

# The Democratic Watchman.

HELLEFONTE, PA.

## BALLAD OF KING CALABASH.

**BY THOMAS DEAN LINGG.**

On a fine of Calabash,  
Good Calabash was King,  
Of things that then did come to pass,  
For ye the poet sing.

A wonderful King was Calabash,  
And mighty in his way,  
Not quite so much for what he did,  
As what he didn't do.

In making up his cabinet,  
More prudent you could be,  
For not a man within that bar,  
An ounce more brains than he.

And for sinners and such,  
And nicely putting stations,  
He filled them up first with his own,  
And then the queen's relations.

Who was a pious King,  
St. Paul he studied well,  
Who says for your own kin provide,  
Or, you'll run an idle.

But having in a snug thing set  
A pin that he could find,  
He found that there was a thousand more  
Of offices behind.

He sent him North, he sent him South,  
He sent him West and East,  
And advertised in journals twin—  
Both daily—twice at least.

That all who ever gave him drinks,  
Should gain and gain the *quo pro quo*  
For all their other things.

He opened him a journal this—  
"The Sovereign, Dabbler to  
One drink of Calabash's Credit  
By a pin in the Heaven."

The many friends who'd down their lives  
At times, now showed their faces,  
And were in ward, one by one,  
With fat and oily places.

The man who bought his load of wood,  
When no one else would buy it,  
The man who treated him for love,  
The cook that helped to fry it.

The man who made him uniform,  
And gave him credit for it,  
The man who lent him a shilling,  
And never asked the why and wherefore.

The man who offered him a ride,  
When he could not stand it,  
The man who bowed his nose (when tight)  
But not the man who tweaked it.

All these were given sugar-plums,  
From Revenue collectors,  
Which is a mouth-plum indeed—  
To custom house inspectors.

## How He Earned a Wife.

And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said former Blufkins, removing his pipe from his mouth and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last evening and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl, he said, "and she has a very thoughtful air, and she'd give a good husband. What can you do?"

"The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I would not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and put you off with-out a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

After a few vigorous puffs at his pipe the old man continued, "And you want to marry my daughter?"

"Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown an awny, but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant, but I don't know more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, despondent and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I'd say she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father, but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and so I'll tell you what I'll do. Go to work and prove yourself in some occupation, I don't care what, so it's honest; then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he shook the ashes out of his pipe, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blufkins waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, "Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but what he is right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause; "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation." Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look she added softly: "Never mind Luke, I'll wait for you."

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Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates; but he carried with him in his exile those words, which were a tower of strength to his soul. "I'll wait for you, Luke."

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One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as former Blufkins was

## The English Pharmacy Act.

The new Pharmacy Act, which went into operation in England at the commencement of this year, provides that no person can commence business as a chemist and druggist in Great Britain without being registered as such, after examination. Two grades in the profession are established, to wit: "chemist and druggist," and "pharmaceutical chemist." To obtain the subordinate title of chemist and druggist, it is necessary to pass a minor examination in prescriptions, practical dispensing of medicine, pharmacy, materia medica, botany and chemistry. The candidate must be able to read prescriptions without translation, translate them into English, and give both a literal and idiomatic rendering of Latin directions for use. He must also possess knowledge of the elementary structure of plants, their names, the order to which they belong, and the preparations into which they enter. In the more extended examination, which confers the higher title of pharmaceutical chemist, with exemption from serving on juries; the candidate, in addition to the above tests, must translate English prescriptions, into Latin, detect errors in Latin prescriptions, know when a dose is unusually large or small, be acquainted with the means of detecting poisons, and the antidotes to be given, be able to distinguish spurious from genuine drugs, and show a familiarity with the laws of chemical combination, and both the Linnæan and the Natural system of botany.

## Adventures of an English Bigamist.

Perhaps you may remember that Sir Earley C. Earley was convicted not long ago of bigamy, and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment. One of these ladies whom he beguiled into a false marriage was an American. I am sorry to say that the rascal has been released from prison by order of the Home Secretary, of course long before the expiration of his sentence. It is a scandalous business, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has done good service in calling attention to it. Sir Earley C. Earley was, it appears, punning in prison—poor injured innocent! It was necessary that he should go abroad in order to preserve his precious health, and have another opportunity of rendering himself eligible for transportation. His failing health, however, might not alone have procured his release from prison, but he happens to be a near relative of the present First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Childers, one of Mr. Gladstone's principal colleagues. The "screw" was applied to another of the Ministry, and the felon was let loose again upon society. You complain of the facility with which criminals are allowed to evade justice in New York, but I defy you to produce a more shameful example than this. There was no circumstance in Sir Earley's case which entitled him to mercy—he was as deliberate a bigamist as ever lived, and, as the *Pall Mall* truly says, his sentence was regarded as a light one by those who followed the details of the case, and especially by those who believed that on that occasion Sir Earley was not tried for his first offence. There is no knowing how many women this villain had entrapped. Yet, because he is the relative of a Cabinet Minister, for what other cause is there?—he is liberated from prison when less than three months of his sentence had expired. The man is now showing himself all around London, and had the impudence the other day to present himself at a club. He seems to be far from having any intention of going abroad. Of course, as the *Pall Mall* suggests, "it may be that the interesting criminal is only waiting to reform his promise of departure until he is married again. There will, I trust, be some inquiry made into this unpardonable exercise of official clemency. Some one will probably "ask a question" in the House of Commons, and Mr. Bruce will have the opportunity of explaining the reason why a very lenient sentence was remitted. The case can never be allowed to rest where it is.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

## What's the Matter With Business?

A U. S. greenback is better than a U. S. bond. The greenback is a ladder of industry, while the bond is a consumption of the vitality of the community. Both have the same foundation to rest upon, and are the outcroppings of the whole country. We have too many U. S. bonds and too few U. S. greenbacks. "That's what's the matter." The people are loaded down with taxes to pay the interest on national bonds, and consequently there is not currency enough abroad to carry on business, and pay taxes too. Matters are tending to a general "smash-up," unless some policy is adopted by which we can return to specie payments, which might be accomplished by an extinguishment of the bonds with greenbacks. The accumulation of specie in the Treasury would then bring the currency to par by redeeming it with coin, and as the greenbacks accumulate in the hands of the Government, enough can be destroyed every year to get quietly back to where the people desire to be—out of debt.—*New Castle Gazette and Democrat.*

A Missouri paper concludes an editorial with the following fearful threat to non-paying subscribers: "We mean that we say, and we assure you, friends, that if you have any desire to see our paper live you must pay what you owe or be forever—diabolically smothered in brimstone!"

A century plant is in flower in Rochester, N. Y. The bud broke and showed itself on the 15th of April, and on the 8th inst., it was four feet eight inches high, growing from three to four inches a day, straight stem, starting from the centre of the plant, from four to five inches in diameter. It is attracting great attention.

## YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start young man—Be true to yourself and God. Ere you build your house mark well the spot—Test well the ground, and build you not on the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig at the foundation deep, young man, Plan firmly the outer walls, Let the pipe be strong and the roof be high, Take an open target toward the sky.

"Through heaven's portals may fall—Let this be the room of your soul, young man—When shadows shall herald you—A chamber with never a roof or thatch—To hinder the light—or door or latch—To shut in the spirit's prayer."

Build slow and sure: 'tis for life, young man—A life that outlasts the breath, For who shall gain the Holy Word? Their works do follow them, saith the Lord—"Therein there is no death!"

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man, As the needful case demands. Let your little deeds be clear and bright, Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light, For the house not made with hands.

## A Remarkable Encounter.

A remarkable story comes from Bodega Bay, California, of a terrific battle between a sperm whale and a number of sperm whales, which resulted in the defeat of the whale. The fight was witnessed by a farmer ploughing in a field near the coast only a few miles north of the "Golden Gate." The sea was smooth, and the first indication of the conflict was a commotion in the water nearly a mile from shore, but as the combatants rapidly approached the land, their movements became distinctly visible. The sperm whale was in a number, the whale though displaying great activity, was no match for them. In making their thrusts into the side of the whale the sperm whales kept clear of his tail, one blow from which would have been fatal to either of them. With maddened fury, the whale struck right and left, then dived to escape his tormentors; but they followed quickly, and soon brought him to the surface. Blood was seen spitting from deep gashes in his sides. The contest lasted nearly one hour, when the whale with a mighty effort, flung himself upon some low rocks and soon died. Many persons from the neighboring village of Petaluma went out to view the carcass. It was fifty or sixty feet in length, and there were gashes two feet deep and six feet long in his sides.

## What it is to be an Editor.

It is to be a mirror, to give reflections of the outer world to your readers, and to receive reflections of all uncomplimentary words from them. It is to enter into their amusement, minister to their consolation, satisfy their curiosity, gratify their tastes for the marvelous, teach them moral, religion, and politics, form their sentiments, lead them to wisdom and folly ways, show them each other's record, good deeds, push their incomes, advertise their inventions, guide them in youth, tell their friends and enemies when they marry, and write their epitaphs. It is to make small men great and great men small, to build up and pull down, to paint every day's picture on the canvass of the present, and when the figures are gone, to produce the past. It is to be everybody's servant, and everybody's master. It is to wield a mighty power and be under its control. It is to make the public believe what you please, and to exercise the same privilege yourself. It is to make and unmake cabinets, to coerce presidents, to raise armies, to levy taxes, to fight battles, make treaties, dissolve unions, manage reconstruction, pardon and condemn traitors, and run government generally. It is to work harder, more hours in a day with less recreation, less sleep and poorer pay than any of their fellow mortals. It is to be busy when their neighbors are idle, busier when they sleep, and busiest when they are enjoying a good time. It is to be always under a press of business, always "setting up" when others are lying down, and always charitably "distributing" the result of your daily labor. It is to have your opinions always put to "proof" and seldom into practice. It is to advertise other people's wants, wishes and wares, to announce facilities for pleasure, to herald the approach of disease and the invention of the cures for them, to make known who has been robbed and where, of how much, who is the robber, his personal history, his trial, sentence, and his execution. It is to receive free fruit and notice it, to be shown natural curiosities and to describe them, to be everywhere at all times, and to be able to answer all questions on all subjects. It is to publish too much sentiment for one, too much politics for another, too little news for all. It is to make a dozen enemies to one friend, and to be pitched into by everybody who chooses to consider him aggrieved. It is to belabor your brother editor across the way on paper, and shake hands cordially when you meet. It is to publish a paper for a dollar in advance that costs two, to wait for your pay until a collector has gotten 50 per cent. forgetting it, and to make nothing by the operation. It is to take complimentary tickets to everything, and pay them in notices. It is to be bored by friends suggesting how you should carry on your business, and bullied by those whom you have hit in vulnerable spots. It is to win every liberal suit commenced against you, and to lose money on your publishing that which you sit up nights with a job press to earn. It is a life of mingled with good and ill, trial and triumph, never ending toil and never beginning felicity, wherein you work out your allotted time with the "devil" always at your elbow calling for the *sola* end in this life—a little more copy.

Since the adoption of the free seat system in the First Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, Ohio, more money has been raised than under the pew system, and the congregation has increased.

A sycamore tree in Belmont, Mo., measures forty feet two inches in circumference. The trunk is hollow, and will comfortably contain twenty men.

## The Irrepressible Darkie Raising a New Commotion.

Our philanthropic Radical rulers are anxious and determined to settle the vexed question of negro equality, have introduced negro suffrage in the Southern States by the strong arm of military power, and moreover, placed in many of the principal offices in the Revenue department in that quarter, full blooded Caffees. Further, at Washington several Congresses have been given clerkships, while General Grant, to signalize his administration, has sent abroad to represent our nation at foreign courts two of the same breed and color. All this ought to satisfy the most exacting negroophile. Not so, they demand that Sambo be inducted into the Government printing offices, and force the white mechanics employed therein to recognize him as a fellow craftsman. All this is part of a subtle design emanating from the brain of Wendell Phillips, who hopes by such means to break down the prejudice of race. "But here is just where resistance will show itself. True it is that most of the employees at the Government printing office have been selected on account of their Radicalism, nevertheless, the theory and practice of negro equality are widely at variance. This step to force Sambo in even among these white Radical compositors has resulted in raising a breeze. The Typographical Union has had the question before it whether the negro should be admitted to membership, and it led to a stormy debate. The question remains undecided. In the meantime Radical superintendent Clapp avows his determination to keep the darkey, and the indications are the white compositors will refuse to work with him. Grant, may be, will order up the militia to quell the new rebellion against negro equality. He did it in the South why shouldn't he try it on in Washington?—*Exchange.*

## The Moving of the Waters.

Curses both loud and deep are heard in the radical camp against the present administration. The *Chicago Tribune*, the leading radical organ of the West, pronounces the administration a failure, and calls for an immediate change in the Cabinet, which it says lacks the elements of statesmanship. The *New York Herald* pronounces the Republican party the most corrupt political organization that ever disgraced this country. The *New York Sun* prophesies the speedy breaking up of the rotten radical concern. Other Republican papers are speaking out pretty boldly, and in a manner which seems to indicate that they have broken loose from party discipline. Some of those who have been considered leaders in the radical camp are growing and cursing about the way the administration is conducting affairs. Sprague, of Rhode Island, threatens secession, and Hoss, of Kansas, bluntly told the great G-esses to "go to hell." These facts are significant. They show to us that the great party of "progress and moral reform" is divided in councils. The hared which some of its leaders bear towards each other is greater than they feel towards their common enemy—the Democratic party. They cannot longer be held together even by "the cohesive power of public plunder." The signs of the times indicate the return of the Democratic party to power. The people of the United States must see the necessity of again committing the Government into Democratic hands. The Republican party has been "weighed in the balance, and found wanting" in statesmanship, in honesty, in morality, in decency, in economy, and in every thing that ought to distinguish the great ruling party of a country like ours. There are thousands of honest men who have hitherto acted with the Republican party from whose eyes the scales are falling. They begin to see and to realize what the policy of that party is. Men who love their country, who cherish the principle of constitutional liberty upon which our government is founded, can no longer act with that party. The Republican party must go down, as its predecessors—the Tory party of the Revolution, the Federalists of the early days of the Republic, the Whigs and Know Nothings, of a later day—went down. It will be known in history only for the crimes and the outrages it has committed. Whatever good it may have done is far out weighed by bad. *Exchange.*

## This, That and the Other.

—A hen by day is a rooster by night.

—Cotton clothing will not burn with a flame if rinsed in alum water. A handful of alum to a tub of water is sufficient.

—A drink made of two tablespoonfuls of finely pulverized charcoal, in a tumbler of water is said to relieve a sick headache.

—A bachelor editor who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange!"

—A boy and girl and their mother were suffocated to death in a lime kiln at Rochester the other day, as each went down to rescue the other.

—A colored gentleman of Memphis, the other day, set his dogs on a cow belonging to another gentleman of color, whereupon the latter shot the former dead.

—A prisoner in the Kings county, N. Y., penitentiary says that the Bible presented by Evangelical societies, used as shaving paper in the barber shop.

—Brooks, military mayor at Norfolk, Va., during the war, was terribly ridiculed there the other day by a young lady whose character he had been slandering.

—A Jewish synagogue is building in Philadelphia, which will cost at least a quarter of a million dollars, and it is in the hands of people so rich that they will not be sorry if the ultimate cost is twice as much.

—The *New Orleans Times* thinks there is nothing remarkable in the fact of the young woman in Des Moines, Iowa, apprenticing herself to a prostitute, considering woman's proverbial love for soft soldier.

—Wildor, the negro whom France appointed postmaster at Columbia, S. C., had for his competitor D. A. Moore, an ex-Federal Captain, who served six years in the spring of 1861, served six years, and lost a leg.

—There is nothing like sticking to one branch of business, however small. A man has peddled pop-orn on the Pitebush, Mass., road till he was upwards of a hundred thousand dollars, and he still keeps on.

—"Pa," said a young hopeful the other day, "did at I hear you say you wanted a elder press?"

"Yes, my son; where can I get one?" asked the parent.

"Why you jolt it Jake Stokes. B. the way he hugged sister Sal the other night out by the gate, I should think might be about the thing you want."

Sal suddenly left to see the thing in the kitchen, and the old gent recollected that he had not "seen by the piece," hence that neighbor Jones' critter looked down the other day."

—An able bodied negro died of starvation at Columbus, Ga., recently; the evidence at the inquest showing that starvation rather than work.

Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Thou lovest me not or thou wouldstst at home—

The babe is squalling for its dad—

An endless nuisance to its mamma—

So Romeo, cease the now to Romeo—

And live the as a dove to home—

Little boy Sprague come blow for horn,

The Senate's a fool and the country forlorn.

Burnside's a coward, and Abbott's puppy—

Blow, Willie, blow 'em all up, up, up!

"Let us have peace," the "Capit" said,

And as the tumult ceased,

We find not only we have peace

But really we have peace!

Wrecks we have of former times.

Rebes of the "revelation."

Peace without the joy it brings.

Peace of a Constitution! P. H. H.

—*[Marion's]*

Got it? Thought on His Word? Got on Monday, remarked publicly that he had read the war-speech of Sumner and re-read it and then read the third time, and he thought he understood the Alabama question—got you! Now let John Bull blow at the dare!

GAITER-GAPERS VERSUS GAITER-WEARERS—A gaiter-gaper and water-wearer, incensed at the charge that he was starting in and around "hutches" done by the musician creatures, thought that portion of creation knows no "hutches" where gaiters were, and sent the following. Where our we gaiter-gapers?

Oh, but hold! Gaiter-gapers, Smiling so sweetly Up the long aisle, Tripping so neatly, Laying bonnets, Laying bonnets, Laying bonnets, Nothing at neighbors, Peering in faces, Whispering softly, Booming to women, What they go there for, Hard to determine, On all around them, Gaiter-gapers, Wholly unconscious, Singing divinely, Praying incognito, Boasting to women, Plain they assemble, Just for the "hims"

A lady reached the passenger depot in Dayton, Ohio, the other day, just as the train she intended to take was leaving, and as she stood, almost crying with vexation, on the platform, a gentleman arrived at the depot on a full run, with his carpet-bag in his hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. As he looked on the train, now fast moving away, he sat down upon his carpet bag, wiped his face and every deliriously and emphatically said: "D—n that train! The lady heard him, and smiling upon him with a lady's sweetness, said: "Thank you, sir."

A clergyman once asked James Harper what he did, adding: "I know that Mr. John Harper attends to the business; Mr. Wesley Harper looks after the literary correspondence; Mr. Phelps Harper receives authors and looks after the new books and the magazines; Mr. Mayor, I have never been able to discover what you do." "I tell you, what answered the Mayor, in a whisper, you must not let it out; I entertain the borer."

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