The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, } Editors.
ALEXR. WIREN FORNEY,

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN BELLEFONTE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY HENRY HAYS.

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OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

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OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

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OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,

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NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.—J. MONTGOMERY & SON, NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE DIAMOND AND ALLEGHANY STREETS, Bellefonte, Penna

Having just returned from Philadelphia, where we have made our purchases, and are now opening one of the most carefully assorted stocks of

GENTLEMENS' CLOTHING,
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,

Ever brought to Centre county, and take this method to assure our old friends, customers and the public generally, that we are prepared to "give them fits," such as they never had before, in the shape of

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, &c,

which for durability cannot be excelled, and having been selected with special reference to the latest and most approved fashions. Great care has been paid in the selecting of Gentleman's Furnishing Goods, such as *SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES,* &c., &c., of every description.

We also make known to the public that in addition to our other extensive stock of goods we have just received a large and splendid assortment of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
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Of every style and variety. Being practical workmen, and paying particular attention to our business, we hope to give general satisfaction and receive a share of the public patronage. We respectfully invite all wanting anything in our line of business to call and examine our stock of goods

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TO THE DEMOCRACY OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

The Democratic Watchman

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The *Democratic Watchman* for the approaching Presidential campaign will be mailed to subscribers immediately after the Democratic nomination, at the following low rates

1 Copy	50 cents.
12 Copies	$5 00
26 Copies	10 00
40 Copies	15 00
60 Copies	20 00

The Democracy of Central Pennsylvania wishing a sound National Democratic paper, will have an opportunity of procuring one for the campaign at the above low rates

☞ The money must accompany the order in every instance. Address,

HENRY HAYS, Bellefonte, Pa

☞ Our friends everywhere will confer a favor by interesting themselves in getting up clubs for the campaign. A small effort on the part of the friends of the good cause would be the means of placing sound Democratic argument within the reach of every man.

HENRY HAYS,
PLAIN, FANCY, AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTER,
DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN OFFICE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

DEFERRED ITEMS.

☞ The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says, the railroads East and West were never doing a better business than now in passengers and freight.

☞ The St. Louis City Hospital was destroyed by fire on Thursday, and several of the inmates were burned to death, and others seriously injured.

☞ The woolen factory of Blakeman & Wheddon, at Morrisville, Madison county, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire last week. Loss, $12,000; no insurance.

☞ The late rains have extended through the States in the southern section and greatly benefitted the crops. Our North Carolina exchanges say that the present wheat crop in that State is unusually fine.

☞ We learn from Wilmington that four of the Messrs. Dupont's powder mills exploded on Thursday afternoon last killing three persons. The mills were entirely destroyed together with a large amount of powder.

☞ Gov. Pollock has signed the death warrant of Hugh Carrigan, recently convicted of the murder of his wife in Westmoreland county. Friday, July 25th is the day fixed for his execution.

☞ In Siberia on the west coast of Africa large deposits of malleable native iron exist in a state of great purity. This iron does not contain a trace of carbon, and it is distinguished from that which is called meteoric iron by the absence of nickel in it.

☞ The Iowa Capital *Reporter*, the central organ of the Democracy of Iowa, is out in a powerful article in favor of Mr. Buchanan's nomination by the Cincinnati Convention—and says it is the sentiment of a very large majority of the Democratic party of the State.

☞ Mr. Herbert, who shot a waiter at Willard's Hotel, has been admitted to bail, Judge Crawford deciding that "in any view which a jury can take of the evidence in the case, under proper instructions from the court as to the law, it is quite clear that a conviction for murder should not take place."

☞ The Democrats who were inveigled into the meshes of Know-Nothingism are leaving the foul party by scores. Almost every exchange we open contains a number of renunciations. By the ides of November, there won't be a corporal guard of them left to grace the councils of the dark lantern party. Good!

☞ The Bedford *Gazette* contains the cards of Daniel P. Beagle and Mr. White, wherein they announce their withdrawal from the Know-Nothings and their determination hereafter to act with the Democratic party. The *Gazette* says that they are both gentlemen who stand as high in the public estimation as any others in the county.

☞ Prince Napoleon intends taking a long tour on the conclusion of the baptismal fetes at Paris. He will visit Scotland, Ireland, the North of England, Sweden, Norway, &c., accompanied by a few of his intimate friends, MM. Bixio, Arago, Dr. Yvan, Barthelemy St. Hilaire, and Piee, redacteurs of the Siecle.

☞ Mr. John M. Barnard, of Boston, offers a premium of $1000 for the best essay on the subject of Legislative enactments designed to regulate the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors, to be accompanied by an outline of a law for consideration. The essay to be written within one year from the 1st inst., and the premium to be awarded by five distinguished judges.

☞ The New York *Tribune* of a late date candidly admits that there is now a strong reaction going on all over the country in favor of the Democratic party. It points to the result of the late election in New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut as proof of it, and it professes astonishment that such should be the fact. It speaks too, of the Democratic triumphs in the north-western States as another evidence of an astonishing reaction and declares itself unable to account for it.

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

No'er waved beneath the golden sun
A lovelier banner for the brave,
Than that our bleeding fathers won,
And gladly to their children gave.
Nor earth a fairer gem can bring,
Or freedom claim a brighter scroll,
Than that to which our free hearts cling—
The flag which lights the freeman's soul!

Its glorious stars in azure shine,
The radiant heraldry of Heaven;
Its stripes in beauteous order twine,
The emblems of our Union given
And tyrants, with a trembling gaze,
Survey its bright and meteor glare!
While glory's beams around us blaze,
And rest in fadeless splendor there

Look, freemen! on its streaming folds,
As gallantly they range afar,
Where freedom's bird undaunted holds
The branch of peace and spear of war;
While high amid the rolling stars,
With words which every heart expand,
Within her beak serene she bears
The badge of our united land,

Flag of the free! still bear thy way,
Undimm'd by ages yet untold;
O'er earth's proud realms thy stars display,
Like morning's radiant clouds unrolled.
Flag of the skies! still peerless shine.
Throughout earth's azure vaults unfurl'd,
Till every hand and heart entwine,
To sweep oppression from the world!

TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

In foreign wars victory terminates the contest, and no deadly feud or rancorous hatred survives; but in civil war, where the virulence of party spirit is substituted for feelings of natural honor, the hour of triumph is often but the commencement of persecution and cruelty. Never, perhaps, was the power of oppression lodged in such merciless hands as when, in 1798, the patriotic peasantry of Ireland, were placed under the military rule of a yeomanry corps; a force composed of persons chosen from the opposition of their political and religious opinions to the mass of the population, and of others, who tempted by the impunity of military license, deserted the cause and the religion which they believed to be right, when they saw it environed with dangers. To troops thus formed of private enemies and unprincipled renegadoes, was the purification of Ireland committed; and many a deed of *blood*, and *lust*, and *wanton cruelty*, was sanctioned by authority and protected by the law.

After the isolated and unsupported rising in the county of Wexford, in the autumn of 1798, the insurgents had been defeated, and the county was again reduced under the iron rule of English government. Parties of yeomanry were moving about in various directions, for the purpose of overthrowing the population, seeking victims among those who had lately been arrayed against them, and judging them by prejudice or caprice. One of their detachments had taken up their quarters in a building, from which the persecuted inhabitants had been recently driven. It was situated on a peninsula or rather island, joined to the mainland by a narrow causeway, which afforded the only access to the building. An archway passed through the building communicated with a small chapel and burial-ground dedicated to the Virgin; which, together with a small garden, occupied the remainder of this little island. But the garden was now neglected and trampled down, and the walls of the chapel were scared with fire, and its roof trees and rafters were a heap of cinders. But its two pointed gables one of them surmounted by a small picturesque belfry, still formed prominent features in the landscape as they showed in dark relief against the evening sky. Around the Lady's Island, for by that name it was and is still known, the quiet lake rippled its mimic waves, and farther back the green hills sloped gently down to its margin. One would have imagined that such a spot had been formed by nature for peaceful seclusion and religious contemplation, and thus the storms of war and the tumults of faction would have swept by, and left the holy island unharmed, untouched, unnoticed; or that the very beauty of the scene would have quenched the torch and stayed the hand of the destroyer. We strike the prepared foe with clenched teeth and nerved arm, but the suppliant's form of beauty will often arrest the blow that would have crushed the strong, the resisting, and the brave. But civil war knows no pity, religious fanaticism feels no remorse. The little island, sacred in the estimation of the neighboring population, whom its bell had tolled to church, and whose fore-fathers had been one by one quietly entombed within its cemetry, was now in the occupation of the bitterest enemies of religion.

"What now Dennis?" said the officer.

"Plaze your honor, we've taken Patrick O'Darcy; I have ordered a file of men to load, and I just called in to take your honor's order before I had him shot."

"Have we got the law on our side, do you think Dennis?"

"Just as your honor places about the law, it's only just shooting a man that is a rebel. If your honor likes to have him put out of the way, it is not he that will trouble you again:—besides, he slept away from home last night, and crime enough any how."

"Do you know where he slept?" asked the officer.

"Why, for the matter of that, I hear that he went to see his twin brother that's a sailor, and just came home in a ship to Wexford—but that ar'n't giving a satisfactory account of himself—unless your honor places. Will I have him shot your honor?"

"Why, Dennis, I think as we have got him, we had better [illegible] for the present."

"I shall see," said the sergeant and withdrew. In an hour after, O'Darcy was shot.

When the officer was left to himself, unpleasant thoughts came creeping over his mind, at having thus doomed an innocent man to an ignominious death, merely to gratify a private pique. But ease, only partial release, from corroding thoughts was all his most sanguine hopes pointed to. The porter toiling under his burthen was to him an object of envy. The husbandman whistling at his plough, was a picture of simple happiness, which, forcing upon his mind a comparison with his own intolerable existence, threw a dark shade over his reflections. For however pleasing the contemplation of the happiness of others may be to a mind at ease, to the truly miserable, much as they may wish to conceal the fact, it adds but additional pain.

Day after day O'Gunnell toiled after the wild fowl on the moors, enduring fatigues, and hoping for sleep; for night was the time he dreaded most, and forgetfulness of the present was the highest object of his desire. At length, the monthly period expired, and the fearful day came round again. He was returning from the hills, and was passing along a narrow footpath by the side of a brook, when suddenly he saw the figure of a tall man in a grey frieze coat, standing on an eminence immediately above him, and its countenance was turned towards him, and its hand appeared to point to a broad flat stone that lay immediately above him, by the side of a brook. O'Gunnell looked steadily at the figure. It was O'Darcy! He turned pale and trembled, and scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew out a pistol, which he discharged at it. A contemptuous smile appeared for a moment to rest upon this phantom in the grey frieze coat. It did not flinch or turn, but stood a few seconds longer, pointing at the broad flat stone, and then disappeared, either behind, or into the hill, for O'Gunnell could not tell which. Upon the broad flat stone was found a letter similar to some he had previously received, but which informed him he had but nine months to live. This was the severest blow that he had yet received, for he now felt convinced that these letters were not sent him by any living being, and that the illegible characters were evidently the name of a certain personage, who when he does pay a visit to this world, is reported to take as much trouble to conceal his real name, as he does to hide his cloven foot. Now this conviction was the occasion of bitter reflections to O'Gunnell, for he thought, and naturally enough, that if that personage had such a power of tormenting him in this world, what a terrible condition he would be in when he got into his clutches in the next. It was quite clear that his power would be infinitely greater then, or why should he take such trouble to pursue him, and keep dunning him month after month like a creditor impatient for a settlement of his account. O'Gunnell thought, that though he certainly had sinned, this was a most unfair mode of proceeding, and altogether different from the usual practice.

Shooting was now no longer supportable to him. Upon every eminence he fancied he saw the figure in a grey frieze coat, and on every broad flat stone he expected to find a letter. But although shooting no longer afforded him an occupation, he dared not return to society: he dreaded the curiosity of his friends on the subject of the mysterious letters which were delivered to him; he feared the observations that might be made on his altered appearance; for in his present state of mind, he imagined that every one who saw him perceived the traces of conscious guilt graven in his features.

At length the dreaded first of the month came round again, and evening overtook him in a wild and uninhabited part of the country; he was on foot, and had some distance to go to reach the place where he was then residing. The fated hour had arrived: he had seen no man in a grey frieze coat; he had received no letter: he began to entertain a distant hope that the charm was at length broken. Such happiness, however, was not in store for him. He presently arrived at a small bridge that crossed a brook of some magnitude, and which it was necessary for him to pass to return home. On the other side of it was a gate, over which a man was leaning, looking at the ground, apparently in deep meditation, or else asleep; for he allowed O'Gunnell to walk close to him without looking up. But from this man he was under no apprehension, for he was short and stout, and wore a broad-brimmed hat, and a brown coat. O'Gunnell told him to move out of the way, as he wished to pass through the gate. The stranger, however did not stir, but looked him full in the face, and said, in a low quiet tone of voice, "I have been waiting for you."

O'Gunnell knew the countenance. It was that of a Roman Catholic gentleman of small property, whose house he, with a party of soldiers, had burnt during the rebellion in Wexford; he had seen the house in flames, and had heard the shrieks of some of its inmates, who he knew had no means of escaping from the fire. He had thought that the whole family had perished. But now that his whole fears were concentrated in the grey frieze-coated apparition, he felt as if he cared not for any man, living or dead, that did not appear in that dreadful form. "Waiting for me?" said O'Gunnell; "I hold no communion with either rebels or their ghosts."

"Villian!" said the other, in the same low, quiet tone, looking him full in his face.

O'Gunnell's blood rushed to his face. His pale cheeks instantly changed to crimson. "No man ever insulted me with impunity. Here, take your choice!" and he drew two pistols from his bosom.

"I once," said the other, in the same low searching tone, "had a wife and children.—I once was happy, but though death were a relief to me, I scorn to take any unfair advantage over you—a murderer's hand always trembles."

"Does my hand tremble?" said O'Gunnell, in the extremity of rage; for there is nothing that adds fuel to anger so much as a calm manner in an opponent.

O'Gunnell knew the seal—he fell back senseless to the ground. When he came to himself the other had gone, but in the distance, leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon him, he saw a tall figure in a grey frieze coat.

It were tedious to recount the various wanderings, and the different occupations by which O'Gunnell vainly endeavored to afford his mind a partial relief from the corroding thoughts that were gradually wasting him away. Month after month passed, and each morning brought him nearer to his fated end. How little do we in general appreciate the blessing we enjoy in our ignorance of the future: for though the days of all are numbered, how miserable is the lot of him who knows the exact amount allotted to him! His existence may be considered rather as death delayed, than as life enjoyed. O'Gunnell felt like a condemned felon, who had been apprized of the hour of his execution.

At length he determined upon quitting Ireland, and trying the bustle and dissipation of the British metropolis. The strong contrast between the loneliness of the wild regions he had left, and that restless activity, the noise, and hurry, and turmoil, that strikes so forcible upon the attention of a stranger visiting London, for the first few days drew his attention to surrounding objects; but the charm of novelty rapidly wore away, and left him a prey to his thoughts. The less absorbing and more innocent amusements first palled upon his mind. Yet, for a time, one miserable resource still remained which was the gambling table.

That agony of intense interest which by an irresistible fascination, leads the gambler on to his destruction, though he sees ruin at the end of the vista, and conscious that he is continually approaching it, produced in O'Gunnell a temporary oblivion of his dreaded reflections. He clung to the gambling table as a drowning man clings to a sinking boat, as a temporary reprieve for a dark fate. Here for some hours in the day he was able to shake off the bitter recollections that preyed upon his peace. The first few days he neither won nor lost considerably; but at length he had what is called a run of luck, and came home laden with spoil. Not only were his cares banished but his spirits were high, and these, indeed were the only few moments of pleasureable existence that he had enjoyed since the commencement of his misfortunes. It is probable that his success would have redoubled his ardor for play, and would soon have accomplished his ruin. From this he was, however saved, by the following occurrence. When he reached the door of the hotel, the waiter told him that a person had called and inquired for him, but said he could not wait, as he had a long way to go, and must be home before 12 o'clock, but that he had left a letter containing his business, and went away.

"What time did he call?"

"About five o'clock."

"What sort of a looking person was he?"

"He was a tall man dressed in a grey frieze coat; I believe he was an Irishman."

It was enough. The blood rushed back to his heart. It was the first day of the month. He felt sick and faint, and clung to the railing for support. He was unable to walk without assistance, and was with some difficulty supported to his room. On the table lay a letter sealed with black seal, and the impression of a human thumb. He sank back in a chair, and wished that his time was come, and that he was dead; life was too great a burthen for him.

We are told that persons looking over a fearful precipice are sometimes tempted by a maddening impulse to cast themselves down. With a similar impulse O'Gunnell saw the razors that lay upon his table, but he shuddered at the thought of another murder—besides when he began to reflect more calmly upon the matter, it was not worth the while as the letter upon the table informed him that he had only two months more to run.

London and the gaming table now become rife with the figure in the grey frieze coat; every cast of the dice brought to recollection the letter and the mysterious writer.

After wandering about different country towns and watering places in England, he at length determined to go abroad, and visit a cousin, who had settled as a merchant at Amsterdam. To be sure there was some risk of the vessel he sailed in being captured by a French cruiser, but to him the idea of a French prison brought no terrors.

It is indeed a dreadful thing to pass two or three years of one's life in prison. But here he had the melancholy satisfaction that this could not be the case, as he had less than two months left him to find employment for; and he entertained besides, a kind of desperate hope that the grey friend that might still retain the same antipathy to the interior of a prison, that he had in his lifetime.

At length his passage was taken in a small sailing vessel bound to Rotterdam. Among the passengers there was one singular personage that attracted his attention; it was an old woman apparently of enormous stature, who was squatted in one corner of the deck, with her body nearly bent double, and her face muffled in a handkerchief. She was constantly calling for spirits, which she said was the only thing that did her face-ache any good.

At night there came on a violent gale, and considerable apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the vessel. O'Gunnell was standing upon deck, looking up at some sailors who were endeavoring to take in one of the sails, when a bright flash of lightning illuminated everything on board; his eyes fell on one man, his features resembled those of the murdered O'Darcy. O'Gunnell fell senseless on the deck, and remained in that condition until he was revived by the coolness of the sea breaking over him. He then went below, and to his horror, by the light of the cabin lamp, he saw a letter with a black seal lying on his berth. The rest of the voyage he remained rather dead than alive—perfectly indifferent to the fate of the vessel. At length, however, she reached her destined port: and another day brought him to the residence of his relation at Amsterdam.

His cousin was astonished at his unexpected arrival, and still more at his altered appearance and manner. When he last saw him, he was a stout, hearty, red-faced man who would ride, hunt, or drink claret with any man in Ireland. He now was pale and emaciated, spoke but seldom, and was never seen to smile. Day after day passed, and his cousin in vain attempted to cheer him, or elicit from him the cause of the change. He had a fever which had left him weak and low spirited. He did not know what was the matter with him. At other times he would stoutly deny that there was any alteration either in his health or his spirits.

Thus time went on. They were one day walking together, along the Heeren Gragt, one of the principal streets in Amsterdam, with a canal running down in the middle, O'Gunnell leaning upon the other's arm, for he was too weak to walk without assistance; at length the merchant said to O'Gunnell, "I am afraid that there is something upon your mind. Have you ever done anything that preys upon your conscience.

O'Gunnell was silent. The merchant then recommended him to try the consolation of religion.

"No, no, no!" said O'Gunnell, "I can't pray—I can't pray—I have often wished that I could. This is the last day that I have left on this world, and yet, I can't pray. My tormentor is within me, drying up my life blood drop by drop. By five o'clock this evening I shall be a cold corpse—and yet I can't pray. Look! look! look! there he walks." said he with a convulsive shudder, while he pointed to a tall figure in a loose grey coat, that was slowly moving along on the other side of the canal.

The merchant darted from him in pursuit of the man in the grey coat, but before he could reach the nearest bridge the figure in the great coat had disappeared up a narrow alley, and the merchant was unable to obtain any further tidings of him.

O'Gunnell was carried home and put to bed—and the merchant justly supposing that his illness had much to do with imagination, ordered a clock set half an hour in advance, to be placed in his room. O'Gunnell grew rapidly weaker occasionally shuddering, and sometimes giving a convulsive start; but after the clock had struck the hour of five they showed him the time upon the dial plate, which had been before concealed from him, and they endeavored to assure him that his apprehensions were imaginery. They thought that the patient began to rally a little, and were in hopes that he might yet live, when a loud altercation was heard in the other chamber. A man had forced himself up stairs, and insisted upon having an immediate interview with Captain O'Gunnell. He was told that Captain O'Gunnell was dangerously ill and could see no body. "Sure it's just his life or death depends upon his seeing me," was the reply.

The door of the bed room then opened, and there appeared the figure of a tall man, in a grey frieze great coat. O'Gunnell sprung up in his bed, his eyes fixed upon the intruder seemed to be starting out of his head. But his strength rapidly failed, he fell back, and ceased to breathe.

The merchant turned to the stranger and said, "you have murdered this man; for your intrusion here at this moment has been the cause of his death.

A kind of satisfied smile seemed to pass over the countenance of the stranger, as he replied, "Sure if he had an easy conscience, he would not have perished thus."

The man in the grey coat was then taken before the city authorities. His story, however, was soon told. His twin brother had been shot by O'Gunnell's orders, and he had promised the clergyman on his to raise his hand against him, but to leave him to the torments of his own conscience. The letters were his writing, and O'Gunnell's servant was an accomplice.

☞ Counterfeit $1 gold pieces are in circulation in Wheeling and Baltimore.

QUEER MISTAKE.

A Philadelphia paper, in referring to the fact that the Hon. James Quiggle, formerly a member of the Pennsylvania Senate from Clinton and Centre counties, had taken up his residence in the "Quaker City," relates the following amusing anecdote:

Some years since, on the road from Lancaster to Philadelphia, on a blazing hot summer day, Judge Jim Pollock, (your present governor,) Hon. Jim Quiggle, (then plain Lawyer Quiggle,) and your correspondent, who knew the former well, but not the latter, were alone in the rear most car of the train. Jim Pollock was looking out of the car window, at a place where the train stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchiff rom his pocket, and began vigorously waving it in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very vigorous manner.

"What are you about, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., without rising from his seat.

"Why, don't you see yonder? There's a lady waving a white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute—some acquaintance I made formerly, I suppose?"

Judge P., ceased, but in a few moments he again looked out and resumed the operation with his cambric.

"Who is she, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., as he lounged in one corner of the car, with his usual expression called spelled with a capital Z.

"Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know; I'm quite near sighted, and can't recognize her, but she is dressed in grey silk, and stands yonder, under a big maple tree, near my friend John H——'s house."

By and by the locomotive gave a snort, and the train began to move. Judge Pollock again flirted his cambric to the lady in a final salute, and this time Jim Quiggle thought he would have a peep at her. So he crossed over to the Judge, and poking out his head, took a view, but didn't see the lady. Nevertheless, the Judge kept on waving his handkerchief, the perspiration rolling down his face with the effort.

"Where is she? I don't see any lady," said Mr. Q., after scanning the landscape, without observing any female.

"There!" was the rather peevish reply; "don't you see that lady in the grey silk dress, standing under that maple tree waving a white handkerchief?"

There was a suppressed snorting sound, and Jim Quiggle rolled over on the seat, red in the face as a boiled lobster, while your correspondent picked him up in a state of virulent paroxysm of laughter, and laid him out upon the seat. After sacrificing all the buttons on his vest and waistbands, he explained to the Judge the occasion of the cachinnatory spasm. The Judge had been exchanging salutes for twenty minutes with an iron-grey mare, whose long white tail, as it flapped away the flies, had been taken by him for a white handkerchief, waved by a lady in a grey silk dress! The Judge didn't swear but he changed the subject to saw-mills, the only portion of which was intelligible being the frequent repetition of the word "dam."

SCENE IN COURT.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete.—Here I is, bound to stage, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was all a fire.

Judge.—We will take a little the out of you. How do you live?

Pete.—I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd go to sea or rosted.

Judge.—We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the turpentine either. What do you follow?

Pete.—Any thing that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he ran over the little nigger.

Judge.—We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

Pete.—That's various, as the cat said when she stole a chicken off the table.

Judge.—That comes near the line, I suppose.

Pete.—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge.—If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

Pete.—I am done, as the beef steak said to the cook.

Judge.—Now sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks.

Pete.—No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I hain't got none.

Judge.—Answer me. How do you get your bread?

Pete.—Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat oysters.

Judge.—No more of your insolence. How do you support yourself?

Pete.—Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair.

Judge.—I order you to answer me this question correctly. How do you do?

Pete.—Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?

Judge.—I shall commit you.

Pete.—Well you've committed your self first, that's some consolation.

Two young men fell out at Harper's Ferry, Va., and one took a playful revenge on the other upon which he placed a large iron weight as he said, which soon terminated his death. The murderer was arrested and put in jail, and immediately committed suicide.