

# The Democratic Watchman.

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

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## A Sketch of Western Travels.

BY J. S. BARNHART.

(No. 1.)

*Bald Eagle Valley—Scenery—Tyrone—Allegany Mountains—Pittsburg—Incidents—Allegany City—Scenery along the Ohio River—the Train—Locomotive breaks—Detroit—Passengers parting—Alliance—Night on the Cars—A Passenger in Decatur—Indiana State—Linn Inn—Log Cabin—Historical Incidents—Fort Wayne—Maumee River—Political Stump Orators.*

MISSISSIPPI.—Up the valley of the Bald Eagle not long since, it was our pleasure to pass on a tour, towards the land that lies where the sailing sun sinks to rest beyond the undulating prairies of a Western landscape. These never to be forgotten hills that rear their lofty summits almost to the very sky, and form the North-Western ground work of the scene, contrast strangely indeed with the fertile plains of our Western Valleys. Though to some extent, wild and picturesque, the portion of the Bald Eagle valley thro' which the plank road passes, has been fast yielding to the unwearying hand of energy and toil. As we approached every where greeted our vision as we journeyed along the limpid waters of Bald Eagle we saw its course towards the great reservoir of tributaries fell in gentle meandering with that rich music upon the ear, which is ever acceptable to one that feels an interest in the sublimity of nature's works. Need we say that mountain range escaped our observation, where oaks have stood the tempests, and towering pines reared and plunged in their destiny to earth? No! we gazed in admiration on its rugged heights, as oft has been our wont from childhood, and dwelt in communion with our own thought on the great diversity of nature, which from every quarter meet our eager eye.

Of this valley in such close proximity, it is not our purpose to enlarge, for who among our thinking population has not traveled along it to that young and flourishing village Tyrone, which is on the Central Railroad.

To due time we arrived at this point, where we remained during the night and the next morning at an early hour the Iron Horse came rushing along. Soon we were on our way and a village after village was left away in the distance. Peak after peak of the Allegheny was crossed, and the upland tread of the locomotive bore us rapidly onward. A few hours ride, and the city of Pittsburg with its smoky walls and towering spires was in view, in fact before we could fully realize, having traveled a distance of one hundred and thirty miles from Tyrone.

Although it was not our first visit to Pittsburg, it was nevertheless interesting, and as time was limited our observations were confined to such things as appeared while passing through to the Allegheny City depot. An entire stranger could not well mistake the character of the place from its immense manufactures. Huge columns of black smoke rolled up majestically from a hundred mammoth chimneys, and the clicking hammers of the busy workmen, chimed in strange unison with the startling screech of mighty steam machinery.

At the depot of the Central Railroad through passengers rushed hurriedly into a No. 1 omnibus line. We believe this line in fact to be a real number one, inasmuch as from the dilapidated condition of the vehicles, they may have been constructed previous to Gen. Braddock's defeat, and used by the illustrious Col. Washington in bringing of the wounded from the ever memorable field of battle. Crowded to the utmost capacity, and still room for another as hauled from the top of the voice of a burly robed driver, we yielded ourselves an unwilling martyr to the occasion. Amid crinoline, hoops, carpet bags, hand boxes, and last though not least, squalling babies, we were hurried through the streets to the eminent port of care-free pedestrians. The horses attached to the omnibus might have done honor to the imagination of Curvatus, or the pride of Sancho Panza.

Without any unusual detention at Allegheny City, we took passage on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and were soon casting a lingering look up on the place, as the train glided leisurely off. Those staid cities with their busy throng, soon receded from our vision, and the broad and tranquil waters of the Ohio river were in full view. Numerous steamboats were plying on its bosom, and dwellings located upon either side, with grassy meadows and ornamental trees and shrubbery, presented a scene, quite beyond the graphic powers of our pen to portray. The train on which we traveled was unusually large, numbering thirteen passenger cars, filled with people of every grade; many of whom were seeking homes in the Western States and Territories. When within thirty miles of Alliance, Ohio, one of the locomotives of the train gave way, and we were consequently detained for several hours.

During this time the passengers occupied themselves, some in grumbling because of detention, some in gymnastic exercises, while others philosophized like were quietly awaiting the difficulty to be overcome.

Night approached before we arrived at Alliance. After partaking of a hasty meal we were soon again upon our journey. The whistle of the locomotive frequently reverberated through the atmosphere; sparks gushed forth from the nostrils of the Iron Horse, as the fire gleed went puffing along, and the sable mantle of night which hung gloomily around, was strangely diversified with the flickering lights from the train. Things at length grew monotonous. Many of the passengers had already yielded to the influence of old morpheus, while others sat doubtless contemplating the luxury of a feather bed. Growing weary myself, we had almost become insensible to surrounding objects, when we were aroused by loud and boisterous laughter. A phlegmatic old farmer, who had already gone into the mysterious land of dreams, conceived himself actively engaged in the ordinary affairs of life, and called lustily to his son in language so extremely ludicrous, as to overcome entirely the gravity of his auditors. We partook to some degree in the levity of the occasion, as our fellow traveler was not aroused by the merriment, but continued alternately snoring, and directing others in the arrangement of his horses, cattle, chickens, &c.

When the morning sun arose we were fast nearing the State of Indiana, and ere long its log cabins, low lands and stately timber, met the inquiring glance of numerous fellow passengers. How vividly the scenes of other days were here recalled to mind, as the primitive character of the country in many places, intuitively led us to the log cabin and hard cut times of the memorable political campaign of eighteen hundred and forty. We soon arrived at Fort Wayne. It is situated near the confluence of the St. Joseph and St. Mary rivers; which are tributaries of the Maumee, and this in turn discharges its contents into the blue waters of Lake Erie. Along the Wabash, Tippecanoe and Maumee rivers, General Harrison operated against the encroachments of the Indians. The battle of Tippecanoe was one of considerable magnitude, and lost none of its importance, when the people of the nation were called upon in 1840 to elect a Chief Magistrate. While passing within the vicinity, where occurred circumstances that bear record upon the annals of our country, it is fair to presume our mind would naturally revert to those scenes. Well do we remember, hearing political stump orators dwell with all the impassioned eloquence of their nature, on the importance of such events to our beloved country. Upon our wondering ear the merits of old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, fell with the highest possible encomiums. The tomahawk and blood-stained scalping knife of the ferocious savage, sent the blood coursing impetuously through our youthful frame. The log cabins pictured on the banners of that day bear impress on our memory still!

We looked abroad on nature's aspect, and realized the fact of passing many of the veritable log cabins of the early pioneer.

The New Orleans Crescent, advertising the poisonous adulteration of liquor now-a-days sensibly concludes: "Abstinence from so-called liquors will soon become a necessity with those who desire to live and enjoy health. The social cups, indeed, a poisonous one in these latter days. With strychnine in whiskey, and drugs and vitriol in brandy to give 'body' to 'flavor,' and coloring, the man who quaffs much of either must be 'made of oak' and 'cooper fastened.'" to stand long.

THE DIFFICULTY IN KANSAS.—THE FREE PRESS says it is well understood in Kansas that there would have been no trouble or opposition to Gov. Walker in Kansas, if it had not been for Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, who visited the Territory, and persisted upon the leaders of the Black Republican faction to continue a disturbance for political capital in the States.

The Lambertville (N. J.) Bank opened its doors on Saturday last. The vignette on the notes consist of men shearing sheep. The Daytonest Democrat thinks that if they succeed in shaving the animals closer than the old bank shaved their note holders, it will require a long time for the wool to grow out again.

Women's Conventions are always crowded, and Dr. Johnson gave the true reason: People love to hear a woman preach, not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow; just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs, though he does not walk on them near so well as a man.

A colored man, named Taylor, from Middlestown, who had recently been placed in the Harrisburg jail for selling liquor without license, and stealing a coat, hung himself in his cell, on Sunday evening, with a cord of yarn suspended from the heating-pipe of his cell.

Rankin, the prize fighter who fought with Bradley, has left Buffalo for Albany. He has nearly recovered, and still insists that he can knock Bradley out of his boots.

He purposes to fight him for \$5000 in October.

Some of the grain buyers of Springfield, Illinois, are making contracts for wheat at \$1.31 10 per bushel delivered in that city during the month of August.

## Steamboat Collision.

A collision took place at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst., between the steamer Metropolis, Capt. Brown, of the Fall River Line, and the propeller J. N. Harris, Capt. Smith, which was on her way from New York to London. The Metropolis was making her regular trip from Fall River to New York. The outwater of the steamer struck the propeller a little forward of the midsheep, causing her to sink almost instantaneously. The Metropolis received a severe shock, but was not seriously injured. On the propeller were, as nearly as can be ascertained, fourteen passengers and a crew of eleven persons. Of these, twelve in all were saved, including the captain, first and second engineers, two deck hands, and seven passengers.

List of the Drowned.—The wife and child of Mr. A. L. Smith, Brooklyn, New York; Miss Gordon, daughter of George Gordon, of New York; John Smith, aged nine years; Eliza Smith, aged seven, and Mary Smith aged five, children of the captain of the propeller; Stephen Prentice, Mate of the Propeller; George Allen, deck hand; Mary Withers, chambermaid; Ann Willis, cook; a gentleman, wife and child, names and residence unknown.

Incidents.—Among the thrilling and heart-rending incidents connected with the disaster, a passenger relates the following: A woman was seen struggling in the water, supporting her infant child in her arms—a rope was thrown to her, which fell within her reach, and which she might have seized and saved herself, by relinquishing her hold upon her child. She looked up, saw the rope, saw those who would have given almost their own hold upon life to save hers, then pressed her child to her breast and sank forever.

Among the passengers on the Metropolis was Mr. George Tappan, a merchant of New Bedford, and a man of considerable property. He has been subject to fits, and was on his way with his wife to visit the South for his health. When the disaster occurred he was very much excited, and while making some inquiries he fell backwards in an apoplectic fit, and expired instantly.

While Capt. Smith was giving his statement to an old gentleman who walked into the cabin, and approached with an agitated manner. "How do you do, Mr. Gordon?" said the captain, extending his hand, and at the same time directing his face. The old gentleman took the proffered hand, and said, in a tremulous voice, "I came to ask about my daughter—is she alive or not?" "She is gone," said the captain. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the old man, as he burst into tears. There were no dry eyes in that cabin. Afterwards the Captain said to our reporter: "She was a beautiful girl, only eighteen years old. Mr. Gordon gave her into my charge only yesterday afternoon, to take her to her friends in New London, but now she has gone with my children."

## Perilous Air Dance.

Mons. Marion announced a balloon ascension from Troy, on Saturday afternoon. He was to be accompanied—so said this bill by a young lady of that city; but fortunately for the young lady, she was not on hand. The ascension was from the lot near the Union Depot. A little after the hour appointed the ropes were cut, and the balloon, with its master, gracefully commenced their voyage. When some sixty feet up, the aeronaut threw out a bag of sand ballast, and in doing so came near descending himself out, for in attempting to catch the air ropes, as he made the throw, he missed them, and the spectators were horrified by seeing him fall forward and almost out of the car. Scarcely had the thousands witnessing the ascension recovered from this thrill, ere they were terrified with another most alarming incident.

The balloon had not risen direct enough to escape the steeples of the church at Fifth and Fulton streets, against which it struck, requiring a rent below, from which it was soon seen that the gas was escaping, but not rapidly enough to cause an immediate descent. So on went the voyager, now spinning around like a top, now nearly turning a summerset, and everybody dreading a final and fearful catastrophe. But on it went cutting up these antics, the voyager coolly appearing as one if not several cucumbers, until it came down immediately on the bank of the river, just beyond the Olympus Mills, where the hundreds who, on foot, on horseback and in buggies, had given excited chase, found our hero standing erect and collected as the moment he "to the ropes."

He was reconveyed to the city in triumph, and the affair doubtless gave more satisfaction, and made more talk and excitement than had it been in the highest degree successful.—*Albany Times.*

HOW FAR CAN LIGHTNING BE SEEN?—A correspondent of the Adriaan Examiner figures up, as follows in answering the question, "How far can lightning be seen?"

"At half-past nine o'clock on Sabbath evening I observed lightning low in the horizon, due west. The light was quite bright, but no thunder was heard. A gentleman who came from Chicago on Monday morning, informed me that at that hour a heavy thunder storm was in progress in that city, no signs of which were seen this side of the head of Lake Michigan. So lightning can be seen at least two hundred miles."

## A Lawyer's Duty.

When Lord Brougham counsel for the defence, on the trial of Queen Caroline of England in 1820, he emphatically declared that it was the duty of a counsel to get his client off, even though in effecting this he should jeopardize the public peace, or even cause a revolution in the country. This principle was much canvassed at the time. At the Oxfordshire (England) assizes, the other day, a counsel publicly declared that if he did not feel the justice of his case, he should feel it his duty to retire from it. Mr. Justice Bramwell, a very able lawyer lately placed on the Bench, publicly responded—

"This you would do wrong. I should deem it your duty—and hold it to be the duty of every member of the bar—to prove if possible, that black white, not that I mean that any member of the bar should necessarily do that which he immediately found out from its fallacy, but that he is bound where any comment is capable of being made upon the evidence, to make such comment fearlessly, and without reference to his own conviction, and that where there is a difficulty in the shape of color, he is bound to give the best argument he can to prove his color is correct."

What is the opinion here? Some things (but not many) will "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer." Perhaps this Bramwell case of black and white is one of them.

## Ten Cents a Day—Not yet.

Among the many false pretensions brought against President Buchanan, in the late struggle for the Presidency, none was more industriously circulated, and more prominently emblazoned on the banners of our political enemy, than the one charging him with being in favor of the reduction of laborer's wages, to "Ten cents a day."

Mr. Buchanan was elected six months ago, notwithstanding this very grave and serious charge; he has entered upon the duties of his office; he published his Inaugural Address to the world. And the rest of mankind has never yet, in all that time, uttered a single syllable in favor of the reduction of laborer's wages. If any man was guilty into opposition of Mr. Buchanan, that silly charge, it is high time to ask himself whether he has not been deceived, and when he ascertains the fact, determine to withhold his confidence from those who so vilely deceived him.—*Merchants Union.*

The base slanders published by the whole class of our respected fellow townsmen, the Hon. James Thompson, are receding upon the head of their authors, and have had the tendency to create new friends and defenders for the man they were designed to annihilate. As heretofore, we bear testimony, regardless of party feeling, to the upright conduct, sobriety, respectability and legal ability of Judge Thompson, and are well assured that if he is elected a member of the Supreme Bench, that he will occupy that position with honor to himself and credit to the Commonwealth—the base slanders of reckless party journals to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Erre Dispatch.*

The Democratic party itself is finally split or splitting hopelessly asunder right in the middle.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Democratic party can split right in the middle, "either half will be more than equal to the self named Americans." It can split half way from the middle and the lesser half will be superior to the Know-Nothing. The smaller half can be split, again in quarters and either part would be the Plug Uglies to the mountain to the mole hill.—*Courier.*

A Madrid journal states that an old man of Pontevedra, having for some time past been in a state of idiocy, was a heavy burden to his son, and the latter gravely proposed to a neighbor to sell the old man, who was very fat, to be melted down into grease! The neighbor having consented a bargain was struck for 800 reals, and the purchaser procured a large cauldron in which to boil the old man; but the authorities having heard of the atrocious affair had the buyer and seller arrested, and they now remain in custody.

GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention; beauty may inflame the heart with love; but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

A Shanghai fowl, belonging to a citizen of Baltimore, has recently laid a singular egg. It was of ordinary shape, except at the small end, of the same substance as the shell, was a perfect miniature Serpenti, the tail only of which was attached to the egg. The head, eyes and mouth were perfect, and it was partially coiled, with a surface like the scales of the soft scales on the snake.

A man who would systematically and willfully set about cheating a printer, would commit a highway robbery on a crying baby and rob it of its gingerbread—rob a church of its counterfeit pennies—rob the butter off a blind nigger's last "fritter"—pawn his grandmother's specs for a drink of whisky—steal acorns from a blind pig—and take clothes from a scarecrow, that he may make a respectable appearance in society.

## Best Cure for Intoxicating Habits.

The question has often been asked, in a simply medical point of view, how the habit of intoxication is best averted or cured. It is well known to all physicians that some persons are constitutionally more disposed to it than others; some hereditarily and some from the effects of indulgence long since abandoned so far as in their power, yet so inclined to it that their self-control, their sanity, and strongest powers of will, though they may be perfect at all other points, are completely frustrated here. It may be said, indeed, that this, being the result of former indulgence, in their own faults; but this even does not make it less their misfortune, and if such are sincere in their efforts to abandon it, so much the more are they deserving of all the assistance that can be rendered to them.

It belongs to all wrong doing thus to generate a tendency to reproduction. If the man who has thus injured himself is to be esteemed ever so guilty, the question might yet remain in morals precisely whether the guilt lay chiefly in the present, as in the past acts of his life, whether he is not now to be regarded and treated rather as morally *insane* on this topic, than immediately and simply reprehensible. Almost all men have their weak spots, and few can boast of a perfectly sound physical, mental and moral constitution. The physician can sometimes cure these cases best, because it is not his duty to consider where the fault lies, but only how it is to be remedied.

It is well known that Coleridge had become so infatuated by, and addicted to the use of opium, that his friends had all given him up for lost. One of his warmest admirers hired a man to watch him night and day, and prevent his getting access to the pernicious drug. But he baffled his guard, again and again. At last, after suffering agonies of remorse, such as even his own graphic pen confesses itself unable to describe, in the depths of humility and contrition, he sought out a judicious physician, to whom he revealed his whole case; his struggles and his desires, placed himself under his control and care, and lived, and finally died, in the man's house, after a successful reformation of five and twenty years. The confession of his weakness, and the realization that however guilty in his causes, it was now a case of moral insanity, we suppose was what saved him to be cured by medical means.

There are many men who, from various causes of early habits, spend periodically to require some great excitement, either physically, mental, or moral. Hence the uncontrollable spells of drinking into which some men will fall occasionally, in the absence of mental stimulants, bitterly as they regret it, and mourn over it at other times, resolve against it, or vow against it. The butler of the celebrated William Pitt used to relate that his master would first of all give him strict orders before dinner not to bring up more than so much wine, and afterwards when it was gone, he would call for more, order, threaten, rave, and once dragged the butler down stairs to the cellar, by main force, to get more wine.

Very frequently it is found that great mental excitement and exertions may be substituted for these physical paroxysms. Thus it was remarked for the late Senator Rusks, that although in early life much addicted to occasional revels of this kind, yet that as he warmed into political life, these periods became more and more rare and that in proportion to the excitement of any occasion he would rise to it, calm and clear. Strong mental or moral excitement, then, seems to form one of the very best counter-irritants to cure the against this craving thirst for physical stimulants. The only danger is, that in any moment of reactionary depression, always liable to recur after great excitement, the danger of falling into the use of stimulants is proportionally great. With proper medical care and watchfulness, however, become less and less frequent, and also subside in violence.

The strength of this craving, however, when once aroused, is so vehement, that we can only conjecture that without some mode of satisfying it, it would perhaps prove fatal. Indeed, the sudden and fatal cessation of the use of stimulants is one of the most frequent causes of mania-a-potu. But the substitution of one form of excitement for another gradually tapering off the whole into a healthful regular activity of the whole man, is what is to be aimed at in all such cases, while care must be taken to allow full scope for this excitability of temperament in some other way than by drink, until it subsides of itself.

A mere physician of the body would utterly fail in such a work as this. The whole man, physical, mental and moral, must be considered, studied, watched, excited or calmed to just the proper degree, as the only means of restoring to his right mind and true nature, one who has wandered from the path of duty.

Could a private hospital be formed, under the charge of some physician of ability, to reach the whole complexities of their cases, study their history and desire, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of families of large fortune, who would willingly pay any fair amount and who would rejoice to place their friends, and some to enter of themselves, under the care of so valuable a friend as such a physician would prove.—*Philo. Ledger.*

## RAILROAD FROM CRESSON TO EBENSBURG.

For some weeks past, the subject of erecting a branch Rail Road from Cresson to Ebsenburg, has been discussed by the parties interested, and seems to meet with general favor. The Ebsenburg Sentinel says:—"We understand that several of the most influential and wealthy citizens of this place, intend visiting Philadelphia shortly, for the purpose of calling on the President of the Company, and ascertaining what arrangements can be made. The project is by no means a visionary one. If the matter is once taken in hands in earnest, from fifty to seventy thousand dollars in stock will be taken in this place and vicinity. The Road, if constructed, will pay well, if not better, than the Indiana Branch, and will not be so expensive to construct."

General Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto has been defeated by over twelve thousand votes, for Governor of Texas. He deserted the Democratic party upon the rise of Know Nothingism imagining no doubt that it would be the controlling party of the country, and that his name and influence would revolutionize Texas. In this calculation he has been woefully mistaken, and has furnished another striking instance of which we have latterly had many—of utter powerlessness of Democratic leaders when they attempt to lead the party from their cherished principles. Sam came to his death at the hands of Sam—a species of *jeu de se.*

A YEAR OF PLENTY.—THE CROPS OF 1857.—The intelligence in relation to the crops continues to be one of the most favorable character, and this language will apply as well to England and France, as to our country. Throughout the length and breadth of the American Union, the prospect is all that could be desired. East, West, North and South we have the same cheerful advices.—In one of the largest grain-growing States of the West, estimates have been made, which give the increase in the aggregate, at fifty-five per cent, on the production of 1849. The surplus in grain and corn, will amount to many millions of bushels.

Dr. Catlin, who has suddenly become famous through his connection with the recent Cunningham case, is a native of Durham, Conn., and studied medicine with Dr. Tyler, of New Haven. After receiving his diploma in 1849, he practiced medicine for a short time in Derby. He married Miss Beecher, a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher, and a sister of Rev. Mr. Beecher, of Saratoga, at which place, it will be remembered, Miss Augusta Cunningham was preparing to go last winter. Captain's wife left him last spring, and has refused to live with him since.

A "HARD SHELL."—A hard shell of a minister down South, recently commenced his discourse as follows:—"Brethren, I'm going to preach a very plain sermon to day—one that every woman can understand—learn from the text—'And now I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another.'"

"There are the words you'll find in the one-eyed chapter of the two-eyed John." It was some time before the audience perceived that he meant II John, chapter I.

A SMART WOMAN.—A Hartford paper tells a story of a woman finding a man hanging by his neck to a beam in her house. She cut the rope, threw him down stairs, held his head in a pail of water until life was restored, and then hurried him soundly with a strap. Afterwards she went into her room and began to show fight, when she attacked him with a rolling pin, drove him into the next room, and locked him in.

Woman, to a little boy.—"Jimmy are your folks all well?" Little boy.—"Yes ma'am, all but Sally Ann."

Woman.—"Why what's the matter with her?" Little boy.—"O nothin' particular, only she had the hoopin' cough once, and she sint never got over it. The cough haint of and account now, but she has the hoop most desper'."

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

"I have," shouted a six year old at the foot of the class.

"Where, inquired old spectacles, amused by his earnestness.

"On the elephant," was the reply.

COULDN'T HOLD OUT.—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her intended:—"Pret like, come ride off if you're cumin' at all; Edward Kelderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

## Liberality.

Some time since the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas made a most liberal donation of land to the trustees of the University of Chicago. As soon as this fact was announced several of the Black Republican press of that city sought to detract from the merit and liberality of the donation, upon the grounds that the location of the University upon the grounds designated would greatly enhance the value of Judge Douglas's property, upon which we find that the Chicago Journal, (no friend of his) announces that he has since made a proposition which removes the force of such imputations. It says:—"We understand that in consequence of the improper motives attributed by the press to Mr. Douglas in his donation of land to the University of Chicago, that he has made a proposition to the Trustees and Regents of that contemplated institution, of substantially the following import: 'That he will pay all the expenses they have incurred in locating the institution on land donated by him, and give them \$50,000 in addition, if they will relinquish their claim on the present site, and locate anywhere else in the State.'"

"The proposition is a very liberal one, but we question whether the officers of the institution would be justified in accepting it. We think, however, that Mr. Douglas is over sensitive to the remarks of the press upon the subject. We think that the majority of the press and the public regard the donation as a liberal one; and we do not think it detracts from the merits of the gift, that in consequence of the necessarily attending circumstances, the donor is not much out of pocket by the transaction."

## Anecdote of the President.

A letter from Washington to the New Hampshire Patriot, contains the following:—"The President has removed to his residence, near the Sailor's Home, about two and a half miles from the White House. He comes in daily to the executive mansion, about ten o'clock, and after staying long enough to discharge such business as requires his personal presence, returns. The place where he is temporarily sojourning is the quietest road-district about the city. Speaking of the President, reminds me of an endorsement I saw upon a commission, which though humbly made out, was presented for his signature. It may serve as a warning to all who have business with the executive and show them the necessity of preparing their business in a proper manner before presenting it. At all events it shows a love of neatness and precision which I believe is characteristic of Mr. Buchanan. It is as follows:—"This commission is so incorrectly prepared that I refuse to sign it. The name of the appointee is written differently at two different places, and in other respects is not written in a clerical manner. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN. That is pretty pointed, and I concluded, on looking over the commission, was well deserved by whoever wrote it."

THE ENDURING VITALITY OF MORMONISM.—AN INDIGNANT EDITOR.—Mr. Appleby, the editor of the Mormon, and President of the Mormon Church in the Atlantic States, indulges in the following flight in the last "Mormon." Mormonism, it appears, is a faith of seventeen years standing with the Editor. He says:—"We are heartily tired of being compelled every week to have to answer or note some ridiculous article against Gov. Young and the Mormons. Indeed, to answer all would require a standing army of writers, and keep in operation all the printing presses in New York. We know that Mormonism is a 'thorn in the side' of this apostate generation, and something new to cope with. The devil has not had anything like it to contend with since the days of Jesus, and this generation never had. Hate it, despise it, kick it, or drive it, spurn it, or love it, still Mormonism is just the same—upward, onward, and eternal. In the short space of twenty-seven years it has gone almost to every country and clime, with all the combined powers of hell and earth arrayed against it, because God is its author, upholder and protector, and this generation will yet have to acknowledge it, and that by the potent arm of Almighty power. It is well known by millions of holy beings in the eternal world, and by hundreds of thousands on the earth, that Mormonism (so called) is true; we know it, and dare testify of it, and have known it for almost seventeen long years, and all the slander, mobbing, or murdering, of our enemies, cannot disprove us of this fact. Our Editors are nearly all over the world, and Mormonism is still forward."

RECK—HIS HEAD IN A BLAZE.—The Memphis news gives a laughable incident at a recent fire in that city. Several warehouses were burned, which were filled with liquors. Soon the whisky, brandy, &c. commenced flowing through the gutters. The alcoholic stream caught fire, from which there arose a blue lambent flame. A Negro endeavored to extinguish the flames that he might get a drink. The News says:—"He brushed the floating fire up the stream and dipped into it his fat nose and dense lips; the dam above gave way, and there came a flood of alcohol; his head took fire, and the last we saw of him he was traveling at rail road speed, like a torch-light procession, down Jefferson street."