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The Democratic Watchman.

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

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Bellefonte, November 26 48-tf

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Dr. Geo. L. Potter has removed to the "Brick House" directly opposite his former residence, and Dr. J. P. Mitchell to the house lately occupied by Wm. Harris, Esq., on Spring st. Office, next door above Dr. Potter's residence, where they can be consulted unless professionally engaged.

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Sept. 3 37-tf

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Centre Hill, Dec 3, 1857 - 3m

Select Poetry.

Kindness.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another,
While we're truly yearning
At the name of "Brother."

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness
Though it be unspoken.
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel touch
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth,
In the heart forever
But if man will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
O, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for love

Miscellaneous.

Sut Lovengood's Lizzards.

Ef S——t——, OF TENN.

"$8—RIT DULLER REW-ARD!

"This cash will be paid in korn or produce to be colected at or about nex kampmeetin by ene wun wimt kotchs him, for the cacus ove wun SUTTY LOVENGOOD, ded or alive an safely gin over to the ofer ove Passon John Bullin at 'Squire mack Junkins fur a chance ove dividd permisiyly, thurfurtin the wimen powerful in a skarin ove folks generally at the ratail snaix sprigs big meetin.

signed by me,
'JOHN BULLIN the Passon.'"

"attested to by
"John Wetherson."

I found written copies of the above highly intelligible and vindicative proclamation stuck up on every blacksmith shop, doggery and store door in the Frog Mountain range. Its blood-thirsty, vindicative spirit, its style, and above all, its chirography, interested me to the extent of stealing one from a tree for preservation.

In a few days I found Sut in a good crowd in front of Capehart's small doggery, and as he proved to be about "in tune," I read it to him. "Yes, George, that ar docky mint am in yearnest, sartin. They dus want me powerful bad, but I speet et dullers wont fetch me. I'll go myself fur fifty, planked down; ef you'll go long and see me heve justice. Late, late, old feller, an let that roan ove yourn blow a little, and I'll splain this cussed afar what has ruined my karacter as pius passon in the society about here. Ye see, I went to last year's big meetin at Ratail Snaix Springs, and wer sitten in a nice shady place conversin with a frien in the huckleberry thicket, when the fust thing I know'd I woke from a trance, what I had been knocked inter by a four year old hickory stick in the han' of ole Passon Bullin, durn his alligator lookin hide! an' he wur standing a straddle ove me, a foamin at the mouth an a preachin tu me about sartin sins an my wickedness generally. My poor frien wur gone, an I was glad of it, fur I thot he ment tu kill me with his club ef he failed tu preach me to death, an I did'nt want her tu see me die.

"Who was the friend you speak of, Sut?"

"N-o-n o-v-e y-o-u-r b-i-s-n-i-s—durn your little ankshus picter! But I'll tell ye one thing 'George; that nite a nebor gal got an erful confounded stroppin frum her mam with the stirrup lether over a saddil, an old Passon Bullin had et supper that nite; and what's wus nur all, she cooked it fur im an begged him a tremlin and crying not tu tell on her, the durne, infernal, hiperkritikal, pot-bellied, whiskey-wasting old ground hog; but I paid im fur it all, ef I haint I will. I mean tu keep a paying ove im all the time. Well, at nex big meetin at Ratail Snaix, I wur on han, as solemn as a hat kerier at collection time, fur I had promised the old hog to cum and be converted, jis to keep him from killin me. I tuck a seat on the steps of the pulpit, to prove I wur in yearnest. Ther wus a monstrous crowd in that grove, an ole Bullin were a preachin tu me at an orful rate—how the Hell Sarpints wud serve em if they did'nt repent—how they'd crawl over them, rap thar tails roun thar necks, poke thar tungs inter thar eyes and blow inter thar years; and ef it wur an oman, how they'd quile in her bussm, an try to crawl down under her frockstrings. An he hed em hot, hollering, and sacred; the fac is, the thing wus a workin powerful.—Now I'd kotch five big grey pot-bellied lizzards, and hed em in a little narrer bag what I made a purpos—thar tails all at the bottom, an packed as tite as a bundil of sticks.

"So while he wur a rarin onto his tiptoest onbeownst tu any body, I ontied my poke an put the mouth up under his britches leg, an gin their legs a squeze an a shake, when they all tuk up his bar leg, making ove a noise they sorter-like squirrils a climbin a shell bark hickory. He stopped preachin an looked for a moment like he wur a listnin for sunthing, sorter like an ole sow dus when she hears you whistle for the dogs.—I give a big gron, an hit my head atween my knees. Then he commenced a slapin ove his self whar ye cut the steak outen a beef, then he'd fetch a rub whar a hosses tail sprouts, then he'd stomp, then run his head atween his waisbun and his shut, and reach down an roun mirily with it—then he spred his big legs and give his back a good shakin, sort ove a rub again the pulpit sorter like a hog scratches agin a stump; a leaning to his work powerful; and squirming generally ziff he'd jist come outen a dog bed or hed slep on a pisant trail. About this time wun ove my lizzards (sacred and hurt, I spose, by all this rubin an scratchin and slappin,) poked his hend out atween the passon's shut collar an his old brown neck tuck a peep at the circumstances, and dodged back agin.

"Old Bullin's speech now cum to him; his eyes sticken out like two buckeyes flung agin a mud wall, an his voice trimlin. Sez he, 'Bretherin, take keer ove yourselfs, the Hell Sarpints hev got me!' Sum ove the wimmin fotch a pointer yell, an a ramrod legged doctor what sot near me, allowed it wur a clar case ove Delicious Tremendjus, and I thot he wur rite, fur it were tremendjus afore it was dun with! Off went the claw hammer coat, an he flung it shind him like he wur a gwine inter a fite, (he hed no jackit on.) Nex he fotch his shut over his head faster nur I got outen my pasted wun, an fling it up in the air like he didn't care a durn if hit kept up forever, but hit lodged onto a black jack. I seed wuh ove my lizzards a racin about over the big old dirty lookin shut, scared like the devil. Then he gave a sorter shake an a twist, an he cum outen his breches, an he tuck em by the bottom ove the legs an swung em round his hed a few times an then fotch em down cherslap over the pulpit. You cud 've heard the crash a quarter ove a mile! Nigh onto about fifteen shortened biskit, a fried chicken' with his legs crossed, a big dubble bladed nife, a slab ove terbacker, a pipe shim copper our specimens, a heap of brakin glass, a cork'a sprinkle ove whisky, a spot an three ove my lizzards flew promiskusly all over that ar meetin' ground, outen the upper end ove them big flax britches. Wun ove the smartest ove my blue lizzards nibbed fust inter the bussum of a fat oman, as big as it skin'd doss and nigh into as ugly, who sot thirty yards out a fannin herself with a tucky tail, an' smart to the last, hit commenced runnin down. So she wur bound to taint, an did it fust rate; jist flung her lucky tail up in the air, rolled down the hill tangled her legs an garters in the top ov a huckelberry bush, an war thar all safe, fur an' quiet when I left.

"Now old Bullin had nothin' left on him but a pair of hevy low quartered shoes, short woolin socks, an'cel skin garters tu keep of the cramp, an' hisskars wur a growin' on him fast. He wur plum crazy, fur he jist spit in his hands an' leaped over the frunt uv the pulpit rite inter the middle uv the pius part uv the kongregation, kerdiff, and set in tu gittin' away. He run, or rether went in a lumberin' gallop, heavy, like an old wagon hoss skared at a locomotive. When he jumped a bench he shook the yearth an' his self to. Bonnets and fans cleared the way, an' he hed a purfectly far track tu the woods. He weighed nigh onto three hundred had a black stripe down his back like onto an old bridle rein, an, his belly looked about the size an' culler uv a big beef paunch, an' hit a shaken' from side to side. He leaned back from it like a little feller a totin' uv a big drum at muster, an' I learn it slosh plum to wher I wur. Thar wur cramp knots on his legs as big as warnuts, an' all over he minded me uv a crazy ole elephant what wur possessed by the devil, with hits, years, snout an' tushes sawed off, an' rared up an' a gwine on hits hind legs away from emediate trubble and tribulation. He did the loudest an' fussiest runnin' I ever seed since dad rared with the hornets, to be no faster than it wur.

"Well, he disappeared in the thicket, and ove all the misses ye ever hern it wur thar in a cirkle of two hundred feet ar thar-about, sum wimen screamin—they wus the skary wuns; sum larfin—they wus the wicked wuns; (sorter ove the Lovengood stripe;) sum tryin to get away or hide thar faces—they wus the modest ones; some looking arter old Bullin—they wus the curious wuns; sum hangin to thar bows—they wus the sweet wuns; sum on thar knees with thar eyes shut, but thar faces turned the way the old mudturkil wus a runnin—they wus the deceitful wuns; sum duin nothin—they wus the waitin wuns, and the most dangerous ove bll ove em by a durned long sites. I tuck a big skeer myself, arter a bibil about as big as a brick, a disolin, an a book called a sataplasm, a few rocks, and sich like fruit spattered onto the pulpit ni onto my bed; and as the Lovengoods, durn em! knows notin but to run when they git skared, I jist put towards the swamp on the krick. As I started a black bottil ove boldface smashed agin a tree fornninst me. Sum durned fool perfesser dun this, who hed more seal then sense; for I saw a sile kin what wasn't worth a pint of good Whisky ur the chance ove knockin a poor devil like me down with it, if the bottil wux with nothin, isn't as smart as old squire Mackmullin, and he shot hisself with a hoe handil, and hit warnt loaded at that. Well you know, George I orter run fast—jist look at these legs—I used em sum atween that meetin grown an the swamp, and they haint kotch me yet.

"Ole Barbelly Bullin (as they call him) since his tribulation with the hell sarpints, haint preched but wunst, an then he hadn't an omen to hear im. His tex was, "naked I cum into this world an I'm agwine onton it the same way of I'm spared till then."—I'm told 'twar a powerful sermint—it was hearn three miles. He proved that nakedness warnt much, arter all, ef you take the rite view ove the thing—that hell sarpints ove all sizes wus skeery, cold an' trubilsum—that it warnt tu be expected ove him, a poor, weak, frail wun ove the dust, to be sarpint ur lizzard proof either that wun small sarpint of the tribe ove milcizidick rainated a world through an oman while he wur beset with a barril full ove em. An sixteenthly and finally that Sutty Lovengood is the biggest raskil, fool, and skarecrow ever hatched in the mountain range.

"Now, George, that all may be so, but I want you tu tell old Grownhog this for me—ef he'll let me alone I'll let him alone; and ef he don't, If I don't lizzard him again I wish I may be durned inter a poultice. Lets go tu the spring and mix a little ove hit with this yere whisky, (shaking his flask.) afore you start. Mind, tell ole Burbelly what I sed about another big skeer, with—say a peck—ur a peck und a half ove lizzards—try and skeer him if you kin—good bye."

A Murdered Boy Come to Life.

NEW HAVEN: Conn., Dec. 19.—Last winter, a boy named Charles E. Sagi, about nineteen years of age, was missing from his home in Cromwell, near Middletown, in this State and an Irishman named Patrick Nugent, was charged with murdering him and putting his body under the ice, in the Connecticut river. In a few months afterwards, a body was found in the river without a head. This body was believed to be that of the missing boy, from several marks upon it as well as from a portion of the clothing. Soon afterwards, the lining of an overcoat was found, answering to the description of that worn by the missing person.

Some months after, a sailor, named Benson, directly charged Nugent, the Irishman, with the murder. He said he saw the deed done, and assisted Nugent in putting the corpse under a hay mow. He described his dress, the color of his hair, &c., &c.—declared that he had not had any peace of mind since the murder, and that he had come to Cromwell especially to divulge all he knew about it. He confronted Nugent, and charged the deed upon him. The accused denied it, but trembled from head to foot.

A true bill was found against Nugent and he was to have been tried this month. Within a few days, however, the missing boy has been discovered in the interior of Pennsylvania, by his uncle. A special Count was immediately held, and Nugent liberated.

The sailor has been arrested for perjury, with intent to take life, and acknowledged his guilt. The crime will send him to State's Prison for life.

The Beauty of the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the more pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist of dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, this is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure, by the Great Being who made all worlds.

GET MARRIED!—Marry, let the risk be what it may; it gives dignity to your profession, inspires confidence, and commands respect. With a wife the lawyers are more trusty, the doctor more esteemed, the mechanic throws the hammer with increased power, and shoves the plane with a more dexterous hand; the merchant gets a better credit—in short, a man without a wife is no man at all! She nurses him while sick, she watches for him in health. Gentlemen, get a wife—a pretty one if you like them best—a good one if she is to be found—and a rich one if you can get her, and are certain she will not always be dictating to you.

The Somerset (N. J.) Whig says there is a hostler in Somerville who carries a watch that weighs two pounds and three and a half ounces—with a chain attached that wieghs one pound two and a half ounces. The metal of the watch is said to be worth for melting, $56.

The Fashionable Preacher.

The fashionable preacher is a mortal always adored by his congregation, the female portion particularly. He is a mortal, but is sometimes deemed an unwinged immortal, and eclipses the divinity whom he preaches. He prays resoundingly, (to the congregation) and his amen sounds like the tap of a bass drum. He is meek, exceedingly so—in the pulpit—he loves his hearers collectively, and sometimes individually; he hates sin and the devil—professionally. Discourses eloquently on charity from a mahogany pulpit, but forgets his charity for those who differ with him. Gives liberally (his advice) in his resonont sermons, but always has his purse in his other pantaloons pocket when he meets a mendicant.

Sends the gospel to Bariboola-Gha, and sends the heathen at home—to the gutter. Perfumes his sermons with sacred poetry, and perfumes his white handkerchief with eau de cologne.

Speaks yearningly of that other world, but would doubtless perfer staying where he is better acquainted. Calls his congregation the sheep of his flock, and pulls wool over their eyes while he shears them.

Studies attitudes as he studies his sermons, and lifts his arms with inimitable grace to beseech the divine grace of heaven! Delivers from a three story pulpit—where he is elevated far above his hearers—persuasive harangues upon moral propriety. Acts as though sin could be drawn from man, as that beautiful, rich Eye was taken from Adam, by throwing him into a gentle slumber; or, as the dentist extracts a tooth, by administering chloroformal discourses and most ethereal sermons. Of mortality he talks in the aggregate, but never descends to particulars.

If one of his congregation, by mortgaging his property, swindles a friend out of a few thousand dollars, he never rebukes the man as the prophet did David; never mentions it at all—that is a secular affair and belongs to the world.

Prays to God not for wealth, which he wants not, neither for poverty, which he cannot bear, but only for a competence, by which he means a three-story competence, finished with brown stone, and all the modern conveniences and a spacious basement.

Believes there is no gate to heaven but through his church, and calls other denominations "sects."

Sends his brethern upward from "nowere" beds of ease," but whether or not Peter lets them pass the pearly portals, we, being poor miserable sinners, cannot tell.

If he preaches at night, always arrives after the audience is seated and waiting; sometimes, if there is a crash, he has to rise mysteriously through a trap door in the pulpit, as many have seen Parson Beecher do; this always produces a fine effect—so theatrical and striking. Before he enters the gas is turned down to a moonlight mellowness, and a dim obscurity broods over the congregation; the organ is silent.

But the moment arrives; the popular preacher enters, the gas blooms into magnificent brilliancy; the ladies bend eagerly forward and a murmer of expectancy permeates the air, silks rustle, and feathers and fans wave; the organ peals a grand voluntary, and the minister, slowly mounting the richly carpeted stairs, sinks into the silken pulpit cushions, and opens a hymn book.

Is it the worship of God or man? I do not know, but I think of the poor Publican who stood afar off and smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

At York, Pa., on Wednesday evening, the dress of a girl named Henrietta Mate, aged fifteen or sixteen years, took fire from the explosion of a fluid lamp, in the house of Annie Budd. She managed to get out of the house, on the pavement, when the air increased the flames, which illuminated the street, causing an alarm of fire. The Pennsylvanian says: "Mr. George Roop and other gentlemen ran to rescue the suffering girl, who was being consumed rapidly.—They tore the remaining clothing from her body, when a horrible, heart-sickening sight was presented. From her knees to her head her flesh was completely black, and full of blisters. Much of her head has been burned bare of hair, while her face and eyes are so blistered or swollen that she cannot see, and her tongue protrudes from her mouth. In leaving the house she passed through four doors, brushing past a cradle in which slept a child, whose eyebrows, etc., were singed. On feeling for the front door, the girl's finger-marks were plainly discernible. On the pavement she sprung at a lady, the flames reaching far above her head, exclaiming, "My God, help me!" It is no exaggeration to say, that some of the flesh on the poor victim's body was roasted black; about half-past eleven o'clock, Thursday evening, thirty hours after the accident, she died.

The alarm felt among the bachelors on account of the decision, by the courts, that a few visits and friendly attentions to a lady might be construed into an engagement is subsiding, under the following method of protection: Out West, the bachelors provide themselves with cards duly labelled, "Good for this call only!" which are sufficient evidence of no serious intentions.

An antiquarian derives the world suspended from two Latin words, sus, swine, and pendeus, undecided, and says it means the state of doubt in which a man don't know whether to buy pork or not.

Curious Physical Phenomenon.

A YOUNG MAN STRUCK DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.—Ansel Bowen, a young man residing in Westerly, R. I., was the subject of a curious physical phenomenon, a short time since. On the 29th of October, having some business to transact in another village a short distance from Westerly, he was proceeding to transact it, and before he entered the place, while walking along by the road side, he suddenly felt as though a dark cloud was passing athwart his face, and the next instant he was struck entirely blind. In a moment more he lost the use of his speech, so that by all his endeavors he was absolutely unable to utter a single sound.

To crown all, his calamities were increased by the use of his sense of hearing, which instantly left him, and then he was without the power to see his way, to call for assistance, or to evade danger by getting out of the way, not knowing what was next to happen.—He stood like a stone, till luckily one of his companions, passing that way, saw Bowen, and went to speak with him, but he received no answer. He shook him; he turned round; but he neither spoke or opened his eyes, but pointed to his tongue, and anon to his eyes and ears. He was conveyed to his home. Pistols were fired near him, without making the least impression.—He was the incarnation of mystery.—When he eat it was with a spoon.—When he walked he was led like a blind man.

He kept along in the same situation 17 days. At the end of this time, Sunday morning, Nov. 15, as he was going to church, the cloud was dissipated and he again saw as formerly. He went to the church carrying with him a small slate, on which to write questions and answers. When the music was begun, the sense of hearing returned, though speech came not. During the service he wrote some on the slate, and when the preacher got through Bowen returned to his home, rejoiced at the sudden return of his senses, and apparently in as good health as he was when he first experienced the calamity. We have the above facts from the physician who attended him.—*Providence Tribune*

The Washington correspondent of the Independent gives the following vivid description of the "Little Giant" when under full headway; Senator Douglas is very short in stature, but of such physical proportions, even from this rack, as instantly to attract the attention of a stranger. A very large head, connected with broad and powerfully built shoulders by a short, full neck; a chest sufficiently roomy to contain the lungs of a giant, and a pair of short, dumpy legs, complete the physical picture of the "Little Giant," if we except the broad Websterian brow, and the deep set, cavernous eyes, that sparkle and glow, when excited, like miners' lamps beneath it. It is the tremendous brain power lodged in that perpendicular precipice of a forehead, and shooting out its fires from its shadowed eyes, that has given him the sobriquet which he will carry to his grave. When excited and in full flow of debate that massive head rolls and shakes with the emphasis of his thought, and the huge hand doubles until the nails indent the palm, or else the broad, open hand receives the blow of its mate and italicises the sentence with a stunning report. The sweat pours from him profusely, and falls from his head or is thrown clear of his shoulders by these mimical shakes of the head, as the rain drops are shaken from the trees by a storm. Add to this a thick, bushy head of black hair and a restless, uneasy feeling, which prevents his being at rest for five consecutive minutes, and keeps him moving from one point to another in the Senate chamber, and my picture of the "Little Giant" is complete.

WHY LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre table be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family—men women and children—read the newspapers.

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small, that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins help yourself to the bacon. *Don't be afraid of it.*"

"No indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit."

Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference 'tween dieing and dieting?

Why, ob course I kin, Samuel. When you diet you lib on puffin, and when you die you hab nuffin to lib on.

Well, dat's diffunt from wot I tort it was. I tort it was a race atween de doctrin' stuff and starvation, to see which ud kill fust!

Gov. Wise and Thanksgiving.

In one of three messages of Gov. Wise, of Virginia, he descants as follows, on the custom of appointing days for thanksgiving. It has not been for the want of reverence for religion, or that I have been unmindful of God's providence to our people, that I have omitted to observe the mere form and fashion of Executive messages to acknowledge Divine goodness. I have purposely omitted to do so, for the reason that I have, on every occasion when called on by the clergy or others, declined to recommend or appoint a day of thanksgiving. A Mayor of Alexandria lately addressed me on the subject, and I returned for answer the letter, a copy of which I herewith communicate. I declined for the reason that the State officers have no authority or power to enterpose in religious matters belonging exclusively to private individuals and their voluntary church organizations. We are a Christian people, recognizing the Christian law in our baptism, in the naming of our children, in the sanctions of our oaths, around the family alters, in keeping the Sabbath day, in the courts of justice, in our ideas and observances of common morality and decency, in marriages and burials—from the cradle to the grave, in our whole lives and laws. But there is no church establishment, and ought to be none; and there ought to be no meddling of the State with matters of religion and faith, except to protect and defend the freedom of conscience and voluntary worship and to enforce sound morality and common decency. This hinders us not, but rather sets us free to praise God in our own way. Any recommendation of worship from the State or its officers, in any form, is to some extent a constraint upon the people, who have forbidden by their constitution the intermeddling with such matters by political power.

Politics and religion ought not, in any way, to be brought into contact. They pollute and destroy each other. Two of the worst evils of the times are political religion and religious politics. I am not constituted and appointed to handle God's holy things, and I will not dare hipocritically and cantingly to huckster them to the market of popularity among men.

The Sun-Beam's Grave.

Nothing in this vast creation is ever lost. Individuals may be losers through carelessness, but no [illegible] substance can be lost. One combination of things is often changed into another, but no ingredient is ever utterly destroyed, for at this moment the created universe does not contain one particle of matter more, nor one particle less, than belonged to it that day it come fresh from the creating hand of Him who made all things very good. Never did a sunbeam shine in vain, and therefore no sunbeam that ever streaked this world with light could be finally lost. Yet the sunbeam, lonely as it is, has its grave and there sometimes for unnumbered ages it has slept in undisturbed repose. What is coal but latent sunbeams, which need only to be ignited to start out again into active life? The sun, when many years younger than he is now, cast forth his radiant beams on the surface of the world, and noble trees of ferns and other arrogens started at his bidding into vigorous life; they lived, died and underwent changes which made them coal, yes, coal! and the old sun, he did it all. These sunbeams have long been buried in the form of coal; and though by ignition their resurrection life is but a dim shadow of their early brightness, they are yet sunbeams. We have nothing but sunlight in summer or winter, think or talk as we may. The fire on our hearths, the gas in our tubes, the oil in our lamps, and the candles on our tables, are all the products of the sunbeam. We kindle them, and in the very act raise the sunbeam from its grave, and send it forth to run perchance a long cycle of changes ere again it rests in such a place as that we have dragged it from.

QUESTION FOR A WIFE.—We do not know who wrote the following; but it ought to be printed in letters, of gold;—"Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the tempter which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. It is a cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip.—Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as touch him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own."

The York (Pa.) Press states that a successful and skillful operation was performed on the wife of the Rev. Mr. Vanderslout, of Spring Garden, township, in that County, a few weeks ago, by doctors John F. Fisher of this place, and William F. Vanderslout, of Loganville, in abstracting an enormous tumor from her abdomen, which is said to measure about eighteen inches in circumference. She has been a severe sufferer from the effects of it for the last twenty years.—She is doing well, and strong hopes are entertained of her being restored to good health