The Democrat[illegible] Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS T[illegible]ESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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BELLEFONTE, PA., T[illegible]DAY, FEB. 25, 1858.

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Miscellaneous.

(From Life Illustrated.)

Sketches in the House of Representatives.

Do you see that jovial-looking man, with portly figure and ruddy countenance, who leans so carelessly against the wall? That is Speaker Orr, of South Carolina. The House is in Committee of the Whole, and he has temporarily resigned his throne amid the crimson velvet cushions of the chair. To judge from his appearance, you would scarcely suspect that a great intellect glowed within that heavy *physique*, and yet those who are accustomed to feel the political pulse are well aware of his untiring energy and ability.

Mr. Bernhisel, the delegate from Utah, sits at his desk, near the door. He is small and slender, with a keen, frosty and a high, bald brow, fringed on either side by a fall of silvery hair. He is cold and quiet, and generally sits with downcast head, seeming to take no interest whatever in the social converse of those around.

"Oh! do point out the Utah delegate to me!" exclaimed a lady sitting directly behind me, to her attendant cavalier. "I went to visit the Washington Monument yesterday, and now I want to see that *other* marvel of the metropolis!"

"Now isn't it strange," returned the gentleman, "that the two men in Washington who attract most feminine curiosity are Mr. Buchanan, who has *no* wife, and Mr. Bernhisel, who has half a dozen?"

I could not help smiling at this little episode, for I had already observed the truth of the gentleman's assertion. Indeed, I begin to fear that we of the fair sex were making a very great mistake in bestowing so much of our attention on the unfortunate old bachelor and the Mormon disciple of "Brother Brigham!" Suppose that we were unconsciously encouraging their horrid doctrine—for we don't know which is the worst delusion of the two! Wouldn't that be dreadful, ladies?

Prominent among the members this session is James B. Clay, son of "Harry of the West." He is tall, slender, and narrow-chested, with auburn hair, high cheek-bones, and brow already slightly furrowed. His profile when in repose, bears a vivid and startling resemblance to that of his illustrious father—the same towering head, firm chin, and expressive lips are there, while his sonnie, winning and persuasive, reminds you irresistably of the noble Kentuckian, now in Heaven.

As a speaker he is distinct, nervous, impressive, and possesses a clear, piercing voice. Look at him now, as he utters a few brief yet pentent remarks! See the quick, little motion of the wrist, and the graceful play of the hand and forefinger! That motion was peculiar to the gestures of Henry Clay, and his son has unconsciously inherited it!

Here comes Parrott, the delegate from "Bleeding Kansas!" a tall, slight man with a pale face and a fine Roman profile. His hair is of a glossy black, and his eyes are dark and restless, moving constantly from place to place. How calmly he passes along—how quiet and unobstructive is his manner! yet we do not believe that the thunders of the Inquisition itself could turn that man from the path on which he has determined to tread!

The member whose arm is passed through his, and who is talking to him in such a low, earnest voice, is the noted Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts. People say that they look alike, and truly one can trace a resemblance in the expression of their faces.

Thayer is a noble-looking man; nature has placed her unmistakable patent of royalty on his brow. Observe that high, white forehead and those brilliant deep-set eyes, the unconscious majesty of his port, and the quiet dignity which pervades his every motion! His wavy beard, which is very long, and of a jet black, flows luxuriantly down over his breast, presenting a strong contrast to the closely shaven chins and trimly cut whiskers of many of the honorable members.

That pale old gentleman, with parchment colored skin, and head nearly devoid of hair, is Letcher, of Virginia, one of the ablest representatives of the South. We betide the unlucky Congressman who lays himself open, unguarded assertion or illogical argument, to the keen retort of Letcher! He sits leaning forward against his desk, slowly poising his fingers together, with firmly compressed lips, and apparently no emotion relaxes the austere gravity of his immovable countenance. Yet that man watches every motion, every sign that betokens in what direction the current of debate may turn, and not a single word falls unheaded on his ear!

But it is growing late, and although there are many other celebrities present, we must defer commenting on them until our next visit. We descend innumerable stairs and pass through halls, galleries, and corridors until at length we reach the western steps of the Capitol, where a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city presents itself, while far beyond we can just trace the domes of "Arlington," throned on the blue distant hills.

MRS. GEORGE W. WYLLYS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1858.

It is a very common thing to abuse lawyers. Briefless lawyers, however, should always be excepted. It is wrong to speak ill of a man without a good cause.

The Mormons not to be Bought Off.

The Washington Union denies the report that negotiations are in progress between the administration and Mr. Bernhisel, for the withdrawal of the army from Utah, the emigration of the Mormons to some island of the ocean, and the purchase of their lands in Salt Lake Valley by the government.—The army has been dispatched to Utah, as to one of the military departments of the country, where its presence is required independently of the Mormons; and it would probably remain in that department in the strength that has been dispatched there, though every Mormon should evacuate the territory.—The Mormons are only squatters on the lands at Salt Lake, never having paid the government one cent for it. It would be remarkable if the government should negotiate for the purchase of its own lands which it has never sold. The only thing which will make the Mormons leave Utah or submit to the constitutional government of the Union, will be the presence of troops in large enough numbers to show that forcible resistance would be destruction.

The Utah campaign will be prosecuted with the utmost energy of the department and whatever mischances befall it, must attach to Congress if it refuse additional force.

Spurgeon's Ideas of Dancing.

The Rev Mr. Spurgeon has discovered that dancing is a very healthy exercise, and to be commended, but it is the dancing of ladies with gentlemen that is so objectionable, and so he recommends that they practice the entertainment separately. We fear that this arrangement will not find much favor with either sex. A ladies' quadrille is pretty enough; but what shall be said of eight fellows with beards on their faces grimly doing *L' Ete* in pursuit of health and gratification?—However, there is nothing like novelty, and the least that the aristocrats who are advertised as patronizing Mr. Spurgeon, and who would condemn the "vulgar curiosity" of humbler sermon hunters, can do is to try his plan at their own reunions. "He quadrilles," "She polkas," would make a good card of invitation. Surely the titled patrons of this individual are not going to discredit him by showing that his labors produce no fruit.

Henry Clay.

When Henry Clay was young and a brilliant member of the Legislature of Kentucky, one of the old Buckskins heard him quote the Common Law of England as decisive in the case then under discussion.—The old fellow was astonished and jumping up, began:

"Mr. Speaker, I want to know sir, if what that gentleman has said is true. Are we all living under old English law?"

"The Speaker informed the anxious inquirer that the Common Law was recognized as part of the law of the land.

"Well sir, 'resumed Buckskin, "when I remember that our fathers, and some of *us* fit, bled, and died to be free from English law, I don't want to be under any on it any longer. And I make a motion that it be repealed right away."

"The motion was seconded. The Kentucky blood was up. The Buckskins fired off speech after speech, and Mr Clay had as much as he could do to explain the matter, and save the Legislature of Kentucky from repealing the Common Law of England."

James Madison, the "cast iron" man as he is termed, who exhibits his remarkable strength throughout the country, met with a narrow escape a short time since at the Richmond Theatre. While supporting three large anvils on his breast, one of the men who was striking the anvils with a sledge hammer missed the anvil and struck Mr. Madison a blow on his side with the hammer, at the same time cutting one of his fingers nearly off. To the astonishment of the audience, however, the performer had his wounds attended to, and then completed his feats.

FATAL DUEL IN MINNESOTA.—A quarrel between a lumberman named Griggy, and a Chippewa Indian Chief, known as Hole-in-the day, was settled by a duel, at the Indian agency above Crow Wing, Minnesota, on the 12th ult. The weapons chosen were revolvers, and the distance sixty feet. On the first fire, Griggy was wounded in the right side, and on the second in the left. He then fell to the ground, but recovering himself, fired the third round in a recumbent position, shooting Hole-in-the-day through the heart and killing him instantly. The unfortunate Chippewa leaves seven wives.

THE PARADISE OF ROGUES.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Minnesota, intended to stimulate the immigration into the State, much on the principle that the founders of old Rome are said to have adopted in filling up their colony.—This bill exempts actual settlers from all process of law for the recovery of debts that were contracted before coming into the State.

POISONING CASE.—A case of poisoning was brought before one of the magistrates in the city of Philadelphia last week, which has caused considerable excitement. Edwin Kirkpatrick charges his brother Robert Kirkpatrick, with an attempt to poison him and his family by sending them a poisoned mince pie. The testimony shows that a personal feud has existed between them for some time

How a Church w[illegible] Fremontism.

A Congregati[illegible] neighboring State got so completely enlighted in the Presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessee, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues—and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally a worthy old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm undeviating Democrat was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O Lord," said he, "uphold the Democratic party which has received thy protecting support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that party which has under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this Republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, Oh carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the honest statesman, and guide him safely to the Presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckenridge, the young and zealous Democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads straight to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory. Oh, bless the opponents of Democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, as I verily believe it is." Be on the side of Democracy, Oh, Lord as thou hast been for the past fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvanian's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother, and Oh, I beseech thee, especially free the Christian Churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending asunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word of mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against the good old party which thou in wisdom hast upheld so long, and so respectably guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of good measures. Oh, turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the Federal or Abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the Gospel. At this rate the present state of things, cannot last. If politics are to rule, I shall claim one half the time in behalf of the Democratic party, so that there may be a fair discussion within these walls!—Amen!"

This was a stumper. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the Democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished there was a silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church.—From that time forward the minister attended to his gospel duties and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside the church. Again the society prospered and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's earnest prayer was answered in more respects than one.—*Hartford Times.*

Spurgeon on Amusements.

In a recent lecture in London, Mr Spurgeon the eccentric but popular Divine, thus expatiates on dancing, gambling and other fashionable amusements. He commenced his remarks by warning his hearers against those things which were called pleasures, but which the conscience told were not pleasures that should be indulged in by a Christian person. Of this class he instanced evening parties where persons met together in white kid gloves, stared at one another, and talked nonsense; and declared that, for his part, he would rather stop at home than undergo the misery of such amusements.

He believed that if some persons advertised bottles of water as a most delectable drink the draught would soon be considered a great delicacy, and that many things pleased merely because they were called pleasures. With regard to dancing, his opinion was, that it was a most healthy exercise, and should be freely indulged in; but he thought males and females should dance apart, the ordinary practice of coupling the sexes in the dance being productive of unholy desires.

Games of skill he saw no objection to, but games of chance could be said to be productive of no beneficial result. The rattle of diceboxes always reminded him of casting of lots at the foot of the cross for the vesture of the Saviour, and he did not think it became any christian to touch them. But it was no use giving advice on these matters, for most persons had made up their minds upon them, and only sought some authority to excuse that which their consciences told them was not right. Religion, he declared was never intended to make our pleasures less, and he advised all to despise conventionalism in their enjoyment, but to avoid those pleasures which the conscience condemned.

The Senate of Pennsylvania has passed a joint resolution authorizing the Governor to open a correspondence with the Governors of other States for the calling of a convention for the adoption of a measure to prohibit the issuing of notes under five, ten, or twenty dollars.

Excitement in Pittsburgh.

The Pittsburg Chronicle says that the bodies of Fife and Charlotte Jones, the McKeesport murderers, after being cut down, were placed in coffins provided for the purpose, and placed in a furniture wagon with a view to their removal to the grave yard for interment. The sister of Charlotte, with an affection, however wicked or abandoned its object may have been, should secure for her the sympathy of the crowd, took a seat on one of the coffins, and the wagon moved on to its destination.

The crowd at this time was immense, and the conduct of many of the loafers who formed it disgusting. As the vehicle neared the graveyard, however, it became much worse, and the scenes which followed were disgraceful to humanity. The unfortunate woman seated on the coffin of her sister, and filled with grief for her untimely end, was hooted and abused, called all kinds of names, and finally pelted with stones until her very life was almost put in jeopardy. Foremost in the brutal affair were a number of abandoned negroes, who did everything that their brutal instincts could suggest to annoy the woman, and but that they were prevented we believe they would have laid violent hands upon them. A few respectable men who saw the transaction, however, interfered and succeeded in getting the mob to desist, and the wagon proceeded on its way.

A Husband in Trouble.

Another John Doan case is being enacted in New York. A man named Taylor, got out a writ of *habeas corpus*, to obtain possession of his wife. It appears the Bride is worth $30,000 in her own right, and was married without the consent of her mother. The mother, daughter, son in-law, and some more friends all went to the theatre one night, the intended bride being in company with a friend of the intended husband, and the intended husband being with the mother-in-law, when of course by accident the company got separated in going into the theatre. The mother looked for her daughter, but not seeing her, sent Mr Taylor to find her, he did so and took her to a friend's house, got married and went back to the theatre and delivered her to her mother as if nothing had happened. The next morning he called to see his wife, but the mother refused and he has been unable to see her since. He now sues for the recovery of her person, and alleges that she is his lawful wife, and is restrained from her liberty.—How the case will be decided time will tell, but of course it creates an immense excitement, and any quantity of food for gossip.

The *habeas corpus* case above alluded to, has since been brought to a close by the bride appearing in Court, and disclaiming any intention or desire to return to her husband.

CONSCIENCE TROUBLED THEM.—An exchange paper says: "A man in a certain village, with whom we are acquainted, having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following notice:

"I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand, and if the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, (scripture measure) I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him."

On the following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself to be the person intended.

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—It is said by somebody, who pretends to know all about it, that the following is a sure remedy for a felon: "Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir it in air-slacked lime, till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty.—Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain." We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy, and recommend it to any who may be troubled with this disagreeable ailment.

GETTING AHEAD OF 'MA.'—A young couple eloped from Indianapolis last week, and were married in Cincinnati. Shortly after the ceremony they were telegraphed, and an officer soon traced them to the United States Hotel, where he entered their room without knocking and found them snug in the bridal couch. He explained his errand, when the young lady said, with a ringing laugh—"Tell ma it's too late—we've been married half an hour! Te! he! hee!"

HARD NAMES.—A postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain subscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman, "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

The widow of the late President Harrison has been for a considerable time confined to her bed, at the residence of her son, J. Scott Harrison, near North Bend, Ohio. Old age, rather than any particular disease, it is stated, has asserted its influence upon a naturally robust organization. The venerable lady is now over eighty years of age.

We observe that the editor of the California Farmer has seen three crops of apples in that golden country from the same trees, in the year 1857—also mentions a yield of 200 tons of beets from a four acre field at San Jose. At this rate, the crops bid fair to rival the mines in profit

Who's "Fraid."

One of the comic papers revives an old story that is better now than it was in those days of spirit seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea captain, who retired from service and lived on a farm, had a wild harumscarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do anything in its proper time. Among the rest, he could never get him to drive up the cows to milk before dark—he had to drive them from a back pasture through the sugar bush. Finally the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! What is that? I never seen a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad! you'll will see one some of these nights, if you don't get the cows up before dark," said the captain, meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went after the cows as usual.

The captain took a sheet and followed after him. Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods by the side of the path. Going to the farther end of it he wound his sheet around him, got upon it and stood still. The monkey gets on the first end without noise and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with the cows. The cows shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

Helloo, what is that? he shouted: "by golly I guess it's a fraid?" and then, spying the monkey he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there ain't two fraids, a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he saw for the first time his ghostly companion. He thought it was a "fraid" sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting: "Run, big fraid, run, or little fraid 'll ketch you!"

[That boy will do, in any emergency. His organ of cautiousness cannot be uncomfortably large. We commend his example to the timid.]

Beautiful Illustration of Life

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon:—

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seems to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and grasped to the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—for rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take leave of the earth and its inhabitants, until of further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

A Rival's Vengeance.

Two Russian ladies of the highest rank, the Countesses Z and X, had for some years been united in the fastest friendship. The countess Z. (Russian ladies, by the way, are neither as cold or chaste as the snows of their northern clime,) had a lover, who proved faithless, and abandoned her for her friend, the Countess X.

Madame Z. was not long in discovering who was the preferred one, and concealing, with feminine fact, her rage, and jealousy, she met her rival with smiles.

"*Ma chere*," she said, "I am really delighted that the Prince loves you, and hope you may long retain his affection: but your beautiful hair is getting thin, you must take care of it. Here is an infallible pomade, which I use myself. I would not give it to any one but you: use it, and your hair will be as luxuriant as ever."

The Countess X. embraced her with thanks, and hurried home to apply the revivifying compound. In two days she was completely bald. Now, who could be faithful to a mistress with a whig? The Prince returned to his first love, and the poor Countess X. lives to ponder on the falsity of female friendship, and her own borrowed capilliary covering.

I remember meeting Winchell—the great Winchell—in a bar room, one day, when the following chat took place between him and a son of Erin. W. had jostled him, and Paudeen remarked:

"You are no gentleman!"

"I know that," said Winchell, "but I don't see how such a fool as you came to know it?"

"But," says Paddy, "every one says so."

"Of course you heard some one say so, or you would not have known it."

Paddy sloped.

Mr. Fillmore was married on the 10th inst., to Mrs. Caroline C. McIntosh

A Laughable Incident.

The remarkable resemblance which Gov. Packer and Gen. Jackman bear to each other made it quite difficult, says the Lycoming Gazette, on the day of the inauguration, for those who were not intimately acquainted with them, to tell which was the Governor and which the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, (Gen. Jackman acting in the latter capacity.) We heard, while in Harrisburg, several amusing incidents related of persons who had been, as they supposed, in company with the Governor, but in fact practising their most agreeable manners to Gen. J., and making him acquainted with their particular desires. One old gentleman, who had accompanied the General from somewhere in the vicinity of the capitol to a hotel, could hardly be convinced that he had not been with the Governor. He persisted in the declaration that he had "known William Packer for twenty years and could not have been mistaken." We might relate other mistakes of a similar character, but we started out to introduce the following laughable one, told by a Harrisburg correspondent of a Philadelphia paper. It may be true, or it may not; but we feel disposed to believe that it is founded upon facts:

A rather odd circumstance occurred here some days since. Your readers are not perhaps, aware of the fact that D. K Jackman, the member from Clinton, bears a most striking resemblance to Gov. Packer. The resemblance is so great that on the day of the inauguration one of Gov. Packer's own daughters mistook him for the Governor.

He was on the House committee of arrangements, and as chairman of it he rode in the same carriage with the retiring chief magistrate and the new one. An Irishman, from the Fourth ward, who wants to be keeper of the powder magazine, saw him then. His name is Mulrooney. The other day he came back to Harrisburg to press his claim, and meeting Jackman, early in the morning, in the rotunda, he took him by the hand and shook it most heartily. Mulrooney declared his ecstatic delight at meeting the Governor, and told him he was looking much better than when he took the oath of office.

"But" says he, "Mither Packer, have yez looked at me papers that I sint yez about that powder magazine? I don't care about staying very long. I'm stoppin' at one of the best hotels, and it's very dear. I wouldn't care, if yez don't mind, to take my recommission wid me."

He had rolled out this so volubly that Jackman could not get time to undeceive him. When he did, he told him he was not the Governor. It was in vain he protested. Mulroony insisted that "he had seen him ridin' in the big carriage wid all the grand paple on the day av the inauguration, and that he was trying to desave him."

Again Jackman protested, but the Irishman became indignant and exclaimed:

"That's not the way I treated yez last fall! I voted for yez and the whole av the boys did that same: and yez don't know me, and I was introduced to yez by M'Mullin himself! You've made up your mind to give it to some one else; but *acushla machree!* just think of Biddy and meself and the nine childer. How healthfully we could kape the place."

But Jackman at last escaped and got within the bar, and as the house was in session the applicant could not follow. Mulrooney was under the impression until that afternoon that the Governor had slighted him, and was determined not to take his claims into consideration.

His apology to Jackman was still more amusing than his mistake.

A good looking newsboy, apparently about sixteen years old, has been for some time traveling upon the cars between Cairo and Centralia, vending literature very successfully. But last week, at Centralia, it was inadvertently discovered that the good-looking newsboy was a woman of some twenty-odd years of age. Her disguise had never been suspected. She had traveled with the other boys, played billiards, smoked cigars, swore, and drank whisky, as easily and naturally as a newsboy might be expected to do. The reason of her disguise says the Cairo Times, we do not know. Her career as a newsboy has been ended.

HOW SUNDAY IS OBSERVED IN NEW YORK.—A committee who have been investigating the subject of Sabbath desecration, in the city of New York report the following places open on Sundays: Restaurants 437, pawnbrokers' shops 26, policy and exchange offices 34, daguerrean galleries 54, confectionery and segar stores 1234, Sabbath concerts 18, dance houses and places of amusements 85, dry goods and kindred stores 2419, groceries 1977, liquor shops and drinking saloons 3408. Total 9092. Rather a moral spectacle for the metropolis of America.

TOM THUMB OUTDONE.—The most "filtered down" specimen of humanity, of which small America can boast is now said to be a General Green, a native of Western Missouri, but now a resident of Illinois. He is an intelligent boy, fifteen years of age, although he looks twenty; perfectly formed, and much smaller than the far-famed Tom Thumb.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age robs us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.