



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence, &c.,

J. S. & J. J. BRISBIN,

[WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION.]

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME 27,

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 14, 1861

NUMBER 10

The Centre Democrat.

Published every Thursday by J. S. & J. J. BRISBIN.

TERMS—\$1.50 if paid in advance or within six months after publishing, otherwise \$2 will invariably be charged.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M'ALLISTER & BEAVER ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

E. M. BLANCHARD-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENN.

W. W. BROWN-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENN.

JAS. H. RANKIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

E. J. HOCKMAN, SURVEYOR AND ASSESSOR, BELLEFONTE, PA.

GEORGE L. POTTER, M. D. OFFICE on High street, (old office), Bellefonte Pa.

A. FAIRLAMB, M. D. JAS. A. DOBBS, M. D. FAIRLAMB & DOBBS, M. D.

D. J. H. DOBBS, M. D. in the practice of medicine also as heretofore on Bishop street, opposite the Temperance Hotel.

DR. JAS. P. GREGG, respectfully offer his professional services to the public.

WM. REIBER, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, having permanently located in this city.

J. J. LINGLE, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, will attend to all cases in the most approved manner.

JAS. F. RIDDLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE PA.

J. R. MUFFEL, AGENT FOR THE WEST BANCHE INSURANCE COMPANY.

W. W. WHITE, DENTIST, has permanently located in Bellefonte Centre Pa.

A. O. FURST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

ISAAC C. MITCHELL, CYRUS T. ALEXANDER MITCHELL & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE PENN.

CONVEYANCING. DEEDS, BONDS, MORTGAGES, AND ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT neatly and correctly executed.

JOHN H. STOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

HALE & HOY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to them.

CURTIN & BLANCHARD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENN.

BANKING HOUSE OF WM. F. REYNOLDS & CO. BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN.

W. M. HARDING, PARROTT & HARDING AND HAIR DRESSERS, BELLEFONTE, PA.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.

WM. B. CAMPBELL, Proprietor, Apr 5th '60-11.

J. THORP FLAHERTY, Importer of Havana Segars.

BOMGARDNER HOUSE, CORNER OF SIXTH AND R. R. STREETS OPPOSITE HARRISBURG, PA.

L. V. AND PENNA. R. R. DEPOTS, HARRISBURG, PA.

J. W. STONE, PROPRIETOR, Mar. 15th, 1860, -11.

CHARLES MCBRIDE, HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF DRY GOODS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, BY L. W. TEN HUYCK, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HARRISBURG PA.

HUGH B. BRISBEN, Druggist, MANUFACTURER OF EXTRA LIQUOR COLORING.

BANKING HOUSE, Interest paid on Special Deposit.

DEPOSITS received, Bills of exchange and Notes Discounted, Collections made and proceeds remitted promptly.

Persons in want of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, or anything of the kind, will do well to purchase them at the Drug Store of J. & J. Harris, Broekers' Row, Bellefonte.

Foreign and Domestic Liquors, DISTILLERS OF MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKEY.

IRON CITY WHISKEY, AND Manufacturers of the Celebrated GERMAN STOMACH BITTERS.

LOUIS GERBER, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

ARNOLD & WILSON, WARMING & VENTILATING WAREHOUSE, No. 1010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ENAMELED STAT MANIFALS, Common and Low Down Sash Grates, Warm Air Registers and Ventilating, &c. &c.

HAINES & DOCK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 35 North Water Street, PHILADELPHIA.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS !! If you wish to buy cheap go to Haines & Dock.

LOUIS GERBER, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

Foreign and Domestic Liquors, DISTILLERS OF MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKEY.

IRON CITY WHISKEY, AND Manufacturers of the Celebrated GERMAN STOMACH BITTERS.

LOUIS GERBER, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

ARNOLD & WILSON, WARMING & VENTILATING WAREHOUSE, No. 1010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ENAMELED STAT MANIFALS, Common and Low Down Sash Grates, Warm Air Registers and Ventilating, &c. &c.

HAINES & DOCK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 35 North Water Street, PHILADELPHIA.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS !! If you wish to buy cheap go to Haines & Dock.

LOUIS GERBER, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

Foreign and Domestic Liquors, DISTILLERS OF MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKEY.

IRON CITY WHISKEY, AND Manufacturers of the Celebrated GERMAN STOMACH BITTERS.

LOUIS GERBER, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

ARNOLD & WILSON, WARMING & VENTILATING WAREHOUSE, No. 1010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ENAMELED STAT MANIFALS, Common and Low Down Sash Grates, Warm Air Registers and Ventilating, &c. &c.

For the Democrat. THE PAST.

The reminiscence of the past is full of life's bright treasure, The friendships formed in youth will last, A source of constant pleasure, No poison then was in the mind.

TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

The day is nearly spent, brother, Low sinks the setting sun, And I am sadly thinking Of thee—the cherished one.

MY BROTHER JACK, AND HIS RICH WIFE.

"Harry," said my mother, "there must be always one gentleman in a family. I have remarked it—some one to keep up its dignity and transmit their name to posterity.

fashionable and wealthy. The name of my sister's husband I never knew, and Peter must have left New York, for I could not find his name in the Directory, nor my mother.

"Oh, no, mother!" And she bowed courteously to me. "Only a little hungry."

"I was requested to inquire of the welfare of Mr. Chandler's mother, sister, and brother Peter."

"No such thing," said I, as I dashed a cup of cold water in her face. By and bye all was right again. Susana was satisfied that I was her brother.

"No, sir," was the curt answer. "Mrs. Cleland's place of residence in unknown to me. I heard a rumor of her having joined her husband's relations, South; but, my dear Sampson, our walks in life were so different that my wife could not tolerate their circle of acquaintances, particularly after her ungrateful behavior. Nor would it have done to have drawn her and her family from their obscurity, making their poverty but the more glaring. Would you believe it, my wife procured an extremely eligible situation for Mrs. Cleland's eldest daughter, as nursery governess to a family going abroad, and I offered her eighty dollars a year for the maintenance of herself and child, but both our offers were rejected with scorn.

"Sir," he said, "Mrs. Cleland lives in Spring street, two doors from the Bery— a tenement house."

"Thank you, my good fellow," said I, giving him some money, and I turned toward the Bery, and soon found the house where he said my sister dwelt.

"Does Mrs. Cleland live here?" I asked. "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, please walk in." And she opened the door of a small room near the entrance. It was scrupulously clean, but uncarpeted, a pine table, a few chairs, a stove and small looking glass, comprised the furniture, with the exception of a few books on a shelf between the windows.

"My sudden entrance startled a female, who, with her back turned to the door, was washing some fine lace. Her confusion was momentary. With the grace of a well-bred lady, she requested me to be seated, and looked to her little daughter for information.

"A gentleman, to see you, mother."

"From your brother Harry, Madam," said I. The blood started to her forehead, and as suddenly retreated, leaving her deadly pale, as she gasped out: "Oh! is he living?" "Living! yes, yes," said I, "but he is very

The evening of the ball arrived—my sister wore a La'ma dress, woven in with golden violets, a Bird of Paradise plume, gracefully arrayed in her soft, fair hair. A cigarette of diamonds fastened it firmly—that, I attached to the plume with my own hands— Though over forty years of age, she was still a lovely woman. But Ellen was a perfect gem, so graceful and self possessed, in her simple white dress and oriental pearls. And little fairy Mary, dancing about with delight. I was a happy man, not the less so, that I had the power to humble the pride of that hard woman.

The room began to fill. Soon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler was announced. My sister and Ellen were standing at the upper end of the room. I advanced toward my brother and his wife, and leading them forward, said, "Allow me to introduce you to my sister— Mrs. Cleland—and my adopted daughter Ellen, and at the same time to drop my falcon cognomen, and introduce myself as your brother Harry."

"I leave you to imagine the result—my ink pales—my paper flutters—farewell."

Sweet peace of mind must be to all a valued treasure. It is like a magic charm to the soul. Sacred then may we ever hold it, as heaven's choicest, dearest gift of life.

It betrays exceeding bad taste, if not bad feeling, to use contradiction in society for the sake of being perverses. If it be really necessary to use it in self defense, it should be done with gentleness and becoming dignity.

Good actions embellish the human mind, as good taste adorns the person; but many there are who destroy by artificial means and bad judgment, the beauty which nature gave them.

He must be truly happy under all the circumstances pertaining to human nature, and may be deemed little less than a saint, who can suit his temper to the various casualties of this chequered life.

Memory calls our wandering thoughts together, as the shepherd's dog collects the scattered flocks.

He who is lost to faith in his own discretion, is a dangerous subject, and should not be left alone in company with himself.

"Toll! toll! toll! One more gone to rest; one more voice in the infant chorus— Years fall on the shrouded form, and sobe swell the heart with anguish. It was a fair child; an early blossom in earth's garden of bright flowers. The mother gazes long on the just opening bud, that so soon has been plucked from her home bush, and through the healing thought of immortality comes to her, yet never again can another little one bloom on the severed branch.

Rejoice, rejoice and make merry with thanksgiving and song. Let the toast go around, while you christen the babe so helplessly laid in your arms. Already its tiny hands clasp your heart strings, and closer winds the frail arms around your neck. Its life is your life, and its health your care— Ah! it is a precious bud, nourish it tenderly, carefully.

"Toll! toll! toll! A maiden now. Scarcely twenty summers have scattered their sunlight o'er her head. Surely there could have been no winters with their cold, blighting frosts, freezing the pure emotions of the soul. Fold the mantle softly, tearfully, over the weary heart. Come away from the home of sighing, and think—'tis better thus to sleep, than to die the lingering, tortured death, that earth sometimes portions out to her children.

Hark! The bells are ringing merrily, cheerily now. A maiden has left her home, a bride. They have decked her form with jewels rare, and strown the way pathway with flowers. She has looked her last on the scenes of her girlhood; has been clasped in the girl's wife for the last time, in a loving mother's arms. Henceforth another's claims are her, and the bridal veil comes between her home and another. But alas, how sad, that: "For the pale living, not the dead, Should mourning's bitterest tears be shed." Ye may ring out "wild bells, to the wild blue sky," on the bridal morn, yet surely ye will toll! toll! toll!—when cometh the burial of the heart, all pulseless and cold. The slave of the "Magic Lams" is money.

The evening of the ball arrived—my sister wore a La'ma dress, woven in with golden violets, a Bird of Paradise plume, gracefully arrayed in her soft, fair hair. A cigarette of diamonds fastened it firmly—that, I attached to the plume with my own hands— Though over forty years of age, she was still a lovely woman. But Ellen was a perfect gem, so graceful and self possessed, in her simple white dress and oriental pearls. And little fairy Mary, dancing about with delight. I was a happy man, not the less so, that I had the power to humble the pride of that hard woman.

The room began to fill. Soon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler was announced. My sister and Ellen were standing at the upper end of the room. I advanced toward my brother and his wife, and leading them forward, said, "Allow me to introduce you to my sister— Mrs. Cleland—and my adopted daughter Ellen, and at the same time to drop my falcon cognomen, and introduce myself as your brother Harry."

"I leave you to imagine the result—my ink pales—my paper flutters—farewell."

Sweet peace of mind must be to all a valued treasure. It is like a magic charm to the soul. Sacred then may we ever hold it, as heaven's choicest, dearest gift of life.

It betrays exceeding bad taste, if not bad feeling, to use contradiction in society for the sake of being perverses. If it be really necessary to use it in self defense, it should be done with gentleness and becoming dignity.

Good actions embellish the human mind, as good taste adorns the person; but many there are who destroy by artificial means and bad judgment, the beauty which nature gave them.

He must be truly happy under all the circumstances pertaining to human nature, and may be deemed little less than a saint, who can suit his temper to the various casualties of this chequered life.

Memory calls our wandering thoughts together, as the shepherd's dog collects the scattered flocks.

He who is lost to faith in his own discretion, is a dangerous subject, and should not be left alone in company with himself.

"Toll! toll! toll! One more gone to rest; one more voice in the infant chorus— Years fall on the shrouded form, and sobe swell the heart with anguish. It was a fair child; an early blossom in earth's garden of bright flowers. The mother gazes long on the just opening bud, that so soon has been plucked from her home bush, and through the healing thought of immortality comes to her, yet never again can another little one bloom on the severed branch.

Rejoice, rejoice and make merry with thanksgiving and song. Let the toast go around, while you christen the babe so helplessly laid in your arms. Already its tiny hands clasp your heart strings, and closer winds the frail arms around your neck. Its life is your life, and its health your care— Ah! it is a precious bud, nourish it tenderly, carefully.

"Toll! toll! toll! A maiden now. Scarcely twenty summers have scattered their sunlight o'er her head. Surely there could have been no winters with their cold, blighting frosts, freezing the pure emotions of the soul. Fold the mantle softly, tearfully, over the weary heart. Come away from the home of sighing, and think—'tis better thus to sleep, than to die the lingering, tortured death, that earth sometimes portions out to her children.

Hark! The bells are ringing merrily, cheerily now. A maiden has left her home, a bride. They have decked her form with jewels rare, and strown the way pathway with flowers. She has looked her last on the scenes of her girlhood; has been clasped in the girl's wife for the last time, in a loving mother's arms. Henceforth another's claims are her, and the bridal veil comes between her home and another. But alas, how sad, that: "For the pale living, not the dead, Should mourning's bitterest tears be shed." Ye may ring out "wild bells, to the wild blue sky," on the bridal morn, yet surely ye will toll! toll! toll!—when cometh the burial of the heart, all pulseless and cold. The slave of the "Magic Lams" is money.

Statesmanship. In political life, the United States now presents a sad want of great Statesmen.— That calm depth of thought which embraced the whole Union in its compass, that absence of all self-interests, when the good of the Union was at issue, so remarkably displayed on many memorable occasions, by those great men of a past generation, are now rarely witnessed. Only a few years ago, and how many politicians, were there—if they can be so called—who were above all prejudices of party, and ties of political creeds, and met the great questions of the day with a force of argument, and brilliancy of illustration, a glow of eloquence, and an irresistible appeal to the patriotic feelings of the whole nation, cooling the excited passion, moderating public opinion, and hushing the tumult of civil strife! They covered no popular prejudice, and labored to interpret no political ism, to please opposing parties. From these higher regions of pure intellectuality, they came down to wrestle with the issues thrown into the senate or the popular canvass, and carried conviction to the minds of the millions. Selfish ambition for the moment stood abashed at the brilliant picture of its own unworthiness, and before the law men bowed with veneration, and in the glow of the sudden blaze of intellectual light, they saw the harmonious workings no national and civil ordinances; they saw the dependence of social institutions established by the God of nature between the human being, and the climate, soil, and products, of the region they inhabited. To contemplate that bright era in our political history, strikingly bright on the deficiency of the present time, in that character of statesmanship. Our what are now called great men, with few exceptions, see but one side of the questions at issue.— They dissect facts to suit their own theories, and found these theories upon a partial statement of facts. They are constantly in a mist, and contemplate facts of the gravest matter, blinded by passions. Like children at play, they shake their fists at each other, and threaten, instead of calmly reasoning.— Rule or ruin, not every personal sacrifice for the good of all, has come to be their motto.— The present relations of the States are not produced by the arbitrary arrangements of written constitutions, for every constitution is the outgrowth of the necessities of the people. If to-day the Union was to be dissolved, and our Government that has showered blessings, with almost infinite liberality, over our land, was shattered to pieces, even while the wreck lay strown around, the people would yearn for what had been destroyed. Yet our statesmen—at least, those who claim the leadership of opinion—encourage and strive to popularize the idea of the impossibilities of present relations between the North and the South, and cautiously use every means to extend disunion, in the hope that those unknown and untried, in the accepted. What a scene, we as a nation, present—a chaos of confused factions, struggling for mere abstractions, which serve for a lure for honest, but too confiding men, while by action North and South, the country is imperilled.

What a commotion would one note of the clarion voice of Clay excite! What a change in the arrangements of the masses would be effected by one appeal from the heart of Webster! There are few who can say, not Massachusetts, or Virginia, or Louisiana, but the United States is my country. The occasion exists for the men who shall fill the seats of those departed! Upon whom shall fall their mantles of wisdom and patriotism!

How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, deviation, justification, hallucination, deprivation, amputation, creation and adoption."

"That boy will do for an engineer on a short-line railroad."

"He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned."

"A Counsel being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

"You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity."

"A minister at a camp meeting said: "If the lady with the blue bonnet, red hair and crossed eyes, does not stop talking, she will pointed out to the congregation."

"A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

"At a printers' festival, recently, the following toast was offered: "Woman—See only to the Press in the dissemination of news."

"There are a great many beams in the eyes of the ladies, but they are all son-beams."

M. L. DARR.