

# The Democratic Watchman.

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

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## Miscellaneous.

### The Faithful Sentinel.

AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S TIME.  
The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the 22d of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict order given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty, and troublesome. At midnight Pierre Sancelin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on his bout, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outpost.

"Pierre," he said after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without a pass. Do you understand?"

"Ay, mon colonel, I will be prompt."

"The dogs are around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his fire-lock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post and Pierre Sancelin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp; or rather around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine in which was a corpse of willows. Beyond this corpse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass. Pierre's walk was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to the other side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars, and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the corpse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly; with a slow steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves or some night bird flew out with its quick flapping.

"An hour passed away, he had seen nothing to excite his suspicion. He had stopped for a moment close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick wild screech from the woods; and in a few moments more a large dog came bounding over the top of the knoll, and with a quick flapping of his wings, he had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object just crossing the line towards the camp.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object had stopped, but as he came within a few yards of it, it started again towards the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further and I fire. What Farheul! Lo Prince. Ho, ho, why Prince?"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap on the sentinel's bosom but he motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince!" Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches. Pierre now recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had now been missed for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon grand Prince!" Pierre uttered as though the dog could understand every word, the men will be happy to see you. Where have you been for so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"How mon ami, you must just keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we will go to the camp together. Mind that will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis and due meaning, Pierre started on his bout again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Lo Prince was moving towards the camp again.

"Ho! Prince, that won't do. Stop, stop or I'll shoot! Diable, the Colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the counter-sign. A dog is something; you can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down! I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly and stretched out his four paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march towards the camp.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go to the camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable!" the honest fellow uttered; "I must obey orders. The Colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here! Prince! Mon Dieu! You must die if you don't!"

With a few quick bounds the soldier got near enough the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

## A Night Kind of a Wife.

A New York editor says he had an introductory sketch to the heroine of the following sketch:

Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in an extravagant style, was in the habit every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses of the week; he never mentioned his business to her, and she, deeming him fully capable of attending to his affairs, never inquired into them.

Five years after her marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rashness of his confidential clerk, Mr. —, suddenly broke, and his wife was left with a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses of the week; he never mentioned his business to her, and she, deeming him fully capable of attending to his affairs, never inquired into them.

But the dog took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speech.

"Back! back! here!"

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus. In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now, and then he fired. There was a sharp cry, and Pierre had to turn for the guards were approaching.

"Who is there?" he cried.

"Relief Guard," was the answer.

And having obtained the counter-sign, he then informed the officer of what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince did you say?"

"He looked like Prince, but, Diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh! hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come, show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounted guard pulled the lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the corpse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried, "what legs for a dog, eh?"

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the dog were booted and had every appearance of the modeler's work of the present time. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a groan came up, and the words "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"Diable! here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and he made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate; so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and having lifted the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way.

Lights were brought and the body placed upon the ground. The dog's skin was removed and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was small though apparently some twenty years of age, but he was dead—Pierre's ball had touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one of them could make anything out of it. The colonel took it, and directed that the body be placed out of sight, for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About 4 o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been; and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper, who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had ever been found against him. On his person was taken the key of the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the drummer; and now the colonel had both, he could translate the mystic scroll. "It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near Napoleon's person as possible after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call a great dog away from the regiment and deliver him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp. And that spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the Colonel, and the wilfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancelin.

On the next day Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant; and the Emperor said to him as he bestowed the boon:

"If you only make as faithful an officer as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I say no more."

A steam carriage made its appearance in the streets of Manchester, near Pittsburgh. It ran over the streets like a thing of life, turning corners and dodging ruts. The driver of an omnibus, seeing innovation in this experiment, put the whip to his horses and tried to outrun the steam carriage, but the latter left his coach so far behind, that the omnibus driver was laughed at by the spectators. The steam carriage went at the rate of nine miles an hour with a pressure of sixty pounds. The inventor is John S. Hall, of Manchester.

Charity is the greatest of all virtues.

## Mipped in the Bud.

Yesterday afternoon a strange scene took place at the residence of a gentleman in the Second Ward. A young couple who had been "keeping company" for several years had at length determined to unite their destinies and become "bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh." The minister was notified, and the guests were assembled. The pastor was somewhat late and the company became rather impatient; at length he arrived and the happy couple took their stations and the marriage ceremony commenced.

The bridegroom with a fluttering heart answered the questions of the minister without hesitation—promised to love, cherish, protect, etc., the lovely being who stood by his side, but when it came her turn to vow that she would "love, honor and obey," much to the surprise of all present she electrified them by ejaculating a decided and emphatic "No!" and marched out of the room with an air of dignity. The expectant bridegroom was thunderstruck and the guests were appalled. The lady refused for some time to give an explanation of her strange conduct, but upon being pressed by her parents she stated that she had recently become cognizant of the fact that her husband had been for some time past been carrying on a violent flirtation with a lady who was present—in the capacity of bridesmaid we believe—that he had pledged to marry her and that their engagement had never been broken off. That they had indulged in a supposed secret interview; that a night or two previous, and that the sentiments of the bride had undergone such a revolution that she could never be happy with the man whom she believed to be an arch hypocrite. She therefore desired thus publicly to punish him even at the expense of his own feelings. The bridegroom sneaked away, with what sentiments no one can imagine, and the party separated in no very good humor. Let firms of both sexes take warning.—*Jersey City Telegraph, Sep. 26th.*

## The McKeesport Murders.

We have already stated the fact that the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment of the Court below in the case of Fife, Stewart and Charlotte Jones convicted of the murder of Henry Wilson and Elizabeth McEsters, at McKeesport. The Pittsburgh Chronicle of Monday evening has the following:—When the two girls were taken together to the prisoners, the effect on each was most extraordinary and unlooked for. Stewart, who had always displayed the most astonishing self-possession and calmness, appeared overwhelmed by the news, and betrayed a degree of emotion that he never before manifested. His whole hope centered on the Supreme Court. He believed firmly that there would be a reversal of the judgment of the Court below in his case, and when he found the hope which had buoyed him up suddenly destroyed, his self-possession deserted him, and he gave himself up to a degree of anguish that surprised while it pained his fellow prisoners. He still proclaims his innocence, and maintains that, though a thousand Courts held otherwise, he is guiltless of the blood of the Wilson family.

Fig. too, was taken aback not a little when the decision was made known. He soon recovered his equanimity, however, and beyond declaring his innocence, he spoke but little on the subject. He says that they may hang him when they please, but that Stewart is an innocent man, and that if he be executed, it will be a judicial murder.

Charlotte Jones received the news with extraordinary composure. To our mind she is a callous wretch—insensible to all the fine feelings of the human heart, and indifferent whether or not she ends the days on a gibbet.

The Homicide at Williamsport, Pa.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Williamsport, Pa., under date of the 20th says:—

The case of the Commonwealth against William Burd, for the homicide of Samuel Hill on the 7th inst., terminated to-night at 11 o'clock, after an exciting trial of twelve hours, by a verdict of acquittal. It appeared from the evidence that Hill had Burd by the throat and against the wall of the inside of his cabin, while Burd's own unnatural son was beating his father with a piece of board, when the old man seized a butcher knife lying on a shelf, and plunged it into the body of his assailant. Hill, who almost instantly fell dead. It was undoubtedly a clear case of self-defence. The verdict has given universal satisfaction. Rueling, Emery and Lloyd, for the Commonwealth, White and Seaton for the prisoner.

An Invernal Machine. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser states that on Thursday, a baggage man at the Central Depot, while handling a trunk in the usual slanging manner of that useful class of citizens, threw it down with such force as to explode a pistol within. The pistol exploded a canister of powder, the powder exploded the trunk, and the trunk exploded the baggage man, tumbling him neck over heels, and sewing his right at that.

Last week Joel Schoonhoven, one hundred years old, was discharged from Sing Sing State prison, having been pardoned by the Governor. He was committed for life for arson. He is a native of Orange County, and reached the age of a century in prison on the 4th of July last. He was Washington at Newburgh during the war.

## Men of Action and Men of Thought.

The world is divided into two sorts of men, those who think and those who act. Of course, all men think, and all men act, but some more of one than of the other, and hence the propriety of dividing them into two classes. Napoleon, for example was an able thinker, but he was a man of action to a much greater degree, and may, therefore, be ranked among the last as contradistinguished from the first. Shakespeare was a man of action to an extent that few poets have been, but his career as a dramatist has overshadowed his other qualities, and he is to be considered consequently as a man of thought. The men of action in a word, are those who carry out the thoughts of themselves or others; the men of thought are those who think chiefly, and leave others to act. The first control their own age, the last generally the ages that follow. Alexander the Great exercised in a more powerful and extensive influence, in his own time than Aristotle, his philosopher; but Aristotle's works have been influencing men, communities and empires ever since. A man of action, however great, is like a stone, dropped through vacuum, that leaves no perceptible trace of its passage. A man of thought is like a stone dropped into water, which sets in motion circles, that widen continually and never seem to stop.

The men of action are too apt to undervalue the men of thought. The ordinary type of the former, in our day, is the active, sharp-sighted, energetic man of business, who brings everything to the test of the question, "will it pay?" The ordinary type of the latter, is the talented clergyman, professor, or author, who generally has no great knack at what is called "getting along." A natural antipathy seems to exist between the two classes. The first, despises the last for ignorance of business. The last looks with contemptuous pity on the first, as deficient in refinement and culture. Yet why should this antagonism exist? Each class is good in its way, and each is necessary to progress. If we had nobody but bustling, eager, money-making men of action, there would be no intellectual nor social progress, and a dead materialism would eat out the heart of society. If we had only great preachers, profound professors, or popular authors, things would soon come to a stop for the want of a little practical utility. The two go together to make up the State. Every drafter however ever saw his genius, to a dream-like himself and their housekeeping is soon at "girls and sewers." But marry him to a thrifty energetic woman, with a strong dash of common sense, and matters get on very differently.

It is a mistake, also, in either men of action, or men of thought, to rank their speciality the highest. Each class has its mission to perform; and each, therefore, is honorable in its place and vocation. As the material interests of society demanded that we should have thrifty mechanics, adventurous merchants and enterprising capitalists, so the moral, social, political and religious wants of the race require teachers, statesmen, authors and clergymen. It is as ridiculous as it is false, therefore, for one class to say to another, in the spirit of the Pharisee, "stand aside I am holier than thou." The present wants of society call for the man of action as fully as its future development call for the man of thought. The vast and complicated machine of human affairs would come to a dead lock without either. One wheel is as necessary as the other, and as noble, if there is any question of nobility at all. Let each man fulfill his vocation taking care to perform his work fairly, and not to be, as many are, a caricature of his class; for the man of action should not degenerate into a mere miser, nor should the man of thought pass into a crazy dreamer or idealist!

## Eternity.

Eternity has no grey hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkle on the brow of eternity!

Eternity! stupendous thought! the ever present unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchre; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but as burthening bubbles. Not so is the untiring bourn. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night. Its fountains will never fill, they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never want; for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease, exhaustless love supplies the song.

Mary Mulligan, formerly a servant in the employ of Mrs. Cunningham, otherwise called Burdell, emigrated some time ago to Cincinnati, where she found employment in the dress-making establishment of a Mrs. Huggles. Mrs. B. denounced Mary as being "no better than she ought to be," whereupon the latter brought an action for slander, and upon trial of the case the jury awarded her five hundred dollars damages.

Two brothers named Smith, proprietors of a splendid peach orchard near Sacramento, California, are said to have realized about \$60,000, this year from the sale of peaches.

## Interesting Baby Affair.

A WORTHY CITIZEN IN DISGUISE.—Last Saturday evening a gentleman residing at Jamaica Plain was sitting with his wife and some friends at their parlor fire, when the door bell was violently rung. The lady, who then suggested to her husband as the girl was out, he had better go to the front-door. Accordingly he opened it and found no one there; but there was a nicely done up basket, covered with white linen, at his feet, and he thought he heard the rustling of a female dress departing. After looking vainly up and down the street, and around the parlor, he covered being removed a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman of the house with being the father, and implored him to support it. A fish scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter utterly denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The husband interfered and at last the wife was induced to forgive the husband, although he still stood to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally, the lady very graciously told her husband that it was strange he should not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from its cradle up stairs by the nurse for the very purpose of playing the joke, and the surprised husband finally joined in the laugh which was raised at his expense.—*Boston Traveller.*

## Talking out in Meeting.

Some years ago, Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and afterwards he said: "In my father's house are many mansions. He had scarcely read the words, when an old coon stood up and said:

"I tell you, folks that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives sixteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentucky, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

At another time the same Universalist was holding forth in a meeting house in Terre Haute. He had gone about half way through his discourse, when a man came in, quite the worse for liquor, and reeled up in front of him.

"I've listened. The preacher was very earnest in proving that there is no hell, and argued the Universalist doctrine with great eloquence until the poor drunkard cried out to him:

"That's it, Kidwell, my old friend!—Make them words good or I'm a goner."

That brought the sermon to a close.—It was an application quite unexpected, but all the more forcible on that account.

## Proceedings in the Administration of Justice.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE, has just been published in Michigan. On October 13th, Wm. Crozier and Wm. Cronum, hands on board a wood boat belonging to Chicago, called the Charles Sumner, were sent on shore at Muskegon for drink. While there they heard of a dance to come off at night, and after dark they took a row-boat and went ashore again. They attended the dance, and Crozier accidentally broke a window-glass. William Young and John Powers procured guns, loaded them with buck-shot, and swore they would shoot Crozier. He ran away and they pursued him, but just as Crozier was getting into the boat, Powers shot him; he fell into the water, was picked up by his companion, but died almost immediately. Young and Powers were arrested that night; on Tuesday they were lodged in jail; Thursday they were indicted; on Friday they were arraigned, tried, and convicted of murder; on Monday they were sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life, and on Tuesday night—exactly one week from the time of the murder—they were lodged in the Penitentiary.

## Slender.

Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind. How many reputations have been ruined by what per. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint. How many obnoxious persons have been wrong with grief at a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report. Let you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Liep not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it at once, and it may go on as the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

The Lexington (Ky.) Observer says that at Terre Haute, Indiana, last week, some were selling at twenty cents, and many buyers were not offering over eighteen cents per bushel. In Ross county, Indiana, last week Evansville, corn in the field was selling last week at twelve and a half cents per bushel.