The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

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MARTIN STONE & SON, AUCTIONEERS, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business in their line with punctuality.

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GEO. A. FAIRLAME, M. D. J. H. DOBBINS, M. D.

DR. FAIRLAME, HAS ASSOCIATED Dr. J. H. DOBBINS with him in the practice of Medicine. Office as heretofore on Bishop street, opposite the Temperance Hotel. March 18-14 tf

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 Eutaw House apl1-7-4t*

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

REMOVAL.—DRS. POTTER & MITCHELL Dr. Geo. L. Potter has removed to the Brick House directly opposite his former residence, and Dr. J. B. Mitchell to the house lately occupied by Wm. Harris, Esq., on Spring st. Office, next door above Dr Potter's residence, where they can be consulted, unless professionally engaged. Bellefonte, apl 15-18-tf

GREEN & McMEEN, SUCCESSORS TO GEO. I MILES. BELLEFONTE, PA. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds. Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices. ☞ Farmers and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock. 16y28

NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED having an appointment as Missionary agent of the AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION for Centre and Huntingdon counties will be happy to co-operate with the friends of the cause in re-organizing the Sabbath Schools, and in replenishing their libraries. Those who desire his services or who desire any of the publications of the UNION will please apply personally or by letter addressed to him at Bellefonte. HENRY MILLER. mar.16-1857-tf.

MEDICAL CARD.—DR. J. RHOADS respectfully informs the citizens of Jacksonville, and of the surrounding country, that he has permanently located at Jacksonville, and will promptly attend to all calls in the different branches of his profession, medical or surgical, at reasonable charges. He is also prepared to insert artificial teeth according to the latest improvements, and the most approved styles, and to perform all other operations in Dental Surgery in good style and at reasonable rates. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by prompt attention to business, still to merit a continuance of a share of the public patronage. Give him a trial. He wishes to rise or fall only as his merits and skill deserve. jo18-1y

DEPOSIT BANK; or HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO., Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa. JAS. T. HALE, A. G CURTIN, W. M. MURRAY.

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THE SHADOWS OF THE VALLEY.

There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley—
Shadows ominous and still.
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin's host that fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretched their dreamy length forever
On a daisy-covered mound:
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallad marble
Rears its white and ghostly head,
Telling wand'rers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead
But a lilly is her tombstone,
And a dew drop pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
For that little woodland grave.
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

UNKIND REFLECTIONS.

Oh! never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh! never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound; but he
Who wounds to witness pain,
Has spurned the law of charity
Which ne'er inflicts a wound in vain.

'Tis God-like to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue—
But not to wound, or to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson, too.

Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall lend her dawn to brighten this.
Then all man's labor shall be love
And all his aim his brother's bliss.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR

BY RICHARD EVERETT.

The bloody field of Molino del Rey was finished, and, and the American arms were again victorious. But it proved a dear bought victory. The battle-field was red with Anglo-Saxon blood, for never did the Mexican army make a more desperate defence. Those who participated in that glorious battle will never forget its eventful circumstances; how at the faint dawn of morn, when the stars looked sweetly upon the earth, our army moved silently into its position, corps after corps, artillery, infantry and cavalry; the muffled word of command; the rumbling of wheels, and the muffled tramp, tramp, tramp, of the devoted storming party, which pioneered the main force. It was not five o'clock in the morning when the battle commenced. With a thunder which shook the earth, the heavy guns of Huger's battery belched forth the signal of attack. Then the stormers, carrying their ladders and fascines, started forward, cheering as they ran, and were soon lost amid the thick smoke which rolled from the Mexican cannon. Now and then a broad flash of fire showed our gallant fellows fighting hand to hand with the enemy's cannoneers. On pressed the centre of our line, and like a rushing tornado swept the enemy from their guns, but bravely they rallied, and in turn our troops were driven back. Here the carnage was dreadful. Of the fourteen officers of the storming party, eleven were killed or wounded in less than fifteen minutes.

Meantime upon each wing the fight progressed with great fury, and the ditches in front of Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata were rapidly filling up with dead and wounded. In front of these defences the carnage was terrific. The gallant Col. McIntosh was shot while cheering on his men. Lieut. Scott fell in the front rank, and noble White sunk under a mortal wound. Among the Mexicans there was a heavy loss of gallant officers. Old General Leon, grey haired, but full of fire, Belderez Huerta, and Meleos, all accomplished officers, fought their last fight upon the ramparts of Casa de Mata.

But direful as was the conflict, no power could stay the Saxon's red right arm. Over broken ground, gaping ditches and bloody ramparts, in the face of fire and steel the American troops pushed forward tramping the dead bodies of friend and foe beneath their feet, until covered with the stains of battle, they stood triumphantly upon the Mexican fortifications.

Oh! it was a glorious moment when, as the smoke rolled away, the stars and stripes were seen waving from the Mexican flagstaff, proud emblem of American valor.

But we did not intend to describe the battle of Molino del Rey at length. Slowly the scattered remnants of the American force retired from the hard earned field, and upon the Ninth Regiment devolved that most painful of all duties, burying the dead and picking up the wounded! About sun set the labor commenced. Some six hundred armed men in small parties pursued the melancholy duty. Day faded, but the moon, soon rising, shed a pale sepulchral light over the scene, which no man could contemplate without a horror. Over a large expanse of ground the bodies of the dead and wounded men were thickly strewn. In some places a hundred corpses might be counted within the space of a few square yards, while the sandy soil was wet with human gore. Large pits were dug, and friend and foe found a soldier's grave together. Death had abolished all distinction. American and Mexican, who a few hours before were striking for each other's lives, now lay peacefully side by side, their animosities subdued. Ambulances rolled away to the temporary hospitals filled with wounded men, whose groans of anguish were awful to hear.

It was while the work of burial progressed, that a Lieutenant, in charge of a small party, came to a ravine not far removed from the main line of attack. Many wounded men crowded to the banks of the stream to slake that terrible thirst which a severe wound always induces. As the party were collecting such injured soldiers as would bear removing, the wail of an infant suddenly attracted the Lieutenant's attention. He listened again and the sound came faintly upon the ear, so plain, however, that there was no mistaking its source. Search was instantly made along the margin of the brook, and in a few moments a sight was disclosed at which the most hardened heart grew faint. Two dead bodies lay on the sand a few feet from the water's edge. One, a young Mexican artillery man, whose head was badly crushed, apparently by a large shot; the other a young and very beautiful Mexican girl, from whose neck a rivulet of dark blood was oozing, for a musket ball had penetrated to the jugular vein. The young man lay upon his back, apparently just as he fell, while the position of the woman indicated that she received the fatal ball while kneeling at his side. But this was not all. Naked and all dabbled over with the gore of its parents, an infant, evidently about three months old, was lying upon the breast of its mother, wailing and grasping with its little hands her long black hair which was damp with cold night dew. Oh! it was a picture which made the heart swell with emotions of pity too deep for utterance—that helpless, innocent infant, nestling on, when its mother's blood. Often have I thought of the dreadful scene, for it was a scene never to be forgotten. That gloomy battle-field, strewn with dead and dying; the brook murmuring gleefully along unmindful of its bloody ripples; the group of soldiers standing with their spades and picks around these dead parents and the living babe, and over all, the moon gleaming with ghostly glare, formed a striking scene for the dread panorama of war.

The man had probably died with his death while in search for water, as a leather bucket, such as is attached to an artillery carriage was laying near by; the woman must have received a chance shot, while bending over her husband's body, for the Mexican women, with heroic devotion, often followed their husbands or lovers into battle. The Lieutenant giving orders that the two bodies should be interred in one grave, wrapped the babe in a blanket and in company with two of his men, started in search of an ambulance, intending to send the little orphan to the Mexican camp. He had not proceeded far, when a couple of Mexican friars were discovered prowling, as was their custom, among the dead bodies in search of plunder. Ordering them to desist, the officer related the scene he had just witnessed, and, in conclusion, offered one of the priests a liberal reward if he would take the babe in safety to the camp of his countrymen. The priest assented with alacrity, and receiving his reward took the babe and turned away. With a consciousness of having fulfilled the dictates of humanity, the Lieutenant prepared to join his party again. He had taken but a few steps, however, before an exclamation of horror from one his companions caused him to turn quickly, and as he did so, they bounded from his side in pursuit of the two priests who were running rapidly towards the Mexican lines.

A sudden suspicion of horrible import glanced through the officer's mind in an instant, and calling on his men to fire if they did not stop, he looked earnestly along their tracks, and soon discovered the reason of his companions' conduct; for, thrown down amidst a heap of corpses, was the dead infant, with a bayonet driven completely driven through its body! The inhuman wretch, to whom the officer consigned his little charge, had not proceeded a dozen yards, before committing the atrocious deed. The pursuit was successful, and in a few moments both friars were brought back trembling, and in broken English begging for mercy. But justice was quick and sure. A file of men were soon on the ground. Five minutes for prayers, said the Lieutenant looking at his watch, "Five minutes you bloody scoundrels! Sergeant tie their hands. Men form fifteen paces front." These orders were quickly obeyed, the victims meanwhile begging for their lives. "Your time is up," said the officer. "It's no use; a man who would murder an infant deserves worse than death." "Are you ready, sergeant?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.—"Then God have mercy on the souls of those villians. Platoon! ready, aim, fire!" A sharp report rang out upon the still night air; and the two friars were dead men.

THE RECLAIMED.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

There is no power on earth will make a man a fiend like the power of drink. One circumstance in my own reminiscences I will give to you. I was asked by an individual to go and see the hardest case then in town. I said:

I have no right to go to see him; he will say to me, "Who sent you to me? who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your own business and I will mine; you wait till you are sent for; and when I want you I will send for you. I have no right," I said, to go to him."

"Well said he it is a hard case; he beat a daughter of his, fourteen years of age, with a shoemaker's strap, and it she will carry the mark to her grave."

"He's a brute," said I.

"His wife is very ill now with a fever, and the doctor thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you can get at him now I think you might do him good."

I thought I would go. I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been to one or two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me. Said he—

"Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"Yes that is my name; would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?"

"Certainly, said he, come in.

So I got in. I sat on one side of the table and he on the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half way open that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked of trade and crops, railroads and money matters, and then drinking, and he headed me off again. I looked and I thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Young man you are not up to your business yet."

I was about to give it up; but, I think providentially, I saw the children. I said to him:

"You've got two bright looking children there, sir."

"O! yes, yes; bright little things."

"You love your children; don't you?" said I.

"Bless the children to be sure I love them."

"Would you do anything to benefit your children?" I asked.

He looked at me as if he thought something was coming after.

"Well, to be sure, sir, every body ought to do everything to benefit his children."

Then I stood up, so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said:

"Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore, you won't be angry? Suppose you never use any more intoxicating liquor, don't you think your children would be better off?"

"Well, well, said he you have got me this time."

"You have got a good wife haven't you? said I."

"Yes sir, as good a woman as ever a good man had for a wife."

"And you love your wife?"

"To be sure I do; it is natural that a man should love his wife."

"And you would do anything you could to please your wife?

"Well, I ought to."

"Suppose you would sign a temperance pledge, would that please her?"

"By thunder, I rather think it would; I could not do the thing that would please my wife like that. If I was to put my name down there, why, the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks."

"As she is sick," said I, "then you will do it."

"Yes, I guess I will do it."

And he at once opened a closet, took out pen and ink, and I spread out the pledge, and he wrote his name.

The children had been listening with eyes ears and mouth wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principal of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed, one said to the other—

"Father has signed the pledge."

"Oh, my!" said the other, "now I'll go and tell my mother;" and away she ran into the other room.

But the mother had heard it, and I listened to her calling.

"Luke! Luke! come here a moment."

Said he, "come in here along with me; come in and see my wife."

I went and stood by her bedside. The face was ghastly pale, the eye large and sunk deep in its socket; and with her long thin and bony fingers she griped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began telling me what a good husband she had.

"Luke, said she, is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children, and is very kind to them; but the drink, O! the drink makes terrible difficulty."

That difficulty! God only and the chrushed wife of the intemperate man know anything about it.

The man shook like a leaf; he snatched his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night dress from her shoulder, and said—

"Look at that!" and on her thin neck, close to her shoulder, was a bad mark.—Said he, look at that! and when I saw the mark of a bruise I felt my flesh creep. Said he, look at that sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon her bed, and she has told you that she has a good husband. Am I? Am I good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed clothes in his hands, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head and said—

"Don't cry, Luke; don't, please dont; you wouldn't have struck me if it had not been for the drink. Mr. Gough don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived. Don't cry Luke."

AQUA FORTIS AS A BEVERAGE.

In the pretty village of Haddonville, New Jersey, some years ago there resided an old fellow, who was familiarly known in the town and country as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing *chores* or errands—nor any particular location. He ate wherever he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He made his head quarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always aware when there was any morning going on. When he was not asked to drink he would slip up to the bar and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler full of *aquafortis* on the bar and turned round to mix some other ingredients. A few moments after, he had occasion to use the poisoning drug, when he found, to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the doctor in affright, to the landlord, "what has become of the *aquafortis* I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know, unless Joe slipped in and drank it." replied the landlord.

In this suspicion they were soon confirmed for the hostler said that he had seen old Joe swallowing the fatal draught. The doctor, knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses, and woods for three or four miles around the village, Joe was abandoned to his fate. It was night, and as the village topers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar-room, nothing was thought of or talked of but old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard of poor old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The doctor, about this time had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant—What was his surprise, about five miles from the village to see old Joe in front of a farmer's house splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you were dead and buried before this!"

"Why what made you think that doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe handle.

"Did'nt you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar a few days ago?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the doctor.

"No!" returned Joe.

"Why, it was *aquafortis*—enough to kill a dozen men!"

"Well, now doctor do you know that I thought there was something quoer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it every every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my handkerchief."

KEEN REJOINDER.—Mr. Buffman, of Lynn, Mass." was under cross-examination by an attorney named Lord, who did his best to perplex and brow-beat him so as to overset the testimony he had given against his client.

The question was something relating to machinery, and Mr. Buffman had used the word "philosophically" in his evidence—Mr. Lord continually harped upon this phrase and endeavored to make the witness ridiculous to the eyes of the jury. At last he inquired:

"Pray, Mr. Witness, as you seem to be a great philosopher, can you tell me philosophically what the consequences would be if the air should be exhausted in a hogshead?"

"Yes, sir, the head would fall in." returned Buffman.

"Indeed sir," pursued the counsel, "can you tell me, philosophically, why the head should fall in first!"

"Yes, sir," returned Buffman, it is because hogsheads are like some lawyers—their heads are the weakest parts."

The roar of the court room acknowledged the victory of the witness over the counsel.

ONE of the grossest neglects of a youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the misspending of their evenings. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out, when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it.

MEN often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for vices and follies than not be noticed at all.

NEW BEAUTITUDE.—Blessed are the poor folks, for they shall have little to "tote" on moving days.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

IT IS estimated that about 5,000,000 lbs., of tea will be delivered this week, duty paid, from the port of London.

THE distant relatives of a Calcutta merchant, recently deceased, who was a native of Rothsey, have just come to the knowledge that their ancestor, of whom they scarcely ever heard, had left the enormous fortune of £1,500,000 sterling bequeathed to those of his relations who can be discovered. Those already known number about thirty, and several of them are now resident in Greenock, Dumbarton and Glasgow.

MR. HUME, the table-turner and magnetizer, who has of late excited such attention in Paris, has predicted to M. Alexandre Dumas that he would live to the age of 118 years, and be killed in a duel.

IN two cases Christian witnesses have given evidence against Turks in Bosnia, and in both the Mussulmans were found guilty. The passport or card of identity system has been introduced into Bosnia.

THE construction of a palace of industry for the Vienna Exhibition is about to commence. It will be situated in the Schwartzenberg Garden, in that city. The exhibition does not take place until 1859.

A NAPLES letter of the 30th says—Among our visitors at this moment is Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who attracts much interest in a country where her works are translated and very generally read.

A VIENNA letter says:—Great crowds of people go to the Prater to see the Empress, who rides there almost every day. Her Majesty, who is a first rate horsewoman, wears a black riding habit and a hat with a large black feather.

THE French Government proposes to grant, next year, £32,000 as a subscription to the Grand Opera; £6,500 to the Theatre Francais; £9,600 to the Opera Comique; £4,000 to the Italian Theatre; and £4,000 to the Odean.

THE Duke of Coburg Gotha has dedicated his last opera to Mdlle. Marie Seebach, a German actress, who has lately been creating a furore at Amsterdam. The duke presented Mdlle. Seebach, at the same time with the medal for art, and invested her with the Earnest order of art and science.

THE imperial direction of the theatres at Vienna, which recently directed that female dancers were to wear long loose trousers, has just rescinded the order, as, according to the words of the decree, and said garment is "impracticable and unesthetic."

LETTERS FROM VIENNA announce that the celebrated singer Staudigl, who has been for a long time confined in a mad house, is now in a worse state than ever; his mental excitement has reached such a pitch that he was obliged to be confined in a strait waistcoat.

IT IS KNOWN that the late prince Talleyrand left memoirs of his eventful life, and it has hitherto been supposed that he had left orders that they should not be published until fifty years after his death, but it is reported in Paris that they will appear very shortly.

A THRILLING STORY.

The New York Commercial *Advertiser* tells the following tale:

Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester was picking blackberries in a field near the house, having with her her only child, a bright eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground amusing itself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother.

The latter at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed around a rock which hid her child from view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe as long as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was.

Suddenly the little voice ceased, and after a moment's delay, the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to see her babe asleep; instead of which, he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object which at first she was unable to discern.

But who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet in front of her infant, a rattlesnake, with her glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion.

The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralyzed her, that for an instant she half believed the dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty that, unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child, he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her power. She glanced wildly around her for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared, and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him and his victim. Another moment and all would be lost what could be done?

In her hand she held a broad tin pan, and springing from the rock, quick as thought she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape.

The charm was broken—the child moved and swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retained her position until it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.

TRUTH is the hidden gem we all should dig for.

For the Watchman.

BY-GONE DAYS.

BY MISS ANNA L.....

How many and how bright the recollections which throng our memory of by-gone days. How oft the scenes of pleasure, and gayety of early childhood, arise in memory, until they are pictured in reality before us; we almost imagine ourselves children again, sitting beside the rambling brook, watching its low gentle current, or listning enraptured to the sweet music as it glideth over the bright pebbles that lie far down in its clear depths.

Yes, by-gone days are fraught with many a tender recollection, which will be cherished while life endures. There are memories connected with the past that we would not forgot! There are memories upon which we love to meditate. Our childhood's home, could we forget the many gay and festive scenes enjoyed there! or could we forget the memory of a loving mother and kind father, of brothers and sisters with whom we passed so many happy hours! Ah, no! Hard must be the heart that could banish the memory of all these, and careless the child who would not cherish these memories as golden links in the bright chain of his existence. No! these memories cannot be forgotten! And would you call them afresh to memory? would you call them afresh to mind? would you call them afresh to your heart? would you call up thoughts that have long lay forgotten? seek some retired spot and they will in that lone hour be brought afresh upon your heart; memory will go far back into the vista of past years, to return perhaps, sighing "for the days that are no more." Of school days when we were romping with our gay companions, promenading through the large hall of our union school, or perhaps of our studies, working some hard problem in Algebra, or performing a long sum in Arithmetic; though we then thought the days long and tiresome, yet will they be recalled as the happiest days of our life! And when our heads shall be white with the frost of age, we shall ever retain in our hearts sweet and clinging memories of by gone days.

Shelby County, Ohio.

THE OLD GAL'S STORY.—I was once Captain of a schooner plying between Boston and was blessed with a first mate of the "rale old Yankee kind." Going up the Chesapeake one dark and stormy night, the wind blowing a steady gale, my mate being a little nervous and not being acquainted with the ground, supposed the old girl was going it a few knots too strong. I had turned in but had not gone to sleep. Tramp—tramp tramp—on deck—it was my mate.

"Captain, hadn't we better shorten sail? It's blowing like thunder,"

"No—keep her going."

A few minutes after, tramp—tramp—tramp—on deck.

"Captain," said my mate again, "it freshens, and already blows big guns. Hadn't we better shorten sail?"

"Not a shorten," I replied, confident in my craft and knowledge of my whereabouts; "not a shorten, keep her to it."

"Well," said the mate, closing the door of the companion way with an amiable oath, "so be it!—let her rip! we're all bound to go to ——— before morning, and I've got as many friends there as you have."

I took a glass of grog, and concluded to lower the foresail, to take a reef in the mainsail, and ask the mate if he had a desire to become acquainted with one Bourbon, whose surname is Whiskey.

A FRIEND tolds us the following, which we consider a good-un.

Being in a machine shop the other day an urchant came in, his dress coverd all over with mud.

His father observing his dirty plight said to him.

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye very observingly, and askod.

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Dust the Bible says, Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return.

"Well father, if I am dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me."

"William, go down stairs and fet some wood, start."

SHOOTING.—A short time since some gentlemen were enjoying the diversion of coursing, and having lost sight of the hare, one of the party rode up to a boy, when the following dialogue ensued.—

"Boy have you seen a hare running this way, followed by dogs?"

"What do you mean a little brown thing?"

"Yes,"

"Had it long ears?"

"Yes."

"A little white under the belly?"

"Yes."

"Had it a short tail?"

"Yes."

"And long legs?"

"Yes.'

"Was it running as fast as it could?"

"Yes it was."

"Boy (after a pause.) no I have not seen it."

Two hundred persons are said to have been frozen to death in the United States during the present winter.

FOOLS learn to live at their own cost, and wise men at other men's.