

The Democratic Watchman

BELLEVILLE, PA.

THE BRETON MARINER'S PRAYER.

Keep me, my God! my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide!

So wide, my Father, and the waves so rough, Will Thou not guide me, my tiny bark?

The light-house oft in mine eyes cannot discern, Of keep me when the skies are dark.

Oh, Father! shall I ever reach That farther, distant, golden shore? Ah, mine eyes off fill and my heart off faints Because Thy ocean is so wide!

But Thou wilt guide me safe, my Father, for Thou knowest my boat is small; And while I call the darkness water o'er I rest on Thee, my life—my all!

Oh, Father, when the restless ocean lifts These my little sails, will Thou not guide me Into the harbor Thou must deem me safe; Ah, me! the ocean is so wide!

Renovo, Sep. 28, 1870.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL.

Courteous reader, I am the inmate of a State Prison. Do not be astonished, my friend, at being addressed by such a being. I can assure you I am a special convict, and perhaps, some of these days when I am free, you may encounter my veritable self in the bosom of your social circle.

I had an only brother. We had been brought up in a distant village in the State of Pennsylvania. Our father died when my younger brother was born, leaving my mother very poor.

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in this city. He received me kindly, finding out my industrious and saving habits.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than anything else. His nature was widely different from mine.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in everything; he graduated with the highest honors. I saw him at the final exhibition when he obtained his degree.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother. My brother was always irregular in his letter-writing, and I never thought much of hearing from him.

One day, on going to the office, I found a telegraph dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory: "Your brother is dying! Come home!"

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a mouthful until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania. I waited for two hours, trying to overcome my agitation created by fasting and want of sleep.

"Are they in?" I gasped out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to act as a stranger.

"Hadn't she a son?" I asked, with a frightful attempt at indifference. "Yes, sir, his death broke her down; she died next day."

"No, thank you; it's so close; I'm hot; I'll sit here." I sank into a seat by the cottage. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this: When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village.

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at the Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility. He comes to this country to study our institutions and see the wonders of nature in which our land is so rich.

"I was waited on by the chief people in the city. I bore letters of introduction to them, and met with an eager welcome. My stately manners, my calmness and self-reliance won me respect."

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man of self-importance and absurd conceit.

"I saw with exultation how readily she fell into the snare I had prepared for her. No sooner had she seen me than she exerted all her arts to win me. And I—never did any lover appear half so intoxicated as I. The reader can force the end. The newspapers announced it."

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

"We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the elite of the city were present. Such splendor, such display, had never before been seen."

"I must see him," cried a loud voice. "Well, it's getting better," I exclaimed, and springing up I went to the door.

"I saw my late employer. He started back. 'Well, my good man, can I do anything for you?' My calmness, my hauteur, my independence was beyond description."

"My dear sir, you are laboring under some strange delusion," I said. "Do I resemble any one whom you know?" "You will not confess then?" he exclaimed, sternly confronting me.

"God bless you, my dear boy!" he said, "your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be forgiven as I forgive you!"

"A MANTLE shelf—a lady's shoulders."

Perturbed Spirits,

About fifteen miles from Leavenworth, near the Benham salt works, stands a house that seems to have fallen under the displeasure of some spirit or spirits, apparently not of this world.

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Don Platt and the Postmaster.

I had been at Lako George some two weeks without getting any mail matter, although I had sent over almost every day. Wearied out at last, I went myself.

"What's your name?" he asked, suspending the whistling popping of the wensel, but going on with his expiring work. I responded by giving the cognomen, and was told briefly in words, to wit: "Ain't nothing for you."

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Pressed for time—Egyptian mummies. The only industrious loafers are the bakers. In Italy—farms like to pitch it strong.

A GO-AHEAD class—The locomotive engineers. The best abdominal supporter—A good dinner. About 80 lives were lost by the Virginia floods.

Meats are high, but cows low—when they are hungry. Some lovers' quarrels begin and some end with a smack. A man with a long head is not very apt to be head long.

The man who works with a will—the probate judge. Something that you can't beat all hollow—a bass drum. The total receipts of the Allentown fair were \$5,120.77.

Wild geese are hunted with steamers on Lake St. Croix. Whirl side of a horse to take in mounting—The outside. The Republicans of Tennessee have nominated W. H. Ursher for Governor.

A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers. Can people who live believe in young ladies? No. Every miss is a myth to them. The side that a good many people in Paris would like to take at present—the outside.

Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on. Teacher—"T-h-a-t spells what?" Bright scholar—"Does it, I thought that it spelt that!"

The man who took things as they came employed a large team to carry them home. Railways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and stop there. It turns out that the woman who has not spoken to her husband for twenty years is an old maid.

Will you demonstrate your ability in a whirl? Is the way they ask 'em to dance in Saratoga. To keep cool in the country in warm weather—shake your roof, shingle your hair and bound yourself.

The female school teachers of Crawford county, Indiana, have pledged themselves not to wear corsets. The census takers return 102,000 as the population of St. Louis, and the enumeration is not yet completed. NEVER talk with your mouth full. If you talk with a bit in your mouth you must expect to be a little horse.

A young man who has just returned from one says a bridal trip is like a sea voyage because it is a merry-time excursion. In eating oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and are apt to lie on the stomach. It may not be amiss to state that three hundred and fifty-seven years from Sunday last the Pacific Ocean was discovered. 'SHE isn't all that fancy painted her,' bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; and worse than that, she isn't all she paints herself!

A LITTLE girl seeing a litter of kittens for the first time, expressed her opinion that somebody had shaken pussy all to pieces. A KENTUCKIAN wants \$10,000 damages from a newspaper which published a first rate obituary notice of him before he was dead. A LADY in Osikosh, Wis., amused herself in church on Sunday by counting the different styles of doing up the hair, and found 51. In Benton county, Iowa, the other day, a man named Joseph Rodman got into a rage, began to swear violently, and suddenly fell dead. At Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears this sign: "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you." LADIES are discovering that one of the effects of the European war is an increase in price of imported goods, particularly gloves and ribbons. Miss Lydia Armstrong, of Grant county, Indiana, advocates for a husband. "Money," she says, "is no object, but he must be healthy and willing to work." NOTICE.—To any one who can say—"Shoes and socks shock Susan," with rapidity and faultless pronunciation, four times running, a large reward will be paid. THE only busy people are milliners and lawyers; the one, in making up fall styles for women, and the other in showing up the falsity of all mankind towards his brother man. A New Yorker who fell in love with a beautiful girl last winter, was cured by visiting her lately, and finding her face covered with freckles as big as chocolate drops. Such love is only skin deep. THE new hammer in the Bessemer Steel Works at Harrisburg weighs \$5,000 pounds, costs \$92,000, and is the largest in the United States. The company expect to make 65,000 tons of steel rolls per month. McCLURG, the Radical candidate for Governor, of Missouri, will be badly beaten by Brown, the Conservative candidate. The gabbling of geese saved Rome, but the quacking of a Drake can't save McClurg. A LITTLE four-year-old boy sat alone on the piazza, when a new physician came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make acquaintance, and said: "How old are you, my son?" "I'm not old, I'm new," said the boy. Miss Lizzie Barrigan is the champion swimmer of Charleston, Mass. She can swim faster than a five-furber, five-furber and come out last than any one else in the place, and altogether she is a good swimmer.