

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1857.

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Miscellaneous.

Stealing Water-Melons.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors, but thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him, damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and "hooked" his choicest fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds; but his watch dogs were poisoned, and set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls and favorite cat.

One afternoon however, just at nightfall, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them said:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come the grab game over them melons to-night? Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men be-fore it's dark."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh, phaw! was the reply; I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go."

The owner of the melon patch did not like the idea, of being an eaves-dropper; but the conversation so immediately concerned his melons which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet and listened to the plans of the young scapegraces, so that he might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruits exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. He got him once started to do a thing, and would stick to it like a mud-turtle to a negro's toe. The other did not care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made a useful preparation for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scantling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water vat which had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly some eight inches from the ground. I poked all the melons I wished to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes about the size and shape of melons, in their places.

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it a little in inferring that "Old Swipes," as they called him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they, and when the time came, from his hiding place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something?"

"I think that it is very probable that they did, for hardly were the words uttered, than there came a sound of forcible tearing of fustian.

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe, "there goes one of the flaps as sure as guns! Why, get off, Ned."

And Ned was off, and one leg of his breeches besides; and then he was slung about, and telling Joe that he "believed there was nails in that side of the wall, for something had scratched him tremendously and torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said "half his coat was hanging up there some-where."

The new started hand-in-hand, for Ned believed he knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trench, when something went swish! swish! into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensued, then the exclamation: "Thunder! that water smells rather odd!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that sort of noise before: the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to throw people in." Curious, though, that we should both fall into it!"

They pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and heading they went into a heap of briars and thistles, and the like, which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a gettin' up stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles! how they prick!" exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.

"How thick they are, Joe? Come here! There's more than a dozen flat ones there!"

"And you thought they were—that's all," and seemed to conclude that they were simply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Joe," said Ned, "take this musk-melon; isn't it a rouser? Smash into it."

"It cuts tremendous hard, Ned. Ned's it a squash!"

"No it isn't, I tell you it's a new kind—Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring.

"Well, then, all I've got to say, is that the old fellow got suckered in—that's all."

"I'm going to gouge into the water melons: a halloo! there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife. If I didn't know it was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I believe it is a pumpkin."

The National Democracy.

If any unprejudiced person were not what may be distinguished by party affinities, so that we will be guided by facts and not by party spirit, and contrast the position of our country now with the State of doubt, alarm, and uncertainty which existed a year ago, we will find ample cause to justify the wisdom of the public verdict which elevated James Buchanan to the Presidency, and so trying a crisis in the domestic and foreign affairs of the Union.

Standing as the distinguished Statesmen of Pennsylvania did among his countrymen, a Nestor among its chiefs and sages, his fellow citizens of the Keystone State zealously urged his claims upon the National Democracy, as the man most likely to conciliate opposition, reconcile difficulties, re-establish forgotten or neglected landmarks of policy, and bring about an era of "good feeling." But four months since, when he assumed the chief executive duties, the mad waves of fanaticism were dashing against the rock-moored ship of State; bloody contentions raged in some of our western territories; our foreign relations were unsettled; the air was full of rumors of dissensions and dangers to our social and national peace; a sense of insecurity prevailed, and patriotic shudders at the perils which seemed to environ our beloved country.

Now how changed are all these! Public opinion is settling down upon a rational basis; we no longer hear threats of dissolution or secession; the good and wise of all parties look at the Calanus at the helm, and see him consulting the chart of the Constitution as spread before him by the Supreme Court for his sole guidance; in Kansas, peace is restored and the law has regained its supremacy, under which is now being completed that harmonious system of political machinery which changes a dependent territory to a sovereign State; all our intercourse with foreign nations is amicable, and all points of difference are discussed in that fraternal spirit which should animate the great brotherhood of man, enlightened by Christianity and blessed with the revolving influence of civilization; that providential agency which George Washington so solemnly acknowledged to have distinguished by some manifest token every step by which we have advanced to the character of an independent nation, hovers over us still and waits down upon us a sense of security and confidence in the future, while from the dark storm clouds which have passed our zenith and descended towards the horizon, is reflected back the rainbow of peace.

We will not insult the intelligence of our readers or offer such senseless adulation to the President, as to say that all this change has been his work, but it is incontrovertible that from the day of his election a hopeful and buoyant feeling was engendered, which the wisdom, energy and consistency of his course, since his inauguration, have daily strengthened. When so much has been accomplished in so short a time, towards achieving the confidence of the nation, and knitting closer the bonds of the Union, we do claim that the Keystone State may ask for her favorite son a candid and dispassionate judgment for his acts alone, and not result by the pre-judgment of his policy before it can be fully developed. We claim this as an act of justice to Mr. Buchanan, and as due to the integrity and solidity of the National Democracy.

A Knock down Argument.

A certain man went to a Dervish and proposed three questions: First: "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see Him in any place; show me where he is." Second: "Why is a man punished for crimes since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power he would do everything for his own good. Third: How can God punish Satan in hell-fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?"

The Dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the lady and said:

"I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head which made my head ache."

The lady having sent for the Dervish, asked of him:

"Why did you throw that clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?"

The Dervish replied—

"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head, let him show it to me and I will make it visible to him. And why does he call himself a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike without the will of God; what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of the earth, how can he suffer from that element?"

The man was confounded, and the lady highly pleased with the Dervish's answer.

A Funny Phoenix.

John Phoenix, a most quizzical writer, lately took a trip from Boston to New Orleans and gives an account of the same in the Kaickerbocker Magazine.

John gives an account of a meeting between a fellow passenger and his wife, at New Orleans. He was accompanied by his old friend Butterfield, who had joined him at Memphis; he landed at New Orleans, and proceeded forthwith to the St. Charles Hotel. At this great tavern Butterfield expected to meet his wife, who had arrived from California, to rejoin him after a three months' separation. Phoenix says:

"I have never seen a man so nervous. He rode on the outside of the coach with the driver, that he might obtain the earliest view of the building that contained his adored one. It was with great difficulty that I kept pace with him as he, (unhappily) rushed up the steps leading to the Butterfield. In an instant he was at the office, and gasping Mrs. Butterfield." "In the next," said Phoenix Dan, and he was off. "I followed and saw him stop with surprise as he came to the door. In the centre of the parlor stood Mrs. Butterfield. That Admirable woman had adopted the very latest and most voluminous style, and having on a rich silk of greenish hue, looked like a lovely bust on the summit of a new-mown haystack."

Butterfield was appalled for a moment, but hearing the cry "Amos," he answered hysterically, "My Amos!" and rushed forward. He ran three times around Mrs. Butterfield, but it was of no use, he couldn't get it. He tried to climb her, but the hoops gave way, and frustrated the attempt. He extended his arms to her; she shut out her eyes, her tears were in her eyes. It was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. Finally Mrs. Butterfield sat down, and Amos got behind the chair and kissed her, until his offspring, by howling and biting the calf of his leg, created a diversion. They were very happy, so were the people in the parlor. Everybody appeared delighted; and a small boy a year or two older than little Amos, jumped up and down like a whip-saw, and belted a "hoop-ee" with all his might.

Butterfield, said I, an hour or two later, I suspect that Mrs. Butterfield has adopted hoops."

"Oh, yes," answered he, I saw that sticking out. Perhaps it will obviate the little tendency she had to 'blow up.' I'm glad of it."

The Coin Which Betrayed Christ.

The editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, has been shown by the proprietor of the Bank Note and Insurance Reporter, a silver-coin, which is a perfect fac-simile of the Shekel of the Sanctuary, or "piece of silver," thirty of which were paid to Judas for the betrayal of Christ. It was considered a secular piece by the Israelites, and was always spoken of in their Holy Books as the Shekel of Israel, or Holy Shekel of the Sanctuary. It was the amount which each Israelite, between the ages of 20 and 50, was required to pay into the public treasury as a ransom for their delivery, during their sojourn in the wilderness. According to the British currency, a shekel was worth three shillings, three pence, four farthings—equal to about fifty cents of our money. The coin is somewhat larger than an American half dollar, and is smooth except on one side, it bears the emblem of Aaron's rod, as mentioned in Numbers, XVII, 8, surrounded with the inscription in Hebrew characters, *Jerusalem the Holy*, and on the reverse it is a representation of the Tabernacle, a full account of which is given in Leviticus, XI—with the words *Shekel of Israel*. The cast from which this coin was struck, was taken from an original specimen in the Vatican, at Florence. Very rare and indeed, claimed—with very little reason, of course—to be one of the identical pieces paid to Judas. Mr. Nicholson has caused a few to be struck off in pure silver, and also a larger number or copper material for the gratification of the curious.

Letting down the Aristocracy.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at this magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, and she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintances. Her friends were few and very select.

"The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason when they went to the public school in William street together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up, and with smiles of winning sweetness, remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that so ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a *manon*, and your name is Mason, but your father was a *faisor*."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lips in silence.

MENTAL EXERCISE.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illumines it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke—Chilo, Diagoras and Sophocles died of joy at the Greek games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The duke keeper of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. L'argrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

SPIRITUALISM.

The remains of a young lady who died of consumption, nine years ago, at Ephratah, Pa., were exhumed on Sunday evening, for a purpose so monstrous as almost to surpass belief. Since her death her mother, two sisters and two brothers have died of the same disease. The surviving members of the family, who are "Spiritualists," became convinced that the winding sheet of the corpse had gotten into her mouth, and that by a continued suction, she had actually drawn the other five members of the family after her, and that unless this winding sheet was speedily removed from the mouth of the corpse, she would, in like manner, cause the premature death of the whole connection! Hence the exhuming of the body. When will this nursery cease?

In China, when a man commits suicide, they immediately hang whoever, by offending or thwarting him, has been the cause of the rash deed, and give the goods of the offender to the family of the suicide, so that many gentlemen of failing health and slender means, manage to get insulted by a rich man, hang themselves, and have the pleasant assurance that their families will be handsomely provided for.

A crash at the West is now confidently looked for by thousands in the old States—We cannot say how well founded may be these expectations. So far as our personal wishes are concerned, we sincerely hope that the crisis, which seems inevitable, may be passed safely. For all the interests of the country are so blended together, that the influence of a crash in any quarter is felt far and wide. If the land speculators alone could break without injuring anybody else, it would not be any great matter. But the money which is invested in these ventures belongs to parties who owe it to Eastern merchants for goods, or to capitalists for loans. To some extent Philadelphia has suffered in this way by the difficulty of making collections in the West, but not so much as our neighbors of New York and Boston, whose complaints of it have been loud and general. During the past winter and spring, New England and New York speculators have run riot in the West, and we do not at present see how more than half of them can escape heavy losses, in view of the bursting of the land bubble. If the growing crops turn out, as luxuriantly as they now promise, a great deal of the western monetary trouble will be stayed off. Whatever may happen, however, land speculation out there is checked—it has arrested emigration by the exorbitant prices to which it has run up arable land and lower lots, and many enterprises now threaten to fall worthless on that account.—*North American*.

OS. OSKNER, OSKNER.—An excellent man was once a few days since at a dinner table, by Judge Bear, of Massachusetts—altogether so good to be last. A gentleman remarked that — who used to be given to sharp practices, was getting to be more re-trusted. — "Yes," replied, "Hon. he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

CONJUGATION AT CAPR MAY.

LAND JUNE 18. At a quarter before 12 o'clock, last night, a fire was discovered issuing from the rear of the Mansion House Hotel, which spread so rapidly as to defy all the efforts made to subdue them, and in a short time the entire block, including the Kursaal, were enveloped in flames, and were soon demolished. No damage was done to the adjoining hotels, but two dwellings were also destroyed.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A verdict of \$10,000 was recovered in the Criminal Court of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday last, by Mr. A. Smith, against Andrew J. Consey, for the seduction of his daughter. A few more such verdicts would act as a salutary restraint upon the conduct of the hideous scoundrels who are so numerous in all our large cities and towns. The justest punishment, though, for the destroyer of female virtue, is a bullet through the heart.

A friend of ours the other day was accosted in one of our streets with the words,

"Do you know the time, Sir?"

"Upon which he pulled out his watch, and after consulting it, returned it to his pocket, coolly replying to the interrogative,

"Yes Sir, I do," and then walked off leaving the questioner abashed at his way of asking him the time.

A fast man undertook the task of testing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said "in the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?" "A female," promptly replied the diviner. "How do you know that?" "Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is alive now."

PA. ON GRAY.—Is a n-a! Ba-a! shrieked a little infant of eighteen months old.

"What's the matter with mamma's sweet rattle ducky?" says its affectionate mother while she presses it to her bosom, and the young scamp in return digs its talons into her face.

"Da den, Missis, I know what little massa Jim wants," exclaims the cherub's negro nurse.

"You black hussey! why don't you tell me then?" and the infuriated mother gives Umah a down in the chops with her shoe—

"Why he wants to put his foot in dat dar pan oh hussey, wots on de hart!" whimpers the unfortunate blacky.

"Well, why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger you," replies the mother of the bewailing young one.

Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his bare feet into the pan, dashing the milk-warm grease about its sweet little shanks, to the infinite amusement of its mother, who tenderly exclaims—

"Dud mamma's rittle Dixiey want to put its teeny-weeny footy in de gravy, it shell piddle in the pan as it choosy we-we-we, and then shall see its pooty red frock on and go and see his pappy jappy!"

ONE OF THE MOTHERS.

There is a gentleman residing in North Chelsea, who has an own mother now living, but thirteen years older than himself. Some time after his birth, the combined ages of father, mother and child were less than thirty years. This mother has had fourteen children, and has a marriageable grand-children, and on a visit from her son danced nineteen dances with him in one evening. Where is the woman who can best this?

WITHOUT IRON CARS.

There is now nearly completed in Peterson, N. J., a first class passenger car, a little larger than the ordinary size, constructed almost entirely of wrought iron. This material is employed to obtain great strength, with less weight than usual, and to avoid the injuries to passengers due to the destruction of ordinary cars, in any kind of a smash.

A FUNERAL INVITATION.

The following order, verbatim et literatim, was received by an undertaker in Louisville, from an afflicted widow:

"Sir, my Wif is ded and Wonts to be buried fommorow, At wanner clock. U noose wa'ir to did the Hole—bi the side of mi too. Uther Wif's—Lot it be deep!"

DAVID CROCKETT HAPPENED.

David Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals, in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his particular attention, and he abstractly observed:

"If that fellow had a pair of spectacles he would look like Major Wright, of Ohio."

The Major happened to be just behind Crockett and heard the observation, and gently tapped Davy on the shoulder. Turning round Davy very formally remarked—"I'll be banged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask—your's or the monkey's."

GOOD ARRANGEMENT.

We see it stated in our city exchange that the Central Railroad Company are having "wrecking cars" built and placed upon their road. The cars are to be filled with tools of every description, for use in case of any accident on the road. They are to contain screw-jacks, complete tools for locomotive or cars, ropes, chains, hand cars, braces, edge tools, pulleys, levers, capstain, and everything of the most modern and scientific manufacture, for repairing any damage that may occur. This arrangement will be of great benefit to the company, and will save a vast amount of detention and expense.

REAL ESTATE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—As an example of the fall of prices in San Francisco, a correspondent, writing under date of the 18th of April says:

"A certain lot in this city, once leased at \$92,000 a year is now let at \$7,200, or 10 per cent of the first sum; think to what disastrous a man might be easily led, predicating his movements upon the first named income." Not far from where I write there is a building under lease at \$30 per month that once paid \$100 a month. But these instances are so common, the ruin and wreck of real estate long since general, that they have ceased to attract notice."

The following are said to be infallible recipes:

For preserving the complexion, temperature, for whitening the hands, honesty; to remove stains, repugnance for improving the sight, observation; a beautiful ring, the best companion to the toilet, a wife; to keep away innoths, good society.

Husband—"Just take a magnifying glass, spy-glass, and see if there's any young hair drooping. I have just finished the seventh bottle of the restorative, and worn out three hair brushes rubbing it in."

Wife—"Goodness, gracious, Nicodemus, there isn't any more hair on your head than there is on our copper tea kettle."

Brigham Young, in a recent sermon to the Mormons, told them it was more "important to raise saints than raise crops." At the present time, Brigham seems more intent upon "raising the devil" than anything else.

Aunt Mary saw over a tailor's door a sign bearing the inscription, "The Fountain of Fashion." "Ah!" she exclaimed, "that must be the place where all the squire cooks from."

Unbounded modesty is nothing but unwashed vanity; the too humble obedience is sometimes a disguised impertinence.

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Wholesale and Retail. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Var-nishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Pens and Pencils, Quills, Trays and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds.
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OFFICE IN THE ARCADE, 21 FLOOR, DI-RECTLY OVER T. R. REYNOLDS STORE.

What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzed the dog, and led him into the garden, we could not say; that they took long steps the onion and flower beds revealed in the morning.

They paid pretty dear for the whistle.—They had not tasted a single melon; they had got scratched, and torn their clothes; there was a set of drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravenous dog and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of "returning good for evil." This circumstance changed the boys' opinion of "Old Swipes," and his melons were never afterwards disturbed.

Letting down the Aristocracy.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at this magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, and she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintances. Her friends were few and very select.

"The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason when they went to the public school in William street together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up, and with smiles of winning sweetness, remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that so ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a *manon*, and your name is Mason, but your father was a *faisor*."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lips in silence.

MENTAL EXERCISE.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illumines it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke—Chilo, Diagoras and Sophocles died of joy at the Greek games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The duke keeper of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. L'argrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

SPIRITUALISM.

The remains of a young lady who died of consumption, nine years ago, at Ephratah, Pa., were exhumed on Sunday evening, for a purpose so monstrous as almost to surpass belief. Since her death her mother, two sisters and two brothers have died of the same disease. The surviving members of the family, who are "Spiritualists," became convinced that the winding sheet of the corpse had gotten into her mouth, and that by a continued suction, she had actually drawn the other five members of the family after her, and that unless this winding sheet was speedily removed from the mouth of the corpse, she would, in like manner, cause the premature death of the whole connection! Hence the exhuming of the body. When will this nursery cease?

In China, when a man commits suicide, they immediately hang whoever, by offending or thwarting him, has been the cause of the rash deed, and give the goods of the offender to the family of the suicide, so that many gentlemen of failing health and slender means, manage to get insulted by a rich man, hang themselves, and have the pleasant assurance that their families will be handsomely provided for.

A crash at the West is now confidently looked for by thousands in the old States—We cannot say how well founded may be these expectations. So far as our personal wishes are concerned, we sincerely hope that the crisis, which seems inevitable, may be passed safely. For all the interests of the country are so blended together, that the influence of a crash in any quarter is felt far and wide. If the land speculators alone could break without injuring anybody else, it would not be any great matter. But the money which is invested in these ventures belongs to parties who owe it to Eastern merchants for goods, or to capitalists for loans. To some extent Philadelphia has suffered in this way by the difficulty of making collections in the West, but not so much as our neighbors of New York and Boston, whose complaints of it have been loud and general. During the past winter and spring, New England and New York speculators have run riot in the West, and we do not at present see how more than half of them can escape heavy losses, in view of the bursting of the land bubble. If the growing crops turn out, as luxuriantly as they now promise, a great deal of the western monetary trouble will be stayed off. Whatever may happen, however, land speculation out there is checked—it has arrested emigration by the exorbitant prices to which it has run up arable land and lower lots, and many enterprises now threaten to fall worthless on that account.—*North American*.

OS. OSKNER, OSKNER.—An excellent man was once a few days since at a dinner table, by Judge Bear, of Massachusetts—altogether so good to be last. A gentleman remarked that — who used to be given to sharp practices, was getting to be more re-trusted. — "Yes," replied, "Hon. he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

CONJUGATION AT CAPR MAY.

LAND JUNE 18. At a quarter before 12 o'clock, last night, a fire was discovered issuing from the rear of the Mansion House Hotel, which spread so rapidly as to defy all the efforts made to subdue them, and in a short time the entire block, including the Kursaal, were enveloped in flames, and were soon demolished. No damage was done to the adjoining hotels, but two dwellings were also destroyed.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A verdict of \$10,000 was recovered in the Criminal Court of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday last, by Mr. A. Smith, against Andrew J. Consey, for the seduction of his daughter. A few more such verdicts would act as a salutary restraint upon the conduct of the hideous scoundrels who are so numerous in all our large cities and towns. The justest punishment, though, for the destroyer of female virtue, is a bullet through the heart.

A friend of ours the other day was accosted in one of our streets with the words,

"Do you know the time, Sir?"

"Upon which he pulled out his watch, and after consulting it, returned it to his pocket, coolly replying to the interrogative,

"Yes Sir, I do," and then walked off leaving the questioner abashed at his way of asking him the time.

A fast man undertook the task of testing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said "in the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?" "A female," promptly replied the diviner. "How do you know that?" "Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is alive now."

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