

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Fire by the Sea.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands...

Seven men in the days of old, and one was gentle...

The lize long night till the moon went out, in the drowning waters they beat about...

'Cast your nets on the other side--' (Cwas Jesus speaking across the tide)...

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat, went over the net and out of the boat...

And the others, through the mist so dim, in a little ship came after him...

The long, and long, and long ago, since the rosy lights began to flow...

The long ago, yet faith in our souls is kindled just by that fire of coils...

SOUTHERN BIRDS OF PREY.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Columbia, South Carolina, under date of April 16, says: I have got some facts about the fitting up of the State House here...

In course of time the furniture and upholstery arrived, and was put in the State House. I went all over the building a few days ago...

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in gilt 'House of Representatives, South Carolina.' They were involved by N. & D. at \$96 a dozen, and there are about ten dozen of them.

General Dennis kindly afforded the necessary facilities in elegant china-enameled toilet sets, at \$65 each. Each committee (or poker?) room has one. But I have neither time nor space to devote to a more particular enumeration of the articles in this huge swindle.

I was here the night of the adjournment of the Legislature last month, and saw the machinery in full blast. The complexion of this wonderful body is both cutically and politically very black.

Jones is a poker-player and a clever fellow, but he doesn't even himself deny that he is a great rascal.

Whipper is another. He has natural ability, but, like some of the plantations hereabouts, he lacks cultivation.

Some very funny scenes took place on adjournment night, which I think have never been chronicled. As I telegraphed the Sun, the Lower House was all confused.

The joke of it is that Wilkes was put on the Committee for effect, and it had the desired effect. The radicals knew that the gentle Warren would regard his part of the performance as a gigantic spite, and true enough he did.

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Matrimony Under Difficulties.

There is a part of the world (in Central Asia) where marriages are made on horseback. A day is set when the young men who are in want of wives assemble, and the young lady who is to be disposed of is there with a good horse.

There is another part of the world where a young man must take his bride from a household of old women, who are armed with whips, and have their finger nails specially sharpened for the occasion.

A friend of mine, who once lived in Iowa, used to tell a story of a wedding that he witnessed, where the ceremony was performed on the same couple three times in one night.

Jenkins was a liberal provider, and weddings were not very frequent in his family. He had in a half barrel of whiskey, and his wife and daughter cooked enough for a small army.

On arriving on the plantation, he was locked up, and left for a short time, while a crowd was being assembled to aid and abet in his execution.

The Column Vendome, recently overthrown and destroyed by the insurgents in Paris, stood in the place Vendome, which was erected in 1688, by Louis XIV., on the site of the hotel belonging to the Duke Vendome.

Here, you get up! get up! he shouted; 'you ain't married at all. Git up this minute. Get right up and come down quick!'

Jenkins explained the situation, and the couple arose. In a few minutes they came down the ladder, both looking very sheepish, and the bride blushing like a red wagon.

Of course the party down stairs, who were making a night of it, talked over the peculiarities of the wedding, and their talk developed the fact that the justice of the peace lived in Iowa, while the house of Jenkins was in Minnesota.

'Now, look here, old man,' said Preston, as he bounded out of bed; 'there's been fooling enough around this ladder to night, and if you don't git I'll bust yer head.'

He picked up a cow-hide boot as he spoke, and advanced menacingly. A shrill voice from the bed urged him not to hurt "pa."

Preston accepted the explanation, and the result was that the couple rose and dressed and descended the ladder. Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and all of the guests who were sober enough to stand, they walked half a mile down the road to the Iowa line.

We learn from the Houma Patriot of Saturday last that the colored people of Terrebonne are very seriously afflicted with a belief in Voudouism; and on the previous Tuesday Wash Morgan, who was suspected of having voodooed Geo. Furbin, only saved his life by breaking through a crowd of forty or fifty men who had assembled to assist and witness his execution.

On the 17th inst. Morgan, with his family, visited the plantation of Messrs. Lapue & Baron, where among others he met George Furbin. The subject of writing coming up in the course of conversation, Morgan remarked to Furbin that his little son could write better than he (Furbin) could.

The same day a party of eight or ten men, armed with guns and pistols, went after Morgan, who lives on Mr. A. Leret's plantation. Two went to his house, the others being concealed from view, and called for Morgan.

On arriving on the plantation, he was locked up, and left for a short time, while a crowd was being assembled to aid and abet in his execution.

On the way he asked to be taken to Houma, where he could be tried if he had done anything wrong as the court was in session.

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A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen mi husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, and add nu grace to my gaiters.

Save me from wrinkles and foeter mi plumpness.

Enable me, oh Fortune, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all korne and bunyons.

Smile, oh Fortune, most sweetly upon Dreik, mi kanary, and watch over, with the fondness of a mother, mi two hly white mice with white eyes.

Enable the poor to shirk for their selves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light on thi countenance on mi kammell's hair shawl, mi lavender silk, mi point-lace and mi necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of mi sable, i beseech thee, oh Fortune.

George Francis Train, in one of his chain-lightning speeches in Memphis drew this distinction between the North and the South:

"You don't call me names here as they do in the North. There is something about the South which is nasty. They are not afraid to say what they like. They are no cowards. The whole system at the North is nothing but an organized hypocrisy."

"I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wal, he told them this ere arth was round; and what do you think of such stuff?"

"Oh, these learned men say that it goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction."

"Wal, master, what do you think he learned the scholars?" "I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?"

"Wal, he told them this ere arth was round; and what do you think of such stuff?" "Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked: 'It does seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things.'"

"Wal, says she, 'if the earth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?'"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The needlewoman's exclamation--Ahom.

Meanwhile--The times when one's note falls due.

Why is fashion like a blank cartridge? Because its all powder and puff.

A paradox--do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed with it.

The higher law--The law of doing what you like when you don't like what you are doing.

A smart young lady lays her idea of a good home is a place where "cobwebs and kisses never go together."

What is the reason a candle won't burn any longer after it gets to the middle? Because it burns shorter.

What is the difference between a plan of a battle-field and a road-map? One is a war map--and the other a warm apple.

Persons should always dress about their figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel-hair shawl.

It is estimated that there are 25,000 thrashing machines in the United States, without counting the "wheel marms."

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never liked sweet things.

"Perfect Love" is the title of a new brand of Louisville whisky. It "exhilarates gloriously" and is good for many fights as you take drops of it. "Perfect Love" indeed!

A shopkeeper having advertised his stock to be sold under prime cost, a neighbor observed that it was impossible for him to do so, as he had never paid anything for it himself.

A late issue of a weekly paper apologetically says: "In the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."

The New York Tribune has a correspondent who, in its own language, is going "through the South." Prominent radicals have been "going through the South for several years."

You can roost in a fifth story clothes press at Saratoga this summer, and enjoy the usual bill of fare at the table, for four dollars a day, payable to the landlord, and half as much more or less, to the waiters.