The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. I. BELLEFONTE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1856. NO. 39.

The Watchman.

JUSTICE AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS PAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, 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

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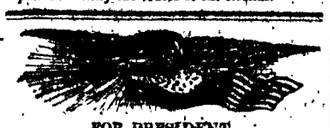

FOR PRESIDENT,

JAS. BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

GEORGE SCOTT,

OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,

JACOB FRY, Jr.,

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,

JOHN ROWE,

OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

SENATORIAL.

Charles R. Buckalew, Wilson McCandless.

DISTRICT.

1 George W. Nebinger,	14 Reuben Wilber,
2 Pierce Butler,	15 George A. Crawford
3 Edward Wartman,	16 James Black,
4 William H Witte,	17 H. J. Stable,
5 John McNair,	18 John D. Ruddy,
6 John N. Brinton,	19 Jacob Turner,
7 David Leary,	20 J. A. J. Buchanan,
8 Charles Kessler,	21 William Wilkins,
9 James Patterson,	22 James C. Campbell,
10 Isaac Slenker,	23 T. Cunningham,
11 F. W. Hughes,	24 John Keally,
12 Thomas Cochrhart,	25 Vincent Phelps
13 Abraham Edinger,	

☞ *From my soul I respect the laboring man. Labor is the foundation of the wealth of every country; and the free laborers of the North deserve respect both for their probity and their intelligence. Heaven forbid that I should do them wrong! Of all the countries on the earth, we ought to love the most consideration for the laboring man.*—BUCHANAN.

☞ *Should I be placed in the Executive chair I shall use my best exertions to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations, believing this to be our SMARTEST POLICY, as well as our most INPRESSIVE DUTY.*—BUCHANAN.

☞ *That country is most prosperous where labor receives the greatest reward.*—BUCHANAN.

DEMOCRATIC CREED.

No. 1. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political.

No. 2. Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none.

No. 3. The right of States and Territories to administer their own domestic affairs.

No. 4. Freedom and equality, the sovereignty of the people, and the right of the majority to rule, when their will is constitutionally expressed.

No. 5. Economy in the public expenditures, and a sacred preservation of public faith.

No. 6. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press and general diffusion of information.

No. 7. Opposition to all secret political organizations, and to all corruptions in politics.

No. 8. A sacred preservation of the Federal Constitution, and no religious tests for office.

No. 9. No bigotry, or pride of caste, or distinction of birth among American citizens.

No. 10. Respect and protection for the rights of all.

No. 11. The naturalization laws, and the right of all to the public domain, and the protection of the American government.

No. 12. Opposition to all chartered monopolies.

No. 13. Common brotherhood and good will to all—especially to those of the household of faith.

A MYSTERY.—Among the new things of the age, is the manufacture of shoes by cementing together the pieces of leather of which they are composed. A shoe is thus made without a peg or stitch, which, it is said, will never rip, and cannot be torn apart in the seams, because the leather will tear first. A large company has been started for this manufacture at Ballard Vare, their process being to cement the shoes on the common wooden last, and then dry them in ovens. But we understand an improved process has been invented, by which a pair of shoes can be completed in five minutes. The pieces are cemented on a hollow metallic last, into which steam is introduced by turning a cock, and its heat sets the cement almost instantaneously.

FUSIONLY BOTH ONES.—The following has been suggested to the fusion persons who desecrate their sacred profession by preaching politics on the Sabbath day. Vocal and instrumental music being a prominent element in church music, such "praises as the following, accompanied by a fife and drum, would be entirely in accordance with the character of their discourses:

From all that dwell CREDIT KAPNES lies,
Let shrieks for freedom oft arise:
Let Fremont's name be everlasting
By every traitor yet unhang!

BLACK-REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT.—The *True American*, a Black-Republican organ, in Erie county, in commenting upon a speech delivered at a Democratic meeting, says:

"The twaddle about the 'Union' and its 'preservation,' is too silly and sickening for any good effect. *We think the liberty of a single slave worth more than all* THE UNION Gop's UNIVERSE HAS SOLD!"

Here is Black-Republicanism, pure and unadulterated.

GO TO WORK!

The Democracy have flung to the breeze the banner of the Constitution, and every Democratic voter is called upon to rally around its standard. We have a wily, unscrupulous and desperate foe to meet.—Scheming and plotting in secret, working by artifice, dealing in misrepresentations, uttering falsehoods, persuing their selfish aims even to the verge of civil war, these arch demagogues must be met at the very threshold, confronted at every step, and exposed at every point. Every individual Democrat must GO TO WORK, ACTIVELY, ZEALOUSLY, and above all go to work NOW!

GO TO WORK

and organize a Buchanan Club in every precinct and school district in your county.—Keep a record of your meetings and the names of all your members. Appoint your officers, your rallying and vigilance committees and be ready for the great battle in behalf of the Union. No cause ever triumphed without a thorough organization of its friends. Remember it is the first, the GREAT STEP TO SUCCESS.

GO TO WORK,

and circulate Democratic documents and papers which discuss fairly and ably the great questions at issues in the present contest. Misrepresentation and falsehood are already rife—false and hypocritical philantrophy, with the smooth and cunning tongue of the serpent, has already began its game of deception, and must be promptly met with facts and arguments.

GO TO WORK

and inculcate the necessity of harmony, of union, of concert, of action, and well directed effort on all occasions and at all times. Let every Democrat adopt the glorious motto—"*Union, harmony, self-denial, concession—everything for the cause, nothing for men!*"

GO TO WORK,

for the time has come predicted by Daniel Webster, "when all good men and true will be called upon to rally around the Constitution, and when we raise that banner it shall glitter like the Oriflamme!" The hour is upon us sooner than the prophet or his listeners—Constitution waves over the democratic citadel, and through the length and breadth of the land the watchfires of Democracy are lighted calling on "all good men and true" to the rescue.

GOOD STORY.—Barnes, of the Albany *Morning Times*, tells a very good story of the power of the Philadelphia engines. In 1850 he was one of the "Old Dilly" boys, and as such was often honored with the pipe. On one occasion Barnes was playing a stream "down the gutter," which attracted the attention of a large Newfoundland dog. The dog thought he would play with the stream, and commenced biting at it. Just here Barnes got a good shot at him, and sent a full stream down his throat, and with such force that it passed clear through the quadruped. Here Barnes was requested to "raise the stream." He did so, and up went the dog too. He endeavored to slide down, but it was no go. Every time he gained an inch he lost a foot. At last the boys were ordered to stop playing. They obeyed orders, when down came the dog from a height of some forty feet. The moment he struck the ground, he put for home with a velocity that could not have been increased had a Dutch oven and eight pie pans been fastened to his tail.

THE BRITISH GO FOR FREMONT.—It has usually been the fortune of the opponents of the Democratic party to have the sympathies of the British on the other side of the Atlantic. It seems the present contest forms no exception to the general rule. The British are for Fremont. Buchanan is "pledged to a policy" which they deem hostile to English interests. And hence they oppose him and join hands with their friends on this side of the water in favor of Fremont. We extract the following from the London *Daily News*, July 10:

Interesting as all the phases of American politics are to Englishmen, our first attention is naturally given to the contest for the Presidentship. On the choice of the next President hangs the question of peace or war between the United States and various foreign countries—England being among the foremost on the list. Not that we believe that any possible President—we might say any American citizen—would directly and shortly go into a war with England; but one at least of the candidates in the field is pledged to a policy which would render war almost unavoidable. While therefore, it is understood that other changes, and many of them, may take place before the election in in November, *we observe with strong satisfaction that the Republican party is showing such vigor, spirit, and resolution, as to afford a good prospect of the return of its candidate.*—*Colonel Fremont.*

THREE EXPENSES.—Albert and Victoria receive one million of dollars annually. By strict economy they are able to support life on this small amount. It is proposed to settle three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the Princess Royal of England as her annuity after her marriage with the Prussian Prince. Having been trained to frugal habits, it is hoped that the young house keepers will avoid all unnecessary expenses, and thus be enabled to make the two ends of the year meet.

—A Sacramento paper editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says: "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate man hoisted to leeboard, and the captain and mother took of whiskey, rolled overboard."

PRESIDENTIAL CALCULATIONS.

A short time ago, the New York *Tribune* published the following table, giving what it supposed would be the result of the Presidential contest:

FREMONT VOTES.		BUCHANAN VOTES.	
Maine	8	Virginia	15
New Hampshire	5	North Carolina	10
Massachusetts	13	South Carolina	8
Rhode Island	4	Georgia	10
Connecticut	6	Alabama	9
Vermont	5	Mississippi	7
New York	35	Florida	3
Ohio	23	Texas	4
Michigan	6	Arkansas	4
Wisconsin	5	Tennessee	12
Illinois	11		
Iowa	4	Total	82
California	4		
Total	129	VERY DOUBTFUL.	
		New Jersey	7
FILLMORE VOTES.		Pennsylvania	27
Maryland	9	Delaware	3
Kentucky	12	Indiana	13
Louisiana	6	Missouri	9
Total	26	Total	59

The Louisiana *Courier*, after giving some comments upon this table, sets down the following as its calculation, and offers to wager a thousand dollars with any Fillmore editor, that Buchanan will not lose twenty-five votes given him:

FOR BUCHANAN. VOTES.		FREMONT. VOTES.	
Virginia	15	Massachusetts	13
North Carolina	10	Vermont	5
South Carolina	8	Rhode Island	4
Georgia	10	New Hampshire	5
Florida	3	New York	35
Alabama	9	Ohio	23
Mississippi	7		
Louisiana	6	Total	85
Texas	4		
Arkansas	4	DOUBTFUL.	VOTES.
Tennessee	12	Maine	8
Kentucky	12	Connecticut	6
Missouri	9	Delaware	3
Pennsylvania	27	Maryland	8
New Jersey	7		
Indiana	13	Total	25
Illinois	11		
Iowa	4		
Michigan	6		
Wisconsin	5		
California	4		
Total	180		

The Harrisburg *Union* says, we are not satisfied to let all these calculations go by without having a word to say, and we have, therefore, made our statement, which we give below:

BUCHANAN.	VOTES.	FREMONT.	VOTES.
New York	35	Massachusetts	13
Pennsylvania	27	Ohio	23
Virginia	15	New Hampshire	5
Kentucky	12	Rhode Island	4
Tennessee	12	Maine	8
North Carolina	10	Vermont	5
Georgia	10		
Alabama	9	Total	88
Missouri	9		
South Carolina	8	DOUBTFUL	
Mississippi	7	Illinois	11
New Jersey	7	Iowa	4
Michigan	6	Wisconsin	5
Louisiana	6	Connecticut	6
California	4	Delaware	3
Arkansas	4	Indiana	13
Texas	4		
Florida	3	Total	42
Maryland	8		
Total	196		

Of the States set down as "doubtful," the chances are that Buchanan will carry as many as any other candidate, and probably more. Our friends have generally put New York down as likely to go against us, but we think this is wrong. The party there is united, and is laboring zealously for the Democratic nominees. Besides, the opposition is hopelessly split, and we cannot see, therefore, how it can be ranked as even doubtful.

A HARD CASE.—The Pelin-Yan *Chronicle* says that at a recent term of the Supreme Court, in that county, an action for crim. con. was tried, in which the plaintiff gained a verdict of $500. The defendant was an affable and inoffensive man, and was greatly annoyed and grieved by a verdict which he conceived to be utterly unjust. He believed himself the victim of a heartless, cold-blooded conspiracy, and the matter so wrought upon his mind that his reason became unsettled. He was in constant terror of imagined conspirators, whom he believed to be always on his track. His friends sought relief for him in travelling, and at distant asylums, but all to no purpose. He died a few days since in an Eastern State, having escaped from those having him in charge, and plunged into a river, where he was drowned.

THE DELAWARE *Gazette* says:—the people of Delaware look upon Mr. Buchanan as their neighbor, and believing him to be by far the most wise and conservative candidate in the field, will vote for him without regard to party lines. While this is the feeling of the people, the Democracy are so well pleased with the choice of the Cincinnati Convention, that they are determined to give our nominees a larger majority, in proportion to population, than the good old Keystone of the Federal arch dare roll up for her favorite son.

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.—A case of family misfortune came out in Chicago last week. A five-hundred dollar diamond breastpin was found by the police in the hands of some low gamblers, and, upon investigation, it was discovered that it had been gambled away away by the brother of a young lady who owned it.

Col. Richardson, of Illinois, has resigned his seat in Congress, to take effect some time in August. This is done that the Governor may order an election to fill the vacancy. Col. Richardson is to be the next Governor of Illinois.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.

LONG AGO.—TO MARY.

BY FRANK [illegible]

I'm sitting by the [illegible]
In a silent, pensive mood,
With nothing gay at hand, Mary,
To cheer this solitude.
I've been dreaming, I've been sighing,
And my mind's unsettled now;
Whilst my thoughts are lastly flying,
To the scenes of "Long Ago.
I've been dreaming of the hills, Mary,
O'er which I loved to roam;
Of the brooklets and the rills, Mary,
That ripple 'round my home.
Of the church I once attended,
With those I prized to know,
Where peace and joy were blended,
In the days of "Long Ago."

I've been dreaming of a mother, Mary,
Whose care was freely given,
And the prayers of a brother, Mary,
That were wafted up to Heaven.
And I know, although I'm absent,
That prayers are offered now;
That I improve the present,
As directed "Long Ago."

I've been dreaming of the "loved," Mary,—
The idolized of home,
And my heart is proudly moved, Mary
Towards each worshipped shrine.
For I know that they in turn,
With feelings all a glow,
Have hearts that ever yearn,
For the loved of "Long Ago."

And Oh! I have been sad, Mary,
When waking from these dreams
To know the joys they had, Mary,
Were changing as their scenes;
For the hills o'er which I ranged,
The peasant's tilling now,
And each fancied spot is changed,
Since the days of "Long Ago."

And yet, not all the loved, Mary,
That dear old church attend;
For many have removed, Mary,
To another distant land.
And many of that number,
Whose hearts were kind and true,
Repose in Death's cold slumber,
Since the days of "Long Ago."

Then, I sigh because I know, Mary,
That the past we can't redeem,
That my only comfort now, Mary,
Is the solace of a dream.
Thence I gladly gather,
What the present doth bestow;
I will keep from blight and withering
My love for "Long Ago."

Nittany, August, 1856.

ONE WHO DIED WITHOUT LIVING.

M. Paul Legrand, who died at Dijon, Burgundy, at the age of 70, leaves the following memoir, whereby he proves he has not lived: "I am about to commence my memoirs, deeply desiring, respectfully, should he be admitted from life, because we should ourselves have deducted it, had heaven permitted. When three years old I was weaned; at six I could spell but badly; at seven I split my skull; at nine I was cured. I must, therefore, extract nine years from my existence; for surely to drink a nurse's hot milk, not to speak, or badly, and to split one's skull, is not living. At the age of nine I began my studies. Owing to my cracked skull my head was a hard one, and I proved stubborn to tuition. I required two years' labor to spell the alphabet. I was indebted to the letter Z alone for about four score hundred lashes, the other twenty-three letters made a couple martyr of me.

At the age of twelve I could read, but my body was mangled with alphabet scars. An attempt was made to teach me Latin, and I lost my French in the experiment. At fifteen I knew nothing at all, and a forced diet of bread and water had reduced me to the condition of a skeleton. Six years more had, therefore, to be deducted. At sixteen my father made me a notary's clerk. There commenced a new species of martyrdom. I got up at six, swept the office, lighted the stove, was drubbed by the taller clerks, and my father overwhelmed with complaints about me, deprived me of my dinner. This life I led for five years, and from life I will positively deduct them.

At twenty my father, quite disgusted with his son, put me on board a ship at Cherbourg: I washed decks, climed up top-mast, mended the sails, and received thirty lashes a day on my back. This was endured four years. At twenty-four my father made me a haberdasher. I married Mademoiselle Ursula Devousins, a turner's daughter, and her portion consisted of 30,000 livres, mortgaged upon a sugar plantation in St. Domingo. The day after the wedding I found that my wife had a wooden leg, made by her father-in-law, the turner. The poor woman made a thousand apologies for her infirmity and I pardoned her out of regard to her marriage portion. The St. Domingo blacks rose against the whites, burnt the marriage portion, and the wooden leg was all that was left to me.

At thirty I lost my wife in consequence of a scrofulous disease. I spent six years of marriage repenting every minute. I therefore deduct these six years from my life.—Having, as everybody else, slept a third part of my life, I detect twenty-four years of sleep and I am below the right reckoning, for I was a great sleeper. A year lost adding minute to minute, in searching for the keys of my desk, which I was constantly misplacing. Does one live when one looks for a key? Three years lost in suffering toothache, two inflamations of the chest, with relapses and convalescence.

Three years lost in saying "What's o'clock?" "We have had bad weather today!" "how do you do?" "how is your lady?" "I have had a bad cold!"—"what wind in the street—what a winter this year!" Six months lost in having the mark brushed off one, and six in brushing one's hat. One year of endurance of entire acts at the theatre, one year lost in listening to modern drama, the *chief d'œuvre* of genius not understood. One year lost in swallowing of salt, and tasteless soups, of omlets too much or too undone, of indigestion or hard eggs. Total 71 years. I beg leave to declare that in in giving up the ghost I do not give up anything worth keeping.

A MAMMOTH HOUSE.—The largest reading room in the world is now nearly completed in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 240 feet in height. The tables will accomodate 400 readers. The wrought iron book cases will contain 100,000,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about $300,000.

The Words of a True Christian.

The following admirable communication in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, from the Rev. Dr. Cox, of New York, will be read with deep interest and respect. Dr. Cox is an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, settled for many years in New York:

THE NATION EIGHTY YEARS OLD THIS DAY.

In these stimulating and critical times, it seems difficult for an honest, sober clergyman, either to keep his place, and sometimes to know what and where his place is. Loving, as I do, my country, "with all its faults, yet not loving its faults, I desire to do any proper thing for its welfare, that I can do in consistency with my official duties, as a minister of a *kingdom not of this world*.

Our national crisis is alarming; and demonstrates some results and perils, which we have predicted, from processes at work to produce them, of which we know the operation; and the consequences of which, when they occur to the common damage, are ignored by the authors of the means that induced them. They do mischief, and then say, what a pity! I told you so!

Ministers of Christ ought to preach—not politics—but the Gospel. This is their theme, and in their storehouse of themes, for the education of the people, and their offspring with them, for heaven. This is never to be superseded, or neglected, or performed with a slack hand. Time for eternity should they *redeem*.

I think also that a minister of Christ ought not to be a partizan, certainly not a sectionalist. He ought to be superior to both. He cannot properly be a mere servile or an appendix to some human person and his fortunes, as a candidate for office, Presidential or any other. There is a happy medium. He has duties to his country; especially in the the United States of America. He ought to pray in private, and especially in public, for his country; and this with solemn and confiding intercession for its temporal and spiritual welfare. Our country is worth praying for, and when prayer is genuine, I can say with the late Dr. J. M. Mason, then the star of the American pulpit, "I have more confidence in sincere prayer, than in any other power; more in one praying pauper than in forty fighting generals." I only add that a minister should show such a portrait, such a patriarch in his public prayer, that the people should see no partizan, no fanatic, no short-sighted zealot, in his manner of performing it. I fear that our fierce pulpit declaimers pray more often at men, at parties, than to God at all. I wish they would examine themselves on this question, individually; and often, and how much do you pray in your closet for our country, our rulers, our States and Territories? Or is it *Corom Domino*, all reserved for public display and popular effect and pulpit magnificence? All this—and none private? For such ministers it might be a serious inconvenience, if they and Judas can find no *ex-officio* salvation?

That no Senator or member of Congress ought to be injured for words spoken in debate is certainly true! No more true, however, than this—that no man ought to be personal or exasperating in what he speaks or writes. I abhor the late outrage that assailed a Senator with blows, as neither just, nor courageous, nor chivalrous; nor gentlemanly, nor according to the oath of office, which every official takes to support the supremacy of the laws; and as of monstrously evil example; yet I like not at all the wrath provoking style of the speech that occasioned it—and of which I remarked to a friend before the assault, I am hurt and ashamed of members of Congress, in upper or lower House, that will degrade themselves and their high station, by indulging in language so studiously abusive and so abominably vulgar and outrageofisly severe. Were I a partizan, propably I should be constrained to say only one, and not both of these, as now sincerely and with grief I write it.

The late remarks of Everett, I could appreciate as worthy of an American. They were those of a patriot, a statesman, a scholar, a son of the soil that covers the bones of his ancestors, of a philosophic friend to the species worthy of the eulogist of Washington. *O, si sic omnes!*

Ought a minister of the gospel vote? Ordinarily, I should say, certainly; he ought to vote! If he ought to pray for the country? Ought he not also act for the country? This has ever been my principle and my practice; and I have maintained it probably with little or no offence. But a partisan, and electioneering busy body, a minister ought not to be if others ought.

For whom shall I vote, B———, or F———, or F———, I shall probably know, if live I till November, and am in health and fit for action, by the favor of God. But one thing I am not afraid to write or speak in public, or pray in the pulpit or in the closet, and that is—I will never vote, nor act, nor speak for anything, directly indirectly, that tends to sectionalize the country, or make a civil war, or dissolve the Union! Never—No!—Tendencies, as history mournfully shows, become actualities often and then, before common forecast anticipates or believes it. Where passion rules, reason vanishes. "In the agonizing spasm of infuriated men," as Jefferson phrases it, how often are we precipitated in the spirit of red wrath, to spring a mine, to conflagrate a city, to "deluge all Holland" or to enact some other potent mischief, for which no repentance can ever begin to be an atonement.

I believe that could the furies who coolly or warmly speak of burning the Constitution, and dissolving the Union, accomplish, in their hot haste all that they desire, and intend, as is their boast, they would find, too late for themselves and all others, that they had only enacted universal mischief; that they cured no evil; they had only made matters infinitely worse, and that their success were only the worst kind of defeat for all parties! It would damage the North, the South, the East, the West all in one confusion of ruin. It would bless—not the slave more than his master; and all the best hopes of civilization, philanthrophy and Christian freedom, would perish, with that stellar arch that makes our country's wondrous firmament. God grant that so wasting a desolation may never occur!

In a word, are we a Christian people? a nation of Christians, at least nominally such in in the main? Why not try to teach each other in a way corresponding with this high profession? Forbearance, patience, wisdom considerate generosity, yes, and prayer to God for our country, for all its interests, for its safety and prosperity, as illustrated by his own providence in our great fathers, Washington, the Immortal Lord Patron, Warrior, and Christian statesman of the United States of America.

Our century is fourscore years of age this day! Blessed be the God that it has so marvelously outlived and fulfilled the [illegible] of its first century of nationality and independence! that in its inaugurated age, its venerable octogenarian maturity, its children and its grand-children, and its unborn hundred of millions, of posterity may begin gratefully to rejoice before the God of our fathers: determined that, by his assisting mercy, we will grow wiser and better, stronger and nobler, and that the disintegration of our national union shall exist no more, even in the imagination of an American!

At home, in my study, this fourth of July, I could not but think of my country and pray for it. Hence these extemporized tributes of an old clergyman to his countrymen. For eight generations my fore-fathers slept in hope in Maryland, near Easton; in Delaware, near Dover; in Pennsylvania, in and near Philadelphia, and some of them in old New England! Shall I not love this country?—O God! preserve, and bless and save the people of the United States of America.

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

Vesper Cliff, Oswego, New York.

COURTSHIP OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We find the following amusing account of the courtship of the late Emperor Nicholas, in a late Berlin paper.

"About the year 1810, the Grand Duke Nicholas came to Berlin to see if one of the Prussian Princesses would suit him, and the Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that if he should take a fancy to her, they would have no objections to her returning the penchant. The time originally fixed for the expiration of the Grand Duke's stay had elapse, and he was seated at supper on his last evening next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making more than a say-nothing remark in acknowledgment.

"The Grand Duke thereupon soon assumed another plan of operations; knowing that however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the object of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently unembarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself during his short stay there, to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, &c., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, &c., but as they two were at that instant the object of scrutiny to many present he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it was agreeable to her, that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would, perhaps, have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. The ring he then, apparently, while playing with the two objects, thrust into a roll of bread lying on the table before him, and, went on, seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the Princess presently put out her hand and took up the roll, as if insistaking it for her own bread, and unnoticed by the company withdrew the ring and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.

FREEMASONS IN TURKEY.—Although Freemasonry has for more than thirty years been generally supposed to exist among the Mahometans, and traces of it were found in Turkey by the Russian officers after the campaign of 1829, yet they were too slight to prove the fact; and it is only within the last few years that it was satisfactorily demonstrated by a German freemason chancing to pass through Belgrade, where he discovered a masonic lodge, to which he was invited, and where he received a hospitable reception.

It appears now to be proved beyond all doubt that the Turkish brothers who exercise their masonic duties, under the name of Dervishes, are to all intents and purposes the same as our own order of freemasons, with but little difference in their customs and ceremonies, and making use of the same signs, words and grips, to recognize each other. The Turkish freemasons appear to be in a more elevated state of civilization than is usual among Orientals generally; their views of religion are far higher than those imposed by Islamism; they reject polygamy, contenting themselves with one single wife, and at the masonic banquets the women appear unveiled—a striking proof of the mutual confidence the masonic brethren repose in each other. The Belgrade lodge, called Aikotach, is composed of about seventy members. The master of the lodge, whose name is Djami Ismael Mahomed Seide, is at the same time grand master of all the lodges in European Turkey, and is directly connected with all those of the whole of the Ottoman Empire, Arabia and Persia, in which latter the freemasons amount to more than fifty thousand members. In Constantinople there are no less than nine lodges, the most numerous and important of which is that of the dancing dervishes, called Sirkedesi Teckas. The Turkish freemasons wear a symbol of the brotherhood, besides a small brown shawl, embroidered with mystical figures, a flat, polished, twelve-cornered piece of marble, with reddish brown spots about two inches in diameter, suspended by a white silken cord around the neck. These spots represents the drops of blood, and are symbolic of the death of Ali, the founder of the order in Turkey, who was barbarously put to death by the then Sultan, for refusing to reveal the secrets. The above mentioned Djami Ismael, grand master of the lodge of Belgrade, a venerable Turk of the old school, is honorary member of "Baldwin under the Lime-tree" at Leipsic, several members of which lodge have received diplomas from the Aikotach at Belgrade.—*Daily News.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—A Yankee out walking in Virginia, or Whistling while (to himself a talking,) experienced a feeling strange, painful and alarming from his knees, as he suddenly discovered that he was covered over with bees. They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrills, dived deep into his ears, then crawled up his trowsers, and filled his eyes with tears. Did he pull like a Hyena? Did he holler like a loon? Was he scar't and did "git out and run?" or did he cry like a woman? N'ar a one! He wasn't scar't a mite; he never screamed—nor hollered—but he laved 'em in a tool-keg tight and sold 'em for twelve dollars!

PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

[illegible] persons were congregated at the Bridge.—men, women and children,—some engaged in walking across the bridge, others in viewing the structure from the bank, &c. On the west bank of the river a number of boys were amusing themselves by pulling upon guys, giving them an oscillatory motion.—The guys were about ninety feet in length, and attached to the bridge directly over the chasm, and several feet from each other. They were fastened together in an iron staple, inserted in the rock at the very edge of the precipice. One of the boys, a lad of about twelve or fourteen years of age, who we name we have not been able to ascertain, in order to show his daring, seated himself astraddle the guys, when suddenly the staple was wrenched from the rock, and the guys swung out over the river with the boy seated upon the crotch, holding on with a hand grasped upon each guy!

The distance from the bridge to the water is *two hundred and forty feet*, and the position of the young lad was about midway between!—The accident was witnessed by a large number of persons, and so thunder struck were they that many of them, both upon the bridge and banks, threw themselves upon their faces, and it was some time before any one could regain sufficient presence of mind to set about rescuing the lad from his perilous position. The youngster, however, exhibited a nerve worthy of an older head, and seemed greatly to enjoy his swing. After the vibration of the guys had ceased, he commenced giving directions to those above him on the bridge as to the best method of affording him relief. A search of the neighborhood showed that no rope suitable to draw him up was to be had. The youngster then suggested the plan of making a rope sufficiently long *to let him down*, by piecing. This was done. The rope was let down to him, and after he had fastened it to his waist, those above hoisted him to the water's edge! He gained the bank, and scampered off for the lower landing as fast as his legs could carry him, and our informant says, has not been since in the vicinity of the suspension bridge.—*Rochester Union.*

A PICTURE OF DISUNION.—FROM GEN. JACKSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.—In his final well address to his countrymen upon retiring from the Presidency, the patriot statesman and hero of the Hermitage said:

"What have you to gain by division and dissention? Delude not yourselves with the hope that a breech once made, would be afterwards easily repaired. If the Union is once severed, the separation will grow wider and wider; and the controversies which are now debated and settled in the halls of legislation, will be tried in fields of battle, and determined by the sword. Neither should you deceive yourselves with the hope that the first line of separation would be the permanent one. * * * Local interest would still be found there, and unchastened ambition. And if the recollections of common dangers, in which the people of these United States have stood side by side against the common foe—the memory of victories won by their united valor—the prosperity and happiness they have enjoyed under the present Constitution;—if all these recollections and proofs of common interest are not strong enough to bind us together as one people, what ties will hold united the new divisions of empire, when those bonds have been broken and this Union dissolved? The first line of separation would not last long; new fragments would be torn off—new leaders would spring up—and this great and glorious Republic would soon be broken into a multitude of petty States, armed for mutual aggression—loaded with taxes to pay armies and leaders—seeking aid against each other from foreign powers—insulted and trampled upon by the nations of Europe—until, harrassed with conflicts and humbled and debased in spirit, they would be willing to submit to the dominion of any military adventurer and to surrender their liberty for the sake of repose."

NEW ISSUES.—We had supposed that there were but two main issues in the Presidential campaign.

1st. Shall the Union be dissolved?

2nd. Shall the old and cherished doctrine of popular sovereignty be overthrown?

But recent development show, that two other issues are involved in the contest:

1st. Shall public officers be allowed to speculate with government funds; embezzle public property; and run the government in debt for their own private benefit?

2nd. Has the public mind already become so corrupted that money can buy the Presidency?

See the Fremont speculations detailed in this paper; and the million fund to be raised for Greely and Fremont.

The Roman Republic lasted for two hundred years. The attempt is made to corrupt and support the American Republic during the first century of its existence. And this crime, too, is done "in the name of liberty."—*Pittsburg Post.*

THE GOOD WIFE.—How reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known, [illegible] her own home; but there she spread [illegible] her, the soft pure light, the precious [illegible] which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweet humility, her sympathy, which though tender, was to strong too disturb her [illegible] tion fitted her to act instinctively, [illegible] out the conclusions, of either [illegible] most sanguine, ardent mind. [illegible] spirit of good, disposing [illegible] fluence mildly to be thought of, [illegible] fore sure.

—"I go the Double E. Ticket," said an old Whig at the fusion [illegible] meeting the other night. A friend asked him why he went the [illegible] ticket—Buchanan and Breckinridge [illegible] cause," said he, "I support the ticket, and I am determined not to throw my vote. If I have got to vote for a [illegible] I had rather vote for an old [illegible] ability and experience than for a [illegible] known to have neither experience nor [illegible] ity." The fusionist walked [illegible] (O.) *Plain Dealer.*

SUICIDE.—A young [illegible] committed suicide in [illegible] week. The act was [illegible] drunk. Water was [illegible] not, was caused by [illegible] him to grease his [illegible] with.