

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLE FORT, PA.

TOO LATE.

Keel down and sob for passion's bed. Clasp the still, pulseless hand you spurned away.

Death crowns with many his fallen head. And sets a powerless shroud on his clay.

Woe heavy tones above the calm, as lips Of eyes that so meekly close.

Some deal made me stubborn till the last. Ten fold you anguish would not wake him now.

His heavenly part, that could forgive, has passed. To heaven. See what white stillness guards his brow.

Not to have sought him a brief hour before. The end! Ah! moment not of a lifetime.

He might have pardoned who for a moment's lead, and soon dead made for life.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Jew who had witnessed the Crucifixion, and had been condemned to live and wander over the earth until the time of Christ's second coming, while it is one of the most curious of the medieval legends, has a peculiar interest for us, because, so far as we are distinctly trace in history, it is first heard of with any circumstantial details in our island.

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There is a well-known English ballad on the Wandering Jew, which is perhaps as old as the time of Elizabeth, and has been printed in Peery's Rhymes and in most English collections of old ballads. It relates to the Jew's appearance in Germany and Flanders, in the sixteenth century.

On the 22d of April, 1774, the Wandering Jew, or some individual who had personated him, appeared in Brussels, where he told his story to the Bourgeois, but he had changed his name, and now called himself Isaac Laquerel.

Such is the account of the Wandering Jew left us by a chronicler who was contemporary with what he relates, and we cannot doubt that there was such a person as the Armenian in question, and that some impostor had assumed the character of the Jew who was supposed to be still wandering

A New and Simple Remedy For Burns.

The following appeared in a late number of Appleton's Journal: "The attention of medical men in Paris has recently been directed to a new remedy for burns, discovered accidentally by a workman.

All the persons burned in his neighborhood came to get their wounds dressed, received the simple treatment, and went home rejoicing. After the terrible gun-powder explosion at Metz last month, the workman there to do his best for the victims of that great calamity, whose lives were despaired of on account of the gravity of their burns.

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Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from "disease of the heart" do really arise from that cause.

The cause that produces congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still, labored after being warmed by labor or a rapid walk.

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Interview With an Assessor.

Assessor.—Mr. P., what is your profession? P.—I am a member of the Methodist Church.

Assessor.—You misunderstand me; what is your occupation? P.—Sometimes I occupy the stand with the preacher, and sometimes I sit on a bench.

Assessor.—You don't comprehend me; what is your calling? P.—I am a class-leader; but sometimes I do think I have a call to preach.

Assessor.—You do not get my meaning yet. Have you any trade? P.—O, yes. Sometimes I trade with Morgan, over at Morgansville, and sometimes I trade with Jones at Trenton, I would trade some at Hooker Switch, but the feller keeps whisky, and I don't like to do business with him.

Assessor.—Once more, Mr. P., are you a farmer or a carpenter? P.—Farmer, sir. The assessor was satisfied.

Assessor.—People who enjoy the discomfiture of lawyers and who do not?—will laugh over this incident.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

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Disney and Susy.

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