

# THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

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## The Bridal.

BY A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,  
As the parsonist went to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,  
Our heads from the sad slight turning. [Light.]  
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim,  
To think him not more discerning.

To think a bachelor free and bright,  
And of the sex as we found him,  
Should there at the altar, in the dead of night,  
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,  
Though the wine and cake partaking,  
We sobbed him home from the scene of dread,  
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down,  
From the first to the lowmest story,  
And we've never heard from or seen the poor man,  
Whom we left with his wife in his glory.

## Daniel Bryan's Oath.

Most of the temperance stories of the day are weak and watery dilutions of preceding ones, but the following has a startling strength and vigor. Daniel Bryan, as appears by the context, had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in better days, the sister of Moses Felton.]

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week the fallen man would lie drunk on the floor, and not a drop of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for sympathy, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very dog seemed the object of his rage.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

"Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped for he could not speak plain.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold stern expression, he said in a strongly emphatic tone:

"Daniel Bryan I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but matched with a demon. I have loved you Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were noble generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might live with me in comfort only she will not do it while you are alive; yet when you die she will come to me—thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligent that reaches me from my native place after I have reached may I know home my be that you are—DEAD."

"Stop Moses, I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and yet you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall not find me among the mourners!"

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew proudly up.

"Go," he said with a tone of the old powerful sarcasm, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back them words!"

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never!"

"You shall—I swear it!"

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fireplace, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel moved over the brink of the grave but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. You can scarcely take a gill and not take more.

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and rum killed me. If the want of it kill me, then let me die."

But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his own words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger Death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court House at Burlington, and Daniel B. was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the successful counsel turned from the court room, and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could see them, Bryan stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment," asked Moses.

"I must die an honest unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made to the scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times he has set in the State Legislature, three in the Senate, and once in the National Congress.

A PARISIAN CONFIDENCE MAN.—The Paris correspondent of a London paper writes as follows: "A curious swindling case has just come on before the Correctional Police of Paris. The prisoner is a Montenegrin—a handsome young fellow of five and twenty, calling himself 'Grand Serdar of Modunum, Duke de Grao, Prince of Montenegro, &c.' His real name is Wladimir Milwoutowich, and his genius for plunder appeared to have been almost equal to the credulity of his dupes. He seems to have excited war interest in the bosom of a certain Countess Gaetani, whom he accompanied to the Hotel du Louvre; she introduced him to the director of the Credit Foncier, believing him to be what he represented himself, and that functionary, at her recommendation, advanced him not less than £1000. He gave as a deposit a box, 'full of Jewels,' which, on investigation, it is needless to say, were found to be paste.

"But strange to say, this money seems to have been refunded, for he was not prosecuted by the Credit Foncier, but a couple of Paris tradesmen, who were credulous enough to believe all the stories he told them of wanting money to buy a sword to make a present of to the Prince of Wales; and to supply him with linen and cash, without the least difficulty. They protested, however, that it was their knowledge of his having a credit at the Credit Foncier that induced them to treat him as a valuable client. The prisoner admitted he was under a cloud just now, but he was only waiting for remittance, and would pay every son; he maintained that he was a very great man at home, and that his difficulties arose from 'political causes' beyond his control. He was disagreeably surprised at being sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment."

WAR'S DEVOLUTION.—While we are awaiting the result of the mighty contest now going on in Virginia, the thought how those who have fared in the struggle with whom we are intimate, represents everything like exultation: "Do they still live, or have they offered up their lives on the altar of their country? There is many an aching heart in our midst, eager yet afraid to read the list of 'killed and wounded.'" There are many whose calm air and smooth brows indicate anything but the anxiety that is eating up the vitals and wringing the heart. These, when known to us, we regard with species of awe, and involuntarily offer up a prayer for the safety of those in whom their love and pride is bound up. May the awful sweep of the wing of the Destroying Angel have touched "our own" lightly!—*Ec.*

A woman in Michigan took hold of what she supposed to be a stove holder on the floor of her kitchen the other day, and found it to be a large rattlesnake—She escaped being bitten, but how, is the mystery.

A man who practiced somewhat at the bar—of a saloon—asked a lady why she was so fond of peeping into a looking glass?

"Sir," said she "the glasses that I look into help me to improve my appearance, while those you look into, injure yours."

The great beauty of a wife is, "said a henpecked husband, "that if she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you."

## Right of Habeas Corpus.

The following extract from the address of R. H. Gillet esq. delivered at the Columbia County N. Y. Democratic Convention, Sept. 17th, 1864, is a true statement of the rights of the citizens under the Habeas Corpus and the laws relative to the freedom of speech and of the Press. In a well sustained and logical argument of considerable length, he proves how Mr. Lincoln has outraged public opinion in sweeping away the safeguards provided by the Constitution and Laws for the protection of the people.

### THE HABEAS CORPUS

The habeas corpus was provided by an early act of Congress, and the judiciary are required to issue the writ and to act under it. Being a state law it can only be suspended—temporarily repealed—by a law enacted by Congress. The president is not clothed with power to repeal or suspend a law. The Constitution forbids its suspension, even by Congress, unless when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.

In violation of law Mr. Lincoln not only suspended it in States where there was no war, and where public safety did not require it, but he authorized military officers of the lower grade to do so when they should see fit. This wrong was so apparent that Congress legislated for their protection against suit, and passed an act concerning its suspension. Without constitutional authority, instead of judging and acting for themselves and suspending the old law, they authorized the President and his subordinates to do what the Legislature alone could do. It follows that all the acts done or authorized by the President, and those under him, are unconstitutional. They are violations of the rights of those who have been denied the privilege of this writ.

### FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS.

The Constitution provides that no law shall be passed abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. Without any law, the Administration has arrested a large number of men for exercising freedom of speech, imprisoning some and sending others out of the States where our flag waves. It has refused the use of the mails, in violation of the law, to carry newspapers, while it has entirely suppressed others for merely telling the truth and questioning its policy. Sometimes it has imprisoned editors. The leading Democratic papers are not allowed to circulate in the army. Is this the freedom of speech and of the press which the people desire?

HOW AN OIL WELL IS BORED.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveler, writing from the oil regions of Pennsylvania, gives the following description of the manner in which oil is found: "In selecting a spot for a well, the artesian driller raises a derrick about one hundred and ten feet in height bringing up a steam engine of about six horse power, and then after driving down an iron pipe about six inches in diameter through the earth and gravel some fifty feet or so, to the first strata of rock, introduce a drill of about two and a half inches in diameter attached to a thumb screw, and thence to the walking beam and engine with which he bores now at the rate of eight or ten feet per day into the solid slate and soap stone, say one hundred feet; he then comes to the first strata of sandstone, which may be ten or twelve feet in thickness; and boring through this comes again to a slate and soap stone of a bluish cast, and working on, say for twenty five feet or so, he reaches the second strata of sand stone, out of which there come rushing up, when the right vein is struck, inflammable gas, salt water, and petroleum."

The bore of the well is enlarged by a rimer; and then an iron tube in sections of fourteen feet and closely screwed together is inserted by sections and run down to the veins of oil; a flux seed bag which expands when wet is mixed between the tubing, and the walls of the well in order to prevent the surface water from descending; a "plunger" or valved piston is introduced into the tube, and the sucker rod being attached to the "walking beam," the conduit pipes and tank, which may hold sixty barrels, being in readiness, the engine moves and the precious treasure gushes forth. This is what is called pumping a well.

In the flowing wells,—that is, such as send the oil out spontaneously, the drill must go down into the third strata of sandstone; but this, in some instances, is very deep. In a well on Watson's Flat the drill has reached the depth of one thousand feet, and yet the third bed of sandstone is not reached.

Hon. John L. Dawson has been elected to Congress in the Fayette Congressional District by a majority of 66 votes, including both the home and the army vote.

Let the people prepare for conscription—Lincoln is re-elected.

## Is The War a Success?

The friends of the Administration claim that this war has been a great success. Will some one of them tell us in what single respect it can truthfully be said to have been so? It was begun for the ostensible purpose of restoring the Union. Has that object been achieved? Do we see any indications to-day of our being able to accomplish that desirable result? When will it be done? In sixty or ninety days more? Who will now venture his reputation on a repetition of that silly prophecy, so often proven false?

Has it, been even a military success? Let the following summings up of the present condition by a paper which has always advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war answer:

On the Atlantic coast we possess not a foot of territory which we did not hold on the day General Grant was called to the East. On the Gulf coast, we may have merely captured the forts off Mobile harbor; but the town we have no more taken than we have Charleston. West of the Mississippi we have lost much which we held at the beginning of the year. Tennessee and Kentucky are worse overrun with guerrillas than they were last year; as the Administration confesses by putting the State of Kentucky under martial law this year, which it found no necessity for doing last. We appeal to the map. We challenge the friends of the Administration to show any gain since the beginning of the year, except Atlanta and the road that leads to it. And Atlanta is not the base of further operations in advance for General Sherman with the bulk of his army is forced back a hundred miles by the movements of the rebels. We appeal to the muster rolls of the army. We challenge the supporters of the administration to show that we have less, or need less soldiers now than we did a year ago. It is a maxim of common sense that the force should be proportioned to the resistance. If the rebellion is half disabled, half the force would suffice to finish it. But so far from being in a position to disband a single regiment, it is proclaimed on all sides that we need more men. The magnitude of our armies measures the hollowness of the Republican boasts. A Samson is not needed to cope with a cripple.

With all the just admiration we feel for the noble fighting qualities of our soldiers, and the ability of our Generals, we cannot ignore the fact that the progress of the war during the past year is measured by the sacrifice of life, not by the acquisition of solid advantages.

Particulars of the Capture of the Roanoke!

The following is a statement of the capture of the steamship Roanoke, bound from Havana to New York, by Braine and his associates, as gleaned by Captain Peiper of the brigantine Mathilde, from Cap. Drew of the captured steamer.

The Roanoke left Havana for New York on her regular day, and proceeded on her course until evening in the usual manner, without anything remarkable occurring.

Captain drew retired to his cabin about 10 o'clock at night. At that time a number of passengers were assembled aft and singing.

Suddenly several men, armed with revolvers, entered the Captain's cabin, and in a moment he found himself handcuffed. Others of the party meanwhile adopted similar measures in other parts of the ship and in a few minutes she was completely in the possession of the captors.

Only two shots were fired. One took effect on the carpenter of the Roanoke, who, in offering resistance, was shot down.

The captors having gained possession, at once shaped the course of the vessel for Bermuda.

On arriving off the island they did not attempt to enter the harbor, but waited for a passing vessel by which they could get rid of the crew and passengers. There were fifty of the former and thirty of the latter, mostly Spaniards.

The Roanoke had but little freight, but she had from forty to fifty thousand dollars aboard, partly in specie and partly in paper. She also had but very little coal on board when the transfer took place.

After the Mathilde reached Bermuda with her passengers, a party from the Roanoke arrived there in boats, the latter vessel having been set on fire and burned.

A profound dealer in statistics says:—Only 65 persons out of 100 marry; of this 65, three are divorced, eight run away, fourteen live like cats and dogs, thirty are indifferent, and ten are happy. Miserable world.