

Unsatisfied.

BY IRVING BANA.

Every brain hath hidden depths,
That another may not know;
Every life some hidden sorrow,
Every heart some secret woe.
Time to some may bring sweet gladness,
Sunshine after heavy rain,
But to others only sadness,
No remittance of their pain.
Weary days and nights of sorrow,
Weeping eyes and struggling breath;
Longings for that last "to-morrow,"
When the struggle ends in death.
Will the longing then be stilled?
Will the heart be purified?
Will we then forget our sorrows?
Will our lives be satisfied?

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

From Every Other Saturday.

Mr. Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintance would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation Richard Fogrum, esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least a handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort with economy and prudence. Beside a kitchen-maid and an occasional char-woman or errand-boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little menage. Sally was not exactly governess, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humors, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was anything equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in innuendoes, that here there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebuffed any notion of the sort. Alas! that nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should be at times so capricious in her favors, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst in this instance behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers. Yet, if thou gavest her an aspiring stature, and thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not lovable, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—if indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it; but she could no more pretend or say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed. In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thomas, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that becomes their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives;—well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thomas congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins. She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; besides, this lady was not likely to lead, or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days Mrs. Simpson

might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect when she still pined; but the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but when necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thomas therefore consoled herself with the reflection that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs. Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one. No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the side board opposite to him. "An't please you, sir," replied Sally, in a meek, but not very gentle voice, "it's a bit of summat I was going to show you. You know, sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may turn up trumps and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally. Is it the old fellow's will? Huh! why, Sally, this is a lottery ticket!—a whole lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got anything but—disappointment.—A blank, blank, blank!—that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping or thinking about. No, 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining one with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three."

Most comportedly did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill-luck, but, on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. 'Tis true, she did not, like patience on a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then Sally never smiled; nor would a smile perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attraction of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating, and wondering, and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thomas was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the Widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly started from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlor, but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs. Thomas," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered, "have you heard?—your uncle!"

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Thomas, "what do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor uncle—ill—dying!"

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Thomas—not dying—but I thought you might have heard!"

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose?—poor dear man!"

"No; no accident," returned the widow who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; "but something very strange—most unaccountable. What you may think of, I know not; but for my part I think that Mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall say how."

And pray, ma'am, said Mrs. Thomas, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr. Fogrum done that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all I dare say."

"Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it is no business of mine, ma'am," returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs. Thomas now became unaffectionately alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why ma'am, then, Mr. Fogrum is—married, that's all."

To describe the effect those words had upon Mrs. Thomas, would be impossible, and to point the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing. "Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her

breath, "Married!—impossible—and to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, ma'am." To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person, Mrs. Thomas, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step in, to it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how I have been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins. She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person. What an old fool he must be, to marry so vulgar a frump."

Nay, do not agitate yourself my dear ma'am, said Mrs. Simpson, who now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs. Thomas, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—"for my part I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh, Thomas," exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, "here is news for us—my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid servant."

"That is most confoundedly unlucky," cried Thomas, "though I much doubted whether all your management in manoeuvring, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose."

"But who could dream of such a thing, I have no patience with him for having married as he has done."

"Well my dear, there is no helping it; and perhaps after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs. Thomas was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter for suffering himself to be thus duped,—a post-chaise was seen rolling along on the road to— with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamor. The intelligence, of which Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thomas herself.

"Now my dear Sally" said the somewhat stale Benedict, laying his hand rather gently than amorously, on that of the bride, for which, by the by, it was no match in size—"I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this; however, no matter; let her, and let the rest of the world say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons. Besides, Sally though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune, at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which, perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that lottery ticket?—well! passing the Lucky Corner, by the Mansion house, two days ago, I beheld, posted up at the window, No 123, 20,000! Ha! Ha! Sally, well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So I came home, but determined to say nothing till now."

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, "La, now that is curious."

"Curious! yes, but I assure you it is quite true; I am not joking."

"Well! what an odd turn things do sometimes take!"

"Odd, indeed! for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally—twenty thousand pounds."

But, sir Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say—

"No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the number in my pocket-book—see here—123, 20, 000. Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally mildly. "I was only going to say that two months ago—I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold!" groaned out poor Fogrum, and sank gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping, so I thought—well, master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can; so I changed it away for

this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is."

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feeling, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to heighten it I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whisky, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his menage, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was that she sat at table instead of standing by the side board—that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum, instead of Sallie Sadlins.

Why he was an Abolitionist.

Frank H. Wilkie, in a recent Illinois sketch of ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois, gives the following incident in his early life:

"How was it Governor," quired a visitor "that you, a Kentuckian, became such a confirmed Abolitionist?"

"Well, for many reasons, but one of the principal ones came from a negro man called 'Uncle Tim.' He was a slave who had descended from my grandfather to my father, and was the only one in the family. My father died when I was a small boy, and we became embarrassed, and in order to divide up what little there was left, 'Uncle Tim' had to be sold. I well remember him as he stood up on a large box to be ready for the sale. He was a powerful man, far above the average height, with a manly bearing, a fine face and a skin as black as ebony. He had always been very fond of us children, and I thought almost as much of him as if he had been my father. As he stood waiting he implored, with tears streaming from his eyes, a brother of my father to buy him. That was impossible, and surmising its cause I said:

"Uncle Tim, I am going to work to earn money and when I get enough I will buy you and set you free."

His face lighted up with pride and pleasure as I said this, but which was immediately followed by a look of despair. He came down, lifted me up in his arms and said sadly: "Thanks Marse Dick, you are a poor orphan and won't never be rich enough to buy Uncle Tim." He was sold, and being past his prime only brought some \$400.

"I moved to Illinois in time: I struggled; I went back to Kentucky and grew no richer. I used to see Uncle Tim occasionally, and I always assured him that some day I would buy him. He always seemed to listen to me gratefully, but apparently had no hope of success. In 1849 I went to California, and after much effort I made a few thousand dollars and then returned to the State. The first thing I did was to fulfil my promise. I sent the money to my brother and Uncle Tim was purchased and freed.

"I was standing in front of the porch of my brother's house some days later when Uncle Tim came out of a piece of woods a little distance away and approached along a path. It was a striking picture—such I never before or since have witnessed. He was a giant in stature; his abundant gray hair was thrown back on his shoulders, his face was livid ashen, reminding me of the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. His countenance was aglow—here Oglesby rose and with expanded chest brought his upraised arm down with the sweep of a sledge hammer, and continued—'and shone as if lighted by the very spirit of the Holy Ghost.' When he caught sight of me he stopped, threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'My God! My God! has the little orphan boy lived to buy and set me free.'

"Then he put his arms about me and tried to lift me as of old, but he had grown too weak and I too large. 'You can't lift me any more, Uncle Tim,' I said. 'No,' he answered in a sad tone, and then with an exultant tone he shouted as he turned his face towards the sky, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'm free!'"

Hints to Young Writers.

BY AN OLD ONE.

When in doubt as to whether a word is spelled so or ie, make a u and put a dot over the middle of it.

Carefully avoid a "plain round hand" style of penmanship. Nothing will so effectually conceal bad blunders as illegible manuscript.

Write on both sides of the paper, recross the lines, and then turn it up and write on the edge if you want to. There is no law against it.

Because you occasionally find ungrammatical sentences in newspapers do not take it for granted that that kind of composition is preferred.

—Four cabinets for less money than four card sizes would cost elsewhere, at Boyer's Bishop street.

CALL

—AT THE—

CENTRE DEMOCRAT

Job Office

And Have Your Job Work

DONE

CHEAPLY, NEATLY AND WITH DISPATCH.

Now is the Time to Subscribe

FOR THE

"CENTRE DEMOCRAT,"

The LARGEST and CHEAPEST Paper in Bellefonte.

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE:

COR. ALLEGHANY & BISHOP STS.

BELLEFONTE, PA.