TOMPKINS COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

TIMOTHY MALONEY, Editor and Proprietor.

"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

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Business Directory.

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BOOKSELLERS,
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Have for sale in quantities, or by retail, at the lowest prices, an extensive assortment of

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Being the most extensive dealers in that Paper west of New York, we would invite the attention of buyers to our constantly full assortment of elegant gold and satin finished patterns, as well as to our stock of beautiful low-priced Hangings, elegant Borders, Window Paper, Fire Board Views, Painted Shades, &c.

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Having one of Adams' improved Power Presses, driven by steam, a Magic Job Press capable of throwing off 2500 impressions per hour, and all the new and latest styles of Type, we feel confident that we cannot be excelled in good and cheap Printing, such as Books, Posters of any size, Society By-Laws, Bill-Heads, Business cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Law Cases, &c., &c.

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PAPER MAKING.
Our two manufactories enables us to supply, at the lowest market price, Writing, Printing, Letter, and Wrapping Paper, of any desired quality and size, on the shortest notice. Ithaca, Oct. 1856.

ITHACA ACADEMY.
The Fall and Winter Term of this Institution will begin on MONDAY, the 30th day of Nov., and continue Fourteen Weeks. The Trustees take pleasure in announcing to the public that the School will remain under the direction of Mr. S. D. CARR, as Principal of the Male department, and Mrs. MARY B. CARR, as Principal of Female department. They will be assisted by Mr. Eug. Margueret, in Maths. and French, (his native language) and Chemistry; by Miss Susan Walbridge in Elementary Classes.

The inducements and facilities now offered to the public (commodious Buildings, Library, Apparatus and an increased number of Teachers,) should commend this School to high confidence, and secure for it a still more liberal share of patronage. Good Board can be obtained for $2 to $2.50 per week. Students are earnestly requested to be present on the first day of the term. Tuition is payable for one term in advance.—

RATES OF TUITION.

In Classic Math. Nat. Sciences and English Branches, per term.	$6,00
In com. Eng. Studies (including com. Arith. and Eng. Grammar,) per term.	4,00
In Jun. Department, Reading Writing Spelling &c.	3,00
Music. (Extra,)	10,00
Painting and Drawing from	$2,50 to $4.50

☞ Those who wish to Board Students or Rent them Rooms, will oblige the Principal by leaving their names and terms with him at his residence in the Academy.

TRUSTEES.

William Andrus,	D. Beardman,
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Ithaca, March 2d, 1857. tf 9.

Steam Engine.
For sale, a first class STEAM ENGINE of about 30 horse Power, and Boiler, with Saw Mill gear complete. Also a new SIDING MACHINE, all in complete order. Will be sold cheap and terms of payment made liberal. WM. HALSEY.
Ithaca May 8th, 1857. 34

Lamp Oil For sale by E. H. Bronson.

Select Poetry.

CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. L. D. SIGOURNEY.

Land of Gold—thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main,
See—they stretch the hand to meet thee—
Youngest of our household train.

Many a form their love hath foster'd
Lingers 'neath thy sunny sky,
And their spirit token brighten
Every link of sympathy.

We, 'mid storms of war were cradled—
'Mid the shock of angry foes;
Thou, in sudden, dream-like splendor,—
Pallas born,—to vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Strong in friendship let us stand,
With united ardor earning earning
Glory for our Mother land.

They of gold, and they of iron,
They who reap the bearded wheat,—
They who reap the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasure at her feet;

While with smiling exultation,
She, who marks her filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
Folds them—jewels—to heart.

Select Miscellany.

THE BEGGAR.

One cold windy morning, the last of December, 1847, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a substantial house in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortably furnished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft *fauteuil*, busily engaged in reading the morning papers.—The beautiful young wife lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when a timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young husband replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some theivish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish!"

The mendicant without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment.

The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But, noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood with a clouded countenance left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused directly before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched, I could not bear to drive him away," and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take the sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives.—I know it is pure goodness of heart that leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home, I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be but a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different keyholes in the room so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of this city life make it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him I know," said his wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps as she descened to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale brozed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square massive chin displaying a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.

"Oh, no, it is only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first state of starvation," replied the doctor sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "he must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the atheletic staranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chambers, where the doctor soon prepared and administered with his own hands strong doses of port-wine sangaree.—The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sank quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well: let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence, give him beef tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of the Holy Trinity.

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one vied in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion.

Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central isle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man, who had lately wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text, the oft-quoted, but seldom applied, words of the Apostle "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment, that the preacher must have known of his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application in this particular case. I have not space nor power to give a synopsis of the sermon; but it combined with the incident of the morning effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church he repaired at once to the room of the medicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attention he had received, which without doubt had saved his life, But—I will recompense you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar I seem. I was ship-wrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped from the water by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds awaiting my orders in the bank, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity, I was repulsed from every door as an imposter, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years, and then after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt it was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willet," added the stranger

"Why that is my wife's family name. She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery,"

"Of what state is she a native?" asked Arthur Willet, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of B—— where she was born."

At this moment Mrs Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absconce of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring:

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood, excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother Arthur." And Mrs Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognized that relic.

"It is my father's grey hair, and you are——"

"His son, Arthur Willett, and your brother."

Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Doctor Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of re-union, saying to himself:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The Mistakes of a Night.

Of a young man, well known in this city, an incident of recent occurrence is related, not without its amusing side. Among other peculiarites, we may state that his antipathy to retiring, or in plain Saxon, going to bed amounts almost to a passion. He frequently sits up all night, and will never seek his couch when he can woo the drowsy god in any abnormal position whatever. As a natural consequence of this, he is at times very somnolent, and inclined to slumber under circumstances not the most appropriate.

A few evening since, our young friend visited a young lady in whom he was particularly interested, on —— street: but as her mother, a very worthy but plain and practical woman, continued in the room for two mortal hours, and talked to the youth of the meetings of charitable sewing societies, and matronly plans for the relief of the poor, instead of the fashionable world and the universe of Poetry—a drowsy fit came upon the maternally besieged victim, and he fell—into a profound nap.

The old lady prosed on—for like Verges, she would be talking—and did not perceive her supposed auditor had slipped away from her dullness to dream land's delicious distances; but finally she saw the true state of affairs, and concluded to withdraw for the night with her daughters, saying in her kindly way; "The poor boy is fatigued—he has applied himself too closely to his duties—let him sleep it will refresh him."

About the second hour of the morning our hero awoke, but with a singular recollection of time place, and circumstances. Where was he? how came he there, and when? were questions he could no solve. He arose from the sofa and sat erect—all was darkness, not even a glimmer of light. He groped about from one piece of furniture to another, and finally concluded that he was in his own house, where he frequently threw himself in the parlor or hall, and resigned his spirit to Somnus's guardianship he could not be elsewhere than in his own house, which by the way, in form and household arrangements, closely resembled that in which he was So he proceeded boldly up stairs, concluding, by way of variety that he would pass the remainder of the night in his bed. He passed through two rooms in the dark; he now felt perfectly confident he was at home, until he came as he supposed, to his own chamber, Before disrobing, he thought he would turn down the clothes from his couch, and in doing so, touched what felt like the smooth cheek and soft hair of the woman. Alarm seized upon him. Where was he? What could he do—how escape? He had no time for reflection, for as he permitted *his* hands in his agitation to rest upon the face of the supposed fair sleeper, she awoke, and screamed in a most piercing alto, at least twenty times in as many seconds.

He tried to calm her but only increased her terror, and to add to the agreeableness of his situation, the young lady's elder sister, her sleeping companion, also awoke and performed some vocal gymnastics that would have made her fortune at a prima donna.

Both leaped from their couch at the same time, but from different sides, and so lost each other in the darkness. The younger, however, ran to the elder, as she thought, but really to our hero for protection. She threw her white arms about his neck, and pressed him convulsively to her agitated bosom, gasping "O, dear sister, we shall be murdered! What shall we do? Save me! save me—burglars are in the house!"

Still more wildly she wound herself about him; and he could not speak the while, for astonishment and trepidation, and could not have been heard if he had, amid the ceaseless screams. But foot-steps were soon heard upon the stairs and the gleam of lights was seen in the distance.

From his fair friend he could not tear himself, she was distracted with fright and held to him with all her force strongly increased by her alarm.

Quickly entered the father with a blazing taper, and a heavy cane, and the brother with a drawn revolver. They passed before the strange and not unimposing tableaux—one daughter pale as death in the corner of the room; the other, with her dishevelved hair, streaming about her shoulders and over her spotless *robe de nuit* (not more white than the trembling symmetry beneath its fold;) clinging to a slender but masculine and well proportioned form; and every two half moments, uttering a shriek and a cry of protection.

The two new comers could not at all understand the position or character of the tablaux; when the hero of the sofa contrived to make himself seen and heard. An explanation was made at once: reason began to dawn upon the minds of the sisters, and the younger, blushing as an Autumn morn, heard but a few words, and fell like a snow shower to the floor. She saw herself in the picture of the last few moments as romantic, but so strange a figure, that sweet oblivion kindly came and shut out for a time the blushing beauty of her own mistake.

We now hear that the *contre temps* of that night has mutually revealed the history of two hearts, not understood before; but as Master Walter say; "the story is told."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Power of Words.

I was told a story to-day—a temperance story. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love for the sea.

"Edward" said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, that before you leave your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

Said he—for he told me story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediteranean San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hillside of Vermont rose up before me, and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half, for he said—

"Yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty, and asked me—

"Do you know me?"

"No, said I."

"I was brought once," said he to my informant "drunk into you presence, on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said I never knew one; I heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, *twenty years* later, I am *master* of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its light, that mother's word on the green hill side of Vermont. God be thankful for the almighty power of a single word.

A bench warrant was issued in Pittsburgh, on Wednesday, at the instance of the President of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank, against James and Hercules O'Conner, brokers, charging them with obtaining fraudulently, through the complicity of the Book-keeper of the bank, $185,000, and the case was heard yesterday. O'Connor, in defence, made great allegations against the Bank, denying his indebtedness and claiming to be the agent of the Bank for drawing specie from other Banks to replenish its vaults, that large sums of the notes of other Banks less than five dollars, and also counterfeit money was drawn from the Bank on checks, and that their dealings with the bank since February have amounted to $3,000,000, that the correspondents in vain attempted to effect a settlement with the Bank, &c. Notwithstanding these developments, the Bank still stands firm.

THE ALTAR AND THE GRAVE.—The Newark (Wayne Co.,) Courier, publishes under the head of marriages and deaths the names of Chapman and Brownell.—Mr. Chapman was married to Miss Brownell, at 5 o'clock, on Monday evening and at 11 o'clock he died. He has been for some weeks confined to his bed by illness. Knowing that he could live but a few hours, and having been engaged to the young lady for some time, desired to have the marriage ceremony performed and his wishes were complied with six hours before he died.

The Washington Union learns that Hon. George A. Simmons, member of Congress elect from New York has again been stricken with paralysis and cannot possibly survive this second attack.

Upwards of fifty carpenters were discharged from the Navy Yard in Norfolk, Va. on Thursday. The times look equally for the winter.

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