The Democratic Watchman.

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

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Original.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Decision and Energy of Character.

BY JAMES H. BECK.

No two elements of our nature tend, perhaps, so much to the right formation of character, as decision and energy. Without these it is absolutely impossible to accomplish, anything. They are, emphatically speaking, the basis as well as the main pillars of all that is grand, glorious and dignified in man; and the individual who is so fortunate as to possess these, is certainly the owner of that which all mankind should envy and admire. There is, however, a nice distinction between the meaning of the terms. By decision of character is meant the tenacity with which we cling to opinions and conclusions arrived at through the sense of truth, justice and right within us, while energy is nothing more than the carrying out of these, or, in other words, the onward power which prompts or enables us to undertake and accomplish our aims in view. We see, too, that the existence of the one is inseparably connected with that of the other, which fact warrants the inference that the wholesome influence of the one is essentially necessary to that of the other. To make this point clear, what benefit would accrue to the passengers of a steam car or steamboat if the steam or propelling power of the locomotive were not controlled by an engineer or some directing agent? Methinks every sensible person would at once conclude that, without this agency the car or steamboat would not move at all, or if it did its motion would be so imperfect and irregular as not only to be productive of serious inconveniences, but would be likely to rush on to the total annihilation of car and passengers, so of the elements under consideration. If this principle of energy is not founded upon or regulated by this decision of mind, it may be the means of goading us on to deeds of rashness and wickedness, that might ultimately end in the entire destruction of our reputations and lives. To use another illustration, what necessity for the masts, rigging, &c., of a ship in the absence of a power by which these with the body might be driven forward? The answer is too plain to be misunderstood. Then applying this principle to ourselves, what sort of specimen of the "Genus Home" would we be if destitute of a proper spirit of energy to carry out the noble intentions of the heart, and the honest judgment of the intellect? Mere automatons. Then as the formation of a right character is essentially requisite to our glory, usefulness and happiness in this life, and that which is to come, and without the harmonious blending of these qualities reputation is sadly deficient, it behoves us to properly cultivate these, that we may be able to battle manfully with life's turmoils, and come off more than victors in the strife. This our day and country demands. We live in an age of progression, in an era when improvements, arts and sciences of all kinds are being carried to the highest state of perfection, which new condition of affairs plainly shows the necessity of every true hearted American possessing an increased amount of skill, decision and energy of character in order to the right appreciation and maintenance of these high prerogatives. But, especially should this be borne in mind by the youth of our land. Soon our grey-haired fathers will have passed off the stage of action and the towering forests that are scattered here and there with wild profusion over our territory, the majestic rivers whose waters flow so beautifully along intersecting and fertilizing every part of our wide spread domain, the wide stretching plains, the richness of whose soil is no where excelled, together with the numerous and diversified interests of the entire country, will become the priceless legacy of the rising generation; upon which will devolve the protecting and defending of these blood bought interests against the wily encroachments of power loving demagogues at home, and plotting conspirators from abroad. To do this effectually requires wisdom guided by a more than ordinary share of decision and energy. For the acquiring of the former we are bountifully supplied with almost innumerable Schools, Seminaries and Colleges of learning, the excellency of which will compare very favorably with those of any other nation on the face of the globe. For attaining to a high degree of perfection in the cultivation of the latter, we have not only the noblest of examples from time immemorial down to the present day, to excite us to deeds, words, and actions of a noble, candid, manly and benevolent character, but the care of God, and humanity calls loudly for protection.—But in order to arrive at this point many difficulties are to be overcome. Numberless baneful influences are constantly at work to limit and neutralize our field of usefulness, which, if not carefully guarded against, will do very much towards throwing this glorious object in view. The great desire to heap together piles of filthy lucre, the disposition again to throw this away in following the foolish customs, frivolities and fashions of the day, the natural tendency of the heart, to despise labor and woo indolence, are a few of these. True these may be difficult to subdue, perhaps they have been practiced so long that the desire to repeat them has become a second nature, perchance they are of a constitutional character. Then we say the greater the liability to give way to these weaknesses, the greater the necessity to avoid their committal; and just in proportion to the effort put forth, in that proportion will they be overcome, and the greater the effort the more glorious the triumph when the object has been attained. But these are but straws in the way to the firm and energetic. To such the inducements to be governed by these, are but trifling compared with the far more ennobling ones held out by God, our day and our country. Providence, then, for certain wise purposes, has implanted within the breast of man these peculiar attributes, undoubtedly for his benefit morally, intellectually, civily, religiously and politically, and that he may be the means of bettering, and elevating the condition of his fellow man.—This being the design he is in duty bound to make a proper use of these, not only because it is for his own, his neighbor and his country's good, but God in the placing of them there commands him so to do, which makes the obligation binding upon him in a two-fold sense. Then, as we are all endowed, more or less, with a share of decision and energy, let us endeavor so to cultivate this as to be wholly impregnable to the many corrupting influences with which we are constantly surrounded. If we would adopt for our motto the maxim of the eccentric Crocket, "be sure you're right then go ahead," victory *must* and *will* crown our efforts in whatever we undertake, and although the purity of our actions may be mistaken and questioned by the low, distrustful and designing, and our full measure of justice may not be meted out to us in this life yet, we cannot fail of receiving the reward reserved for the just and faithful in that which is to come. Should we thus do, to adopt the language of the immortal Washington, "*prosperity will huzza for us.*"

A Cheap Menagerie Show.

At old Ashtabula, in the State of Ohio, there once lived a queer old puritan yeleped Deacon Daniel B., a worthy man and a christian, (as the time went) although his style of preaching was peculiar to himself and unlike anything laid down in the books.

At a protracted meeting, the good people were much scandalized to find that a menagerie had encamped in the same vicinity, and was "drawing big audiences" from among the worshippers, and among the delinquents, several members of the Deacon's family. Amid the general lamentation the Deacon arose and comforted them as follows:

"Brethren, you must have faith! There is Abraham, *he* had faith—got a knife out to kill his son Isaac with—but the Lord didn't let him *dew* it. And there is my namesake, Daniel, *he* had faith—lots of faith *too*. They cast him into a lion's den, *but* lions never touched him—and there he sat and sat *all* night, and looked at the show for nothing—didn't cost him a *cent* either."

The Deacon's voice became inaudible, and he subsided.

Do any of our readers know the origin of the phrase "rather steep?" When a price is too high for a man's means, or a story too incredible for his faith, he pronounces it "rather steep." We fancy that we have detected it in the following, from the Bedford Gazette:

"A certain facetious a quaintance of ours was, a few days ago, 'poking his fun' at the very high and steep hills which give such an air of sublimity to some parts of our county, and said that he had seen cultivated fields so precipitous that he had to lie on his back to see the top! Whereupon he was taken down by another "sharp customer" in this style: 'I once was at a place (said Mr. ——) where the fields were so steep that the people looked up their chimneys to see whether their cows were coming home!' We left, wondering what human nature will "come to" after a while."

MERRY—Jeremy Taylor says if you are for pleasure marry, if you prize rosy health, marry, and even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of many jewels—her voice is sweetest music—her smile his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counselors—her bosom the softest pillow of his care—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

The "State of Matrimony" is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against.

One of the most fashionable dressmakers in New York turns out to be *a man!*—For several years past he has been fitting dresses to the charming forms of the New York ladies, and fitting the ladies to the charming forms of their dresses. He is said to have been extremely popular with the ladies, and many regret that the discovery of his sex extended beyond themselves.

"Billy Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "next time I catch you alone, I'll flog you like anything." "Well, replied Bill, "I ain't often much alone; I commonly have my legs and my fists with me."

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT HALFMOON.

The Teachers' Institute called by Prof. J. I. Burrell for Halfmoon, Patton, Taylor, Worth and Huston Districts, convened Friday morning, Jan 22d, in Stormstown. Session being called the following members were present:

A. J. Hartsock, J. B. Way, Wm Weaver, Thad Stevens, Miss E. J. Lambora, Miss Emma Myers, Halfmoon; Jas. M. Perdue, G. W. Rumbarger, W. Graham, Patton, R. Eason, D. Zensmyer, C. Swope, Taylor; Miss Kate Reese, Miss Annie Campbell, Thomas Bearis, Worth; T. C. Thomas, S. S. McCartney, Harris; J. E. Thomas, A. B., J. P. Burchfield, A. B., Jas. Stuart, H. Gates, Miss J. Hunter, Miss S. S. Hunter, Miss S. J. Weaver, Miss Kate Moser, Ferguson.

The exercises continued during Friday and Saturday. The following subjects were taken up and discussed with much interest and spirit. "Arithmetic," discussion opened by A. J. Hartsock. "Geography," by T. Bearis. "English Grammar," Jas. M. Perdue. "Mental Arithmetic," J. E. Thomas, A. B. "Orthography," S. S. M'Cartney. "Reading," T. C. Thomas. A class of concert readers was ably conducted by W. Weaver. The evenings were occupied by very able and interesting addresses by Prof's. Burrell and Thomas. The pupils of the Stormstown School, headed by Mr. Wearer, enlivened the exercises throughout with very excellent music. The sessions of the Institute were largely attended by the public who manifested a great deal of interest in the exercises. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

1st *Resolved*, That we have entire confidence in our worthy County Superintendent, J. I. Burrell, and that we will sustain him in his well directed efforts to advance the glorious system of Common Schools, and that we especially commend the energy and perseverance he has exhibited in establishing Township Associations throughout this entire county.

2nd *Resolved*, That a too frequent application of the rod as a mode of punishment in our schools is an evidence of a want of skill and ability in the teacher.

3d. *Resolved*, That the practice of offering prizes as a motive to induce pupils, in our schools, to study, is exceedingly objectionable, and should be condemned by all competent teachers.

4th *Resolved*, That Common School examinations, when properly conducted, are productive of much real benefit, and should be encouraged.

5th *Resolved*, That we tender our sincere thanks to Messrs. Weaver, Hartsock and pupils for the enlivening and soul stirring music with which they delighted our ears during our association.

6th *Resolved*, That we as a body of teachers, tender our warm and heartfelt thanks to the trustees of the Methodist Church for its use during our meeting.

7th *Resolved*, That we do tender our most hearty thanks to the people of Stormstown and vicinity, who have so kindly entertained and cared for us during our pleasant and profitable stay among them.

After the adoption of the above resolutions, the Institute adjourned, to meet on the 14th of Feb., at Gray's School House, in Patton District.

A. J. HARTSOCK

A Lady Writer on Hoops.

A lady in the Newburyport Herald says. We believe in hoops. Mind, we say *hoops*, plural number. Deliver us from that abominable, single, hoop-head hoop, which many ladies wear about knee high, showing its entire shape through a single flimsey skirt, dragging down by its weight the dress to the shape of a cone, while the part of the skirt below the hoop flaps, winds and reefs around it in every wind that blows. Not much improvement is the addition of one or two other hoops, unless they are graduated in size according to the height of the wearer, and covered by skirts of sufficient thickness to hide the skeleton, than which nothing could be more hideous, unless it were a veritable skeleton from the graveyard.

The only skirt that looks uniformly graceful is that made of a series of rattan, whalebone or brass hoops, extending from the waist to the feet, gradually increasing in size with that graceful swell that gives to the dress the airy contour of a blue bell; preserving that golden mein in regard to circumference that modesty and good taste will ever dictate. The hoops in this skirt should be so near together that they will lose their individuality, and "make no sign" under the thinnest summer dress; for herein lies the advantage and whole philosophy of the hoop movement, inasmuch as it allows one skirt to give that fulness and grace which has hitherto been attainable only by half a dozen.

After all, the genuine crinoline is the thing, which, as its name imports, is a kind of hair cloth, which by its own innate virtue, without the aid of hoops, will preserve its elasticity and inflated character, without the awkwardness that at times is inseparable from its humble imitator. The expense is the only objection to its general adoption.

As a newly-married couple from a way down East, were one night lying in bed talking over matters and things, a heavy thunder storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash caused the loving couple to start as though they had received an electric shock. Jonathan throwing his arms around his wife, exclaimed: "Hug up to me, Liz, let's die like men!"

A Child among the Coffins.

Here is a beautiful little gem. We know not who uttered it, but it is full of sweet thoughts and happy fancies:

"A while ago we told of having seen a little child asleep in a cradle amidst the coffins; it seemed like a flower in a catacomb, or a tree of life growing in the domains of death. Mortality had left his contribution boxes all around the room, but the child smiled in its sleep, for its soul wandered in the playground of dreamland, where angels come out to join in the sports of sinless infancy.—Yesterday they coaxed it so far away that it will never come back. They took it away down through the aisles of Heaven, and hid it under the Mercy Seat, until the evil days shall have passed, and until time shall have thrown its useless hour-glass among the broken fragments of the world. The mother looked in the cradle and thought her child was dead; but it was only the delicate frame where a jewel had been left for a little while until it was transplanted from the dim light of earth to the Shekinah which burns in the triumphal crown of Death's conqueror.

O, for a death like the infant's who slept among the coffins! O, for the quiet slumber from which the touch of angel's pinions shall wake the soul! For that we would willingly lie down among sepulchral sculpturings, or put on the wooden shroud.

Judge Allison, in his charge to the jury in the case of Thos. Washington Smith, for the murder of Richard Carter, in Philadelphia, last November, makes use of the following language, on the plea of insanity:—

"In order to justify a verdict of acquittal upon this ground, you must find that the defendant, although conscious of the act he was about to perpetrate and its consequences, yet governed by an uncontrollable impulse, his is will no longer in subjection to his reason, owing to the excited and continued impetuosity of his thoughts; the confused condition of a mind enfeebled by disease and goaded by some grevious wrong; that he was wrought up to a frenzy bordering upon madness, which rendered him unable to control his actions or direct his movements.—If the tempest of grief and passion which swept over him prostrated the strong men, so that he had no longer the control of his will, he is not responsible to the law for his acts; but if he was possessed of this restraining power, sufficient, if called into exercise, to stay the hand which took the life of Richard Carter, and the defendant were otherwise sane to a degree of responsibility for crime, then he is guilty of the offence charged against him, and ought to be convicted of wilful, deliberate, and premeditated murder."

Late and Important from Mexico.

Anarchy and Confusion—The City of Mexico in a State of Siege—Repulse of Comonfort's Troops.

NEW ORLEANS Jan 25—By the arrival of the steamship Tennessee, from Vera Cruz, advices to the 21st have been received. The whole country is in a state of complete anarchy and confusion. All the mail stages between Vera Cruz and the capital have been stopped by banditti and robbed.

Nearly every State and town is pronouncing against the dictatorship of Comonfort.

The city of Mexico is in a state of siege. The brigade of General Zuloaga, which was the first that declared for the dictatorship, has now pronounced against Comonfort.—This brigade has possession of the citadels and barracks of St. Augustine and Santa Domingo.

Comonfort having been refused admittance into the latter barracks, assembled two thousand troops at the palace, with artillery, and arrested General Zuloaga, but afterwards released him on parole. A portion of Zuloaga's brigade favor their commander for the Presidency, while others prefer Santa Anna.

On the 16th instant the San Augustine barracks were attacked by Comonfort's troops, but they were repulsed.

All the foreigners in the capital have hoisted the flags of their respective countries, as a means of protection. Confusion reigns in the capitol.

A Desperate Prisoner.

At York, Pa., on Monday, four persons were arrested on a charge of creating a disturbance. One of them, named Fisher, made a desperate resistance, and assaulted High Constable Ruby and several citizens with a long-bladed knife, but without doing them any injury. The York Republican says:

It was with much difficulty that he was tied, thrown into a wagon and conveyed to jail. When he arrived there he managed to get a bar of iron, with which he assaulted one of the keepers, injuring him somewhat.—When in the cell he tore off the spiggot of the hydrant, which he threw with much force at those outside, who narrowly escaped feeling its weight. He then broke up some of the wood work inside, with which he made a club, and swore he would knock out the brains of any persons who should enter the cell. His conduct was such that the sheriff ordered him to be shot, and two balls were fired at him, one of which grazed one leg, and the other ball took effect in the other leg. He then submitted—the ball was extracted, when he asked to see it, and *swallowed* it immediately.

Six cases it said have been registered in the city of Boston, in one year, of intermarriage between black men and white women. Boston, be it remembered, is where Garrisonian Abolitionism flourishes in all its intensity.

From the N. Y. Dutchman.

A Case of Imagination.

We were the witness of a very ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which, we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors, and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety, by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming

"For God's sake, help me to see what is the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half-frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with or confine him as a madman. The latter we came very near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon part of the pantaloons, just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we at last.

"The matter?" he exclaimed, "Oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal lizard or scorpion, I expect! Oh! I can't let go; I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live—Ah, I feel it again."

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time, at a respectable distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarrantulas, and began to imagine some deadly object or reptile in the legs of our friends unmentionables as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was passing the pile of rubbish in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning," and he clenched his fist more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time, two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring me a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"O, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I cannot bend my knee." If I do, it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."

"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard *squeeze*; I will crush the *beast*," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left this last effort must have killed it.

He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and as straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured, the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing.—We were looking on in almost breathless silence, to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way, should it be alive, when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside of my drawers." "It's alive, too—I feel it!—quick—give me the knife again!"

Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo, out came *his wife's stocking!*

How the stocking ever got there, we are unable to say; but there it certainly was, and such a laugh that *followed*, we hav'nt heard for many a day. *Our friend*, we know, has told *the joke himself*, and *must* pardon us for doing so. *Though this is about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no yarn.*

AN EDITOR'S AUDIENCE.—"Whom are you talking to? Why, to a much larger audience than the best conversationist ever could boast of, and to more than ever listened to him during a month. How few clergyman, how few lecturers, how few public speakers of any description ever witnessed an audience half so large as that to which the editor of the smallest country paper preaches! How many clergymen are there who are accustomed to audiences of a thousand, and how few papers are there which do not strictly and literally find more than a thousand readers.

A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room, or elsewhere a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

If you desire to be truly valiant, fear to do any injury; he that fears not to do evil, is always afraid to suffer evil; he that never fears is desperate; and he that fears always is a coward; he is the true valiant man, that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.—*Quarles.*

Remarkable Januaries.

The month of January of 1858, thus far, has been a most remarkable one. The mercury in Philadelphia, has scarcely been down to freezing point, and the weather generally has been more like that of April or October, than the second month of winter. Looking back, we find that the January of 1790, was also a remarkably mild one, the medium temperature being 44 degrees. The mercury often ran up to 70 in the shade at mid-day, and boys were seen swimming in the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. This mild weather continued until February 17th, when a reaction took place, and cold set in, in good earnest. The Januaries of 1793, 1810, 1828, 1838, 1842, 1845, were also mild, and there have been several Januaries since, which were by no means what may be called hard. During these mild Januaries, fogs have prevailed, as they have at times the present month. It is possible we may have a cold snap before the 30th. We doubt not our ice gatherers are hoping that it will not be much longer delayed; though there are hundreds and thousands who are effected by the late panic, and to whom an indefinite postponement of bitter cold will be an inestimable blessing.

The cold Januaries from 1790 to 1846, have been those of 1815, 1820, 1821, 1831, 1832, 1840, 1844. In 1815 the medium temperature was 26. The Schuylkill and Delaware were both frozen hard during the whole month. In 1820 the medium temperature was also 26. In 1821 the medium temperature was 25, and there was an uncommon amount of snow all the month. On nine mornings the mercury, in Philadelphia, was below zero, and on the two mornings as many as nine degrees below. Down in Maine, during the month, it frequently fell to 40 degrees below zero. Only three Januaries previous to this, during a century, had been so cold, and those were in 1741, 1765, and 1780. The sleighing was good from Buffalo to the extremest part of Maine and from St. Johns New Brunswick, through the Canadas, and for a thousand miles westward. Every harbor was ice-bound from Alexandria, Va., to Eastport, Me., excepting the harbor of Portsmouth New Hampshire, January, 1840, is however the coldest on record, the medium temperature being as low as 24. The month was without a single thaw, and there was a good deal of snow upon the earth. On sixteen mornings during the month, the mercury ranged from ten to twenty degrees below zero in Philadelphia.

Life in India.

Traveling in India is often fraught with dangers rather different from those in England. For instance, when crossing rivers in a bullock bandy, it is not at all uncommon, when about the middle, for one or both to lie down, and thus upset the bandy; or sometimes accidentally pop down in a hole, and frighten you terribly. All these little catastrophies we have frequently experienced; but through the kind care of our God, have never suffered seriously.

On one occasion when traveling in a palanquin, I stopped in a bungalow to get some refreshments, and told the bearers to take out the mattress and pillows, and make it comfortable for us the remainder of the journey. They did so, and to my horror I saw a live snake coiled up under the second pillow, and as warm and comfortable as possible. It had traveled with us thirty-five miles and from being unconscious of its nearness, we felt no fear. Had we been restless, and disturbed it, the probability is that it would have stung, but not being roused it remained asleep and thus we were most providentially preserved from harm.—I confess I felt a little nervous at getting in again, lest where there was one there might be another, but it was not so; and we arrived at Negapatam in safety.

On another occasion, when resting in a little mud-thatched church, and half asleep, I saw a snake hanging from the roof, and just over my mattress. We had only a little native lamp, and for some time I watched the creature, thinking that it was merely a piece of rope or thatch, but when I saw it gradually descend, I was convinced it was alive and directly got up, and without much ceremony had it dispatched.—*A Missionary Wife.*

A LAZY MAN.—A worthy old citizen of Newport, who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them hillocks," so lazy indeed that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair, by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot it—had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old white faced mare to the spot where the tautog (black fish) might be depended on for any weight, from two to twelve pounds—backed his gig down to the water side—put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooked, started the old mare and pulled him out.

In New York on Monday another, and in all probability the last step in the Burdell murder, was reached. John J. Eckel, Mrs. Cunningham's supposed accomplice, was set completely at liberty, a *nolle prosequi* being applied for in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at the instance of the late district attorney. When Mrs. Cunningham was acquitted, of course all charges of complicity against Mr. Eckel fell to the ground. Yet though admitted to bail, he has remained ever since under legal suspicion of having been concerned in the commission of that miserable assassination. By these proceedings he is entirely absolved.