

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 3, 1890.

WHEN THE COLD WIN' COMES.

OF THE REED.
It woun' be long till de col' win' comes
Will its breath so cuttin' an' keen,
A blowin' an' whistlin' do de dry leaves
Dat waz once so purty an' green.

De ole hen's chickens is all dun growin',
An' some o' em's learned how to crow;
Dat sassy young donkey 'll come down a peg,
When he freezes too feet in de snow.

De ole skivey duck will feel mighty bad
When dar's ice on de water by de mill;
De po' ole critter 'll hab ter ferf er thaw
Foshe totes er loup o' mud in her bill.

De hogs squeal loud wen de frost gwinter fall,
An' 'll crowd one cruder in de pen;
One donk here if de odor inter freeze—
A hog's da mighty like men.

De leaves comes eross de old graveyard,
Wen de col' win' fans an' drives 'em;
Da whirlin' rattles on de frozen ground,
Den setties in de sunken graves.

Da puts me in mine o' de chillen o' de earth
De mournful 'dution o' its all;
Wen fresh an' green in de spring o' de year—
Wen's blowin' in er grave in de fall.

Jefferson Davis in Chains.

An Account of His Ironing at Fortress Monroe.

In "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," nominally written by Dr. J. J. Craven surgeon of the prisoner, but really the sketch of Major Charles G. Halpine, U. S. A., ("Miles O' Kelly,") is the following graphic account of the ironing of Mr. Davis. The main facts are substantially true.

"On the morning of the 23d of May yet bitter trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial sorer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who has enjoyed such emence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled.

"It was while all the swarming camps of the army of the Potomac, the Tennessee, and Georgia—over 200,000 bronzed and laureled veterans—were preparing for the grand review of the next morning, in passing, in endless succession before the mansion of the president the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fort Monroe:

"Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania artillery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hands some heavy and harsh rattling shackles. As they entered Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near to him the preceding day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside.

"Well," said Mr. Davis as they entered, slightly raising his head.

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir," said Captain Titlow; and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

"Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance growing livid and as rigid as death.

"He grasped for breath clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand; and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five eight of an inch in thickness and connected together by a chain of like weight. I believe they are now in the possession of Major General Miles, and will form an interesting relic.

"That is too monstrous," groaned the prisoner, glancing hurriedly around the room, as if for some weapon or means of self-destruction. "I demand, I explain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; "his orders are from him."

"But he said telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for the jailer—for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered. I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! kill me!" he cried passionately, throwing his arms wide open, exposing his breast, "rather than infect on me and on my people, through me, this insult worse than death?"

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

"At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an effort to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised, but, as if with the vehemence and strength which men in iron can impart, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant and hurled him half way across the room."

"On this Captain Titlow turned, and

seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness and that orders must be enforced at any cost. Why compel me," he said, to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely retorted Davis; "I have been a soldier in the armies of America and know how to die. Only kill me, and my latest breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

"Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and the orderlies from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp."

"Of course such scheme could have but one issue. There was a short passionate scuffle. In a moment Mr. Davis was flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants removed their hands from him the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key in the padlock on the left."

This done Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning round, he dropped his shackled feet to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seemed first to have recalled him to his situation, and he muttered at brief intervals; "Oh, the shame the shame!"

How It Feels To Be Hanged.

James E. Morgan, sheriff of Sherman County, S. D., is a native of this city, says the New York Star, but has been in the West over thirty years. He is here on a visit to his relatives on Staten Island.

"I find," said the sheriff to me the other night, "the question whether a man should be hanged or executed electrically has been settled. I am glad to find that electricity has carried the day, for I assure you that death by hanging is intensely painful."

"Why, sheriff," I said, "is it possible that you were hanged?"

"Quite so, and it was no joke. When the war closed I went West to seek my fortune, and had a pretty hard time before I found anything even resembling it. One hard winter two others and myself went into Wyoming on a prospecting expedition and had to maintain ourselves chiefly by hunting. Antelope were very scarce just then, and we suffered considerably from hunger. One morning we separated to scour the country, agreeing to meet on a distant hill at noon. My companions were hardly out of sight when I shot a steer, and was in the act of cutting it up; when three fierce-looking cow boys swooped down upon me. I am, as you see, swarthy, and they took me for a Mexican. As they were also dirty-looking, I made some mistake and saluted them in the little Spanish I had picked up. It happened that a tall cotton tree was conveniently close, and, without saying a word, one of the men threw the lariar around my neck, tossed the other end of the rope over a stout limb; and two companions pulled upon it, and I was in the twinkling of an eye going through all the stages of hanging. The pain was frightful. There was a tremendous rushing through my ears, the sky and everything else turned blood red, pins and needles seemed to be sticking into every part of my body and at the same time the back of my head felt as if it were being sandbagged at the rate of forty strokes a second. How long it lasted I couldn't tell. To me it seemed hours. When I regained consciousness one of my friends was pouring whiskey down my throat and the other was rubbing my chest with the same liquid. It appears that my comrades had returned in time to cut me down before life had fled, but just then I wished they had let me be. The prospect of resurrection was, if possible, still more agonizing than the hanging but, as the man condemned by law does not suffer in that regard, there is no use in dwelling upon it."

"But why did they hang you?"

"They were driving a herd of cattle to Idaho and it was one of their stunts that I had shot. When my friends arrived and explained the cowboys cut me down and when I was ready to receive them they were profuse in their apologies."

"That is how I know that hanging is one of the most cruel deaths to which you can put a man."

—While the above is, in the main true, still there is an exception to the general rule, as is the case in many instances. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are not only all they seem, but more. In torpid liver indigestion, sluggishness of the bowels, biliousness, and headache, the relief afforded by their use is wonderful.

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