The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. I. BELLEFONTE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1856. NO. 15.

The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN BELLEFONTE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY HENRY HAYS.

TERMS—$1.50 in advance, or if paid within six months. $2.00 will be charged on all subscriptions running to the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of

JOB PRINTING,

EXECUTED in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

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BELLEFONTE, PENNA

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1856.

HARPERS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—A NEW VOLUME.—During the past six months there have been issued of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE over EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND numbers. The Publishers may safely appeal to this fact as evidence of the unparalleled and constantly increasing success with which their efforts to publish a cheap instructive, and entertaining monthly have been attended. They renew the expression of their thanks to the public for their constant confidence and support and especially to the Press for the cordial aid it has offered in making their efforts and publication known to the American People.

It can scarcely be necessary to add the assurance, that the plan of conducting the Magazine, which has proved so successful will be continued with increased assiduity and care. The wants and taste of the great mass of the people will continue to be consulted; and no labor or expense will be spared to give them, every month, the largest amount of the most interesting and instructive literary matter original and selected in the best form and at the cheapest price. Special and increased attention will always be given to the several series of original illustrated articles, descriptive of American scenery and historical incidents prepared by the most popular writers, and accompanied by engravings by the best artists in the United States. In every department of the Magazine renewed efforts will be made to increase its ability, its utility, and its attractiveness for general readers.

Though it has not yet completed the sixth year of its existence, HARPER'S MAGAZINE has a circulation greater, by many thousands, than was ever attained by any other similar publication ever issued in any part of the world. It is the determination of the Publishers that it shall continue to merit this unparalleled and still increasing prosperity.

Each number of the Magazine will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns, each year thus comprising nearly two thousand pages of the choicest Miscellaneous Literature of the day. Every Number will contain numerous Pictorial Illustrations, accurate Plates of the Fashions, a copious Chronicle of Current Events, and Impartial Notices of the important Books of the Month. The Volumes commence with the Numbers for June and December; but subscriptions may commence with any number.

TERMS.—The Magazine may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or from the Publishers at $3.00 a year or 25 cents a number. The Semi-annual Volumes, as completed, neatly bound in Cloth are sold at $2.00 each, and Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish to have their back numbers uniformly bound at 25 cents each. Eleven Volumes are now ready bound. "Harpers' Story Books" and "Harpers' Magazine" will be sent to one Address, for one year, for $5.00.

The publishers will supply Specimen Numbers gratuitously to Agents and Postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the Magazine. They will also supply Clubs, of two persons at $5.00 a year, or five persons at $10.00—Clergymen supplied at $2.00 a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

NOTICE.—The Advertiser would respectfully announce to his customers and the public generally that he continues to supply the various Magazines named below at the prices annexed per annum, viz:

Harper's,	$2.25
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He is prepared also to fill all orders for standard and miscellaneous books and the current literature of the day, whether from the trade or other walks of industry. Having had experience of fifteen years in the Book and Periodical Trade, he believes that he can give entire satisfaction to all parties entrusting him with orders.

Specimen numbers of the Magazines on receipt of six Post Office letter stamps for $3 or $2 Magazines, and for twelve such stamps a sample of the $5 or $6 works will be sent. Letters of inquiry must contain a stamp for the return postage. Books sent, post-paid on the receipt of publisher's advertised prices.

Address WM PATTON,
Bookseller, Hoboken, N. J.

Publishers of Newspapers giving the above advertisement (with this notice) a few insertions and sending a marked copy to advertiser, will be entitled to any one of the Periodicals in the above list, for one year.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.—M. T. REYNOLDS and F. G. FRANCISCUS have opened in LOCK HAVEN a complete assortment of HARDWARE, to which we invite the attention of ALL, needing any thing in the line. Our stock has been selected with care, with the express desire to supply the community with such articles as belong EXCLUSIVELY to the Hardware business. The Building Material and Hardware used in the various mechanical branches, will receive our particular attention. Coachmakers, Saddlers, Shoemakers, Machinists, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinetmakers, Tinners, &c., &c., will find it to their interest to call upon us and examine for themselves.

☞ Persons building will find here a splendid lot of Locks and Latches, Silver Plated Door Knobs and Bell Pulls, all of Eastern manufacture; Glass, Oils, Putty, Nails, &c. Also the most beautiful stock of

WALL PAPER, BORDERS,
AND FIRE-BOARD PRINTS,

ever offered in this vicinity. STOVES, LAMPS, CUTLERY, Patent Boring Machines, Fluid, Alcohol, Pine Oil, &c., &c., kept in large quantities.

IRON.

Hammered and Rolled Iron, all the common sizes on hand; unusual sizes of round, square and plate iron furnished upon order in the shortest possible time. We say to all interested come and examine for yourselves. REYNOLDS & CO.,
jan16 Lock Haven, Pa.

MILESBURG MARBLE WORKS.—A. PARTERAGE, SCULPTOR, informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Marble work at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Those who favor him with their orders may rest assured that all work from his establishment will be done in the best style of workmanship. Likenesses will be executed in statue or in bust, as large as life, either in marble or plaster. Likenesses will be carved on Monuments, Tomb Stones, &c., from daguerrean likenesses; also a brilliant discovery of Enamelled Lettering with lava, on Monuments, Tombstones, Door Plates, &c., in every variety of color. The lava is put in by 250 degrees heat, warranted to stand any kind of weather. As I am the inventor of this work, it cannot be performed in any other establishment in Pennsylvania than at Milesburg. There are many orders finished of this brilliant lettering, persons had better call and examine for themselves, and be satisfied that it is the greatest piece of mechanical art that was ever placed in a cemetery on monument or tomb stones, and which will be a fit testimonial to the memory of a departed friend.

Any gentleman desirous of having a marble bust I will warrant a most perfect likeness as large as life. There will be no charge if not a perfect piece of sculpture. The operation of the work is, 1st. The likeness will be taken by observation in clay, 2d. A cast of plaster Paris 3d. Then in marble.

A mask can be taken after death of any person so that a perfect likeness can be had any future time.

Ladies and gentlemen desirous of procuring a good piece of marble work has better send their orders to Milesburg for good work. I have no occasion to send to Philadelphia to bring lambs and figures: I can make them myself.

I will challenge any person in this neighborhood, to execute a better piece of sculpture than I can for $100. This what the marble Know-Nothing at Lock Haven cannot reach.

Premiums at the Centre County Fair for Marble work, Milesburg $200, Lock Haven $200. If the judges had been men of the Marble business, Lock Haven would have been found wanting.

As the country has been flooded with an inferior article by persons peddling them round, consequently those who are not judges of sculpture and engraving have been imposed upon. I therefore desire persons who wish to procure durable work to call and examine my workmanship, and satisfy themselves will not prove an eyesore in after times.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business, and moderation in charges, to continue to receive a liberal patronage.

Persons desirous of any other style of work, I would highly recommend Mr Sunderland at Lewistown, as I have been thirty years in all the finer art of marble work, he is esteemed one of the best judges.

I will bind myself to furnish every description of work 25 per cent better and cheaper than Lock Haven. A. PARTERAGE, Sculptor,
dec26 Milesburg

LOCK HAVEN MARBLE WORKS.—HIGHEST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE CENTRE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

To the people of Centre County. It has now become a settled fact that this is one of the largest, cheapest and very best conducted establishments of the kind in the interior of Pennsylvania. It is owned by Mr S. A. Gibson, and superintended by the celebrated sculptor, Mr C. F. Lindig, of N. Y. Mr. Lindig was for many years engaged in one of the best establishments in the city of New York, where he gained an enviable reputation as a mechanic of the first order. We have on hand and for sale nearly five hundred beautiful designs of HEAD AND FOOT STONES, carved in the latest style of the art, together with French Couches, Grecian Tombs, Monuments, Spires, Carved Lambs as large as life and images of every description, all designed and executed by Mr Lindig. Persons wishing something rare and beautiful, to mark the resting place of their departed friends, would save money by sending in orders by either of my agents, who will visit every few days through all the principal towns and villages in Centre, Clinton, and Lycoming counties, and have their work executed by this world-renowned and justly celebrated artist.

☞ We have reduced our price from this date, and will challenge the world to sell 25 per cent below the regular selling prices of any establishment in Bellefonte, Milesburg, or Lewistown, and deliver the work free of charge to any place desired.

S. A. GIBSON,
AGENTS FOR CENTRE COUNTY:
Sam'l A. Stonebreaker, Wm Allison jr., Jackson Sonsville, Martin Houser, jr., Hoover's Mill, Thomas Holahan, Boalsburg. dec12-1y*

MOSES D. WELLS' HORSE RAKE.—Patented August 15, 1854. The subscriber having purchased the manufacture of these celebrated Rakes, in four townships in Centre county, viz: Benner, Walker, Miles and Spring, is prepared to supply all who may desire the article, at fair and reasonable prices.

The operation of these improved Rakes are as follows. The machine is driven forward, and will move on the inclined runners c, the governing letter D, which is held by the operator, rests on the roller m. The rollers m rest on the teeth rr so that any vertical movement of the lever D, will cause a movement of the main shaft in its bearings, and a corresponding elevation or depression of the front teeth. The rear teeth of the rake are held up by the spring bolts e, of the governing lever, consequently a movement of the said lever D, causes a revolution of the rollers in reverse directions and a regulation of the elevation of the points of the front teeth.

These machines are both time and labor saving. The simplicity of their construction is such, that they can be easily repaired, and all who have used them, speak of them as being the most practical and useful farming utensil they have ever used.

☞ The price of a complete rake, finished with a view to strength and durability, is TWELVE DOLLARS.

Persons desirous of purchasing any of these Rakes, will please call on, or address,

JEREMIAH ECKENRODE,
Near Pleasant Gap P. O.,
feb6-4m Centre county, Pa.

PATENT AMBROTYPES.—The subscriber now offers to the public a new style of pictures far superior to the Daguerreotype, Crystallotype or Talbotype. They are termed AMBROTYPES. The process for which is patented in the United States, Great Britain and France. These pictures are conceded to be the most beautiful and truthful ever produced by the Photographic art, are not reversed as Daguerreotypes and may be seen in any light. They also possess the rare property of being IMPERISHABLE. The exceeding fineness, depth of light and shade, and richness of tone, is vastly superior to all others—they are without the glare of Daguerreotypes—they will last for ages unchanged.

Put up so as to show two sides, and beautifully colored—this kind of picture—for novelty and exceeding beauty, is far above all others by any process whatsoever.

These pictures are taken ON PLATE GLASS, and hermetically sealed. They offer an inducement to those wishing to send pictures to any foreign country, as they are proof against the action of water acids, climate, or atmosphere, and may be laid in water for months with perfect safety.

The subscriber having control of the patent for Centre county, and having received instructions in the AMERICAN GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 126 Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is now prepared at his Gallery in Unionville, Centre Co., to take AMBROTYPES. Hours of sitting from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves.

N. B.—Any person or persons infringing on the above patent in Centre county, will be dealt with according to law in such cases.

THOS. J. TAYLOR, Agent,
jan 2tf And Photographer.

CONRAD HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, Pa.—The undersigned would respectfully announce to his old friends and the public generally, that he has taken the large and commodious new Stone House, near the Diamond, Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Pa. This building has been erected expressly for the purpose, and according to the plan of the most elegant and approved hotels in the eastern part of the State, he feels confident that it is much better calculated for comfort and convenience than any other in this county. He has also furnished it in the very best manner, sparing neither pains nor cost to render it comfortable and agreeable to those favoring him with their custom.

The STABLING connected with the establishment is large and convenient, with an excellent carriage house.

By strict attention to his duties, long experience, and a determination not to be excelled by any house in this section, he hopes to merit the favor and custom of the public.

Persons visiting Bellefonte on business or pleasure will find the "Conrad House" a pleasant and cheerful stopping place.

dec12 JOHN H. MORRISON, Proprietor.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Saw ye the farmer at his plow,
As you were riding by,
Or, wearied 'neath his noonday toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought ye that his lot was hard?
And did you not thank God,
That you and yours were not condemned
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field and tree
Conspire, with flowing stores, to fill
His barn and granery.
His healthy children gaily sport
Amid the new mown hay,
Or proudly aid with vigorous arm,
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the lonely wain
The feathery people clap their wings
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on the race,
Or guides his evening praise.

The harvest giver is their friend—
The Maker of the soil:
The earth, their mother, gave them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.
Come join them round their wintry hearth
Their heart felt pleasure see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

A CENTURY.

BY C. D. HELMER.

A hundred years shall roll away—
A century beyond to-day;
But you, nor I, nor any one
Now living, shall behold the sun.

Not one—and all these millions gone
Before the lifting of that dawn!
These stars shall flash along the skies,
But not a gleam shall light our eyes.

There shall be armies, thrones and states,
With all their unpredicted fates;
Yet none of millions now in power
Shall move the hand, or tongue, that hour.

The sceptre, banner, sword and pen,
Shall fill the hands of other men;
And other tyrant heels shall tread
Upon the slave's uplifted head.

The wandering ships shall come and go,—
But manned by those we do not know;
The breeze, that wafts them o'er the waves
Shall bend the flowers upon our graves.

Along these streets shall move such crowds,
When these lie silent in their shrouds,
The same unending rounds of cares,
Which now are ours, shall then be theirs.

The plough shall turn the grassy plain—
The sickle reap the golden grain;
But those who now the valley till
Shall reach its slumbering on his hill.

Where now we sit in twilight bowers,
With music, *love* and flowers,
Shall others call the *rising moon*
To hear their vows—forgotten soon.

The Lyre, that now through nations rings,
Shall voiceless lie with broken strings;
But earth shall not be silent then,
For coming days shall bring their men.

With all these millions thus be gone
Before the lifting of the dawn!
The hordes from mountains, plains and woods,
Become death's silent multitudes?

Like shadows o'er the fields of grass,
This living century shall pass;
And fading as a summer eve,
The earth, to those who follow, leave.

The Press and Commerce, Church and State,
Must gain from *others* future fate;
For you—nor I—nor any one
Now living, shall behold that sun.

[*Evening Post.*

SKILL IS CAPITAL.

A GENUINE NEW ENGLAND STORY.

Hiram Veazie was a plain, good-hearted, honest farmer's boy, whose parents lived on a firm where his grandfather was born, and half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be a very promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father on the farm. Old Mr. Veazie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first, because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father, and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had been from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the Squire's daughter, and this childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs, perfectly, between the young people, but never intefered, until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman to one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife, old squire White, as he was universally called, replied kindly, but firmly, that Hiram must acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement.—The future looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was but a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of nineteen, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

'Go,' she said, to Boston or New York. You are active, good-looking, intelligent and industrious, the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages as shall help you to lay by something. I, too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save [illegible] the necessary amount to [illegible] purchase of a snug little home for us.'

Hiram kissed his little schoolmate, and promised her that she should never for an hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum together, and with the blessing of his father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered, but seeking economical lodging, he began at once to look about himself for employment. This he found it hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of observations and fortunes. A fortnight, or three weeks in Boston, made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some few weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out place, inquiring freely of all, until at the close of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the up town cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam saw mill, which he entered and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at the desk handy, one evidently the manager of the establishment.

Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of excellent lumber in the building, an article he was familiar with from his childhood, and he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observing to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a further part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together, and forming the boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his observation, that at last the proprietor came up to him and addressed him pleasantly.

'You seem to be quite interested?' he remarked to Hiram.

'Yes, I have seen a good deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way.

'We use a good many thousand feet every week.

'So I should think, and best *number ones too.*'

'Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is up now.'

'How much do you pay?'

'Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted.'

'Where do you do most of these boxes?' continued Hiram.

'Oh, we can sell them faster than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, &c.'

'Rather *heavy* for that purpose, I should say,' added Hiram.

'Well; they *are* rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any different, they are down to the lowest guage of the lumber mills.'

Hiram looked thoughtfully, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common sense in business style to the man, and at last he said half seriously, half in jest:

'You don't want a partner, do you?'

'Why, no, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the thing with him and throwing in the machinery.'

'I haven't got any money,' said Hiram; 'but I will give you an idea about the matter, and will take hold and give my time, in a way that I think will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business.'

'I like the way you talk,' said the man honestly; but this is an odd proposition?'

'You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for boards?'

'Yes.'

'Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neater and better boxes for your purpose?'

'If you can do that I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made.'

'Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy, for one day, say, commencing to-morrow morning?'

'Yes, said the man, after a moment's hesitation. 'I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon.'

After a little longer talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that should risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd, the box-maker, gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws and asked if it was the largest? He was told that it was. This he was at first sorry for, but still carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared. He remembered a hardware store not far distant, which he had passed that very afternoon; to this he repaired, and selected a *circular saw* twice as large as any Mr. Hurd had in his shop, and of a different make in the teeth; he also got some braces and bolts of a size and style which he appeared to understand, and telling the storekeeper that he wanted them for Hurd in the next street, he found no difficulty in getting them on credit. With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding place and studied in his own mind as to how he would carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve at noon on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of over alls on, at work before a large splitting saw which he had proved upon one of the benches, and to which he had applied the steam power. He was *splitting the boards* which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and thus was making the boards produce twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor. Since those who finished them up into boxes after they were sawed could work enough faster with the thinner lumber to make up for the occupation of one hand to tend the splitting saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes or more manufactured of the new thickness, and were actually more valuable, as the thickness was ample for all purposes of strength, and the weight was reduced one half. He was so delighted with his new acquaintance, who took hold of his work so handily, and above all he felt that he had at once given him an idea worth half his business, and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and faithful man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business, with one half the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how she encouraged him in return, and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was enlarged, and Hiram found himself at the end of a twelve month, worth some two thousand dollars; and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly, when he returned to ask for Lucy, and told him to 'take her,' and how Lucy blushing laid her fair cheek bathed with happy tears upon his shoulder, and her kind old mother, said that she had but one regret, and that was to part with Lucy, who must now go away and live in New York State.

But all this was so, and Lucy and Hiram were married, and their friends declared that Heaven made the match and worked a miracle for Hiram Veazie, who was so good, and industrious, and generous spirited. But these are not the days of miracles, and the reader knows very well that it was *brought* about by the most natural agencies.

Three years only have passed since Hiram was married, as we have related in this veritable story, and on the Bloomingdale road, not a long walk from the large factory of Hurd & Veazie, lives Hiram and his lovely companion. The large and pleasant house in which they reside is his own, and a handsome surplus besides. Each annual Christmas they returned to their childhood's home, and Lucy thinks the journey is healthy for little Hiram.

REASONS WHY EVERY FARMER SHOULD PURSUE HIS BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

1. *Because Agriculture is a Science.*—Every man who has pursued, even moderately, the Science of Vegetable Physiology, understands perfectly that almost all the modern improvements in fruit culture have been made because men have devoted themselves to the study of the great facts in regard to the growth of plants; the circumstances in which they flourish most; the chemical analysis of the elements which compose them, and the modifications of which they are susceptible, by proper care and cultivation. Just so in respect to the various soils which the farmer has to manage. If he knows the chemical elements which compose them, and those which compose the various products he wishes to grow, he will be able to adapt his crops to the soil, and his manure to both, in a way which will prove to all that Agriculture has its laws; and that acting in conformity with them, is the basis of the only true art in farming. For example: wheat contains gluten and starch in such proportions that they compose together *seventy-five per centum* of its entire subsistance. Now, if the farmer undertakes to raise wheat on a soil which does not contain the elements of starch and gluten, he will fail. His soil will not give that which does not possess. His lost labor and wasted capital will be the penalty of his ignorance of the scientific condition of permanent success. On the other hand, the knowledge of these conditions, and the application of them in the exercise of caution, common sense and reasonable skill bring an abundant reward.

Every department of the great business of farming is full of the illustrations of the point that we are now on: namely, that Agriculture is a Science, and that its laws, when known and applied, will secure results as certain as any that attend the application of the laws of Hydraulics in Machinery, or those of light and chemistry in the beautiful productions of the Daguerreian art.

5. *Because Agriculture pursued as a Science, with the needful caution and perseverance, is a source of the highest and most constant pleasure.*—No thinking, active mind is content with mere processes of *muscular effort.* To such a mind, the treadmill of a farmer's work, pursued from generation to generation, in the same unvarying monotony, is tiresome enough. The toil becomes doubly toilsome, because it is enlivened by no living and inquiring thought. And the farmer himself becomes almost as stupid as the cattle he feeds, except politics, or literature, or religion, shed at intervals, and from afar, a beam of cheerful light on his mind. But let every process have its well digested theory; let every piece of work, while done in its time, and most efficiently performed, be an experiment which compares different modes of manuring or cultivation; let every change be made on sober thought, and with a full knowledge of the objects to be gained, and of the best and cheapest means of gaining them; in short, let the life of a true Science send its healthy pulsations through the whole system of a farmer's work, and he feels a joy "unfelt before" in every work to which he sets his hand. His farm becomes his laboratory. The pleasure felt by the Chemist or Artist as he communicates these discoveries which bring the ends of the earth together, and revolutionize the social condition of nations, is shared by the careful and laborious student in Scientific Agriculture. For he is applying similar principles, and his labor tend to a similar result. Every crop is a study to him, for it has its own laws to be studied. Every season has its charm for him, for its changes and chances must be carefully watched. He must make suns, showers, and snows, and frost and fire, all to minister to his interests and work out his ends. And in doing all this—and all this he will do, if he works with open eye and careful hand—will he not find a pleasure so constant as to enliven his heaviest toil, and so varied as to strip of their charms the false attractions of city life, and so purely intellectual and refined, as to place him in dignity and aim side by side with the great brotherhood of thinking men, whose hands have been busy, but whose brains have been more busy still; and who have done more for the wealth and comfort of the race, because they done most for its improvement in all solid and enduring Science.

3. *Because it would be greatly to the pecuniary advantage of the farmer to pursue his vocation as a Science.*—If he pursues his work simply because he has done so before, or because his father or his neighbors have done so, he shuts out all improvements, of course. If he makes changes blindly, he is much more likely to lose than to gain. Besides, if he makes experiments at random, some of his neighbors—and perhaps he himself—will set down his failures to the account of Scientific farming; and be more confirmed in their old ways, because of his blindness and blundering in a single case. But if he studies, during his leisure, the results of former experiments in the department he is enquiring about; if he converses with intelligent men, who have been successful in the same branch, and who understand and will explain to him the principles and processes which they have adopted, he will be save in following their example.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A RELICT OF THE PAST.—Michael M'Kinney, of Warren Co, Pa., aged 97 years, recently arrived at this city on a raft, which he helped to work, pulling occasionally at the oar. He is still vigorous and active. 68 years ago he piloted the first log raft that ever descended the Allegheny river to this city. The *Journal* thus continues his history: "He is undoubtedly the most 'ancient mariner' of the Allegheny alive. For a number of years he was alone in the wilderness, with no companion more sociable or friendly than the Indian, the wolf, bear, and catamount; his nearest white neighbor being ten miles off. He has a perfect recollection of the incidents and prominent men connected with the history and early settlement of Western Pennsylvania."—*Pittsburg Chr Adv.*

A PIGGISH ILLUSTRATION.—A country girl, several of whose sisters had married badly, was about herself to take the noose.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

"A fudge for the example of my sisters," exclaimed the girl, with spirit—"I choose to make trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and stands squealing, in the same manner.—The third follows suit, and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all, in turn, thrust in their noses, just as if the first hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you're satisfied."

ACCIDENT ON THE CATAWISSA R. R.—We learn that quite a serious accident occurred on the Catawissa R. R., some time last week, near the Summit. The particulars as handed to us, are as follows;—The passenger and baggage car were thrown down an embankment some thirty feet high, but fortunately there was but few passengers in the cars at the time, and those few escaped with little injury. It is a miricle that no lives were lost, as the accident occurred at a very dangerous place. The cars we have been informed, are a total wreck, and have been abandoned as entirely useless.—*Miltonian.*

☞ An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirrupped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said:

"By the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

☞ There is a divine out west trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. He might as well undertake to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water, or rose buds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine. The only convert he has made is a single lady aged sixty.

☞ An editor down east, said that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and death as original matter in his columns, but unfortunately a thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, and the patient recovered.

☞ Fanny Fern has recently been married. Her next issue is expected to make more noise in the world than her last.

RATHER TOUGH.

The following story was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massillon *News*, which says:

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotels in drawing a long bow, or telling wonderful yarns to each other for the benefit of those apparently verdant, who may happen to come in from other parts. They tried the effect of a few extraordinary yarns stories upon a venerable and sedate customer not long since, who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he listened to them with much apparent surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out and the conversation flagged, when he remarked he had been much interested in the news they had given him, relative to the primeval inhabitants of that country; but regarded no event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had named. Said he:

"When a young man I was traveling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging.—The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying that her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there they would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lay down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming, and scrambled up the chimney.

"Thinking I was safe when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and, jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then heading me up in a hogshead, with no air or light but through the bunghole, they then put me on a sled and drove me some four miles up a hill, and there rolled me off to starve. This I should undoubtedly have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me and gathered around my prison, when one of them, in turning round happened to thrust his tail into the bunghole. It was my only chance. I caught firm hold, and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was until the hogshead striking a stone fairly, the staves, worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out to find myself away down in the lower end of Cattaraugus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. Good night gentlemen. I did not express any doubt of the truth of your stories, and I hope you will not of mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell" club of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

POETRY SOBERED DOWN.—I'm thinking of the time, Kate, when sitting by thy side, and shelling beans I gazed on thee, and felt a wonderous pride. In silence leaped we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans Kate, was all the sound we heard. The auburn curls hung down, Kate, and kissed the lily cheeks; thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then had no'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard. I tho't it was not wrong, Kate, so leaning o'er the dish, as you snatched up a lot of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And a sudden shower made my eyes blind, I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard.

A MAN OF BONES.

Here is a curious fact for you. The flesh of a *living* man once grew into bone. It seems hard to believe, but I suppose it was so; for, in the museum at Dublin, Ireland, there is, or was, the skeleton of one Clerk, a native of the city of Cork, whom they call the Ossified Man, one of the greatest curiosities of nature. It is the carcass of a man entirely ossified in his life-time, living in that condition for several years. Those who knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm, that he had been a man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some days after a debauch—till, by slow degrees, every part grew into a bony substance, except his skin, eyes and intestines. His joints settled in such a manner that no ligament had its proper operation; he could not lie down or rise up without assistance. He had at last no bend in his body; yet when he was placed upright, like a statute of stone, he could stand, but could not move, in the least.—His teeth were joined, and formed into one entire bone; therefore a hole was broken through them to convey liquid substance for his nourishment. The tongue lost its use, and his sight left him, some time before he expired.

☞ Among the last novelties is an electrical machine for the protection of the person. Should a highwayman collar you, the application of the hand to the pocket, generates a steam of electricity that knocks him into a cocked hat.

MEDICAL CARD.—DR. J. RHOADS respectfully informs the citizens of Jacksonville and of the surrounding country, that he has permanently located at Jacksonville, and will promptly attend to all calls in the different branches of his profession, medical or surgical, at reasonable charges.

He is also prepared to insert artificial teeth according to the latest improvements, and most approved styles, and to perform all other operations in Dental Surgery in good style and at reasonable rates.

Thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to business, still to merit the favor and patronage of the public. [illegible] He wishes to rise or fall according as he shall deserve. [illegible]