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Original Poetry.

To "Honest Abram."

There's a voice comes from the valley,
O'er the mountain and the sea;
And it calls "Honest Abram,"
Calleth loudly unto thee.
Better listen to its warning,
Better heed its voice,
For it cometh full of sorrow,
From a "never steepy" side—
So 'tis said.
One that's grown so weary watching
By life's pathway dark and damp,
For the "good times" that were promised,
When he wore cap, cape and lamp.
That he's going "Honest Abram,"
From this world I know not where;
In thy bosom, "Honest Abram,"
Let him rest from toil and care—
Or awhile.
The homes once for the homeless
How all quickly disappeared;
And the homes for the homeless,
All too soon, it is feared.
And his lamp is lost or broken,
Cap and cape have gone to grass;
While the people say he's nothing
But a stupid, silly, like yourself!

Miscellaneous.

My Hospital Experience.

What shall I do to pass my time pleasantly and usefully? was the question I put to myself after the last "good bye" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the new desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart which sounded like desolation. It will never do to sit here idly, and brood in vain regret his absence; and surely, if he thought I should do nothing but pine and grieve for him, it would add a heavier weight than my "rest" upon his mind, for then very sore causes for trouble would rest upon him. It is enough, to feel that our dear country calls for him in affliction, and God go with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof now, nor professed himself in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severed some of the brightest links which united our beloved nation. And while he has gone forth brave in defence of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry like a miserable, selfish child, because it cannot have the toy it loves best always in its hand? No, no. That will never do! I should never claim to be a daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, could I for one moment be guilty of such a selfish weakness.
So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window, listening to the last clang and clatter of the bell on the boat which bore him away.
Slowly it put off from the wharf, and then up to God went deep and fervent a prayer, as ever breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was warm upon my lips—his last words were ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that "vow" with its soothing tones, might be forever hushed, and the warm lips cold and mute, under the icy seal of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grew sick at heart, and a heavy dread strove to creep into my brain, driving away its usually hopeful and pleasing fancies.
"It is right and just," I murmured, as I turned away, "and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys up at the hospital."
To think with me is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were donned, and I was on my way with a light heart. Are there any wives, mothers or sisters, who will wonder how I could feel light hearted, when I had just sent my husband away to battle, perhaps never to see his dear face again? I will tell you why. I trusted in God and was yielding to an impulse to good deeds. I say good, because I was animated solely by the desire to render assistance and relieve suffering, and not for what other people think or say of me.
On entering the hospital, I found the attending physician, Dr. L., there, and introduced myself.
"I have nothing to do," I said, "and want you to employ me. Can I render assistance in any way?"
"Yes, madam," was his prompt response. "If you will come in sometimes and prepare something nourishing, and talk to them, to keep them in good spirits, we shall be very glad."
"I shall certainly do so. I am glad if I can be of use."
I laid aside my bonnet and cloak, without further ceremony, and went to the sickest man I saw.
"How do you feel?" I asked, bending over him.
"Weak—ill—nigh unto death," he replied, in a tone so pitiful and full of despair, that I felt tears spring to my eyes. I sent them back to their source, however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet kind voice.
"Oh, no. You are not near death. You are well, but you will not die. Uncle Sam has use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be

up and ready to shoulder your musket again. Don't you think so?"

His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheek.
"Oh, if I could only think so! But the time drags so slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to take care of me."
"O, well, you need a little rest any way," I said cheerfully. "Now I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?"
"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," he said eagerly.
"Not a bit. Now be easy, and I'll soon have you feeling nicely."
I got a basin of water, combs, brushes, sponge and soap, and came back to him. His large dark eyes rested with child-like pleasure on my face, as I carefully bathed his face and hands. He had grown so feeble that he could scarcely connect a sentence without pausing, and lay panting on his pillow from the slightest exertion. After bathing his face, I took the comb and straightened out the snarled masses of long black hair that grew thickly over his brow. I soon found that illness had made him childish, though I at first started at his childish bluntness.
"You're mighty purty," he said suddenly, and for a moment I did not know what to say, but then I thought that I may seem so to him, poor fellow; and only smiled in reply.
"What's your name?" he next asked.
"S—," I replied.
"You ain't married are you?"
"Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson."
"Oh dear," he said fretfully. "I'm so sorry. What did you get married for? Never mind, I will put a spider in his dumpling when I get well."
With the last words, a mischievous light broke over his face, and his black eyes twinkled. I laughed merrily at him, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor fellow! little enough amusement he had. If he could amuse himself at my expense, I would have no objections.
My next patient was an orphan boy, sixteen years of age. Frank B.—belonged to Big's Sharpshooters, and a braver heart never beat in the bosom of mortal than that which throbbed in his.
While bathing his face, I asked him what induced him to leave his home in Nebraska, to come away and peril his life at such an early age. His reply is worthy to be written by that of a noble Nathan Hale, who regretted having but "one life to offer to his country." He said: "I joined the army because I was young and strong. I have but one life, and that would be worth nothing to me if not offered to my country."
Noble boy! How many more like him have fallen willing sacrifices!
The next day I carried a basket of apples, oranges, pies, tea, &c., to the hospital. As I went in, several of the men lifted their heads, and nodded pleasantly.
"I'm glad you have come back," said one and another thoughtfully. "It looked so like to see a woman amongst them."
My admirer with the black eyes clasped my hand when I offered him an orange, and kissed it gratefully.
"If I live," he said, "I'll always pray God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch over you from Heaven."
"Poor fellow! I wonder that if from that Heaven to which his spirit has flown, he is watching over me to-night as I pen these lines?"
Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with glad smiles before I was near enough to speak to him. When I bent over and asked how he felt, he answered me cheerfully, saying he hoped to be able soon to return to his regiment.
I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him sleeping sweetly.
Those who have never visited the hospitals cannot conceive of the wretched condition in which the men are brought into them. That day twenty eight were brought in from Donelson and Savannah, and such objects I never saw. Their faces and hands were stiff with coal dust, and burning with fever. Their hair long and matted, beard uncut and full of dirt.
It was a serious task to attempt rendering them comfortable, but I did not shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt grieved at my inability to serve more than one at a time. Oh how I longed for the power to stir some of my own sex, who in that town passed their days in thoughtless idleness, to bring it only for an hour, to assist in action, those poor sufferers to a comfortable condition.
From morning till noon I toiled faithfully from my heart, and thankful for the impulse that had sent me there.
I went home and died, and feeling tired, wanted to lie down to rest. But then I had promised to bring some fruit to the boys in the afternoon, and I could not feel satisfied till I had done so, that I could rest any time, while they lay tossing in pain and fever, perhaps longing for a cool draught they could not get.
It was four o'clock before I got away again, and then I was really tired. So days merged into weeks, and it became a regular routine. From eight till ten or eleven, and from half past one till four, I took pleasure

amongst them, even while pain stirred my heart to see their sufferings. On by one I could see them fading. No care or skill could save them. They had offered their lives to their country, and she had accepted the sacrifice.

Poor little Frank B. daily grew weaker. Nothing could tempt him to eat, and his cough grew worse, while his face became thin and pale. He never lost his joyous spirit, but always seemed hopeful, even when too ill to rise from his berth.
One afternoon I was startled on entering by the most piteous cries, and that they came from my little favorite, generally so brave and frankie.
"Why Frankie, what's the matter?" I asked, bending over him.
"Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I wanted somebody by who seemed to care for me a little. You do like me; don't you, dear Mrs. S.—? You've been so kind to me. Oh, this pain—I can't stand it long!"
His hand grasped mine nervously, and every fibre of his frame quivered with pain. I saw that the dew of death were standing thickly already on the broad, beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow deeper than words could express. I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the poor blue lips of the dying boy.
"Oh, kiss me again, won't you?—That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more; I feel better. Oh, I would't mind to die if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?"
"Yes, a great deal, Frankie; as much as if I was your sister. Don't you think so?"
"I'm sure you're a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so."
He drew me down toward him, and pressed his face close to my arms. I could endure no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unmoved me. I drew that young bright head to my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon its sunny curls.
Did the gentle sister he loved, have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only and petted brother, in their far off home in Nebraska?
"You will stay with me to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone?"
"No, Frankie, I will stay with you."
He was comforted and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face. Now his lips became whiter, and the large clear eyes plead for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the suffering expression of his face.
About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time I look down at his hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before, I seem to see the parting look of his great eyes ere they fixed in death. How sad the task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compose the blue lips in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sister as I had never wept and prayed for myself, for he was all they had.

A few days after this, another of my patients, who was fast recovering, I thought, had a relapse, and was again confined to his berth. There had been a storm that dashed in the windows, and he got wet.
On Friday, he asked me to write some letters to his brother, sister and his betrothed. I did so, while he dictated, and he had a rich vein of faith and sentiment pervading his nature. This I soon discovered in his dictations, and was much interested. He showed me the miniatures of his friends, and talked of some returning home. Bade me say to his sister that he was coming soon—'if he couldn't get a furlough he would make one, &c.'
Saturday found me almost blind from inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get to the hospital until Monday morning. Sad faces greeted me. Matrons, physicians and nurses, wore serious faces, and the Steward quietly placed letters, miniatures and description roll in my hands. I looked toward Fred's place, it was vacant!
Oh, that was a sad task I had to perform! To sit down, three days after writing those pleasant, hopeful letters, and tell them that heart that dictated them was still forever—
I wrote to the lady he would have made his wife, and returned her letters. I had rather have performed any other task on earth. The poor father and mother, whose bent forms were fast tottering to the grave—the bright, sweet-faced sister—the loving brother! To all these I must convey tidings that would sting the hardest heart. Yet, such is the fortune of war.

These are but few of the many instances of the kind which might be given to the public. Every day for three or four weeks I witnessed such scenes, performed such tasks as those I have named.
Since that, however, fortune has called me to scenes of more startling nature. I have seen where the conflict raged, the forms of the dead and dying, and amongst those who yet lived, such suffering as the heart could not conceive without the eye having witnessed it. Forms mangled, crushed—to live and suffer for a few days, and then to die in the most horrible agony.

Oh, God! when will it cease? When will the hand of the fate fall less, as he attempts to cleave the son to the earth, and brothers cease to regard each other as foes? Will peace ever be restored? Shall we ever again be united? Alas! will we ever love each other again, or give room in our hearts for other than revengeful, bitter feelings?

HORRIBLE AFFAIR—ANOTHER NEGRO OUTRAGE.

On Wednesday morning two negroes, Jacob and Reuben Long, from Allegheny county, were committed to jail charged before Justice Hunter of West Newton, with having forcibly outraged the person of Mrs. Mary Ann Faulkner, a very respectable lady, residing in Rostraver Tp., this county.
The facts of this case as related to us, are of a most revolting nature. Mr. Faulkner is a market pedler, and left home with his horse and wagon, on the morning of the day on which the outrage was committed. He resided on the turnpike, near the Allegheny line. Mrs. F. had retired to bed with her infant; no other person being about the house. About 11 o'clock, she was aroused by a knocking at the door. She enquired who was there. She was answered that her husband had met with a "disaster"—"upset and broke his wagon"—was badly hurt, and had sent his horse home by "us" and to tell her to put it in the pasture. She got up—put on a skirt, and placing her frock over her shoulders, opened the door; discovered a horse hitched near, but could see nothing of the men. Suspecting nothing, she took the horse and led him towards the pasture, when looking around she discovered that the horse had a white spot on his face, which her husband's had not, and the bride, also was not his. She immediately became aware of danger and dropping the reins, ran for the house, when two men sprang from their concealment, seized her arms, threw her violently on her back, with her skirt pulled over her face, confining her arms as in a vice, and partially smothering her, and while in this situation, one of the brutes violated her person, then held her until they other ran off and left her. As soon as she was able, she went into the house, took her child, and made her way to a neighbor's house, where she told the story of her wrong.

The night was dark, and she could only tell that they were Negroes from their well known voices, and by the horse, which she knew belonged to the father of the accused, who lives farther along the road. It was several days before she had them arrested. Her convictions of their identity is strengthened by the fact that the accused left West Newton at the hour that night with the horse she identifies, and had about time to reach her house at the hour she charges the outrage to have been committed.
This is but a foreshadowing of the scenes that will be enacted if Mr. Lincoln is permitted to consummate his abolition schemes—'Let him beware, or somebody will be hurt'—at the next election.

When the swarms of slaves now within the lines of our armies are let loose upon the North we shall have a surfeit of such negro outrages.—*Greenback Argus.*

AMERICAN WOMEN IN THE CAR. The woman as she enters drags after her a mishapen, dirty mass of battered wireworks, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a monkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes much heed, not minding it so that it may be covered up the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and leaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is itself delicate; but these blows from a happy fine are loathsome. If there be two of them they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by woman's rights.

But though not modest the woman I describe is ferocious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, as she sits with raised chin and face flattened by affectation; she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her.
"But every twist of her body and every tone of her voice is an unsuccess falsehood. She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat."
You rise from a deference to your own old conviction and from that courtesy which you have ever paid to a woman's dress, let it ever be worn with ever such hideous deformities. She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists herself round, bending your shins with her wires, while her chin is still flattered, and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though that place were also vacant, and necessarily at her disposal. Perhaps the man opposite has his own ideas about civility.—*A. Troop.*

A Prediction.—If these infernal fanatics and Abolitionist ever get power in their hands, they will override the Constitution, and set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinion or dare question their infallibility; and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood.
DANIEL WEBSTER.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

If this "War for the Union" is unhappy protracted much longer, it is certain that the negro will be forced into it. Every day we witness the increased efforts of men like Sumner and others, who have "wrongs to avenge," to force Mr. Lincoln into the employment of the "slaves" in the army and navy and the logic of their "principles" drive them to this result. If the negro be natural entitled to the freedom of the white man; if he was designed by the founders of this government to be included in our political society, and a party formed to secure "impartial freedom" for the negroes is a legitimate constitutional party; in short if the Federal Government can make American citizens out of "negro slaves;" then not only has it the right, but it is the duty of the Government to set these negroes to fighting for that very thing surely for which the party in question was organized, and for nothing else, viz: to secure "impartial freedom" for these negroes. This is to obvious and logical to be disputed by any sensible or honest mind, and therefore we repeat, the negro will, sooner or later, be forced into this conflict for "freedom and humanity," as Mr. Sumner terms it, but which Mr. Toombs would say, is a conflict to degrade and destroy the liberty of the white man by amalgamation with negroes. That a terrible result must follow any such attempt, is obvious to those who understand the spirit and necessities of Southern society. In all the "slave" States, we believe, it is a capital offence for a negro to raise his hand to a white person. This, even if he be too severe, is in accord with the higher law and safety of society, for absolute, unresisting obedience of the grosser animal nature of the negro, is vital to the security of the higher organism of the physically feeble white woman, child, &c. In view of this—this gross, sensual subject Negro in juxtaposition with the elaborate and highly organized Caucasian—a what a monstrous and wicked conception to reverse the order of nature and impel the former into conflict with the natural and inherent supremacy of the latter? When the Snyers revolted against the white Europeans, they blew them into atoms from the muzzles of their cannon—a frightful, but perhaps just punishment, for the ordinary forms of punishment were to feeble to be felt by the apathetic Mongol. But the relatively superior Mongol required such punishment as this to make a proper impression on him, what should be the punishment inflicted on the grossly organized and semi-animalized negro when he raises his hand against the life of the master race? This can only be conjectured of course; but those who comprise the North we shall have a surfeit of such negro outrages.—*Greenback Argus.*

JOHN BECKWIN'S DREAM.

Rough John Beckwin, a Mississippi ferryman, tied his boat to a post, and plodded wet and weary, to his little house. Having thrown himself, with an oath, into a chair, he lighted his pipe, and pulled the smoke up the chimney, while he dried his feet at the fire.
Presently his little daughter, "came in, leading her younger brother, and walking to her mother said, with a pained expression, "Mother little hub swore; little hub can't have any wings when he dies to fly up to the good place. Poor little hub!" and the little girl began to cry. But she looked up to his mother's and said, "But father swore too. Can't he have any wings when he dies?"
The mother did not answer, for she feared the stern man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire.
But the iron had entered John Beckwin's soul. That night he dreamed; and as he stood before the cottage, looking at the stars and moon, there was a sound of a trumpet above, that made the world tremble, an exceeding glory in the sky, and from the midst of the glory a voice calling to the judgment. And immediately the air was full of white souls, whose eyes turned upward with a steady gaze, while their hands were clasped over their breasts.
And the voice called again, "Come ye blessed!" Then the white souls were given wings full of stars and shining like silver, which flashed back the glory from above, as they calmly floated upward.

While he stood wondering and terrified, he heard a sharp cry of pain at his side.—There stood his little boy, with ragged and soil stained coat, and his hand stretched pitifully up towards the flying host. "Oh, my father!" exclaimed he, "why did you teach me to do wrong? The dear Lord just now beckoned me to come, but I had no wings and no cloak of silver; and he looked grieved at me, and turned away.—Oh father, why did you teach me to do wrong?"
There was a sound as of thunder—a crash at the universe—and the old man found himself in a long train of souls, with heads bowed and tears running from their eyes, walking down a black, narrow archway, where he could look only before him, and see behind the great train of weeping ones, an open gate from which came fire. But he heeds them not, for behind him he heard the patter of little feet, and over and anon, amidst sobs and moans, the voice of a child, "Oh father! why did you teach me to do wrong?"
John Beckwin awoke, and heard his little boy quietly breathing in the cot beside him. He never swore again.

It is an ascertained fact that it is cheaper to steal negroes than to buy them. Those that want negro labor in the North have elucidated this to their entire satisfaction. Those that have conscientious scruples about stealing, favor "compensation," that is, for the Government to engage in the slave trade, buy negroes at its price, and send them North, where each one can pick out a nigger to his own liking; at no expense to themselves, but at the expense of their neighbors, who are obliged to help to pay for him in the shape of taxes. The Government of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will be a master builder. One of the villagers will get a farm and live like a patriarch.—But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow will displace his competitor in the shape of a business, who prescribes his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money in a savings bank.—There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old highway. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortune—good name—and and a serene old age—all go this road.

A SECOND MESS.—A Harrisburg paper states that during the recent terrible cradle was seen coming down the rushing waters near Mandaville, and being suspected of containing something, it was watched by several persons for three or four miles, expecting it would at some point of its journey come near enough to the shore that it would be safe in venturing after it in a boat. At last, at a bend in the swollen stream, the cradle came sufficiently near that it was secured, when it and behold upon lifting up a light covering, a beautiful babe looked up and smiled! We remember of reading in that book of old, of a time when the daughter of one of Egypt's proud rulers went to bathe, when something was seen in the distance, to bring which, one of the maids was sent, when upon opening a babe was seen, which looked up and smiled.—The above incident brought this ancient one up to mind. A kind person took the little one in charge and although a week has elapsed, and inquiry has been made, no clue to the little stanger has been discovered.

An Excellent Sentiment.—In the late Democratic Convention in Fairfield county, Ohio, Dr. Olds offered the following resolution, which was enthusiastically adopted:—"Resolved, That we are in favor of the Union as it was, the Constitution as it is, and the Negroes where they are."
This is the sentiment of national patriotic men everywhere.
Senator Wade thinks "the Constitution is suspended for the present." If Senator Wade, and a few like him, had been "suspended" themselves years ago, there would have been no trouble in the nation now.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*
Gen. Fremont—a path finder who always misses the track; a statesman who never made a speech; a general who never won a battle; and a millionaire with "nary red."
With most men charity begins at home and ends there.

A WONDERFUL ARCHITECT.

Do you know the type setter is an arch. test? You see those bits of lead and zinc lying over, across and against each other, like the tangled braids of a mermaid's hair? And yet they form an army more powerful than ever fought on tented field. Yesterday they stood up "form"—truly in a thousand forms. You may look upon the little bits with a smile on your lips, but you little dream they are stronger and wiser than you—they will speak when you are dead and forgotten. They have sometimes made you smile and sometimes shudder. "Sticks! Isn't there something in that 'word? Harn! You been head and heels in there for years, and don't your feeling rise and fall with them alternately? A little further on you come to the 'married' Ah! I thought that would make you smile. I saw you kiss a baby then, and that word unraveled it all.—You haven't forgotten the day you went courting, have you? Then there was magic in the utterance. You stood at the altar on the strength of the happiness you felt, and if you had not always loved the girl as you ought to, there is no one you love so well. You secretly bless the day when the single word 'Married' was wreathed like a sacred archway over the joys of you and yours.—Don't you remember little Minnie—she whom you loved so well—she with the blue eyes and auburn curls? When Death's dark Angel folded her little delicate hands over her snowy bosom, and sealed her lovely eyes with his icy fingers, don't you remember how the great tide of sorrow came o'er your smitten heart? You little thought the other day when you picked up the paper—that the word 'Died,' of only four letters—which you laughed at as they lay dusty and dirty in their square boxes—would make you weep—would make you think of her whom God hath taken.

If you come to this office to morrow the printer will show you how to distribute knowledge. He will pull to pieces tough wry arguments that yesterday defied the poet. Those pretty palaces which the poet wrought will have to come down, and their golden fancies become to morrow the integuments of the politician's press. They go—those metallic dwarfs, scattered broadcast like good seed, which shall bring forth sixty, yes an hundred fold. "Sixty lives lost" and Prentiss's last joke march in together, and the printer whistles Yankee Doodle as carelessly as if human life was below par, any so it is. This is the printer's life and business.

A Printing Office is a great bowling alley. The printer sets up pins—the world keeps tally, the editor puts the balls in motion, and away it goes, carrying death and destruction in its train, sending a pin here and a pin there, while a noisy rabble always stands by to cheer and hush down the players. Some play for money; and a few—a precious few—do it to patronize the boss and bless mankind. Not matter what the balls are made of or how they go, if they only hit the mark. The crowd pocket the spoils and the honors are left to the proprietor, who goes behind the scenes and starves in his shirt sleeves. And such is life.
When the printer dies, the world just gets a glimpse of his value as his coat tails vanish into glory, and then it looks very bald, rubs its head a little, calls him a clever fellow—says only fault was in being poor, and then the world shoves his sympathy out of sight into that idiom the human heart, and on rolls the Juggernaut as though nothing had happened.

Some day the people will wake up and find a severe loss in the juggernaut of human progress. If you do, don't waste more sympathy than possible on those my theological fellows who print your books and papers.
Quite a number of years ago there lived in the town of G.—Androscoggin County, Maine, a man by the name of L.—He was farmer, stage-driver, and hotel-keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of our yarn. His was the name he was best known by. He was lean, long, lank, and scrawny. Always on hand to run errands and do chores generally. On a very hot day in July, Ide was sent off about three miles to a mill with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him there was quite a quantity in before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before the miller got to work upon Ide's lot. The water was low, consequently the mill-stones revolved rather slow. Ide was hungry, and his inner man got up rebellions, and looking up to the miller (Uncle Reub), he says,
"Uncle Reub, I can eat that meal faster than you grind it."
"Ah, my boy," said Uncle Reub, "how long could you do it?"
"Why, till I starve to death" said Ide. Uncle Reub says that he never got such a shot before.

What is the difference between a Republican and an Abolitionist. Pickens says:—Just the same difference there is between a tadpole and frog.
"My son what would you do if your dear father was suddenly taken away from you?" "Swear and chew tobacco."
The right man in the right place husband at home in the evening.