The Democratic Watchman.

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The Democratic Watchman,
AN EXTENSIVE ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER, IN CENTRE COUNTY.
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JOHN T. HOOVER.

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

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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.

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

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No. 12. Opposition to all chartered monopolies.

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

Professional.

J. L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aug27-1y CLEARFIELD, PA.

JAMES H. RANKIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN.
Office with Hon. James T. Hale. mh 25

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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IRA C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Office in the Arcade, one door from Bourbeck's hotel, will attend promptly to business in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties.

DR. JAMES F. HUTCHISON,
(successor to Dr. Wm. J. McKim, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILL'S and vicinity. Office at the Eagle House.
jan11-7-6m

MUSIC.—A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Joseph J. Mishleb's celebrated Italian violins, guitar and violincello strings; also violin rosin, bridges, dampers and screws, just received and for sale by GREEN & McMEEN

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Dr. Mitchell's residence at Mrs. Benner's, Bellefonte. dec12-tf

DENTISTRY.—J. D. WINGATE, SURGEON and MECHANICAL DENTIST, would inform his friends and patrons that he has permanently located in Bellefonte, and that he will be happy to attend to any who wish his professional services. All work done in the neatest style and warranted
Office and residence in the third house east of Mr. Bourbeck's "Franklin House." ap2-1y

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Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and sold at moderate prices.
Farmers and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock may28

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—Grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him by a generous community and hopes by strict attention to business, to always continue to merit the approbation of an appreciating public. He informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he is prepared to furnish them, at his well known stand with every variety of GROCERIES that may be called for. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and select their Groceries of him, as I am determined to give satisfaction to all.
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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND. jan28-1y

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee the ship of Death.

He who on that vessel darteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again!

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
Azael* is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark unfathomed sea;
Silence there is ever unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the soul pursue alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a land unknown.

*The Angel of Death.

THE PRINTER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies his *form* in *pi*,
Beneath this *bank* with *briars* overgrown,
How many *cases*, for unworthier, lie
'Neath some *imposing stone*.

No *column points* out loss—
No *monument* o'er his history declare:
Although he lived a follower of the *press*
And member of the *bar*.

The goblets *rule* he prized,
And left it as a *token* of his love;
And all his *deeds*, *corrected* still *revised*,
Are *registered* above.

The *copy* of his wrongs—
The *proofs* of all his piety are there;
And the fair *table* which to truth belongs,
Will *prove* his *title* fair.

Though low in death's *em braced*,
A mouldering heap his tuckered brother lies
He'll be up in air on Gabriel's *royal chase*,
And *frisk it* to the skies.

OUR TICKET.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

GEN PACKER has, for some years past occupied a very prominent position in Pennsylvania and been in the foremost rank of her leading men. Under Gov. Porter's administration he was Auditor General of the State and his career in the State Senate was eminently brilliant. His intellectual attainments are of a high order. He is one of the most skillful debaters in the State, and his long experience in its political affairs has enabled him to become fully informed in regard to all its varied interests. The management of the canvass could not have been entrusted to ables hands. On the stump he is fully able to cope with the best orators of the opposition, and after his election he will make an admirable Governor; for no man in the Commonwealth more thoroughly understands all her varied interests, and no one could display more energetic industry and patriotic zeal in promoting her welfare.

Of Judge Lewis it is unnecessary to speak. The great learning and ability he has displayed on the Supreme Bench, has justly placed him in the front rank of American jurists, and his triumphant re-election is already a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Strickland is emphatically one of nature's noble men, an *honest man*. He is also highly intelligent and capable, and in him the people will have a faithful and trustworthy public servant.

We shall speak more at length hereafter in regard to the merits and qualifications of our candidates.

From the Keystone.

THE STATE TICKET.—To-day we hoist at our masthead the names of the Democratic nominees of the late Democratic State Convention. Once more we nail the Democratic flag to the masthead, determined to do battle for that ticket, with a will that knows no fear. The ticket is one around which every Democrat can rally, and for the success of which each man can work, with a lively faith in its soundness, efficiency and respectability. The men chosen are all worthy of the hearty and enthusiastic support of every Democrat, from the Delaware to the Ohio, and from the confines of Maryland and Virginia, to the northern lakes. Gen. Packer, our nominee for Governor, will lead the column with the courage and ability of an undaunted captain and experienced chief. With such a ticket the Democratic party has nothing to fear, in the future, from all the assaults of the opposition, no matter what form that opposition may assume.

We this week place at our head the Democratic nominations made at the State Convention which met at Harrisburg, March 3d, on the 24th ballot Gen. Wm. F. Packer, of Lycoming county, was nominated for Governor. In the person of Gen. Packer, the democratic party have a man around whom they can rally, feeling that with him as their leader, victory is certain. Being a self made man, well educated in the worlds great school, and having for near a quarter of a century battled manfully for the cause of the people, he thoroughly understands all the workings of our political institutions, and is ever ready to respond to the wants and requirements of the toiling millions, having within him a soul that feels for the best interests of the people. The masterly manner in which he handles all national affairs, has made him the dread of the opposition, while his integrity and capacity stands firm, notwithstanding, the vindictive malice which they have heaped upon. In his political career, during which time he has filled several important stations, in our State government he universally acquitted himself with honor and to the entire satisfaction of his constituency. He is in every respect worthy and well qualified to fill the important station to which he will be *elected*.

From the Union Argus.

On the 3d inst. after a part of our edition had been struck off and distributed, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Harrisburg, informing us of the nomination of that staunch and gifted Democrat, Gen. Wm F. Packer, of Lycoming county, for the office of Governor. This is a nomination eminently worthy of the gentlemen comprising the Convention, and of the Democracy of the State.

From the Pennsylvanian

We have already briefly referred to the fact that the Democratic State Convention had nominated Hon. William F. Packer, of Lycoming county, for Governor. He has been the architect of his own fortunes, and has risen to his present position from the starting point of a printer's apprentice. Previous to his appointment as Auditor General, by Gov Porter, he had been for a short time one of the Canal Commissioners of the State. He was Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature during the sessions of 1848 and 1849, and was soon after elected a member of the State Senate, where he bore a conspicuous part in all its deliberations. It will thus be seen that the training of Gen. Packer has been admirably calculated to qualify him for the office of Governor. Endowed with an active and penetrating mind, by his ripe experience he has become fully conversant with all the varied interests of the State, and when he is elected, we shall once more have a Governor of our noble old Commonwealth, who knows something about her interests and of the duties devolving upon the Executive, and who will thus present a refreshing contrast to the present inefficient incumbent. Gen. Packer is one of the finest speakers in the State. During the last campaign he rendered very effective service to the Democratic cause, and his speeches always commanded the deep and earnest attention of his auditors.

For Canal Commissioner, Hon. Nimrod Strickland, of Chester county, was nominated [illegible] him long and well, and we do not believe that any party in this State ever made a better nomination for a State office. There is no man in the Commonwealth who has, through life, maintained a higher and more honorable personal character than Judge Strickland. Ardently attached to the Democratic party, he has given the best energies of his life to its service, and few men have labored more zealously and efficiently for its success. Connected with that staunch old Democratic paper, the West Chester *Republican*, as its editor, for near fifteen years, his vigorous and industrious pen was ever busy in sustaining great principles, and his political services as an able and convincing writer, were of a very important and useful nature. Notwithstanding his straightforward political course, however, his high moral character and unswerving integrity have always secured to him the respect and esteem of the member of all parties, wherever he is known. As an evidence of this, he was last year elected Associate Judge in Chester county by a handsome majority, although the Democratic State ticket was in a minority of several hundred. No stain or blemish mars the purity of his life. He will go into the office, if elected, with clean hands, and no one who knows him will doubt that he will come out of it equally pure, and free from all taint of corruption, or tampering with the public interests.—Diligent, faithful, upright and intelligent, he would do honor to the station, and the people of the State cannot do themselves better service than by electing him.

For Judge of the Supreme Court the present able Chief Justice, Hon. Ellis Lewis, has been re nominated. In early life he, like Gen. Packer, learned the mysteries of the "art preservative of all arts," and for some time edited a newspaper in Lycoming county. In 1832 and 1833 he was a prominent member in the State Legislature. In the latter year he was appointed Attorney General by Gov. Wolf and shortly after he was appointed President Judge of the Lycoming district, which position he occupied for twelve years until, in 1845, he was appointed Judge of the District composed of the county of Lancaster. In 1851 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and since the expiration of Judge Black's term as Chief Justice, in 1855, he has occupied that position. For twenty-four years Judge Lewis has now occupied high Judicial positions and during all that period he has most ardently devoted himself to his profession. At this day he stands in the front rank of the Jurists of the age. There can be but one opinion as to his ability and devotion to his duties. Notwithstanding the eminence he has attained, he displays the same unflagging industry that has distinguished him through life, and his opinions give ample evidence of the possession of an amount of legal learning rarely attained even by the most skillful and distinguished Judges.

Altogether, our ticket is a good one—a very good one—one that every Democrat may be proud of, and one eminently deserving of success at the polls in October.

From the Carlisle Volunteer.

Mr. Packer is a gentleman of commanding abilities, who is well known throughout the State. Few men in the Commonwealth will compare with him in his knowledge of the affairs of State, and those who know him best are his warmest friends and admirers. With such a man as our standard bearer, victory is certain to perch upon our banners.

The candidate for Canal Commissioner, Hon. Nimrod Strickland, of Chester county, is the very man for this position. He is honest, capable and worthy. We have known him since our boyhood, and have always regarded him one of the best and most intelligent men of our State. For many years he was editor of that sterling Democratic paper, the West Chester *Republican*, and never was he known to deviate for a moment, from Democratic principles.—He is a Democrat from principle and education, and a man of enlarged and liberal views. His knowledge of our public improvements and the resources of the State will enable him to discharge the important duties of Canal Commissioner with honor to himself and advantage to the people.

Of the nomination of Chief Justice Lewis, it is scarcely necessary we should speak.—He is known to every lawyer as one of the [illegible] jurists of our country, and [illegible] a reputation [illegible] criticism cannot impeach. He is, indeed, a model Judge, who is calculated to shed lustre upon the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

During the inauguration of General Taylor at Washington, D. C., March 4th 1849, the police regulations, as usual, required that after the speech of the New President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol Grounds should be closed, and no carriages of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Minister of all the Russias, M. Bodisco, was very late, and after the speech had begun, drove up to the gate" in great haste, the horses covered with foam, when the coachman shouted to the guard.—*Open the gates, if you please.*" The guard shook his head and stood still. The footman next called out.

"Will you open the gate for the Russian Minister?" The guard again shook his head without answering a word. Next the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window and called to the guard.—"Open the gate for the ambassador of all the Russias." "Impossible, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Bodisco; I am so Minister."

There was a great crowd within and without the gates, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, "*If you were a free born American citizen of these United States of America, you could not pass these gates in a carriage.*"

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed, and M. Bodisco stepped out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate with the sovereign people, his carriage remaining outside until the ceremonies were over.

A Yankee talking Lightning.—An engine on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad broke down last week, at nine o'clock at night, nine miles distant from a station. The conductor instantly started on foot through the snow to get another machine. A telegraph operator in one of the cars, named, Singer, (of course a Yankee,) hearing the cause of the detention, got out and clomb down the main wire from the pole along side the track, cut it—attached small brass wires to the two ends—"Dotted the distance of his brain to the Pittsburg and Brighton stations; and putting one of the brass points to his tongue, read the answer that an engine should be immediately sent, and then talked off this pleasant lightning to his anxious and impatient fellow passengers.—*Alb. Journal*

WOMAN.—It is seldom that Julius Cæsar Hannibal says anything worth quoting, but the following is not bad.

"Day may rail against women as much as day like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dances, de fust in de ice-cream saloons, and de fust in a boat and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debbils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receibe us. She it am who gibs us our fust dose ob castor oil, and puts de close pon our helpless naked limbs, and ex. bers our toes and toes in long flannel petticoats; she it am who gibs us de first bit ob sugar, and wipes our mouths and fingers and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trowsers."

A SELL.—A shop in Albany recently advertised an infallible method to detect a counterfeit note, which he proposed to impart to all who chose to learn it for $2 each. A good many "green ones" paid the sum, in return for which they received the following instructions, which, though good enough in their way, was hardly worth the money: Whenever you take a bill about which you entertain the slightest doubt, at once proceed to the banker in whom you place the most confidence, offer him the bill with the request that he will change it, if he declines to do so, make up your mind the note is bad."

MAKING VINEGAR.—The cheapest mode of making vinegar is to mix five quarts of warm rain water with two quarts of Orleans molasses, and four quarts of yeast. In a few weeks you will have the best vinegar you ever saw.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S APPEAL.

A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

Sullivan's campaign into the Indian country in the Fall of 1779, realized none of the anticipations which were entertained regarding it.

Early in April a party of forty or fifty Indians and Tories, under the command of Captain Brant, the Mohawk Chief made an incursion against Harpersfield, which they surprised and destroyed. Nineteen prisoners and a small amount of plunder was all the[y] gleaned their triumph. On his way from Niagara, Brant had despatched a party of eleven Indians, under a young chief called Cheyendowah, to attack the settlement at Minisink and bring in some prisoners. This was successfully accomplished, and five of the male inhabitants were led captive into the wilderness as far as Tioga point. Here, however, they rested upon their captors while asleep, and in a few moments nine of them lay in the agonies of death, while the other two fled, one being mortally wounded. At the time Harpersfield was destroyed, a party of fourteen militiamen, under command of Captain Alexander Harper, were in the woods making maple sugar for the garrison at Old Schoharie. Not dreaming of the proximity of [illegible] party, they were surprised and [illegible] down before they could seize their arms, and when they attempted to reach them, they found themselves completely surrounded and surrounded. Nothing remained, therefore but to surrender. The Tories composing a part of Brant's party, were opposed to taking prisoners, and wished to kill them at once, that they might not be encumbrance at the attack of the Schoharie fort, which was the object of the expedition. A frightful massacre would no doubt have followed, had not Brant's forethought prevented it. He raised the tomahawk to strike Captain Harper, which would have been the signal for the death of the others, when, thinking perhaps he might get valuable information from him he lowered his weapon, and looking the chief sternly in the eye, he asked: "How many regular troops are there in the fort?" Harper saw at once the object of the chief, and without any hesitation or prevarication, told him that three hundred Continentals had arrived but a few days before to garrison the forts. This was all too true, but the truthful manner in which Harper told it deceived the chief.

[illegible] thus the Indians would put them all to death if they should discover the fraud, informed the chief of the true state of the case; but he, thinking it a ruse to lead him into danger, and thus facilitate the escape of the prisoners, put no faith in his story; but on the contrary, was more convinced of Harper's truthfulness. A conference was held between Brant and his subordinate chiefs in regard to the disposal of the prisoners. The former was in favor of taking them to Niagara, but the latter, disappointed at the failure of the main part of their enterprise, and thirsting for blood, were for massacreing them at once. During the controversy the prisoners, bound hand and foot, were thrust into a pen of logs, where they were kept under guard of the Tories and their leader, an infamous wretch by the name of Beorats. The pen was near enough to the council to hear what was going on, and Harper understood enough of the Indian language to catch the import of their "talk." Beorats took pains too, to inform them of the wishes of the majority of the Indians, and in abusive language told them that they would "all be in hell before morning." The influence of Brant—at all times powerful—enabled him to prevent bloodshed, and the others were induced to forgo their bloodthirsty desires, for the present, at least. In the morning, Harper was again brought before the chief and interrogated.

With great coolness and presence of mind he reasserted his history; and, although the other eyed him with the most searching glance, he betrayed no evidence of indecision; at length the chief, convinced, apparently, of his truth gave orders to commence their march for Niagara. The prisoners were not allowed to reach their destination however, without passing through fearful ordeals. One day they stopped at a mill kept by a Tory, who, with both of his daughters, counselled Brant to destroy "the infernal Whigs." This coinciding with the desires of the Tories and a majority of the Indians, the chief found it difficult to restrain them, and prevent the massacre. On another occasion they met a loyalist, who was well acquainted with Brant and Harper, who told the former he had been deceived—that there were no troops at Schoharie. This led to another searching inquiry, but Harper persisted in his story with so much apparent candor as again to elude detection. But when the party reached the Chemung River they had to pass a still more fearful trial. On reaching this point, Brant and his warriors raised a whoop, as is customary with the Indians when they have prisoners, and it was answered by a single *death yell!* In a few moments a single Indian made his appearance, who proved to be the young chief Cheyendowah.

His story was soon told. Of the eleven who started for the Minisink settlement he alone was left to tell the tale of their massacre at the hands of the prisoners. The others had gathered around him, eager and excited listeners to the melancholy narrative and the effect of the recital upon these, already ready fierce and implacable warriors, was fearful in the extreme. "Revenge!" seemed to leap from every tongue, and their faces were wrought into an expression of the keenest determination to immolate the unhappy prisoners on the spot. Every hand sought a weapon simultaneously, and the glittering tomahawk and keener scalping-knife leaped into the air, while their eyes glared with a ferocious and implacable feeling upon Harper and his companions, who, conscious that their fate was inevitable, awaited it with what composure they could command. With one accord the savages rushed in a tumultuous throng, with gratified weapons, upon their victims. Brant had no power to control the storm, and did not attempt it.

It was to the magnanimity of one from whom they could not anticipate such forbearance that they were indebted for their lives. Rushing between the infuriated and excited warriors and their anticipated prey, the young chief Cheyendowah waved back the crowd with an imperious gesture which commanded attention. When silence was restored, he surprised his auditors by an urgent appeal in behalf of the prisoners. "It was not they" said he, "who had killed their brethren, and to take the lives of innocent men would not punish the guilty. The Great Spirit would be angry with them if they would do this wicked thing." Pointing upward in words that [illegible] he [illegible] of Him who was looking upon them, and would send his thunders to destroy their families, their homes, and themselves, if they smote all the white men in their vengeance." He told them it was cowardly to kill men who could not defend themselves, and none but squaws would take such an advantage. Appealing thus alternately to their fears, their humanity, and their superstition, he wrought upon their better nature, and was successful in inducing them to forgo their anticipated vengeance. One by one their weapons were returned to their accustomed places, and, with subdued and less excited feelings, the crowd opened their onward march to Niagara, which they reached at length; not, however, without the severest suffering.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a person of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr Byron. He had a vast fund of humor, and every day, wit; and with children, particularly, loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out.

As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked if he wanted any moss, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a thing was a market-man.

"No, Sir; my father is," was the prompt answer.

"Bring me some squashes," the doctor said, and passed into the house, sending out the price.

In a few minutes the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the boy would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such singular manners in the child attracted the doctor's attention, and he began to examine him attentively.—He was evidently poor; his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trowsers dressed with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, who, holding him at arms length, and examining his face at length said:

"You seem a nice little boy; wont you come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, Sir!" said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor putting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say that down stairs there was a little boy with a bundle, who wanted to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes—but no squash himself as we shall see. He was dressed in a new, coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his cap, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor saying:

"I have come, Sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the boy with the utmost naivete.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little boy rather sobered him as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and reflected that he felt he needed no additions to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you, and be a doctor; and he said you was a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me. "And," continued he, "I have a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two little shirts as white as snow, and a couple of neat, checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it.

The sensibilities of the doctor were aroused, to see the fearless the confiding trust with which that poor couple had be[illegible] and their [illegible] and such a child! His [illegible] be thought of [illegible] and [illegible] to Providence, and [illegible] of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the divine Saviour had said, "Bring the little children," and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan dear, I think we pray in Church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "and what then"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in his name, receiveth me,' take this child to his home, and have a care of him;" and from this humble good couple received him to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them, that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not cause to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age, a protector to their daughters, a more than son to themselves;—all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care, and it [illegible] over [illegible]

A Word to Apprentices.

The Newark Mercury whispers a word or two in the ears of apprentices and others, who, being obliged to work during the day, have only the night for mental culture.—Without the benefit of an education, hope—at least a fair English education—you can never raise to the position and estimation of men in the world. You may be able to distinguish between right and wrong, and obediently strive to live uprightly and soberly,—but without mental cultivation, you are after all, on nothing but "hewers of wood and drawers of water." You must be educated in letters to be able to do justice for yourself, and to know mankind with whom you have to deal. You must be able to read, to write and understand mathematics, in order to obtain anything like success, and make your mark in the world. The truth of this you may see by example all around you. The present moment, boys, is the time for you to obtain this education. Opportunities in abundance are now offered. Will you improve them and become men, indeed, or grow to be in perpetual darkness? If you choose the former—to become intelligent and good, enter at once some of our night schools, all of which are conducted by able teachers. The evenings are long, and by attendance at these schools, with strict attention to the rules in which the teachers will take pleasure in instructing you, you will be able to make but important start towards building up a character, for which you will be respected. Improve the opportunity, boys. Don't waste the precious hours of the long evening in street associations, and the company of the wicked. Improve your evenings by learning, and you shall attain both strength and wisdom, and may hap, in the struggles of life, win a place of which the proudest need not be ashamed.—*Newark Paper.*

A scholar, wishing to puzzle Thales the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession these difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and decision our readers can judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of all things? God; because he has always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The World; because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space; because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought; because in a moment it flies to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity; because it meets and [illegible] the dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To know thyself.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope; because it still remains with us after we have lost everything else.

Never marry a girl for a fortune. We overheard a poor, unfortunate say the following soliloquy the other day, from his better half:

"You good for, nothing, lubberly, lazy, would you be had I not married you? Whose was the taking River, when the trying pan and iron hooped [illegible] mine, pray you answer me that?"

A gentleman once asked Dr. Abernethy if he thought the mental and moral powers influenced the brain? "No, sir, was Abernethy's prompt reply, "for how much will a single ounce of brain would ever think of filling [illegible]

A newsboy entered a bookstore and asked the price of a book. "Two dollars," was the reply. "Two dollars!" said the boy, "I can get it for one dollar and a quarter at the other store." "Then why don't you buy it there?" "Because I have only one dollar, which my mother gave me to buy it with, and that is not enough, I guess." "Here, take the book," said the bookseller, "and may God bless your mother, and you too, my child."

Why is a man who is always ready to oblige like a pair of scissors? Because he is a person who is [illegible] and [illegible] to be of use.

Never marry a girl for a fortune. We overheard a poor, unfortunate say the following soliloquy the other day, from his better half:

"You good for, nothing, lubberly, lazy, would you be had I not married you? Whose was the taking River, when the trying pan and iron hooped [illegible] mine, pray you answer me that?"