

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTAINE, PA.

NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

The following poem appears in the Boston Transcript...

From these wild rocks I look to-day / O'er longues of amazing waves, and see / The misty coast stretch away...

Dear friend! I send you what I can: / I thought across the sky the tide / All that a ship or steamer...

CALEPTIC PHENOMENA.

Susan Godsey, the Tennessee "Sleeping Beauty" in St. Louis--A Committee of Physicians to Investigate her Case.

The regular weekly meeting of the St. Louis Medical Society was held in Hall No. 1 Polytechnic Building...

Dr. J. T. Edwards, of Union City, Tennessee, proceeded to narrate some of the facts connected with the life of the woman known as...

Her name is Susan C. Godsey, and she is twenty-nine years of age. She was born in Union county, Tennessee...

but was attended by an experienced physician, who soon checked the disease. The girl sank into a slumber which lasted an unusually long time...

She is rather under medium size, and with the exception that she is sometimes troubled when awake with neuralgic pains in the head and neck...

When her remarkable condition became known, physicians flocked from all parts of the country to see her. None were able to satisfactorily account for the phenomenon...

In a few minutes after she is seized with the convulsions and the lateral motion as described, she has twelve hiccups, then adding one each time until she has sixteen...

It will thus be seen that this lady, who is the subject of some nervous derangement, is going through a series of convulsions, in the midst of which she wakes at regular hours...

During the last five or six years Miss Godsey had been subject to neuralgic pains in the head and spine, and in almost constant pain when awake to feel it. Her mind is perfectly rational...

As before stated, she is slightly under medium height and is of slender but graceful figure. Her face is oval and the head well formed. She has a mass of dark Auburn hair, well formed forehead, dark hazel eyes fringed with heavy lashes...

HER APPEARANCE. As before stated, she is slightly under medium height and is of slender but graceful figure. Her face is oval and the head well formed. She has a mass of dark Auburn hair, well formed forehead, dark hazel eyes fringed with heavy lashes, well shaped nose and small mouth...

Before falling asleep a slight hic-cough or choking sound proceeds apparently from her throat. She then so quickly becomes insensible that she is sometimes unable to finish a sentence, or even a word, while talking. When about to awake the same choking sound is repeated from her throat...

She is attended by her mother, now an aged and feeble woman, her brother, her niece and two physicians, and is temporarily stopping at the house of Mr. Davis, on Walnut, between Fifth and Sixth streets.

Dr. Edwards stated Saturday night, before the Medical Society, that he had known the family for a number of years, and knew that there was no deception or humbug. He asked that...

A COMMITTEE OF FIVE. Might be appointed from the physicians present to watch the subject, and see that the case was just as he represented it.

On motion of Dr. H. Z. Gill, the President appointed the following gentlemen as the committee: Rimbald, Gill, Johnston, Edgar and McPhee.

They visited the girl at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and will remain with her as long as they may deem it necessary, be it one or more days. Their report, which will be handed in at the next meeting of the Society, Saturday night, will, no doubt, be an interesting one.

The committee called about ten o'clock a. m., yesterday at the house mentioned, and soon after their arrival the girl awoke to complete consciousness for a few minutes, and then fell back into her state of insensibility and sleep...

The physicians found that her pulse beat at about 108 or 109 per minute, and her temperature was from 94 to 97. Inquiries were made as to her diet, her conversation and her past history. After making their observations and taking a few notes the Committee retired. Another visit was made at three o'clock in the afternoon, and another at ten in the evening. The case was stated to be one which had never been paralleled in their experience...

The following particulars were ascertained of the girl's history: Susan C. Godsey, the subject of the inquiry, is twenty-nine years of age, and was born seven miles west of Zion, Gibson county, Tennessee, where her parents kept a small farm. Her family removed to Owen county, where she was a sprightly, healthy little girl, and she went with them. After this she was occasionally taken ill with chills and fever, but was partially relieved by the use of quinine. On the 1st of August, 1849, when she was nearly eight years of age, she fell into a torpid, insensible, comatose condition, in which, as it is veraciously stated, she has remained during the last twenty-one years, varied only by a very singular and unparalleled series of phenomena, which goes on with the accuracy of clock work. Every morning, precisely at the first dawning of light, she is found awake. This state of wakefulness, however, does not ordinarily last for more than from four to eight minutes. Very rarely it has lasted ten minutes. During its continuance she eats, drinks, and talks.

After having been awake for the time stated, the patient is then seized with a kind of convulsion, her head moves from one side of the pillow to the other, in what is called "a lateral motion." These motions are very rapid and appear entirely uncontrollable. She then bends forward her head and a kind of hiccupping is heard in her throat, and she finally relapses into her former torpid condition: her eyes are closed, her lips are firmly compressed, and no motion is visible except a constant agitation of the hands, which move about perpetually. This process is repeated every time she wakes, and also at intervals when asleep. Among the curious facts mentioned in connection with this case is that of the numerical regularity of the symptoms which precede the awakening.

Even the King and the Emperor would promise as much as that, had possibly observed the Englishman. "But," he added, "it will be a fearful pity to have such men as you cutting each other's throats to keep the diplomats from making a bad Spainard out of a very good dutchman. I hope they won't drag us islanders into the mess."

The breakfast was not very cold, and the three now forced themselves to do it justice; but when that duty was done there was nothing for it but a few lumpy but very good humored and manly farewells.

It was late in the afternoon of the great battle, and the shattered columns of the French had slowly retired from a shot-torn slope whereon the heaps of mangled forms testified to their own obstinate courage and the destroying power of the needle guns.

A cloud of Prussian cavalry was hovering in the valley below as if meditating pursuit, and the leaden rain drops of war were still falling everywhere; but all that did not seem to disconcert the movements of a tall figure in citizen's dress that moved slowly on from man to man among the dead and dying.

The white cross on his breast indicated that he belonged to the volunteer sanitary corps--the most Christian of modern inventions--and he displayed some skill in the rapid attention which he gave to one and another of the sufferers.

"If I don't mean to be hit," growled he, "I must get away from this. Ha, that was a close shot! Hallo, here comes some Uhlans! Well, it won't do to run, and I don't think they will disturb me, I'm sure I saw him fall, and not far from here. Ah, God pity his poor mother! here he is. De Senlis?"

"Convay, my friend, you here?"

She drinks tea and coffee sometimes, and very frequently asks for water. She breathes in a low and subdued manner. Personally she has very frank, intelligent features, black hair, small mouth, and dark complexion. She has for years been attended by Dr. Glover and Dr. Rhea. This is the first time she has been so far away from home, having been brought for the purpose of undergoing a medical inspection. The patient has been examined by numerous eminent physicians, and her symptoms are considered to be the result of an abnormal condition of the nervous system, unparalleled in the history of medical science. --St. Louis Democrat.

The Tourists at Gravelotte--Ordered Home.

The armed truce, which is the accustomed counterpoint of peace in Europe, is ever full of shadows, and one of these seemed to have darkened the latticed window of the little Swiss inn on the mountain side, as the three friends sat down to breakfast, in spite of the straggling sun ray that made a prism of the mist from the collection.

"Uric, my good fellow," said Conway, "what news have you this morning? You are as glum as a Scotch bog."

"I have news that you English are safe from my summer wandering--at least short enough. De Senlis, my dear friend, I must give up my promised visit to your chateau at Gravelotte. I am ordered home."

"And so am I," replied the French Count, though my leave of absence is not yet half expired. This Spanish business threatens trouble, it seems, and I must be with my cuirassiers."

"But you, Uric," said Conway, "you are not in the army? And I am a captain of Uhlans in the first ban of the Landwehr. Unless this matter is properly settled I shall kill no partridges with you next September."

"I certainly hope that you will not be practicing at French uniforms in the meantime, replied the Englishman. 'How soon have you started?'"

"At once, or I shall run the risk of being late, and that would be a serious business. From my soul I hope there will be no fighting, but if there is, Uric von Hippel must be in his place. 'And so must Roul de Senlis,' growled the Frenchman, rising from his hardly tasted breakfast. 'If there is war, which I shall sincerely regret, the cry of all France will be, 'a Berlin' we have been there before!'"

"The blue eyes of the German shone with an unpleasant light, but he replied without rising. 'The German sword can keep the Rhineland, even if no Blucher comes to bid us forwards.'"

"The Englishman sprang to his feet. 'De Senlis--von Hippel--my dear fellows, I won't have a word of this nonsense. We cannot meet at Gravelotte, and you two may not come to help murder my partridges, but the war, if there is to be one, shall not begin here. Shake hands now, and part like good friends, and as good soldiers as well. Which of you, if the other was wounded or a prisoner, would not be a brother to him?'"

"Some what rough in his way was Conway, with his huge proportions and his yellow whiskers, and he was actually blushing at his own impetuosity, but he had struck the right chord, and his two fellow tourists extended their hands with a marked cordiality that had something of shame in it.

"Von Hippel, my dear friend, pardon! Some happier day we will meet at Gravelotte. Remember me most kindly to your family, and especially to the traidin, your sister. War does not last forever."

"My dear De Senlis, I hope there will be no war, and if there is, the day may nevertheless come when we shall meet at Gravelotte, as good friends as ever."

Even the King and the Emperor would promise as much as that, had possibly observed the Englishman. "But," he added, "it will be a fearful pity to have such men as you cutting each other's throats to keep the diplomats from making a bad Spainard out of a very good dutchman. I hope they won't drag us islanders into the mess."

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The question came in a tone of unmeasured astonishment, from the bearded lips of the leader of a small column of Prussian light cavalry, or Uhlans, who had ridden rapidly up the slope.

"Uric, is that you, my dear fellow? Yes, I am here. Don't you see my white cross? We three have met at Gravelotte, but the count cannot welcome you."

"What! De Senlis?" "It was, ten minutes since but now--" and even the self contained Englishman could only pause and point to the still quivering corpse.

The blue eyes of the German clouded as he leaned forward in his saddle to look at the white face of his fellow-tourist.

"Is this Gravelotte?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself. "That village away yonder," said Conway. "Don't you see that burning house among the trees about half way? That was De Senlis's country seat. I was there this morning with his mother."

Brief was the conference, for, as a bugle-call came pealing up the slope, the captain of the Uhlans shook his head, waved his hand in farewell, and wheeled his horse to retreat. As he did so he suddenly reeled, and then straightened in his stirrups, and while two of his men spurred forward to support his falling form, he turned his head, as if with a dying effort, and shouted:

"Conway, I had a message from De Senlis from my sister, if I met him at Gravelotte."

Conway was left standing alone, but the waisting balls forbade him to stay, and he strode onward toward the retreating lines of the French.

A day or two later a Paris morning paper contained, among its other news and incidents of the disaster to the arms of France, the following item: "An Englishman, who had been one of the most daring and useful spies of our ferocious invaders, under the pretense of serving in the volunteer sanitary corps, was shot by order of General -- after the battle. He was actually seen, by several officers, in communication with the enemy on the battle field. Death to all spies!"

The three tourists are still at Gravelotte.

Hasty Words. An English lady writes in the London Christian World. The evil that is in the world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources. And hasty words have certainly much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter, that we need not trouble ourselves to be over particular as to what we say. But this is only one of our many mistakes. Words live. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlike soil.

Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offspring of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot, passionate tempers. "All men are liars." Who but a man in a passion would have said that? The assertion is soweeping and unjust, that David had not pre-acted it by his profession. "I said in my haste," we should not have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such words are spoken is, that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours, we cannot have all we wish in our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only a few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish, and speak hasty words. Then we say very hard things to each other, and most unkindly say, in our hearts if not with our tongues, hard things of our wise and loving Father.

Seeing that hasty words are so unkind, unjust and untrue, how can we prevent ourselves from uttering them, and so escape the need of after-repentance, which is their consequence? 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Is not the secret of our impatience to be found in our lack of faith in God? If our hearts were stayed upon him, if we were like children resting in our father's arms, would every little thing that occurred around us have such power over us? If we knew, so as to realize the fact, that nothing happens to us without his permission, that what seems as provoking in those that are about us would not be allowed to trouble us unless he willed it so, if we saw that words, trials, inconveniences, and even unkindness only come to us according to his pleasure, surely then we should cease to be hasty!

AN UNDERFARMING. A man once doubting the joys of single blessedness, undertook to prove the contrary by experience. Owing to a melancholy, not to say gratefully acknowledged illness, his wife was brought to her death-bed. Unfortunately for her husband's aspirations for freedom, her death occurred in winter, and her husband, wishing to offer every respect to her who could no longer be but the semblance of herself, ordered the pall-bearers to escort the body on their shoulders. Owing to an extremely slippery pavement they slipped while turning a sharp corner, bringing the remains to the ground with such violence that resuscitation followed.

Time wore on, and the husband became again a living monument of affliction. At last the wife actually died, and her dutiful spouse being obliged to ignore his private suspicion by her more respectful orders as before. The time, however, he himself formed one of the corps de garde, and though summer was the season he could not restrain his feelings, but as he reached that fatal corner, whispered:

"Bury 'em! this corner, boys! E-A-S-S-Y now!"

The New York Sun's Indiana divorce correspondent writes: "A pitiable case is that of a timid little wife in the Western Reserve (Ohio), whose husband would lock her up alone in their house in the country, at night, and leave her till midnight or daybreak. Between the fright and cruelty she became deranged, and her husband journeyed to Indiana for a divorce. He obtained it, of course, and now the poor victim is housed in a log pen apart from her father's dwelling, and the living night cowers in the corner in adjacent feet, makes the night hideous with the cry, 'Don't leave me! Come back!'"

In one of the district schools, the master was examining a class in orthography. "Spell and define floweret," said he. "F-l-o-w-e-r-e-t, floweret, a little flower."

"Wavelet," said a little voice. "Wavelet, a little wave."

A Strange Visitor.

The Doctor took his grape juice and began: "In 1848, I had been in business a year or so, and was beginning to pick up stray cases. On night in the small hours the night-bell rang faintly over my head. I wanted work in those days, and its clamor was not quite as altogether horrible as it became in after-years; so I jumped up, and putting on my wrapper, opened the window and called aloud to know who wanted me. Hearing no answer, and the night being utterly dark, I slipped on my clothes and went down to the door. To my surprise there was no one visible, and the street was black and silent. Annoyed at the impudence of my visitor, I went silently back to bed. The next night, at the same hour of two o'clock, the bell rang again, and, as before, faintly, like the ring of a child. The next night was cloudless and the moon brilliant, but no one was on the steps or near them. Instantly I was possessed with a strange impression of terror as I closed the window and stood a moment thoughtfully before going back to bed. I had scarcely fallen asleep when the bell rang once more. On this occasion I dressed instantly and went down to the door. As before, there was no one in sight. Still in doubt, I went out and explored in vain the dark side of the street and near- or shadows. You may laugh, colonel, but the thing was not pleasant. The next night I resolved to sit up and entell the disturber. Providing myself with a rifle, with a good stick, I left the street door unlocked, so as to be easy opened, and then lay a caddy, and settled myself down to read in my office. Precisely as the clock struck two the door bell rang. 'So I've got you at last!' Then I paused in my wrath. On the top step was a wee little figure of a child about nine years old, as I judged, barefooted, although the night was cold, and muffled up in something like the torn half of a ragged coverlet.

"Come in out of the cold," I said, and told me what you want."

"Without saying a word the child walked into my office. As it faced the light I saw the most earnest and earnest little visage, with great brown eyes, long, tangled yellow hair, and white lips, which said feebly:

"Mamma is dying. You come along quick, sir."

"I put on my overcoat and went out with her, saying: 'Good heavens, child, who sent you out in this dress?' For the little thing seemed to be in short white petticoats and without a gown.

"She made no reply, except to repeat, 'Come quick, sir.' Out we went. 'What's your name?' said I. 'Susy.' 'Aren't you cold?' 'No.' 'Were you here last night? I said, on a sudden. 'Yes.' 'Who sent you?' 'Don't know.' 'Why did you run away?' 'Don't know.' 'Meanwhile the little naked feet trod on the floor of me swiftly, and suddenly turned into Crosby street, dived into a dark court. Here she opened a door, and I followed her up stairs. We climbed three stories of a mean, ill-smelling staircase, till she suddenly stopped before a door in the attic, which she opened in turn, so that we went together into a wretched garret. The room was dully cold, and I saw by a flickering tallow candle a fireless stove, bare floor and walls, and every sign of the deepest misery. On a straw mattress lay a woman pinched and haggard, her feet bare, because she had drawn the scanty covering up and about her chest.

"What can I do for you? I said, arming her with difficulty. 'Nothing, said a weak voice, husky and broken. 'I am starved--that's all.' Then relapsing into a delirium from which my words had called her for a moment, she began to wander away.

Upon this I turned to the child. To my surprise, she was gone, leaving me alone with the dying woman. Kneeling beside her, I called aloud in her ear, when she again grew partially sensible.

"Where is the child? I said. 'I want her to call some one in the house, so as to get a little help.' 'Child?' she said. 'What child?' 'Susy,' said I, recalling her name. 'At this the woman suddenly sat up, pointed across the garret, and exclaimed, 'Susy! She's over yonder--been dead these three days. Starved to death,' and so saying she fell back, groaned, struggled an instant, and was dead.

"Shocked at the horror of the scene, I slowly got up from my knees, and taking the tallow candle, walked over to the far corner, where a confused heap lay on the floor covered with a torn counterpane. I raised the corner, and bending saw that the heap was a dead child, and that its face was that of the little wanderer who had summoned me a few minutes before. As I looked the candle sputtered and went out, and the cold, pitiless moonlight fell through the broken panes upon the floor. I got out and went home. That's my story, colonel." --Lippincott's Magazine.

The Boston reporters talk of going up a new badge, and some one suggests a pump in active motion.

In Bates county, Mo., on Tuesday last, John Hitt was married to Mary Miss. It was a palpable hit.

Is there any good reason why a man who never puts his boot-maker should not be called a free-booter?

A BALDHEADED man may always expect to find a friend and sympathizer in a manufacturer of wigs.

The proverb that stolen kisses are sweet, is enforced by the fact that they generally come from lassos.

You so women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Gramway, "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

A sold taper being requested to do a hard drinking, said, "It was sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

The contemplated now transit over East River is like a Hibernian of marriage, it is a proposal to bridge it. It is likely that a set of Chinese gardeners would be able to mind at the same time, both their Peas and their Quines?

GRACE says he don't care anything about the party of the future--all he cares for is the party of the present (to him).

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

An ill-bred man--a sick baker. A GRAVE affair--the last ditch. A TRAIL that never wags--a cart (and). BEASTS of the field--drunken ropes. FLOATING capital--Rich people in bathing. PLEADING at the bar--Begging for a drink.

CAN a cross-examination be a good-natured one? THE round of domestic life--A hoop-skirt. WHAT is homo without a piano? Very quiet. A HORSE may go it blind, but its driver shouldn't.

SPONTANEOUS combustion--Blazing up at an insult. WHAT part of speech is kissing? A conjunction. It is hard to remember the poor on a full stomach.

UGLY features in Congress--The nose in both houses. It is better to carve your name on hearts than marbles. MYTHOLOGICAL festivity--Hercules, going to dine with his club.

A MAN may justly live by avoiding what he blames in others. To g only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors. WIFE is an ox not an ox? Whom it is turned into a mowdow.

FIRE inspectors. Internal revenue assessors and census enumerators. "Up the flag," is Californian for "Where the woodbine twinneth."

WHAT is it that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? A lawsuit. LAWYERS' mouths are like turning gates--never open except for pay. BAKERS, in one respect at least, follow Nature--they rise in the year.

PARTY Murphy calls the vehicle which he carts mud a wheel-to-pipe. THE way for people to win gold opinions is to have plenty of brass. A FARMER gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she collects.

SOME girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off. It does not follow because a book is crowded that it should also be dirty and earned.

GRAND trunk railroad. All the railroad in the country during the same season. How did the bull look on emerging from the china shop? A little the worse for wear.

If you wish to show a pair of clean hands never try washing them in the sink of iniquity. WHY is a pig with a twisted tail so the ghost of Hamlet? Because it had a tail unfiled.

Is pocket-picking, as in most everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in? IS a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing and good paying on a good deal.

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GRACE says he don't care anything about the party of the future--all he cares for is the party of the present (to him). To farmers--The only commonplace thing you need be afraid of running in the ground--the plough share.

Mr. Richmond's little boy in Goshen tried to shoot a cat, but brought down a young sister instead. Unfelicitous youth. ZACH CHANDLER is proposed for Secretary of the Navy. No one could excel him in "Splicing the main brace." It is nearly as impossible to get money out of a miser as it would be for a bachelor to get lamb chops from a buttering ram.

UNDER the head of "Crimes and Casuities," a rural paper mentions the fact that a rival editor has just published a book.

It was said of one who remembered everything that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, that he has lost half his memory. THE miscellany Century plant is said to bloom when it is thirty years old. Hence it should be called the thirty per century plant.

WHY should a common soldier who has been in the ranks a long time be afraid to meet an excise officer? Because he's a private still.

ONE of the religious papers has a condemnation of those popularity-seeking preachers who give a "hoghead of words to every pint of sense."

JOHN BILLINGS says that "one of the hardest things for any man to do, is to fall down on the ice when it is wet, and then get up and praise the Lord."

THE next thing in dog robes this season is to have the family monogram in gilt upon the blanket. A dog without a monogram blanket is of no account.

AFTER all there is not much difference between the followers and opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are vacillators and the others are vaccine-haters.