

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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No. 6.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by Tyrone Powers, the famous Irish comedian, who perished in the "Old Blanford Church" near Potosi, Va. They were inscribed on the wall of the "Old Blanford Church" near Potosi, Va. They were inscribed on the wall of the "Old Blanford Church" near Potosi, Va. They were inscribed on the wall of the "Old Blanford Church" near Potosi, Va.

And gaily sighs the wandering wind,
Who oft in years gone by,
Prayed for some happy hearts to fill,
The highest of the High,
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought the busy foot,
And many a weary heart around,
Is still for evermore.

How doth an angel's hope take wings!
How doth the spirit soar!
We hear the distant cry, "die,"
The dead are mute below!
The sun that shone upon their paths,
Now glides their lonely graves,
Theephyr which once fanned their brows,
The grave above them waits.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
The're countless souls, where we do now,
Whom'll govern me again?
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earliest gaze
Of the loved and the beautiful,
The light of other days?

AWFUL PICTURE OF POVERTY IN PHILADELPHIA.

For some days past, we have endeavored to lay before the readers of the *Inquirer*, a truthful idea of the sorrows and sufferings of the poor of our city, and more especially of those dwelling in the memorable vicinities of Bedford, Spafford and Baker streets. Desirous, however, of doing for ourselves, we joined an expedition fitted out on Wednesday evening last.

Reaching Seventh and Bedford streets, we proceeded to explore cellars, garrets and hovels in search of the sick, the sorrowful and the destitute, though, in truth, from the moment we entered the street, we were literally surrounded by just such persons as we sought. "Kind sir, won't you please give me some bread for my little children, they have not had a mouthful of food," said a wretched-looking woman. "I have three little ones in that cellar, sir, and they're gold and hungry," cried another half-dressed woman. "Please to give me a piece of bread, I'm hungry," cried a dozen children voices, the owners of which, barefooted and bareheaded, crowded around us in that way.

Great God! is it not terrible to think that scenes like this should be witnessed in Philadelphia, the city noted above all others for its wealth and benevolence? Returning home, our bags and baskets were replenished, and we once more entered Bedford street.

Notwithstanding the pumber which had been supplied a few minutes before, the crowd had not lessened, nor were the appeals for food any less earnest and touching.

We gave to all indiscriminately, not being able in the darkness to tell who were deserving and who unworthy. The great fact stared us in the face that men, women and children were famishing for bread, and we gave them all we had. Leaving the street for a moment or two, the whole party would clamber down unsafe stairways into dismal cellars, where grim poverty and fell disease reigned with undisputed sway. Oh! the scenes of sorrow and suffering we witnessed. Once strong men, lying in filth and destitution, and seeing hunger slowly gnawing the vitals of their wives and children; mothers pleading for food and fire for their parishing little ones, and little children pitifully trying for bread and something to protect them from the sharp, biting frost.

In one cellar we found three families, all with children, all without beds, all without food and all without fuel, save the handful of coals which mouldered in the poor apology for a stove. God's daylight never visited this abode of misery save through the open cellar door. Throwing into the dark, narrow, and filthy alley or court along Baker street, we found a two-story shed, the rooms of which were not more than eight feet square. This shed contained some 10 or 12 of these rooms, all of which were occupied.

We ascended to the upper tier, and knocked for admission. It was first refused, but when we uttered the meager word "bread," doors flew open, eager faces welcomed us, and eager hands grasped the precious morsel. Children were waked from their cheerless slumber, and received the offered bread with trembling eyes. Oh! how they seemed to enjoy the little morsel, as they divided with them, and with what comfortable feelings they gathered round the few eggs with which they were covered around them, and sought sleep once more. Mothers, in countless numbers implored God's blessings upon those through whose kindness we were able to dispense the welcome food.

Every one of these eight-foot square rooms, with a single exception, contained from three to five inmates. They cooked, ate, and slept there. Let us describe the last one we visited. The husband sat upon a box, in front of what we supposed was a stove. We saw none, as he was crouched over the furnace in such a manner as to hide it from view. The wife, a fine, comely-looking woman, clad in this summer dress, bade us enter. We did so, and will be believed that in that desolate room, the habitation of a man and wife, the only furniture was the box upon which the husband sat, and a single chair (with the seat of a broken chair) upon which the wife sat. No sign of bed, no sign of cooking-stove, food or clothing was visible. The grimy walls, and the shabby floor, and the few miserable pieces of furniture, only pointed to a child, had it been a child, it would have been a child of the poor.

Mr. Ann Gentry, for twenty-seven years a resident of Philadelphia, at the residence of General Richard Smith, who was made the possessor of that place during Jackson's first term. On his death, in the Baltimore war, she was appointed his successor, by Anne Keble.

BARNUM AND BONNER ON ADVERTISING.

Prof. H. G. Eastman, of Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., delivered a lecture in Chicago, a short time since, and took for his subject, "Advertising, and how to do it." He appreciates the benefits arising from advertising, and understands how to do it with profit. There are only three men in this country who thoroughly understand advertising—Barnum, Stewart of New York, and Bonner, of the New York *Leader*.

Not one business man out of ten knows how to write an advertisement so as to attract the attention and excite the interest of the reader. Stewart pays a man \$22,000 per year for writing his advertisements. The great mistake in most advertisements is that they crowd too much in one advertisement. Almost everything they have to sell must be included in their advertisements, and not one man in fifty reads it. One thing at a time should be advertised, and that frequently; and the aim should be to excite, not satisfy the curiosity of the reader. For instance, advertise, Sugar! Sugar! Sugar! People would have their attention attracted by that one word, and would buy sugar. The result would be established. Stewart advertised his golden goods alone all over the country. It brought him immense returns, and to-day he is the merchant prince of New York city. Bonner bought the *Leader* for \$200, when it had only one hundred and seventy-five circulation.

He went to see Mr. Barnum, to consult what was the best plan for advertising. They at last fixed upon a plan, which was to have a story written especially for the purpose and printed in every paper in the State of New York, in cities and towns and villages. The name of this story was "Gunnaker of Moscow." The first part of this story was put into every paper on the same Saturday morning. At the end of the first part it stated that it would be continued in the *New York Leader*, published by Bonner. The story was copied into Massachusetts papers, and thence into other States, and Mr. Bonner soon became one of the highest publishers in the United States. The great advantage of having a large column advertisement in a paper was, that it covered other advertisements—people could not help seeing it.

Mr. Bonner once went to Bennett, the editor of the *New York Herald*, and asked him if he could have three pages in the morning's paper for his advertisement of the *Leader*? The answer was yes, if he would pay double rates, he might have as much as he pleased. Upon which Mr. Bonner said he would have the whole paper. The consequence was that the next day the paper had nothing but Bonner's advertisement in it.

On one page in large letters, it was stated that an article written by Henry Ward Beecher would be in the *Leader*; and so on through the whole eight pages. Mr. Bonner did not advertise all he had got to sell, but only to attract attention to the *Leader*.

To-day, the *Leader* has over three hundred thousand circulation, and Bonner drives his twenty thousand dollar span of horses.

Barnum paid \$2000 for his museum with a debt of \$8000 upon it. He thought of advertising, and finally hit upon the following plan: He employed a number of painters, making them promise not to say anything about what he was going to do, and ordered them to paint pictures of all the animals in the country, and a few that never was in any country. These were next hung all over the front of the building. When people came past in the morning, they wondered where they had all come from; and before the day was over the museum was crowded. And this was repeated day after day, when at last he saw several thousand outside unable to get in. He then made a passage to Ann street, and advertised that he had "an egret," in his museum, which drew greater crowds than ever, whom he showed through the egret to Ann street.

Mr. Barnum says of advertising: "I never patronize a business that don't advertise, for the reason that I invariably get cheated. The pernicious principle that prevents a man from keeping his business before the people by advertising, will prevent him from selling cheap."—*Ex.*

The Radicals have thrown their banner to the breeze, and declared their purpose to go before the country, on the great and final issue of Universal negro suffrage. But they will realize the overwhelming truth that "Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first bring mad," and it is one thing to punish the South, and quite another thing to use the same sources upon the backs of their own constituents. All this arbitrary legislation—this party tyranny, tending to the destruction of the rights of the States at the North, as well as the South—all these daily outrages which the radicals really are helping to preserve, their organization, are only hastening its destruction; and no one can be more anxious to see the radical party slain, upon this universal negro suffrage issue, than those who are anxious to see the party and its leaders politically destroyed, and swept from off the face of the earth. Let them bring the issue before the people in the coming campaign in Pennsylvania. We are prepared to meet them, whether they are or not. American *Watchman*.

A bill is pending before the Legislature to make eight hours a legal day's work.

This beer's a purty fine da.—*Imp.*

A FANCY SKETCH.

As there is a chance of the District of Columbia being turned into Dahomey and of the Ebony class being metamorphosed into voters, it will do no harm to draw a fancy sketch of a scene at the polls.

We will therefore suppose the polls open and a voter presents himself and hands in his ticket.

Officer.—What's your name?
Voter.—Cuffey.
Officer.—But your surname?
Voter.—Massa neber call me str.
Officer.—Well, your baptismal name?
Voter.—Oh, gorry, neber was baptized in dis lifetime.
Officer.—Well, your Christian name?
Voter.—No, Chris was do ole Massa's name.
Officer.—Well, are there any others named Cuffey in your Ward?
Voter.—Oh, Gorr-a-mighty yes, yah, yah, dere am six Cuffeys in one house.
Officer.—Well, which Cuffey are you?
Voter.—Why, I'se dis identical Cuffey what am standin' here.
Officer.—Dek how do you know yourself from the other Cuffeys?
Voter.—Why, dis Cuffey am a gemman, do ole Cuffeys are all common folks.
Officer.—But which of the Cuffeys are you on this list of voters?
Voter.—Can't read dem glyphics.
Officer.—Well, where do you live?
Voter.—Down at do hotel.
Officer.—Well, does any other Cuffey live there?
Voter.—Gorry, yes, dere am four or six—can't count which.
Officer.—Well, what's your wife's name?
Voter.—Lor-o-Massay, hain't got no wife.
Officer.—Well, are the other Cuffeys married?
Voter.—Neber seed 'em married. Dey hab one woman betwixt 'em all.
Officer.—Well, what age are you?
Voter.—Dat question is to misticated for dis child.
Officer.—Well, are you twenty-ones?
Voter.—Neber counted more dan two and had to count 'em one at a time.
Officer.—Did you ever pay a tax?
Voter.—Yes, Massa to sent me for locks once, but he paid for dat paper he-self.
Officer.—What claim have you for asking a vote here?
Voter.—I'se a loyal contraband' American citizen of Africa's descent.—*Johnston Democrat.*

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM MR. VALLANDIGHAM.

In an excellent speech, delivered by Hon. O. L. Vailandigham, at the Democratic festival at Columbus, on the 8th of January, he uses the following language on a subject which is worthy of the consideration of every Democratic editor and speaker in our country.

"To-day the Democratic party, in many places in the land, languishes from a false politeness and a sick sentimentalism. We have to change all that. We must speak in the vernacular; call things by their right names; take the aggressive; make charges upon the enemy, instead of parrying and warding their blows. Let us teach the enemy that there are blows now to be given and none to be received. Let us go forward, and using the last words of Marston, which the great Wizard of the North put in the mouth of his hero,

"Charge, Chester, charge,
On, Stanley, on!"
we will in triumph carry the Democratic banner, until it shall wave as when William Allen, represented Ohio in the Senate of the United States, not as now it is misrepresented by John Sherman, or sought to be by Little Bob. [Laughter and cheers.] It is this style in the newspaper press and among speakers that gives victory. It owns the enemy. The other night I heard the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, in Cardinal Riebelieu, and as he recited the words:

"The spear is hightler than the sword—
The whole audience was thrilled; and I say to you now, let us remember it, and they who shall attempt to wield the sword shall tremble in their power. Let us go back to the old times. I remember, when a boy, that the Democratic party was the assailant—was pugnacious—that it struck its enemies with mailed gloves, and its feet went down protrude before it. [Cheers.] We had no tyranny in those days. Here exercise the skill of our public men who would exercise those of a surgeon; they would go so far as to administer chloroform in the treatment of the enemy, that their blows might not hurt. [Laughter.] I would assail them, hand over hand. I remember those good old days; and I shall yet live to see the day when we will drive those men to the wall. I am ready to exclaim:

"Oh for the swords of former days,
Oh for the men who bore them!"
The orator referred to by Mr. Vallandigham has been a fatal one, not only to the Democratic party, but to our country. The Republicans have carried on their impious schemes by bluster and by storm. Against such a policy neither reason nor mild manners can prevail—the only policy is, to storm back again. This storming thunder is all in our hands, if we have the manhood and the pluck to use it. The argument, the history, the Constitution, the government as organized by our fathers—all are on our side. The Republicans are the malcontents, the revolutionists, the rebels, the traitors who ought to be denounced and abhorred, as the enemies of American civilization.—*West Chester Jeffersonian.*

INDEBILITY PERSONIFIED.—There is living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who has never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge is bounded by the confines of his home. He has been told of a war between the North and South, but as he has never heard the din of battle, nor seen any soldiers, he considers it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district where his father resided, to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies.

"Of course he had to say that he never had been to school, and knew none of his letters. The schoolmistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the blackboard the letter A, told him what it was and wished him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment and then inquired (he stammered):

"H-h-o do you know H's A?"
The teacher replied that when she was a girl, she had been to school to an old gentleman who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment and then asked, "H-h-o did he know it?"
This was another stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy he had been to a school to a lady, who taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer, when he burst out with "H-h-o did he know but she h-h-d it!"
The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.—*Ex.*

LETTERS FROM GEN. SHERMAN.—The *Alexandria (Va.) Democrat*, publishes a letter of Gen. Sherman to a friend at Rapid Falls, which he contradicts the general impression which his appointment as Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy at Alexandria, before the war, was due to General Bragg or Beauregard. He also contradicts the impression that when he left Louisiana he was pledged not to enter the service against the South. He said at Alexandria, what would be the inevitable result of secession, and at New Orleans, on the great departure for St. Louis, he might have said to Gen. Bragg that he was not going North to seek military service, which was true. He refused to enter the volunteer force, not called out by President Lincoln, because he considered the whole South would become involved in a war, which could be handled only by the armies of regulars. Gen. Sherman concludes thus: "I wish the South well, and I do, have been a source, then how much better it was that Bragg, or some other of that school, should have been sent to the front."

A Missouri paper announced a short time since that the wife of a slaveholder in that State yielded 16,000 gals. The next week the editor came out with an "erratum" for the above.

POETICAL PATCHWORK.

I only know the same and want
The frontlets in a pool,
She was a phantom of delight,
And I was like a fool!

"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and sighed,
"Out of those lips numbers!"
She shook her ringlets round her head,
And laughed in merry scorn.

Rings wild bells, to the wild sky,
You hear them, oh, my heart!
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock,
Beloved, we must part!

"Come back, come back," she cried in grief,
"My eyes are dim with tears—
How shall I live through all these days,
All through a hundred years?"

'Twas in the prime of summer time
The blast me with her hand,
We strayed together deeply blest,
Into the Dreaming Land.

The laughing bridegroom blew,
To dress her dark-brown hair,
No maiden may with her compare,
Most beautiful, most rare!

I clasped it on her sweet cold hand,
The precious golden link,
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

And so I won my Generiva,
And walked in Paradise,
The fairest thing that ever grew
A tree in me and the skies.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.
—Nonsense—to bolt a door with a bolted
—When is a lover like a tailor? When he
—It is easy to say grace—but not half so
—Friendly visits—the lady who visited her
—Which is the best way of retaining a woman's
—Dear to his own call—the man with his
—Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married at
—Brighton Young proposes to purchase three
—"Drunkness is folly" wrote a temperance
—Mormon Women—A Chicago paper says
—Prentiss says that in a man drinks he
—The new copper coins are inscribed in
—A woman said in a police court, the other
—The whole Democratic ticket, from Mayor
—Edward B. Ketchum, who was lately
—There is a good deal of the bug in man.
—For example, he is generally dog-eat-dog, and is always
—The Principal of an academy gave a pupil
—The New York *Tribune* says the Demo
—Some of our religions exchanges tell a
—An Irish peasant being asked why he
—A young man, while passing a chapter in
—A young lady falling in love was surprised
—A little four-year old girl was looking
—A young man, while passing a chapter in
—A young lady falling in love was surprised
—A little four-year old girl was looking

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF EMINENT MEN.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the West India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering the room shortly after, he requested him to fire it out of the window. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be rescued for something great!" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; also would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mislaid the usual road and fell into a by-path. He learned afterward that his audience, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, immediately delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were fruitless; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again; when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited his burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition: He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier, seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man's first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Boddridge, when born, was a feeble infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse, standing by thought she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without his knowing, being able to account for it, he would neither sit in the chair, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water of St. Helens; one of them peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved, to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man of war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when Tide Surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his post much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he might have perished with the rest on board.

A QUANTITY INDEMNITY.—Franklin W. Smith, a Boston contractor, was tried by court martial and found guilty of pocketing a thousand or two dollars out of a contract with the Navy Department for supplies. The report of the court martial was sent to President Lincoln for his examination; who returned it with this characteristic endorsement: "Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transacted with the United States Navy Department to the amount of a quarter of a million, and had a chance to steal a quarter of a million, and whereas he was charged with stealing only ten thousand dollars, and from the final revision of the testimony it is only claimed that he stole one hundred dollars, I don't believe he stole anything at all."—*(Signed) A. Lincoln.*

A music teacher at Montpelier, Prof. B. Melphor, was taken from his room last week by a prof of young fellows, and escorted to the depot and ordered to leave the town, with the penalty of being shot if he returned. He was to have been executed Tuesday to a respectable and respectable member girl, and the lady's unscrupulous and cruel method of expressing their disapproval of his choice. The music teacher left but subsequently returned, and proposed to revoke the law in his behalf.

John Mitchell writes from Paris that it is a foolish impression as to the fate of the Atlantic, that the French press does not announce the measures and policy of the Government. It is not true, and that it is far more dangerous in America to do it.