

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTAINE, PA.

"GRAN'MA AL'S DOES."

BY A. H. POOL.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails,
Just two, free will be plenty,
The splendid red wheels,
We're making ever more,
I was'nt to be in a bind,
Gran'ma al's does.

My horse's name is Betsey,
She jumped and broke her head,
I put her in the stable,
And feed her milk and bread,
The stable in the parlor,
We didn't make no muss,
I was'nt to be in a bind,
Gran'ma al's does.

Is gone to the countfield,
To ride on horse's plow,
I spect he'll have to have me,
I want to ride right now,
Oh, won't I get up awful,
And when like I have the whoas?
I was'nt to be in a bind,
Gran'ma al's does.

I wants some bread and butter,
It's hungry worst kind,
But I ain't to have none,
Cause she wouldn't mind,
Put plenty sugar on it,
I tell you, what I know,
It's right to put on sugar,
Gran'ma al's does.

The Thought Sub.

The Wrestling Match.

I never see two men wrestling play fully together, but it reminds me of an incident which took place under my eyes while I was in the army in 1861.

Our regiment, which was a cavalry, one, had been in quarters for more than two weeks, and our men were beginning to wish for some more exciting occupation than picking the worms from their "hard tack" at meal times, and playing with their horses in the intervals.

We were soon flung out of camp at a cheery but somewhat jerky trot; and when we got forward on the road to Dabney's Mills, the jerkiness of our trot was somewhat augmented, though we went on at a pretty good pace considering the fact that we were going over one of Old Virginia's "corduroy" roads. They are made by simply leveling the ground and laying down poles and saplings from three to eight inches in diameter. They certainly are the roughest roads to travel that ever were invented either in city or country. I have seen horses fall on them and break both forelegs. A good horse will not average over three miles an hour over one of these roads. We travelled some twenty miles before reaching the Mills, which are very near what was at that time the "Front." They were not more than three-quarters of a mile in the rear, I think, and they were then being used as a hospital for our wounded.

After halting at the mills for an hour or so, we continued on our way to the front, and in a short time we came in sight of our inner line of breast works. There we found every thing quiet, except when an occasional shot was given by us and returned by the Johnnies "just by way of keeping each other awake," as we used to term this pretty little pastime.

No second halt was ordered until we came to the outer line of our works, where the bugle again rang out a clear, sharp, decisive call, and the order came to dismount, feed the horses, and take our own rations.

Some New York regiments were encamped along the outer line, but the one which I belonged to was called the Michigan. They were all fresh, and "downy" as they called it, and were continually playing all sorts of tricks on one another.

One of the men in our cavalry squad was a Kentuckian by birth, and he was especially accepted by a young Michigan, whom his comrades called "Tom." Tom was a tall, muscular young fellow, about six feet two inches in height, long, sandy, straight hair and a heavy yellow moustache, evidently one of the crack men of his regiment, and the life of the little group around him, laughing and joking, and I must confess it—sweating with everybody with a circuit of one hundred yards around him. Our champion, George, was also a tall, sturdy young sinner, some six feet, or nearly so, in height, but he had black hair and sparkling black eyes, he was, however, equally as upright and full of spirit as his opponent, and was also a favorite with his fellow soldiers.

The terms of the match were easily settled; these that neither man was to "kick shins," and they were to wrestle "side holds." As near as I can remember the following was the conversation that preceded it.

"I say, chum," said George, "I'll bet you a claw of tobacco that I can throw you every time."

"I'll bet you two chaws you 'can't," said Tom.

"Well," said George, deprecatingly, "I ain't got but one claw left—of the two plugs that I had last—weeks ago."

"Well," responded Michigan, "I'll try you for one claw, then, just for the fun of the thing."

Then, turning to one of his comrades, he added:

"Say, Jack, hold the stakes, will you? till we get through; and don't chaw mor'n half of it, nuther. If you do—I'll throw you afterwards for nuthin'!"

"I say, Tim," responded Jack, who was unconcernedly sprawling at full length upon the grass, not the least disconcerted by the threat contained in his friend's last sentence, "I say, Tim, if you win the stakes I'll give two more chaws agin you; and then we'll have a spell of it?"

The men of our squadron and the Michigan regiment had formed a circle around the contestants, some leaning against their horses, and some

stretched on the ground on their blankets; and a continual stream of bantering was kept briskly flowing. Some of them bet pipes and tobacco on the issue—the odds being in favor of the young Michigander. Belts and coats were thrown off, George saying, "I am hard up for tobacco, and by jingo I'll try hard to win them two chaws;" and the two went at it in a lively and really good style; and for about ten minutes neither seemed to get the better of the other.

Suddenly, while every face wore a careless smile—while upon every tongue a bantering word still lingered—there came right into our midst a solid shot. It struck nothing but the poor fellow from Michigan. Him it hit fair at the waist, tearing him completely in two, while the loud laugh was yet bubbling up from his throat—the light of an anticipated triumph still in his eye, and the flush of confident success upon his cheek.

The two men, so full of life and health before, suddenly stood transfixed, as if by a thunderbolt. Then one of them reeled and fell to the ground a mass of riven flesh, while the other, who received the full wind of the shot, though otherwise untouched by it, stood for a moment as if petrified, his hair rising up straight upon his head, his eyes wide open in a hideous, maniac stare, his whole face convulsed by a terrible and idiotic smile. Then with a loud, unnatural laugh, made doubly horrible to us by the sight of that mutilated body lying before him, he fell prone to the ground. When, after a long time by the aid of whisky, and cold water, he was brought back to life, he was a raving lunatic, the concussion of the shot being of such force as to deprive him entirely of reason. The poor fellow who was struck never spoke a word or made a sign after the ward, though he survived in an unconscious state about three hours after he was taken to the hospital. We had all of us been used to seeing death in every shape, but the whiteness of sudden fear fell upon many a face in that group of soldiers as the terrible messenger of death clove a passage through us, and passing by everything else went to its destination as unerringly as if sent by some invisible marksmen.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Drama of the Deep—One Hundred and Twenty Lives Lost.

The following account of a fire on board of an Italian passengership has appeared in the Adelaide paper. The details seem to have been furnished by Captain Begg, of the ship Murray, who took an energetic part in the attempt to rescue the passengers and crew.

Captain Begg gives a graphic description of the occurrence, from which it appears that on the night of May 26, in latitude 23 degrees 40 minutes south, longitude 37 degrees 50 minutes west, one of the hands at the mast-head reported a singular illumination astern, and on closer inspection was affirmed to be a ship on fire. The distance was then computed at thirty miles, and after sailing for an hour, a nearer approach disclosed the form of a large ship being devoured by the flames. At two a. m. the distance was considerably shortened, and the Murray closed with the burning wreck, having previously prepared her boats for lowering, with hands at the davit falls, and every possible arrangement to meet the emergency of the case.

Then a bitter cry came from the water's darkness, and the boat was lowered, and the boat was lowered, and the gallant crew pulled away into the shade of night toward the sound. There was found a water-logged boat, with four men clinging to her, while every wave rolled completely over them. Subsequently it was known that this boat had been lowered from the burning ship, and a rush of passengers made to her, consequently, she filled, and only four survivors were left to tell their miserable tale.

The Murray remained close to the burning spectacle until daylight, when she stood toward the vessel, which was one mass of flames from stem to stern. Her masts were gone, and the deck and aft added fuel to the fire, and as day dawned it was seen with delight that three other vessels had been attracted to the scene, and as the ship drifted down her people were seen clinging to the wreck of floating spar, which hung to windward. Although a strong breeze was blowing, all but two were taken off. At this juncture the wind and sea increased so as to render it impossible to make further exertions, and the two unfortunate were in such a position that the boat could not get near them, and they seemed quite exhausted and insensible to the efforts being made to save them.

The whole scene was most exciting and lamentable, as from subsequent inquiries it was learned that the ill-fated ship was the Minnie Barabino, an Italian bark, bound from Genoa to the Platte, with one hundred and fifty passengers on board, besides the crew. On comparing notes afterward it was found that over one hundred and twenty persons were lost by fire and water. It was understood that fire from the cook's galley had by some means ignited the deck, and the combustion of the cargo, which was mainly spirits, was a very rapid process. The fore end of the vessel blew up early, sending the entire foremast and gear over to windward, and to this providential circumstance may be attributed the salvation of the few saved, for the ropes, sails, spars, and gear served as a kind of raft, on which they were bouyed till assistance arrived.

In relation to the disappointment at the census falling below public expectation, the bachelors sing in chorus—thou canst not say we did it.

A bogus Odd Fellow has been going by the Portland brethren's sympathy and purses lately. He left a good many I. O. U. S. with the I. O. O. F.

The Emperor's Prison.

"I have given him Wilhelmshohe," says the King of Prussia, in that telegraphic dispatch to the Queen, his wife, which briefly but eloquently depicts a great scene in the drama of history. There is, indeed, something highly dramatic in this gift to a broken man. "Where and what manner of place is Wilhelmshohe?" many readers will ask. It is the Versailles of Cassel. It is a chateau and pleasure park on the east slope of the Hahlich Tawald Mountains; and has for the captive Emperor associations of peculiar interest, for as much as it was once the favorite residence of his uncle, Jerome, sometimes King of Westphalia. This palatial retreat and its surroundings are in the luxurious taste of the last century. There are hot houses on an amazing plan; there are temples of Apollo and Mercury; there are waterfalls, pheastries, lakes and a Chinese villa. There is a great fountain, perhaps the largest in the world, for its column of water, rising to a height of 190 feet, is 12 feet in thickness. And lastly, at the farthest and highest point of the grounds, nearly 1,400 above the Fulda, there is a strange if not preposterous building of octagonal shape, with a series of cascades descending from its top, through five basins, to a "grotto of Neptune." The building at the top of the cascade is named the Kieseuschloess, from a colossal statue, which is an immensely enlarged copy of the Farnese Hercules, the club having a cavity in which one people can sit. Such is Wilhelmshohe, whose premises are reached from Cassel by a straight avenue of lime trees.

The following extract from a letter written by a lady resident at Cassel to a relative near Leeds, is possessed of interest at the present moment.

"Cassel is a very pretty town, and the outskirts are really beautiful. From one of the promenades here, called Bellevue, there is a splendid view of the surrounding country—high mountains, valleys, and pretty little villages dotted over all, and close at your feet the river Fulda. On Wednesday we were at a picnic at Wilhelmshohe, a beautiful place, an hour's walk from Cassel. It was formerly summer residence of the Elector, but, of course, now belongs to the King of Prussia. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and the conservatory is perfectly magnificent. There is an old castle in one part of the grounds—just like one reads about. You pass over a drawbridge to get into the court yard, and there is a moat round the outside of the castle, but it is empty now, of course. As the whole place is on the hills, the views are splendid, and on the higher summit there is a temple of stone with a figure of Hercules on the top. The road to it from Cassel is lined on both sides with beautiful trees, and in summer when the leaves are out, the road is almost dark. There is a concert at Wilhelmshohe every Sunday afternoon. It is quite an amusement for us watching people go some in carriages, but a good many on foot. At Wilhelmshohe on Sunday we haven't much chance of seeing them."

Anecdote for Children.

The following anecdote, we have no doubt, will both instruct and amuse our youthful readers.

One of the elders of the Methodist Episcopal Church has a son who inherits his father's love for whatever is good, and this son returned from school a few months since with a report of scholarship below the average.

"Well," said his father, "You've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew it the son did not. He had observed a number of dumb oxen scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor.

And he said, "Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed. And, now," he continued, "but these apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father they're all gone. I can't put in any more."

"But father I can put them in," said the son. "Oh, you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You say you don't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month, filling up with your own little notions!"

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said, "Whew, I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that to this.

A Hindoo Story.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by the bleating of a calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself entrapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Bramin happened that way.

"Oh, Bramin," cried the beast, "have pity upon me and let me out of this cage!"

"Ah, but you will eat me!"

"Eat you! Devour my benefactor? Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Bramin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage.

"The tiger walked up to him, waved his tail and said:

"Bramin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you."

"Oh, how ungrateful, how wicked! Am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of our race to eat men

when we get a chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," replied the Bramin, "there comes the fox; the fox is wise; let us abide by his judgment."

"Very well," replied the tiger.

The fox, assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches, with all the dignity he could muster, and looking at the disputants said:

"Good friends, I am somewhat confused you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render an equitable judgment but if you will be good enough to set the whole transaction out before my eyes I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me how you approached and entered the cage; and then do you, Mr. Bramin, show me precisely how you liberated him and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage; the spring door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner inside.

"Now you are all right, you silly Bramin, I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain, in future, from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, tiger."

Both Mistaken.

A few nights since the passengers in a crowded street car were startled by the coming of a couple in one corner. A blind man by the lady's side, and the gentleman was playing nervously with his folds.

"You love me then?" they heard him say.

The reply was in a tone less loud, but its accent was tender as heart could wish.

"I have loved you so long," the swain continued, "and I have almost been afraid to indulge the sweet hopes that are now resolving themselves into certainty."

"Was you afraid of pa?"

"No, but of you."

"Why should you be afraid of me?"

"Because it seems so impossible that you should love me."

"Why?"

"I'm homely; my face is not handsome, I have nothing that attracts the love of women."

"But you are rich," the lady archly replied.

"Passingly so, but not very."

The conversation had by this time grown absorbingly interesting, and every ear was listening in the crowded car.

"Would you marry me if I was poor?"

"How can you ask—am I mercenary?"

"No—but so many are!"

There was a momentary silence, and then the whispered conversation was resumed with a mutual confession. In plain words, both acknowledged resemblance to Job's turkey—neither had a cent. They would commence their married life very much as they begin the world—with nothing. The mutual confession was evidently a damper on their enthusiasm. They were at last. The lady cast furtive glances at the swain, and at last, murmured audibly:

"I'm too young to marry."

The tone was disappointed. It had a hesitating accent about it that meant more than the language. But the answer came heartily—bluff, and to the point.

"So am I."

"We've both been mistaken."

"Yes."

And so they had. They left the car quietly. The question of marriage was thoroughly understood. There was to be no wedding.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloud less sky, the full blown rose, leaves him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figure in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. But nature has given the rose hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "ruffled blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only pure Christian virtue should use—it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower dipping an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her beauty is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the alba, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

Paris Talk.—A gentleman, driving up to one of our hotels the other day, addressed a boy, standing on the steps, as follows:

"Come hither, thou small specimen of humanity, masculine gender, and extricate this equine quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him with a sufficient quantity of nutritious aliment, cleanse him externally, in a thorough and efficient manner, supply for his comfort an ample couch of the stalks whereon grew some aluminous product, provide for his consumption whilst thou art reclining in the arms of morpheus, as much as may be deemed requisite of the product of yonder alluvial enclosure, and when again the Aurora of morn makes his appearance, attach him to the vehicle in a proper manner and I will recompense you for your trouble."

It was some time before the boy could be made to understand that the gentleman wanted his horse put up.

A self-threading needle having been invented an anxious old bachelor wants to know if some one can design a self-sewing shirt.

Mark Twain's Map.

Mark Twain publishes in the Buffalo Express his first war map. His explanation is better than the map. Here it is:

TO THE READER.

The above map explains itself. The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the Tribune and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city paper maps, of which it is an imitation, is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than true geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I have ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from the people who know nothing at all about it.

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong end first, except to left handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before the looking glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the engraving tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the river Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic Ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.

U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears.

BRITISH YOUNG.

It is very nice, large print.

NAPOLEON.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.

J. SMITH.

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.

BAZAINE.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.

TROUPE.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.

W. T. SHERMAN.

I said to my son Frederick William, "if you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious."

WILLIAM III.

New Uses For Dead Bodies.

A dead body may be a very valuable thing in certain emergencies. During our war, for instance, notably when Grant's extensive powder mine was exploded under a portion of the enemy before Petersburg—it became necessary to make breastworks of corpses, and though the poor fellows who were dead were riddled with bullets, a great many lives were saved by this last and horrible strategy. "It is astonishing," remarked the Detroit Post, "how soon the mind becomes familiarized with the horrors of war, as though they were matters of every-day experience. A few months, or even weeks ago, the refined and cultivated Parisians would have been shocked at the bare thought of denning a corpse decent interment. Now they are gravely discussing the best method of burning or otherwise destroying slaughtered soldiers, so as to prevent their tainting the air and breeding pestilence. One *sanat* reminds his audience that, after experiments made in India, it was found that each body produced 200 feet of excellent gas, and in this way he thinks the deceased heroes of both armies might be utilized. The ruins of Paris lighted up by human gas, extracted from the slain citizens, is a picture from which Gustave Dore might turn with horror."—*Ptica Observer.*

A MAN COVERED WITH 1,000 TONS OF COAL.—Tuesday morning, a young man, named McGiven, a laborer on the docks of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, at Honesdale, met with a horrible fate. He was working at the foot of the pile of coal which lays on the dock, and on which coal is dumped on account of the suspension of navigation, when one of the railways, on which a car was standing, gave way, and the coal commenced moving in a mass. He made endeavors to escape, but was caught, and the coal to the amount of a thousand tons covered him. His body was recovered.—*Bethlehem Times.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A DEER dish—Venison.

PATTERN women—The milliner.

LANE conclusion—a sore throat.

ALWAYS found wanting—beggar.

THE raw material—undone steak.

FAST and loose—A runaway horse.

SKYLIGHTS—The sun, moon and stars.

A WESTERN settler—The sun at evening.

Big bugs—The mo-moth and behemoth.

STEADY work—Walking on the tight rope.

MOIST amusement—a diversion of water.

A LADY'S sleeve link—A gentleman's arm.

A PITCH battle—A fight between two tars.

SPIRITS of wine—After dinner excitement.

MARINE intelligence—Most of the war news.

THE Needlowoman's Reclamation—Ahem!

BASE coin—Money placed in a foundation stone.

THE back door bell—A pretty kitchen maid.

CALICO scrap books are a young fellow's friend.

WORKING on the Does—Banning a medical college.

BETTER BUSINESS—The right list to a wrong woman.

A GOOD rule—Don't your friend face your enemies.

IRON is a tonic, when 2,240 pounds of it are taken at once.

You cannot preserve happy domesticity in family jars.

SONS for the herring fisherman—Brothers, row!

A SON of a gun is supposed to be a son of the old stock.

Does a large mouth constitute an open countenance?

The man who carries everything before him—The waiter.

The two Kings that rule in America—Joking and Smoking.

ONE that an importunate office beggar can always get—"got out!"

The most useful thing after all in the "long run"—Breath.

WHEN are some comic papers the sharpest?—When they are folded.

PAPER mullin—Any attempt to restrain the freedom of the press.

Of all the laws of trade, none find greater favor than the buy-laws.

The dearest spot on earth—The store where they do not advertise.

An enraged man tears his hair, but an enraged woman tears her husband.

Why have widows the right to flirt?—Because the Bible says the widow mite.

JUSTIFIABLE stinginess—Grudging a friend the right of laughing at one's expense.

CHINA is a blissful region for a place of residence. There are no lawyers there.

MENTAL abstraction—Stealing the ideas of others, and fancying them your own.

If a man loses his breath it is of no use to run for it. He can catch it quick or by standing still.

Why is a worn out shoe like ancient Greece?—Because it once had a Solon (sole on).

LOVERS are good season, for even in the stormiest weather they venture on mere amusements.

A BILL poster may be described as a man who sticks to business, and whose business it is to stick.

A WESTERN graveyard yields cucumbers. Its occupants both cucumber and cucumber the ground then.

Why cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking stick?—Because he can never belong to him.

THE *Blat* says "Having successfully invaded all branches, women now want to take the stump."

THE Bonapartes were originally poor, but the first Napoleon gave his bride a crown piece to start with.