The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWS-PAPER PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY, IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY JOHN T. HOOVER.

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GEO. A. FAIRLANE, M. D. J. M. DOBBINS, M. D

DR. FAIRLANE, HAS ASSOCIATED Dr. J. M. DOBBINS with him in the practice of Medicine. Office as heretofore on Bishop street, opposite the Temperance Hotel. March 18-1y 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 Eagle House. ap21-7-41*

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REMOVAL.—J. DeS. 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. L. MILES. BELEFONTE, 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, Trussels and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds.

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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. je18-1y

DEPOSIT BANK, OF E. C. HUMES, JAS. T. HALE H. N. McALLISTER, A. G. CURTIN, W. M. MURRAY.

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND. jly23-6m

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Written on the Death of A. * * * *

How can an humble one, like I,
Attempt to raise a song to thee?
Where the broad earth, and stormy sky,
And music of the waters rise,
Breathe out a song far more divine,
Than human lips hath ever sung;
Except it were those lips of thine,
Which breath'd the summer flowers among.

But death hath touch'd the sweetest string
That ever thrill'd the earthly lyre;
And the sweet songs thou used to sing
And warble in an angel-choir;
For Faith, with strong and beauteous hand,
Draws back the curtain from the dead,
And shows to us that "better land"
Beyond the grave, where thou hast fled.

'Tis hard to give away the breath,
When nature's pulse with gladness thrills,
To tread the valley dark with death,
When spring is walking on the hills,
To hear the solemn funeral strain,
When Nature wakes her vernal choir,
And the light fingers of the rain,
Are pattering on a leafy lyre.

To mingle with the dews of spring
Our tears, above the holy flowers:
To load the zephyr's balmy wing
With sighs from hearts as sad as ours,
To wear a gloom upon our brows,
When all the face of heaven is fair;
And feel that death is in the house,
When life is breathing everywhere.

Yet it was meet to lay thee down
Within the quiet grave to rest,
When May had set her rosy crown,
And dew, like diamonds, on her breast;
When the green earth with flowers was drest,
As if it were her bridal day,
And thou hadst come to be a guest,
And sang, and smiled—then passed away

And thou art gone! Yet, with us still
We feel thy holy presence near,
In those sweet songs thy lips did thrill,
Through all this glorious atmosphere;
They melt in music on our ears,
In one warm gush of melody,
Which soothes our sighs, and dries our tears,
And fills our souls so full of thee.

And, though unseen to mortal sight.
Thy starry crown—thy harp of gold—
Thy angel robe, all pure and white,
That wraps thee in its spotless fold—
Yet we will wait a little while,
Through love and hope, through faith and prayer,
Till death's sweet angel, with a smile,
Shall waft us home, to see thee there!

THE LAWYER'S BRIDE.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

JUDGE REMESON'S FIRST CLIENT.

Old Judge Remeson was fond of telling his early experience at the bar. My first case, he would say, came upon me unexpectedly, after I had waited a considerable time for a client. The way I came to get it was this:

A young girl, Helen Montressor, was to be tried at our County Court for stealing a breastpin, valued at four dollars, and twenty dollars in gold, from the trunk of her employer, James Wesley, merchant in the town of Bedford. The theft, which was detected five weeks before, occasioned quite a talk at the time, as the girl was beautiful, and Wesley and his wife Eunice, were anything but that, besides being generally detested. People said that Helen had been shamefully treated by her mistress, who was jealous of her; and it was even hinted that there had been foul play in the prosecution for theft.

The subsequent trial of a gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters had so absorbed public attention, that the case of Helen Montressor was forgotten, and no one seemed to care for her fate. But when she was placed in the prisoner's box, her beauty riveted every eye, and when the Judge asked her who was her counsel and she modestly replied that she had no money to pay a lawyer, there was not a member of the bar who would not have willingly undertook her case. The Judge after looking round for a moment, fixed his eye upon me, and said, "Mr Remeson, will you please act as this lady's counsel." I started as though I had been shot. Luckily a juror had been taken ill, and the Court adjourned till ten next morning, or I am afraid I should have made sad work with my client's case.

As I left the Court room I looked at my watch; it was eleven so I had but twenty-three hours to prepare. I called upon the District Attorney and asked to see the indictment and the evidence taken before the Justice of the Peace. As he tumbled over a pile of documents in search of the papers, he said: "The Judge must have a spite against you, Remeson, to put you in such a tight place, and you a green hand. No offense," he added, as he observed the rising color of my cheek—"no offense; I simply mean that you are inexperienced. There are the documents take them home with you—only be sure to bring them to court to-morrow morning. You will see that your client has not a chance."

I was annoyed at this light reference to my client, for whom I already entertained deep respect and believed innocent: but I gain nothing. Hastening to my office I locked myself in and commenced the analysis of my case. The evidence consisted of the testimony of James and Eunice Wesley, Sarah Brown a seamstress, Charlotte Boyce, a domestic, and Thomas Hannegan a man of all work employed by the Wesleys. Hannegan's evidence seemed straight-forward and truthful, and so did the servant girl's. I made up my mind that they were not unfriendly to my client, and that I would seek an interview with them, although it would necessitate a journey to Bedford. In Miss Browns evidence I at once detected intense malice, and determined to harrass her unmercifully in cross-examination. Wesley's evidence was similar in style and matter to that of Hannegan; but Mrs. Wesley's was full, discursive and loquacious—such as, that, "She had always believed Helen to be a viper, but her husband upheld the trollop." To my mind the case seemed clear; Mrs. Wesley herself put those things in Helens trunk.

I next went to the Court House, and requested Mr. Mace, the Sheriff, who lived in the wing of the building, to introduce me to the prisoner. He conducted me to he cell. Although the bolts clanged heavily as they sprang from locks, our entrance did not seem to attract her attention. She was standing with clasped hands before her grated window, gazing at the sky. The Sheriff touched her arm, and said, "Miss Montressor, Mr. Remeson is the lawyer who is to manage your case, and he wants to see you." She started, turned quickly around, and made an inclination of her head, to indicate her readiness to listen, but she said not a word. The Sheriff left the cell and we were alone. Conscious that every moment was precious, I said:

Miss Montressor, we must throw aside ceremony, and communicate frankly upon this painfully business. I believe you are innocent. The thing is to prove you so.—The promises to be difficult, but I am not without hope. If you tell me frankly what your experience has been with the Wesley's my task may be lightened."

I then put a series of questions, and learned that she was fifteen years old; that she had lived with Mrs. Wesley, who had been married about eight years; that she had lived with a kind old gentleman named Gregory, who had taught her to call him grandpa; that Mrs. Wesley, who was then called Miss Naesmith, lived with Mr. Gregory, also that he seemed afraid of Miss Naesmith: that Miss Naesmith inherited all his property, and married Mr. Wesley about a month after he died; that she told her never to call him grandpa any more, for he wasn't any relation to her; that the day on which old Mr. Gregory died he gave her a sealed package, and told her not to leave Eunice see it, but to give it to a certain lawyer when he returned to town, for it would make her a rich young lady; and then he cried that he had left Eunice have her own way too much; that she fell asleep with the packet in her lap, and when she awoke it was gone, and she never dared to ask any questions about it; that Mrs. Wesley hated her and beat her and treated her like a slave, and that she sometimes thought of drowning herself. she was so miserable; that Mr. Wesley said improper things to her; that he was a bad man, but weak and under his wife's control, that the day on which her trunk was searched, she was sent on an errand to the minister's; was gone about an hour and a half, and on her return was taken up stairs to see her trunk opened, before she had pulled off her bonnett and shawl; then she was sure Mrs. Wesley had put things in her trunk while she was out, because she (Helen) had overhauled it that morning, and they were not in it then; but whether Mr. Wesley knew about it or not she could not say, although she rather thought he did, because he looked guilty when his wife was opening her trunk.

Telling the poor girl to cheer up, I went to the Sheriff's sitting room, where I found Mrs. Mace. I at once informed her that in my opinion Miss Montressor was a persecuted girl, and hoped she world try to cheer her up, so that she could enter the court room with a good heart, on the morrow: this the kind hearted woman promised to do and I hastened to my office. My brain was in a whirl. Gregory—grandpa—the packet which was to make her a rich young lady—its mysterious disappearance? Was old Mr. Gregory really Helen's grandfather?—Was the packet the last will and testament, bequeathing his property to her? And had Eunice stole it from the child as she slept that she might clutch the property by virtue of a former will which had been forced from the old man? "He cried and said he left Eunice have her own way too much!" Her own way about what? I felt certain that I had got on the track of great villany, and though I could understand the reason for Eunice Wesley's hatred of Helen, and her desire to blast the poor girls character. After spending a half hour in arranging my plans, I ordered a carrage and drove to Bedford.

It was two when I reached the village. I wished first to see Hannegan, Wesley's serving man. By making a few cautious inquiries at the tavern, and disbursing a half dollar to the hostler, Hannegan was soon in my room. He was pleased to find I was Helen's friend, and on my promising him never to let what he said go to Mrs. Wesley's ear, he told me she had treated the poor girl like a dog; that he had seen her strike Helen, and heard her threaten to kill her and ruin her reputation; and that he believed the breastpin and money had been put into the trunk by the old catamaran herself.

He stated what Helen's behaviour was when the articles were found in her trunk, and described the breastpin and money. The latter consisting of four half eagles, one of which had a hole in it, that had been made by March the Jeweler so Mrs. Wesley could string on a ribbon for a birthday present for the minister's little boy, and that was one way Mrs. Wesley knew the money was hers. He also gave me a letter signed "Eunice Gregory," he had found in the yard that day, & which he maintained was in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing. That also made him suspect that her name was'nt Naesmith before she was married to Wesley; he thought that she might have been some relation to old Mr. Gregory, who died and there must have been something bad to make her change her name.

This information had a deep impression on my mind, taken in connection with what Helen had told me; beside the name Eunice Gregory seemed floating in my memory as though I had seen it connected with some event which I had faded from recollection and was dimly recalled.

I dismissed Hannegan, and paid a visit to Mr. March the jeweler to him who I was, and for what I called. He remembered the half eagle business—in fact it was on his record. He turned to see in what day the hole was made in the half eagle. It was Wednesday the 17th of March—the very day Helens trunk was searched. I asked at what hour the coin was delivered to Mrs. Wesley. He replied that she called for it about 11 in the forenoon, and that Mrs. Montressor's trunk was searched about 1 in the afternoon of the same day.

"That looks very strange," said I. Would you have any objections to attend the trial to-morrow, with your books, and testify?

"None at all," he replied.

I turned to depart. At that moment Wesley entered the shop and was accosted by the jeweler, who gave me a wink to indicate who he was. We had never before met, so I regarded him at my leisure. He was an evil looking man. Over his left eye was a queer shaped scar, which ran crookedly across his forehead. The instant I saw the scar I felt as though the whole thing was clear. The scar, the description of which I so well remembered, brought the whole thing freshly to my mind. I remembered now the name of Eunice Gregory—the child murderess—and there stood her accomplice under an assumed name. Giving the jeweler a warning glance, I hastened to my carriage and drove furiously home, shut myself in my room, and determined to pass the entire night, if necessary, in preparing for the contest. I wished to clear my client on the charge made against her, expose the Wesleys, and oblidge them to make restitution to the wronged and pillaged orphan.

I ransacked my memory to find something tangible concerning the past career of Eunice Gregory & her accomplice, but found nothing. I had read the story years ago in a newspaper, the name of which I could not remember. I could not prove that the Wesleys were the same parties; and should I mention my suspicions in court the District Attorney would scout at them as ridiculous and malicious inventions of my own, and the Judge would charge the jury to pay no heed to them. I must sap the characters of the Wesleys in my cross examinations of their witnesses and thus try to effect a breech sufficient to justify a direct assault, on a charge of conspiracy against Helen, and thrush James Wesley on the witness stand. And I wove my meshes for the victim until the morning sun rays streamed through my windows.

The court was opened, a jury impanneled, the case called, Helen Montressor placed in the prisoner's box, and the Districts Attorney's telling, merciless opening of the case completed, in what seemed to be but a few moments of time. Helen seemed to look more innocent than ever, and I resolved that full justice should be done her, if my resources could compass such a result. It is in such an hour that a lawyer feels the honor and dignity of his position—it is then that he feels his responsibility.

The first witness was Charlotte Boyce.—She had been called by her mistress to go up and see Helen's trunk searched; and she went up and saw the breastpin and money found in it—tucked away in one corner. By my cross-examination I elicited the fact that Helen had just come home from an errand, (on which she had been sent more than an hour,) when her trunk was searched, and had on her bonnet and shawl: that "she looked quite innocent and unconcerned until the things were found, and then she seemed astonished." On dismissing the witness I gazed at the jury, but they sat with stern faces, as though resolved that nothing could make them clear the culprit. I called Miss Boyce back, saying I had forgot a very important point. This excited some attention, and when I asked her if Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of ill treating the prisoner, everybody picked up their ears. The girl hesitated and stammered, and finally said she was.

"And why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because Mrs Wesley beat her once with a large club, and threatened to kill her and was scolding her. But, don't ask me any more questions," she suddenly exclaimed, "or I shall lose my place!"

I glanced at Mrs. Wesley, and saw that she was regarding her servant with a look of intense malignity, and to annoy her I appealed to the Court to protect the witness against the threatning looks of her mistress.

This brought all eyes to a focus on Mrs. Wesley's ugly countenance, and she turned fairly white with indignation. The Judge told the witness to speak without fear, and if she lost her place by telling the truth, she would find plenty of better ones. Being satisfied with the impression made, I told the witness she might go, and the District Attorney permitted her to pass without questioning.

The next witness was Miss Sarah Brown, the seamstress—a rag-eyed, hatchet-faced, drapper little creature. She was at work for Mrs. Wesley at the time the theft was discovered. She met Helen the day before the trunk was searched, coming out of her mistress's room, and she looked so guilty she suspected she had been doing something wrong. The same day Mrs. Wesley spoke to her about the things being gone and she told her suspicions. Thereupon she thought it would be a good plan to search Helen's trunk: proposed to do it at once, but Mrs. Wesley preferred to wait. When the trunk was opened, the things were found in it, just as she expected they would be."

When the witness was passed over to me I asked in a careless tone, how she knew the money was in Mrs. Wesley's room the day she had met Helen coming thence.

"She knew it, because Mrs. Wesley had told her. Couldn't be mistaken, for Mrs. Wesley had spoken about the half eagle with it, which she was going to present to the Minister's boy."

This I made her say over and over again, until there could be no mistake about it, and then asked if she knew who made the hole in the half eagle.

"Yes; Mr. Murch, the jeweler, made it."

"Is he in the room?" I asked.

"Yes, there he is," said she, pointing.

I told Miss Brown she could go, and the District Attorney requested that Mr. Murch should be sworn. The Attorney handed Murch the identical half eagle and asked if he recognised it. He said he did; that the magistrate who committed the prisoner had made a mark upon it.

"That's all; the witness is yours, Mr. Remsen."

"Do you remember, Mr. March, on what day of the month you made the hole in the half eagle?" I asked.

"It was on the 17th of March," said he.

"Why, that was the very day the prisoner's trunk was searched, was it not?" said I, turning to the District Attorney.

"That is the day mentioned in the indictment," he replied.

Turning again to the witness, I said, "Mr. Murch please to recollect with precision; you heard the witness who preceded you, swear that Mrs. Wesley told her that the identical half eagle with the hole then made in it, was in her husband's trunk on or before the 16th of last March.

"Yes," said March, "I heard her swear to that, and was astonished, for Mrs. Wesley brought me the coin in the afternoon of the 16th and told me I must have it fixed by noon next day; at 1 on the 17th she came for it, and at 4 that afternoon it was found in Miss Montressor's trunk."

The District Attorney turned sharp round and gave the Wesleys a piercing look. Mrs. Wesley was immovable; but Wesly turned pale and fairly cowered beneath the gaze of the Attorney, who, I saw, was now convinced of the true facts of the case; and Judge and jury seemed to be of the same mind. I felt certain, then, of a verdict in my client's favor; but how was I to crush the Wesleys, and how win back her estate? I decided on my course.

Hannegan was called next, and I showed by him that Mrs. Wesley had persecuted the prisoner in the most outrageous manner—beating her, and threatening to kill her, and ruin her reputation, and treating her shamefully. His testimony excited so much indignation against the culprit that I longed for the moment when James Wesley should take the stand. When Hannegan retired Mrs. Wesley whispered to her husband, and he whispered to the Attorney. The latter seemed surprised, but announced that the prosecution would there rest the case.

Everybody was surprised that the Wesleys were not called, and my plans were all disarranged. I divined at once that Mrs. Wesley had suggested this course to shield her husband and her herself from cross-examination. Had the instinct of self-preservation told her what was coming? I rose to open my case for the defence, and I began by stating that I had incontestible evidence that a conspiracy had been entered in to blast the character of my client, to enable the parties in the conspiracy to perfect certain secret plans, which would fill the community with horror. I saw that everybody was prepared to believe almost everything, and determined to waste no time in words. So I requested that James Wesley might be sworn, and desired the Judge to have Eunice Wesley removed while her husband was being examined. She was taken out by the Sheriff and I turned to question James Wesley.

"James Wesley," said I, sternly, "how came that scar on your forehead?"

At the villain turned ghastly pale, staggered, and clutched at the railing of the witness box for support, I felt sure of my man.

"Answer me, Bob Harmon; how came that scar on your forehead?"

At the mention of the name "Bob Harmon," the wretch fell back upon the seat and groaned, "Oh don't—don't bring that again me!"

"I shall bring *that* up, and more too, unless you answer me truly about this pretended theft. Now, tell me—did not Eunice Gregory put these things in Miss Montressor's trunk?"

"Oh my God! how did you know about Eunice Gregory? Do not bring that up now it's gone by years ago," groaned the wretched man.

"Answer me, then; did not your wife put these things in Miss Montressor's trunk?"

"Yes she did; let the girl go, and don't ask me any more questions."

The excitement had now become overwhelming, and the witness began to fear his bodily safety—a fact I determined to use as an additional screw.

"I shall ask for little more," I replied, "as I do not wish to expose you to the rage of this audience, if you'll answer promptly. Where is the will that old Mr. Gregory executed, in which he made his grandchild, Helen Montressor, his heir, and which he gave her to give to his lawyer when he returned—the will your wife stole from the child as she lay sleeping?"

"Oh, Lord! it's come at last! just as I told her it would."

"Where is the will?" I thundered.

"It is burnt," he exclaimed, "but Helen is his only surviving relation, and the will by which my wife got the property is a *forged one.*"

Having achieved everything, and not caring to prolong the painful scene, I asked the District Attorney if it would not be best to dismiss the case. He cheerfully assented, and Miss Montressor, who in her flush of agitation and thankfulness looked more lovely than ever, was released from the custody of Mr. Mace and placed in charge of his wife, while Wesley and his wife slunk away from public indignation.

The excitement was so great the Court was not adjourned till 6 p. m., and I was obliged to state for the gratification of the crowd how I had managed to get on the track of the Wesleys. I told them that many years before I had read an account of the murder of a child by its aunt, Eunice Gregory, assisted by her lover, one Bob Harmon, for the purpose of possessing her niece's estate. In that account it was stated that Harmon, at the time of the murder, had fallen down an area and gashed his forehead terribly, which afterwards healed and left a peculiar scar. The hints I received from Helen's story, and the letter signed Eunice Gregory, had set my memory at work, and when I met Wesley, and observed the peculiar scar on his forehead, the whole thing flashed upon me, and I determined to make a bold push to expose them, and not only defend Helen against the charge of larceny, but wrench from her unnatural aunt the patrimony that had been withheld from her.

My explanation was received with applause, and a movement set on foot to have the Wesleys indicted for perjury; but it was never carried out, as they disappeared from that part of the country, and we all thought it best not to bring them back for any purpose whatever.

Helen received her estate, and I secured Helen; and if you will go home with me you shall have an introduction to her and the children. That first case did the business for me all round, as by it I secured a great reputation, plenty of practice, a handsome wife and a large fortune.

A HAY-FIELD ANECDOTE.

There is a good story which may have been heard in more than one hay field last summer. We heard it one day on a visit to the 'pitch.' We had failed and wilted down under a hay cock, and lay flushed and fanning the glow and sweat off our features in a comfortable situation, when one of the jolly haymakers related the anecdote of the old man who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, and who challenged his two sons together to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, the wagon drove around, and the trial commenced.—For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out tauntingly, "more hay, more hay."

Thicker and faster it came, whole hay cocks at a time, cloud after cloud, overwhelming. The old man was nearly covered up, still he kept crying "more hay," until struggling to keep off the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began to roll, then to slide, and at last it went off from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for!" cried the boys.

"I came after more hay!" answered the old man.

Which was a literal fact; he had come dowd after about a half a wagon load, which had to be pitched on rather more deliberately.

THE COON HUNT.—"Look-a-hea, Sam," said a Western negro to a field-hand over the fence, "look-a-hea; d'yo see that tall tree down dar?"

"Yah, Jim, I does."

"Wall, I got up dat tree night afore tomorrow."

"What you in dat tree arter?"

"I was arter a coon."

"You catch him, Jim?"

"Wait till I tell de de far, Sambo."

Well, succeed."

"I chase de coon out to the toddee end ob dat longest limb, den I hear sumfin' drap.—What do you guess it was, Sam?"

"Do coon, ob course."

"No you don't; 'twas dis nigga I like to broke his neck—been limpin' 'bout eber since."

"PRAY MISS," said a composer of music to a young lady whom he was courting, "what time do you prefer?"

"Oh," she replied carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better."

The gentleman took the hint, and a wedding in quick time was the consequence.

A MAN advertises for "some competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the *undertaker!*" No doubt of it.

From the Pennsylvania Herald

TOIL.

Toil is the lot of man,
Since first the curse was given,
A heaven of earth.

"Toil makes a heaven on earth"
The skeptic sneereth forth—
And we reply—"our proof is plain—
"A heaven of earth.

"For if we toiled per span
"With handicraft or brain,
"What were life throughout,
But one of pain?

"The busy brain revolves,
"The busy hand moves on—
"His chastising glorifies,
"Us, through His son!"

Speed, busy brain and hand,
Never from labor rest—
Toil on, for He above,
Esteems ye blessed!

Miscellaneous Items.

A CONSTABLE, who has lately been indicted into office was in attendance on the Court and was ordered by the Judge to "Call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell."

He immediately began at the top of his voice: "John Bell and Elizabeth Bell—*John Bell and Elizabeth Bell*—John Bell and Elizabeth Bell!"

"One at a time," said the Judge.

"One at a time—*one at a time*—one at a time!" shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it—!" exclaimed the Judge out of patience.

"Now you've done it—*now you've done it*—now you've done it!" yelled the constable.

There was no standing this. The court, bar and by-standers broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

A YOUNG lady in N. Y., has recently had her leg amputated midway between the hip and knee, in consequence of a wound caused by a broken hoop. The hoop was of steel, and in some unaccountable manner a broken point penetrated to the bone. The wound became inflamed, and amputation was thus made necessary.

MRS. PARTINGTON heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new Almanac, begged him to cut them all out and preserve them, as she had heard that when any body was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an emetic, and it would cure him.

THERE is a model speech, made by the President of the Northamptonshire (England) Farming and Grazing Society on presenting a prize cup to a young man.

"Now, young man, take that cup, and remember also to plough deep and drink shallow."

MURDER BY SLAVES.—The Warrenton (Va) *Whig*, states that a negro man in Rappahannock county, a few days since, for having informed upon some of his associates, who had been stealing, was, taken out by them forcibly and hung. The slaves are in jail.

DEATH OF AN OLD LADY.—The Warrenton (Va.) *Flag* chronicles the death of Mrs. Judith Keith at the advanced age of 98 years. She was a mother before the revolution. She was the mother of five generations, and her living descendants numbered more than one hundred.

A WOULD be prophet down South, lately said in one of his sermons, that he was sent to redeem the world and all things therein. Upon hearing this a native pulled out two five dollar bills on broken banks, and requested him to fork over the specie for them.

AT A recent examination of one of the Schools in Cambridge Massachusetts, a very small boy was asked to define the meaning of the world "progress." He hesitated but a moment, and then in a clear, distinct voice answered, "Go ahead."

A GENTLEMAN just returned to this country from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii?

"Not very well," was the reply, "they are so much out of repair."

THE total number of suicides in Philadelphia for the last two years is ninety-five—sixty-nine men and twenty six women.

IN twenty years Ohio has increased its valuation from $80,000 to $890,000,000. The debt is $15,000,000.

A WHALE of considerable size was caught at Sandy Hook, on Friday afternoon.

DR. RAE, the celebrated Arctic traveler, is on a visit to New York.

THE Niagara sailed, contrary to general usage, without a chaplain.

TOO MUCH sensibility creates unhappiness too much insensibility creates crime.

JAMES G. HOYEY, the pyrotechnist, died in Cambridge, Mass., last week.

SENATOR SEWARD taught a school in Putnam county, Georgia, in 1819–'20 years ago.

MR. DODDS is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a census.

HON. Neal Dow, the temperance advocate, has arrived in England.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, of Kentucky, has just buried a promising son, bearing his name.