him to lay up his treasures in Heaven?”

**Practical Sam.**—“Whais de use of his laying up treasures dere, where he neber sees am again?”

## The Grand Lincoln Ball.

We take the following graphic account of the First Ball ever held in the Presidential Mansion, from the *Baltimore American*. It was given by her Ladyship, Mrs. President Lincoln, on Wednesday night last, and after reading this glowing description our readers will agree with us that it was got up regardless of expense, and proved altogether a magnificent affair. Why should it not be splendid when the *People pay the Piper*. And how could it fail to be brilliant when graced by the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Lincoln, and the handsome, commanding presence of “Lonest Abe.” What the taxpaying people will say about this “magnificent” entertainment in these hours of danger, financial and political difficulties and National gloom, may easily be imagined. It was the First Ball, ever given at the White House; and at such a time! What the Union is rocked to its very foundation, and sacrifices multiply upon the people, what losses, dangers and ruin stare our people in the face, and they patiently bare all for the country's welfare, their rulers revel in grandeur and pleasure.

What will our religious people think of this splendid affair? Three days of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer, in one year, for our deliverance from our National afflictions! The Throne of grace specially addressed on each occasion, from the “God of Nations” that he would forgive our National sins and restore Union and peace; a universal petition throughout our land every Sabbath day, and thousands of daily prayers from honest hearts, for the same blessing, and after all this such a scene for the first time in our history in the White House. In olden times, when afflictions and disasters came upon the people, their rulers humbled themselves before Him, and in soberness and sack cloth and ashes received His judgments, now their rulers make a feast, invoke the spirit of music, array themselves in robes of splendor, and “kill time,” in unwonted scenes of costly splendor, in the midnight revel, in dancing and gaiety.—What will our rulers learn the properties of becoming the present situation of our unhappy country—and remember that “righteousness exalteth a Nation.”

**MRS. LINCOLN'S BALL.**—The first Ball ever given in the White House came off on Wednesday night last. Over eight hundred invitations were issued. The hour on the cards was eight, but it was late before the guests began to arrive. The first arrivals of note were Secretary Welles and lady, Speaker Grove and lady, Senator Wileox and lady. By half-past nine o'clock the arrivals were in a continuous stream. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln then stationed themselves in the centre of the East Room and received the guests. The company, on entering, presented the cards of invitation at the main entrance, and passed to the second floor, where the apartments where all throne open for dressing-rooms. They then returned to the hall and passed into the East Room past the respects to Mrs. Lincoln and then to the President. For one hour the throng moved in a current, and when the rooms were full the Marine Band stationed in their usual position, began playing operatic music of the finest description. At eleven Mr. Lincoln gave his arm to Miss Browning, daughter of Senator Browning of Illinois, and Mrs. Lincoln, with Senator Browning, and others, soon followed and they passed through and through the different rooms.

A large apartment was thrown open about 12 o'clock, with an immense parol bowl in the centre, and audrches, &c., around it. Only a few parlots of these refreshments. The supper was set in the dining-room, and is considered one of the finest displays of gastronomic art ever seen in this country. It was prepared by Mailand, of New York, and cost thousands of dollars.

The bill of fare was:

Stewed Oysters,	Marieys,
Scolloped Oysters,	Chat-brandi,
Boned Turkey,	Chocolate,
Pate de Foie-grass,	Ovetratt,
Aspic of Tongue,	July,
Parri Giblets, a-la-	Compettes,
Fussiz,	Fruit,
Chicken Sauc, a la-	Glace,
Parisienne,	Be-Bons,
Filet de Boef,	Orange Glace,
Stuffed Turkey with	Biscuit Glace,
Truffles,	Fancy Cakes,
Quails,	Rich Muttons,
Partridges,	Flu-Muttons,
Canvass Back Ducks,	Sandwiches,
Charlotte Russe, a-la-	Fruit and Grapes
Parisienne,	

In the centre of the table was a looking-glass and along it were ranged the fancy glasses of confectionery. At the head of the table was a large helmet, in sugar, signifying war. There a large fancy basket of sugar—a pagoda, temple of liberty, large pagoda, cornucopia covered with sugared fruits and frosted sugar, and fitting around it candy glasses apparently full of frothing beer, four bee-hives, handsome Swiss cottage in sugar and cake, Chinese pagoda, on a side table was a very large fort named Fort Pickens, made of cake and sugared. The inside was filled with quilts, candied.

The table fairly bent under expensive luxuries heaped one upon another. At 12 the dining-room was thrown open for inspection, and guests passed in and viewed it preparatory to the demolition of the artistic pile.

About 11 Gen. McClellan and lady, and Gen. Marcy and daughter, came in. All the Border State Senators and Members were present with their ladies, and most of the Members and Senators from the Northern States.

Gov. Morton, of Indiana, and lady, Gov. Newell, of New Jersey, with handsome Mrs. Don Plat, were among the Governors. Nearly all the Generals in the army were there. All the Foreign Ministers of any note were present. Lord Lyons was particularly good-natured, and chatted lavishly for some time with Mrs. Lincoln.

Those who had eyes for clothes noticed that about half the gentlemen wore dress-coats, and but few of strict party costume. The ladies were, however, dressed to the height of fashionable extravagance.