

MEMORIES.

But a line in a daily paper
Thousand of eyes would see.
And carefully pass the record by
That gives such a pang to me.

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I saw the sheen of the willow bough,
And the flashing of the weir.
Just as we watched them long ago,
In the spring of the life and the year.

SCANDAL.

A TOY FOR SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

A lady purchased a home in a beautiful village, about forty miles from a well known city. She longed for fresh air and quiet scenes, and doubtless she would have found all the happiness which she sought in this pleasant retreat, had not the place been haunted by that terrible specter—Scandal.

Had Mrs. Lawrence, who was a great stickler for aristocratic society, answered the question in words, had she expressed her real opinion of her new neighbor in tangible form, no very great results would have occurred, for she would have said "yes, I have seen her, she had on a cheap delaine dress, and I hear she does her own washing," no very serious charges, but according to Mrs. Lawrence's ideas of "good society," quite sufficient to deprive her of all claim to the title of "lady," hence her curled lip and shrug of disgust.

Mrs. Thomas, who was very jealous and suspicious, translated this sign language in her own way. Being extremely sensitive as to what Mrs. Grundy should say, she was always on the watch, lest accidentally, she should be seen speaking to persons of low character, therefore she caught at this straw, and turned it over in her mind until she made out a very serious case for the stranger.

"I have no doubt," she said to her husband at night, "that she has a bad reputation in the city. She has come here dressed in deep mourning, but who knows whether she ever had a husband? And if she had, her wearing black is no sign of her grief, in my opinion," and Mrs. Thomas drew her mouth into a most execrable expression—a look which most always indicates the phariseical, "I am better than thou."

The next day quite a crowd had gathered in the store of Mr. Thomas, waiting for the arrival of the daily mail, which was due about this hour. The stranger came in to make some trifling purchases and was stared at by the people, as strangers always are.

After she left the store, some remarks were made concerning her lady-like appearance. Mr. Thomas immediately rejoined, "Yes, she appears exactly like a lady, but my wife thinks her reputation none the best."

ward an acquaintance with them sending to the city for her household supplies, and never came in contact with any of them, save at church; and even here she most generally found a whole sent at her disposal.

At last the storm which had so long darkened the village horizon, seemed about to burst over her head. There were low threats of driving her out from the place, and the mob spirit seemed to be gathering strength.

The next day was Sunday, but this time the widow did not sit alone—strange looks, and low murmured words ran through the congregation, and the minister seemed to share the surprise of his audience, and looked and preached as though under painful embarrassment.

After service, the President stopped a moment until the preacher came forward, and when the greetings were over he said, kindly "My sister wrote me that Richard Forbes was preaching here, but I did not connect the name with the memory of my former pupil."

"Your sister," said the embarrassed young man "I was not aware that I had ever had the honor of preaching before such a hearer. You do not mean to say that the woman with whom you entered is your sister?"

"But I did not dare!"—and here the poor man stammered and stopped, for he could not excuse himself, without exposing the gossip of the congregation.

"Did not dare to call on my sister, the widow of General Fitch?"—and the tinge of contempt mingled with the look of surprise and indignation with which he contemplated the abashed and crest fallen young preacher.

so he did, gathering up, link by link, the whole chain of scandal until he came to Mrs. Lawrence. But this latter utterly denied, and Mrs. Thomas was at last obliged to confess that Mrs. Lawrence had merely shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip, when asked her opinion of her new neighbor.

And there the matter rested. Mrs. Lawrence, with a look and a shrug of the shoulders, and Mrs. Thomas by jealous surmises, had caused sorrow and pain to an innocent person—they had, in fact, stolen the good name of one who had never injured them; and but for the timely appearance of her brother, the consequences might have still been more serious.

Fifteen Follies.

First—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second—To believe the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

Third—To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the more good is done.

Fourth—To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth—To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth—To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

Seventh—To commit an act which is felt to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth—To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried on yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth—To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth—To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

Eleventh—To remove a portion of the clothing immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put cover on his horse the moment he ceases to work in winter, he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

Twelfth—To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street, or on the highway, are hearty and healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure outdoor air injurious, unrestrained activities, is such a powerful agency for health: Those who live thus are well, in spite of rags and filth.

Thirteenth—To presume to repeat later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures and intemperances which in the flush of youth were practiced with impunity.

Fourteenth—To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure, cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a close and crowded vehicle; the latter, at most can only cause fainting and nausea, while entering a conveyance or walking briskly, lowering a window thus while still, exposed to a draft, will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months

of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

Fifteenth—To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than on any other day in the week, with a view to sleep late next morning, and staying home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Sentence of Death Pronounced Against Jesus Christ.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour—with the remarks which the Journal Le Troit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be highly interesting to every Christian. Until now we are not aware it has ever been published. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas

Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Prefect, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove.

1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion, Quirillius Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee 2. John Zerababel 3. Raphael Robani 4. Capet

Jesus be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

It was discovered in the year 1280 in the Kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, permission to keep the plate, which was an acknowledged monument of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by the members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a facsimile of the plate engraved, was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for £2800. There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those in the Gospel.—Translated from the Koltsche Zeitung.

A blind infant three years old plays the piano in Baltimore in a most skillful and thrilling manner, using its elbows as well as its hands. It only needs to be idiotic to rival Blind Tom.

Brigham Young, says Prentiss, declares that those who enter polygamy to get rich make a mistake. His own returns have only been small prophets.

An unsuccessful politician says that the most difficult vacancies for him to fill are the vacancies in his own family's stomachs.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

The man who has been trying to raise the wind, finds himself blown all over town.

AN INDIAN BALLAD.

BY N. E. DIX.

Where old Moshanon tumbles to the west, Roaring and foaming in its rocky nest, Mintoah lived among his tribe—the best.

His was the form that in the wildest night Brought the tempest on the stormy height, Or stood the foremost in the forest fight.

Wise in the council, in the battle tried, Swift as the deer down on the mountain side, He won Winetta for his forest bride.

Down where the snowy laurel blooms and blows, And the arbutus trails among the snows, Within her cabin stood the dusky rose.

"Where is Mintoah gone?" Winetta said, "Come he not hither when the day is fled To lay upon my breast his weary head?"

"Long have I watched and listened, but in vain, I only hear the storm against the pane. Dark is the night and wild with wind and rain."

"How do howls the wolf within his leafy den And screams the panther in the laurel fen, Oh! will Mintoah never come again?"

Urged by her fears she steps into the night, Wending along the stream her hurried flight, Straining on every side her eager sight.

Loud roars the storm above her, the tall pines Come reaching toward her with long bending lines, And the red vivid lightning breaks and shines.

And now she stands amid the tempest there Her dark hair flowing on the darker air, Caressing along in accents of despair.

"Mintoah come!" The waters make reply, And the night voices wailing in the sky, And the storm rising with a louder cry.

How could Mintoah answer or obey, When at her feet his lifeless body lay, Crushed by an oak that fell across his way?

Again she calls for still the un pitying night, Conceals the scene of horror from her sight, But now the lightning flashes plain and bright.

Winetta sees and frozen in her place Stands for a moment, then with staggering pace Starts forward falling dead upon his face.

And when the morning came they both were found, Lying together on the watery ground, So closely clasped they could not be unbound.

Agile have fled, Moshanon and her falls Still sob and weep among the amber hills, For these red lovers and their tragic falls.—Moshanon, Nov. 12, '68.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—If you would look "grave" in your face, don't "grin" in your youth.

—Elections are like tent and canvas ends at the polls.

—Why is a tired man like an umbrella? Because he is need up.

—Why is the letter P like a wedding? Because it ends courtship.

—Testament—An act which gives the value of a husband.

—Can the grief of a mulatto be considered yellow pine?

—Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is bluster.

—Good men to attend auctions—men whose faces are forbidding.

—The fellow who jumped at a conclusion, dislocated one of his ankles.

Wait!

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty five cents can not be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of gold it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast-pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate-glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding-ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry! Wait, and think the matter over.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby, rogue who has been his apron and soiled his white Marse's lee jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soap will repair all damages; but if you once teach him to abrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damages cannot be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you word-audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities, "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best-to-be-sighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died, remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with Care, and Selfishness, and Greed; and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you peck your pretty eyes, and whisper "old maid" at the stout figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crow's feet, round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity at its hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured, you never can know until experience teaches you, so wait, before you sneer at the Old Maid.

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard-room to your house, and buy the fast horse that black and white and all the rest of "your fellows" expect. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid, and your habits as tidy neat, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children baby as I want-stricker, and yourself a miserable hanger on round corner groceries and one-horned gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazlitt said to the sacred old "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale face from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do something for him, you can give him a word of encouragement—a word of advice. There was a time once when you was young and poor, and friendless! Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie, wait a while before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar and the wine bottle, and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart: a little delay won't hurt him, what he may say—just say if it will!

And wait, my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true loving wife to you, in stead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in the world; we say wait, wait!

—Senators in Congress are to be chosen the coming winter, in Pennsylvania, in place of Mr. Buokalew, democrat, and in Indiana, in place of Mr. Hendricks, who was the democratic candidate for Governor in the recent election.