

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. 5.)

Walker Iron of Cook's—A Californian—His Niece—Clayton County—West Union—Its Public House—Fayette County—Its Agriculture—Major Jones—Turkey River—Timber—Scenery—Howard Osage—Land Office—In Fayette County.

From McGregor we took the Walker Line of Coaches for West Union, Iowa. The great advantages of this line are best appreciated by those physically constituted to enjoy the pleasant pastime of walking occasionally with a rail upon their shoulders. Ten passengers, mostly ladies, filled the interior of the coach, while several men on deck hung down, for want of room, huge, dirty boots, in close proximity with our faces. We found the journey during the day more pleasant than our situation would seem to indicate. An old California gold hunter, who was traveling in company with his niece, gave indubitable evidence of his social qualities, and hours were spent in listening to his stories of the far famed El Dorado.

Whether we were most agreeably entertained by the Californian's adventures, or the vocal powers of his lady friend, remains a question. Occasionally a finely cultivated voice rolled out in charming strains of melody, and, like some feathered songster's warbling notes, was borne upon the gentle breeze in most acceptable profusion. Westward from McGregor for ten or fifteen miles the country is quite hilly. The hills, which at the Mississippi, project often very abruptly, gradually recede into the country and are finally lost in gentle hills and beautiful prairies.

Clayton County is rich in agricultural facilities. And its farmers realize a ready market for their various products. Large quantities of grain are wagoned off to Mineral Springs, owing to the newness of Clayton County, the people have been unable to raise their own supplies. On our route we passed through Postville and Clearport, all of which have thriving villages. The latter is situated along the Turkey River, on a fine gravel plain. It contains a Mill property that is said to be very highly remunerative. Holders of this particular class of property, purchase grain for cash, at market prices, and dispose of flour generally upon their own conditions.

Without much of incident we arrived at West Union in the evening, and found many old Centre County citizens. The North American Hotel is kept by James Lavin formerly of this place, and is doing a very thriving trade. The Lavin House, situated on the South East corner of the public square, is under the control of Mr. John Lavin, who is well known to our former citizens. They keep good houses, and endeavor to make those patronizing them, feel a degree of hope-ness that is seldom found among hotel keepers in that western country.

West Union is the county seat of Fayette and is located in a fine Agricultural Region. Its population is fast nearing fifteen hundred. This summer there is in process of construction, a large and well arranged Court House. It is built in the centre of a large square, and the ground which it occupies was very liberally donated by one of the early settlers of the place. Here are several churches, one of the most prominent of which is the Methodist Episcopal. There is a large steam flouring mill, and saw-mill, and the people are active in furthering the construction of the McGregor, St. Peter and Missouri River Rail Road. Two weekly newspapers are published in this county, and meet, we are informed, with a very liberal support. The "Fayette County Pioneer" has been established for several years, and has done much in the way of developing the various interests of the locality. It would be very hard to exaggerate the productiveness of the soil; the county is fast becoming one of the greatest grain producing in the State, and the emigration to it has been mostly of that class which have turned their attention to the mines of wealth that require only a moderate industry in the tilling of the land, to discover how invaluable they are. An Agricultural Society has been formed. In 1855, at the annual Fair held at West Union, a specimen of corn was exhibited that yielded one hundred and fifty-one bushels and fourteen quarts of shelled corn per acre; the ground having been measured by a special commission sworn according to the requirements of the society. In the fall the farmers do their ploughing, and as winter grain is not sowed so early in the spring as it is possible to accomplish it. The frost leaves the ground almost dry, and its nature is such that a few hours' sun renders it in tillable order, even in the case of excessive rains. At such times the mud is intolerable, and a stranger perambulating would suppose himself treading in a composition of lard and lamplack, see adhesive

pro its qualities. The price of land varies according to improvement and locality. Near West Union farms are valued at \$50 per acre, and no kind perhaps in the county can be purchased at a cheaper rate than ten dollars, and this a considerable distance from the County seat, and wild Prairie.

In company with Major Henry Jones, County Surveyor of Fayette, we left West Union with our faces turned towards the Public Land Sales at Osage. The Major is a clever fellow, whose experience in the affairs of Northern Iowa dates back among its earliest settlers. With his span of four hundred dollar Indian ponies we were wheeling away at a very surprising speed over the prairie in a north-western course. His business has enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the country, and his naturally social qualities imparted much useful information.

Towards the North East the Turkey River flowed by, and one continuous chain of timber skirted the limits of the Prairie as far as the eye could reach into the dim distance of the country. The Turkey River possesses many valuable water privileges that are fast being brought into requisition to supply the increasing wants of settlers. Its abundant timber is the great resource of a wide extending country. The Southern extremity of the large Prairie immediately West of West Union, is bounded by the Volga River timber. It is inferior to the Turkey timber both in quality and quantity.

This Prairie varies from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, and is rapidly becoming cultivated. Through ever changing scenery we journeyed pleasantly along—over hills and thro the hollows—rolling Prairies and their park-like groves—sparkling rivulets and occasional streams of sluggish water, to all of which the gorgeous decorations of approaching autumn, seemingly hid welcome.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill. To the spot where the fountain gurgles suddenly. How soft was the shadow of the long branches, as they hung from the willow and drooped in the wind. Upon the large uncultivated Prairies here and there the habitation of the settler stood out against the distant sky, like a lone ship upon the Ocean.

At Howard we fared southwards after the order of western life, but certainly can not pass any extraordinary praise upon our entertainment. However much we may admire the "sweets of western life," our inclination does not arise of that order which particularly appreciates the nutritious qualities of fresh fish and Yankee biscuit.

Away from this notorious city in possession, we were glad to find relief, and breathe again the pure invigorating atmosphere of a morning. Osage loomed up in distant view an hour before we mugged in its busy throng, and did not meet our full anticipation. It is a pretty town on paper and my soul become one in reality, but those who seek to find the place all it would seem to appear as is depicted on charts, should bear in mind that there will be ample time months hence, to purchase lots in Twenty-Fifth Street, one hundred and sixty acres are laid out in lots, but its present population does not exceed, perhaps, five hundred persons. The Cedar River timber shields it from the western winds, and fifty thousand acres lie contiguous to the town. Osage is of recent origin, and its progress has been greatly aided by the acquisition of the Government Land Office and Public Sales. Two thousand people had a few days previous to our visit, honored Osage with their presence. Competition at the Land Sales, or the opening of the Office, ran extremely high, and bids were made up to one hundred and one dollar per acre. The requirements of the local laws of the Land Office not being complied with in such cases, the lands remained to be again offered at public sale. It was a strife between the speculator and the actual settler each endeavoring to gain some advantage over the other. The object on the part of the settler was to prevent, as much as possible, the lands from being sold at public outcry. They consequently hid upon the expedient of making exorbitant bids without the least intention of carrying them out in good faith. All lands not disposed of after having been offered at such sales, are subject to entry at the usual price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

The crowd to a very material extent dispersed before we came to Osage; perhaps from five to six hundred hungry looking land speculators remained. It was often got a little amusing to witness the great anxiety of the people to secure Government lands. Nearly everybody had land warrants, but, unfortunately, few were successful enough to get them located. If Mr. Darnum could have caged the Government Land officers, and exhibited them under certain provisions of land locations, we have not a doubt his fallen fortunes would have been retrieved. Early every morning, the entrance to the Land Office was taken possession of by a large crowd of men, some of whom even remained out during the night to be first to gain access, on the opening of the doors at the usual hour. At ten o'clock a general rush was made, and it frequently happened that men were trampled under foot and nearly crushed to death. Every window and available position from which a look into the Office could be obtained, was crowded to the utmost density. An eccentric looking character located himself in a small looking over a door, add with papers

attached to a long pole kept fishing there for several days. How long he continued in this pleasant business we are unable to tell, for we left him fishing with all the patience an individual could well exercise astride a sharp, uncomfortable seat, obtained by the absence of a few panes of glass. If Col. Jenkins, the Register of the Land Office, properly appreciated the virtue of perseverance, his chance must certainly have been very favorable. Some erected outside of the crowd, forked sticks, on which they ascended and conducted the fishing operation, as it were, in different waters. Strange as it may seem in the midst of such exciting scenes we secured an entrance, and found ourself one morning comfortably seated in the apartment of the Land Office, appropriated to the Register and his Clerks, quietly contemplating human nature in many various faces. Perspiration in great beads stood on the forehead, beams of muscular strength of toll, as they called in most inspiring language, "only a quarter section for a settee, Mr. Jenkins." Fancy gentlemen arrayed in broad-cloth and "fine linen," with massive gold chains dangling from their persons, made but a sorry show in tugging with the crowd. They, with despair evidently depicted on their physiognomies, asked but the small favor of a "Winnemago Swamp." Busy clerks were scribbling, while true Yankee-like the Register kept whittling, doubtless contemplating where to make a well descent for some one's papers. Lo! he scrutinizes! Now he moves with blandest smile along the counter, and a hundred faces brighten on his near approach. Hearts beat high with bright anticipations of some favored entry, while with nervous hands, many offer soldier claims and ask but one special privilege of locating lands. Look! the spell is broken, and a long, long howler mounts the barrier to receive his duplicate of entry, and away he goes, exulting in his success, and leaving the less fortunate swearing in disappointed rage.

While mingling in the crowd within the Land Office, a gentleman by the name of Glasson, had his pocket picked of twenty-five hundred dollars. Suspicion fell on several individuals, who were arrested on the charge, but finding neither money or evidence of guilt, they were accordingly discharged.

Michigan City, three and a half miles north of Osage is a pretty place. It contains a good hotel, several stores, and the office of the "Michigan County Register." This town has been very recently established in the location of the County Seat, now established at Osage, with a very favorable prospect of success.

We departed at six o'clock for St. August Mitchell County, Iowa, near the Minnesota State Line. The place is a Norwegian village, and some of the best preserved located to the town in Northern Iowa.

How the Devil Lost.

The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an evening paper, and respectfully call the attention of our certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line.

A young man who ardently desires wealth, was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity. If he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded—the devil to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away—the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician, and bribed his "fifth sister," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One day he died after another failed—the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, add mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper. The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "dead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

JOHN BULL'S LAST TRIP.—The following is the latest joke upon John Bull. John was traveling on some Western Rail Road, when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and rushed out to ascertain themselves with the mischief—all but Mr. Bull, who continued reading the newspaper. In a moment somebody rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Aw!" grunted the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen people have been killed."

"Aw!" muttered the Englishman again.

"And—" said his interlocutor with an effort, "your own man, your servant has been blown into a hundred pieces."

"Aw! bring me the piece that has the key of my portmanteau."

A printer lately committed suicide in Cincinnati. Poor fellow! he has knocked his "form" into "pi."

Original Essays.

The Pen.

(For the Democratic Watchman.)

BY NELIA NORA.

It is an old adage that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and a more truthful saying never was uttered by the writers of Greece, though they are considered the most distinguished originals of the world, and can proudly and defiantly boast of unrivaled orators. There is sufficient reason to suppose that few persons know the irresistible influence of the pen. True, it is as silent as approaching twilight, but as it casts its subtle mantle over the earth; but again it breaks forth in sentiments sublime, tender, sympathetic and with distinguished eloquence—filling our attentive ears with thunder tones, or in accents softer and more soothing than the harmonious tones of the most exquisite music—engaging every recess of the heart with its poetic and entrancing language. Compare, for a moment, anything existing with the pen, and does it not sink into oblivion, so great is the contrast! It is often a secret, malicious enemy, a deceitful friend, and a hollow flatterer; but offerer an unsheathed weapon in defence of all virtuous principles. It is possible to have all the experience of that mighty agent—the pen, placed before our eyes, we might become acquainted with more actions and circumstances than will ever be revealed by the light of truth before the day of final reckoning. It has told of virtue, pure and undimmed—how it has shone on the character with the brilliancy of the rising sun, as it throws its radiant beams on a beloved earth. It raises many from utter insignificance to distinction, and truly envied positions. It has numbered illustrious names, to the dark, filthy, and mysterious life of vice, its crooked flatterer, and its thus and deformatives. Alas! that the pen was ever stained with vicious degrading language, and the hearts deformed tendencies; for the pen would never have discovered vice, had the heart not become polluted first; as it is but between the heart and the blank which we impress with our sentiments, that the agency of the pen is exercised. It has recorded realities which makes the heart bleed still as we christians tam. Some times words, but oft unmeted. Many are the accidents which misleads through the truthfulness of our own assuming. Let us often its influence apparently suffer us. What the pen can do, but sit not on our feet, momentarily, takes us up the hill of knowledge. It is the unadmitted language of the pen that leads man into the magnificent halls, and the perfumed gardens of art and science. There he may ever drink but must remain thirsty; for it is the same distributor who says, "My depth no man shall in assure, neither can he explore my light, which is so boundedly adorned with numerous acquirements." "He may live and range in my fields, that are clothed in an eternal green, yet shall never find me out to perfection." This is the language of classical knowledge, proclaimed by the pen. It is through its invigorating influence that friendship is sustained, and made to burn so brightly on the altar of the heart. Often has it flickered, and even died, when a single sentiment from the pen has revived it into a glowing fire. Ah! what were many should the pen cease to exist, or to perform its life-like Alpine torrents as it now does! Love would offend, the absent would be almost forgotten, that are now, through the medium of the pen, so proudly remembered. Domestic felicity, and many other origins of pleasure and happiness, would not be materially injured by the pen's absence, if it were withheld by us would consider them robbed of half their attractions, or rapidly declining. We would know very little concerning the language of the heart, were it not for the irresistible power of the pen. Who can tell of the unutterable anguish of disappointed hopes, of shattered ambitions, of the heart-struggles to gain honor, which so often with the grasp of willing heart, and noble minded men; and of pure unselfish friendship, the heart so seldom holds sacred—of gifted and intellectual minds—of gentle hearts and humble dispositions, and a crowd of admirable qualities? Man may tell it in a eager listening world, but it is through the pen that he utters his sentiments, so sublime and beautiful, as to bow our minds to deep reflection and meek submissiveness. The pen recounts sorrows, perplexities, and joys which are sent from the heart like a stream of water, that has been interrupted, and has again the privilege of moving on at leisure. How slowly the pen can stamp the heart on paper, if you wish to have the heart of a man reveal, just perceive his wrongs; there his heart, its virtues, vices and principles, are laid before your curious gaze. Do you wish to discover his ingenuity, his honor, his love, his friendship for the world, his adoration for all that is beautiful and good, his intellectual attainments, his respect for humanity, his ardency for a higher sphere, his ambition to gain an honorable reputation; in short to foresee his future destiny, consult his pen and you will be satisfied. Who does not envy the knowledge and infinite power of the pen. I would look on all other intellectual attainments, but they over so various, did I possess the freedom and unlimited influence of the pen. This may seem too much ambition for one mind to contain, but

Original Essays.

Prospect Hill, Pa.

(For the Democratic Watchman.)

A Sketch.

BY KENNEDY.

I think of one Whose image never may depart, Deep graves on this grateful earth, Till chimney to the end.

Such was the gentle soliloquy of a "fayro lady" sitting in her boudoir, dressed in deep black, on a beautiful Saturday evening in the month of—, 1857. It was, indeed, a beautiful summer evening. The leaves of the beautiful peach trees that surrounded Farmer Nora's mansion were frisking joyously in a mild and gentle breeze, and Luna in her golden beauty was just peeping over the grand old mountain top, and shedding her mellow lustre over the seemingly quiet vale, as if she too was contemplating the grandeur of the scene before her. Nature was indeed reposing. All was silent and calm. Did I say all was silent? Stop! I recall that a solitary peck-strike, venting his way homeward from the Post Office, with the late number of the "Watchman," and other papers in his hand, now and then whistling a melancholy air, and— at any rate he wasn't silent. He was plodding carelessly along amidst on a variety of miscellaneous things, when lo! he espied a figure in the shape of the "human form divine," a few paces before him apparently traveling the same way. "Ah! ha!" thought he "here I can have the pleasure of somebody's company." He therefore accelerated his speed, and endeavoring to "gain ground" on the gentleman before him, so that he may, at least, acquire the pleasure of his company. But alas! his hopes are in vain. He hears a gentle chuck at the gate in front of the house, and a man in a blue coat, who has already reached a few rapid strides through the yard, a tap at the kitchen door, (which must be the open sesame) beholds the door open, hears something like "Good evening." How do you do, "Good Good you," and a monosyllabic noise somewhat similar to the discharge of a pop gun, (only not quite so harsh) he beholds the door closing very suddenly, when again "silence reigns supreme." "What can all this mean?" he soliloquizes, and bows himself bewildered with his own thoughts concerning those mystical proceedings, he resolutely answers within himself "I'll see." Cautiously gets over the yard fence, and with steps equally cautious he gains the porch in front of the large stone dwelling, and peers into the kitchen window. On fire! what's wrong now? Why he sees no light there. He determines that his investigations shall not end here, and therefore he concludes to explore the parlor window. He takes a "big peep" (similar to Neha Nora's "peep" on a similar occasion) and lo! what does he behold? He sees a lighted lamp standing on a table, illuminating the well furnished parlor, and shedding its mild and gentle rays on the occupants of two chairs which are standing in close proximity to each other. A lady in a jet black dress occupies one of the chairs. In stature she is about the medium size; with a face lovely as a dream of Heaven on a midsummer night, a brown cast and cloudless over arching the eyes of jetty hue, all blending harmoniously with her loveliness of soul. Her short dark hair falls over her shimmering tunic—his waving tresses round her snowy neck, and the "peeper" is beginning to get jealous of Mr. Tall gentleman with black eyes and handsome features who occupies the other chair. They both appear to be in the Paradise of enjoyment, for judging by the merry smiles that play around their lips (which occasionally come in contact with each other) while conversing, they undoubtedly would not beaverse to each other's company for life. The "peeper" can hear nothing of their conversation, but by the movements of their lips he knows exactly what the topic is. He knows Mr. ——— is expressing his regrets in not having been able to fulfill his engagements at the time a certain party came off in the town of B. ——— last Christmas. He (the peeper) also knows a great many other things they are speaking about, but he keeps that to himself. At least he says he enjoyed the fun very much, went home well pleased, got a light and spent an hour in reading the "Watchman," (recollect "peeper" is a good Democrat and intends to vote for Packler) retired, had many pleasant dreams and slept soundly until Sabbath morning. So much for going to the Post Office on Saturday Night.

Prospect Hill, Pa.

Who's image never may depart, Deep graves on this grateful earth, Till chimney to the end.

Original Essays.

Educational.

(For the Democratic Watchman.)

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.

Drink deep, or taste not the Plerian Spring. Messrs Editors:—The above proposition and admission has been so often repeated, and with such authority, too, that it is time reflecting minds should consider the subject before it be admitted as a cardinal point into educational orthodoxy.

It is not our object to write an elaborate treatise on a subject which employed the greatest minds of all ages; we should only offer a few thoughts upon the above quotation. Truth, they say bears investigation. Hence we may even approach the grandiloquent saying of the proud philosopher, if we are but careful not to mingle off in the controversy, or attach too much weight to our own arguments.

In the above it is admitted, not in explicit terms, yet clearly implied, that a deep draught is not dangerous. But let us inquire into the extent of this depth. How deep shall one drink, or not taste at all? The professor of the sciences, the graduate, the toiling, self-made scholar, whose labors consume the silent midnight hour, all tell us that their draughts are but shallow; their stock of knowledge, compared to the immensity to be acquired, infinitely small. It is an experimental fact that the more one learns, the more one acquires and makes his own, the more he sees yet to be learned; hence the impossibility of ever seeing an end to our inquiries into the sciences. When, therefore, one who is resolved to "drink deep" or not at all, no one can explain to him the meaning of his resolution. He is left entirely in the dark, not knowing what to do. When the youth starts out in life, he knows not what the nature of his career may be, he knows not whether he must be content with the mere elements of an education, or whether there will be means and circumstances for him, subservient to a collegiate course. But should he, on that account, make no efforts at all to educate himself? Should he not drink at all because he knows not whether he may be able to drink deep or not?

Granted that some untoward circumstances would arrest him in the midst of a brilliant educational career, should he be sorry for having learned anything at all? Would the possession of some learning be a greater danger to him than being a literal knowledge? Strange logic—specious argument! Is it the selfish brain of some ungodly learned aristocrat? Whose is the ignorance that poor boy, who can just save enough of his summer's earnings on his rich neighbor's farm, besides providing for his widowed mother and the little ones to buy a few books, spending his evenings at almost hopeless study, in order to become a useful man?

On the whole, then we consider the above proverb a highly absurd one, calculated only to discourage the young inquirer. We therefore say to all young persons: Learn as much as you can, endeavor to be useful, and you shall be happy; remember always that if much learning is better than little, a little learning is better than none at all.

PENN. August 20, 1857.

Professor Silliman and the President's Letter.

Saving the pettish remarks of the ultra Black Republican press, the answer of President Buchanan to the "forty gentlemen" of Connecticut is everywhere received with the highest approval. So deep and wide is the feeling of condemnation towards these recalcitrant deities, that we are not at all surprised that Prof. Silliman himself should manifest an anxiety to be relieved from a portion of the responsibility of what the whole country regards something more offensive than imprudent intervention. The following letter appears in the New York Tribune of last Saturday's issue:

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:—In your paper of this day, September 3, a letter from Washington, dated September 2, mentions the memorial of Prof. Silliman and others, addressed to the President of the United States.

I have to state that I never saw or heard of this paper until it was presented to me for my signature, and I added my name to the list of my respected fellow citizens—as every American citizen has the right to protest against any act of the government of his country which he disapproves.

I have not changed my opinion, but I have no claim to the pre-eminence assigned me by the public prints.

Yours, Respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.

Christian. Another such a memorial and another such an answer may even lead the venerable Professor to doubt the Christianizing efforts of Sharpe's world-wide-known member, for we cannot believe that all the members of the rifle brigade of the notorious North Church of New Haven are beyond redemption, even in the face of the following declaration from the New York Tribune.

"Among the bankruptcies of our day the moral insouciance of clergymen seem almost as frequent a and quite as deplorable as any other. Asking due allowance for the rapid growth of our country and the more perfect collection and diffusion of intelligence, it is still evident that the number of clerical culprits is greater than ever before.

As the Tribune's spiritual associations are almost wholly confined to the political pulpit of New York and New England, it is fair to suppose that its remarks were intended for "local and not national application."

A Baby in a Basket.

The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian, has the following among its police reports:—
As Mrs. Esther Stanbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth St., was about to bring a bucket of water from a hydrant, last night, she found a basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, so wrapped up in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper, folded like a letter, lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stanbury immediately returned into the house, and by the light of a lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband, so tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

To JOE STANBURY—Sir—I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a sly old rascal you are! Who would think that such a sober old apoplex-shanks could be such a teazing old sinner? The child is yours, you may swear to that. Look at it. It's Joe Stanbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower! But do a father's duty by the young one, and I'll forgive you. Your heart-broken
Nancy.

P. S. Don't let that sharp-nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby. N. Y. Mr Stanbury was in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out "Stanbury come up here, you villain! Here's a mess for you!"

The astonished Stanbury hastily obeyed the summons.

"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart broken Nancy?" cried Mrs. Stanbury, when her guilty husband, hobbled into the room.

"Nancy? what Nancy is that?" said the sly old rogue, in well feigned astonishment.

"Why, Nancy, the mother of this baby that's hung up at the door. Mr. Stanbury! Oh! you look mighty innocent! Just read that letter, and look into the basket. Don't be afraid; it won't bite; it's got no teeth poor thing. You'll know it; for as the busy says, it's just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

Less than five minutes Mrs. S. had culled a room full of spectators—half of the inhabitants of the court, to witness the prospect of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movements of which astonished everybody.

"It's full of the devil already," said Mrs. S.; that shows it's his. You'll soon see that it's like him in everything."

At last all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby, and made its escape through the open window. It was a big fat-cut!

Henry.—Jim, do you want to know how to get the girls, and in fact all the folks in Church to take particular notice of you?
Jim.—Well, that would be a capital thing but I don't believe it can be done without misbehaving in some way or other very badly.

Henry.—Oh yes! It is a very easy thing. I do it often.
Jim.—Will you tell me then how to do it, to get church till preaching is commenced, then I hitch into the buggy and drive for ten up to the church, you know in that way I can pull the preacher. He'll think that I am in a great hurry to get in in time, then I hitch the horse and step into the Church; but I forgot to say that before leaving home I put on my screeching boots, then I walk through the aisle twisting screechers to their utmost, so that the Church rings fairly.— This even makes the preacher hold up for a while, but Oh! the satisfaction to see all the girls turn up their sweet little faces to see you. Why I get a sight at all the people before sitting down!
Jim.—Well I must see you try before I believe this all.
Henry.—Then be sure to get out to my next preaching.