

Democrat

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1858.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Office in Reynolds' Arcade, near the Court House, Bellefonte, November 26-18-17

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

J. E. WINGATE,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.
Will be found at his office except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be away filling professional duties.

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Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and sold at moderate prices.
Prescriptions and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock.

OPPOSITE THE WEST FRANCHISE BANK,
WILLIAM H. HAY, PROPRIETOR.
N. B.—An Omnibus will run to and from the Depot and Packet Landings, to this Hotel, free of charge.
Sept. 3-27-17.

DENTAL OFFICE,
H. B. FERRY—SMITHSON DENTIST,
(LATE OF LANCASTER, PA.)
HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practicing all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges. Office and residence in the house lately occupied by Mrs. E. Bunker, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Burdick.

OARD,
We take pleasure in recommending Dr. H. B. Ferry to our friends as a thorough and accomplished Dentist. C. H. BRIDGES, M. D.,
JAMES LOCKE, M. D.,
Bellefonte, March 25-1858.

Miscellaneous.

Suicide of an Author.

Henry W. Herbert the author of several novels, text books on Sporting and Natural History, and other contributions to literature, committed suicide on Monday morning last at the Stevens House in New York by shooting himself in the left breast. Herbert was an Englishman by birth, and was gifted with powerful imagination, great facility of expression, and was possessed of genius of no common order. He has been last known in this country by his contributions to the New York Spirit of the Times, written over the nom de plume of "Frank Forrester."

About three months since he married a lady from New England, and settled at Newark, N. J., but domestic difficulties arising, he newly acquired bride left him. This praying upon his naturally sensitive mind caused the consummation of a deed which has deprived the literary world of one of her brightest ornaments. The New York Daily Times says:

We learn from the publisher of Mr. Herbert's "Horses of America," that so far from its not being a pious success, as was intimated yesterday in the sketch of his life which we published, that it was a very great success, three editions of it having appeared within a year of its first publication, and that the author has been paid double the amount which had at first been agreed upon.

He has left a work in manuscript ready for the press, entitled "The Martyrs of History," which would have been published last year, but for the stringency of the money market.

Mr. Herbert's son, by his first marriage, who was sent to England to be educated, has now a commission in the English army.

Among the private letters written by Mr. Herbert, previous to his death, was the following which we find in the Newark Advertiser, of last evening:

My Dear Miss P. Anson—The time has come, and I call upon you, with the last words of a dying countryman, to come and perform your promise. My last friend, do not fail me.

When you receive this I shall be lying dead in the cemetery. I could not be easy in New-York, and I must not be buried in the potter's field, or by charity.

Have me dressed in the clothes which I have put in the carpet-bag, with the little packet I have sown to the shirt upon my heart, and the pin-cushion with "Herbert" pricked upon it under my head—a plain oak coffin with this inscription only,—"Henry William Herbert—aged 51."

Let me be buried in your lot, send the coffin down by the steamer; no funeral and no pomp. I send a note to Mr. Shackelford, he will perform the service.

I enclose a draft for £10 sterling on my sister, which will pay all expenses; I have written to her. Come the moment you receive this, or you will be too late, and they will thrust me into some hole away from humanity. She has refused all reconciliation absolutely and forever; but she is not to blame, and it is my last request that no friend of mine will blame her or defend me, except to say what I solemnly swear by my dying breath, that I did not marry her for money—that I did not know when I married her, and do not know now, whether she has any money or how much—that I never had a word of dispute with her about money, and never said one unkind word until that Monday when I threatened my life if she would not tell me who had accused me to her falsely.

God forgive and God bless her. I forgive all men who have wronged me, and ask forgiveness of all whom I have wronged. Every shilling I owe in America will be paid from the lease of the house, and the books which I leave behind me, ready to be published.

Give my best parting love to all my friends; think of me sometimes as a most miserable man, yet your true friend.

HENRY W. HERBERT,
Stevens House,
May 15, 1858.

I wish to have a very small, very plain headstone, of Little Falls or Belleville stone, with this inscription:

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
of England,
Aged 51 years,
Infelix.

"Will you take care of Vixex? She has been my only comfort. She has never left me for one moment. I am sure she knows I am wretched."

"God bless you and your wife. The following is the last letter he ever wrote:

"My DEAR MILES—You will find me in the cemetery, just outside of the garden gate, where I stopped for the last time to look at her beloved face—

"As you go for the Coroner, telegraph to Philip H. Anthon, No. 16 West Twenty-fourth street, these three words—"Herbert is dead."

"He will know what to do. Your old friend,
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT."
The body of Mr. Herbert remained at the Stevens House throughout the day, (Monday), and many persons who had known him, while living called to view the corpse. Mr. Anthon gave directions as to the necessary attentions to the deceased. Towards

Beautiful Extract.

(Go out beneath the arched heavens in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, "there is no God!") Pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above will improve you for unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night wind will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality. Who fashioned this green earth—with its perpetual rolling and its expanse of Islands and seas? Who paved the heavens with clouds and studded amid banners of storms the voice of thunder and unchained the lightning that lingers and lurk, and dash in their glooms? Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempest dwelt and beat the strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode in the forests that over echo to the ministrals of her moon? Who made thee, oh man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect and form? Who made light pleasant to thee and darkness a covering, and a herald to the first flashes of morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs? The regular flowing of blood? The irrepressible and daring passion of ambition and love? Are yet the thunders of earth chained? Are there no floods, that man is not exempt under a deluge? They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and strong mountains were convulsed and comingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom than one soul should be lost, while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of Intercession.

Kind Words.

The destiny, temporal and eternal, of individuals, often turns upon a single word spoken in kindness or unkindness, at a particular crisis of their existence.

The celebrated Dr. Adam Clark was, till about nine years of age, the perfection of dulness in the estimation of his teacher. Anxious, when at this age, he was pointed out by his teacher to a stranger of respectability who visited the school. The stranger, with great interest and affection, replied, he thought the teacher had mistaken the genius of the boy; that he had talents and might attain to eminence in the literary world. That kind word struck a spark in the mind of the child, which made the future man of the lights of earth.

On the other hand, an unkind or discouraging word spoken just at such a crisis, may effectually break the spirits, or turn the heart into bitterness, and render the object ever after the companion of the foul spirits of earth and hell. With what feeling do we all remember words of kindness spoken to us at those periods of tenderness and death to our spirits.

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

ANOTHER BRITISH OUTRAGE.—Captain Howes, of the schooner Mobile, arrived at New York on Tuesday night from Mobile, reports: 29th ult., when twenty five miles south of Key West, saw a steamship to windward bearing down for us; she spoke her name, and when within rifle-shot distance she commenced firing rifles at the balls from which passed between the men on deck and lodged in the bulwarks; hauled down the jibs, when they fired two more shots. They then sent a boat on board of the Mobile, and overhauled the vessel's papers, and declared their intention to seize the vessel, who not having a foreign register on board, but afterwards left without doing so. They gave no reason for acting as they did, nor did they deny plainly seeing the American ensign set on our vessel.—The steamer was the British war-steamers Styx.

EDITORIAL LARK.—There is so much of truth in the following, from the pen of Capt. Maryatt, that we must be allowed to quote it. But few readers ever think of the labor and care developing upon an editor—one who justly feels his responsibility. Capt. Maryatt says: "I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing; the labor is not manifest; nor is it in the labor, it is in the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless reception of toil, and constant weighing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

It has been remarked that the gallows was instituted for the elevation of mankind.

Effect of Sight on a Person Born Blind.

The following account of the behavior of a person born blind, upon receiving his sight at twenty years of age, by the operation of an oculist, is from a paper published in 1827.

The operator, Dr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convincing his relatives and friends, that it was highly probable he could remove the object which prevented his sight, all his acquaintances, who had any curiosity to be present, when one full of age and understanding was to receive a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion, but were desired to preserve profound silence in case sight was restored, in order to let his patient make his own observations without the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among many others, the mother, brother, sister, and a young lady for whom he had formed a particular attachment were present. The operation was performed with great skill, so that sight was instantly produced.

When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared upon his eyes a gray light, that he supposed to be the sun. The surgeon stood before him with instruments in his hands. The patient observed himself, carefully, and comparing the doctory to himself, he observed both hands were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for part of the doctor's hands. When he had continued in this amazement for several minutes, his mother could no longer bear the agitation of so many passions as thronged upon her, but fell upon his neck, crying out, "my son, my son!"

The young gentleman knew her voice, and could say no more than, "I am, are you my dear mother?" and faltered. On his recovery, he heard the voice of his female friend, which had a surprising effect upon him.—Having called her to him, he appeared to view her with admiration and delight, and asked her what had been done to him?—Whither said he, am I carried? Is all this about me the thing which I have heard so often of? Is this seeing? I were you always thus happy. When you were so glad to see each other? Where is Tom who used to lead me? But methinks I could do now any where without him.

He attempted to smile, but was so terrified. When they saw him, they told him that till he became better acquainted with his being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy being presented to him, he asked what sort of a creature he took him to be before he had seen him? He answered he believed he was no larger as himself, but that he was the same sort of a creature.

The rumor of this sudden change, made all the neighbors rush to see him. And as he saw the crowd gathering, he asked the Doctor how many in all were to be seen? His physician replied, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered for a few days, until they should receive strength, or they would lose the power of affording him the wonderful transport he was in.—With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes covered, in which condition they kept him in a dark room. All it was proper to let the organ receive its object without any further precaution. After several days it was thought proper to unbind his head, and the young lady to whom he was attached, was instructed to perform this kind office; in order to endeavor still more to him by so interesting a circumstance; and that she might moderate his expectations by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as her voice had. When she began to take off the bandage from his eyes, she said, "tell me in what manner that love you have always professed for me, entered into your heart, for its usual admittance by the eyes?"

He answered, "dear Lydia, if by seeing I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love, when she approaches me, but to change the sweet and frequent pleasures for such an amazement as I experienced the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides which may take from the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, (which apparition it seems was you,) pull out these eyes before they lead to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wish for them but to see you, pluck them from their sockets, if they are to make me forget you."

Lydia, delighted with these assurances, withdrew the bandage and gave him sight to his inexpressible joy and satisfaction.

In all his conversation with her he manifested but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ear.

A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out and keeping one-half the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master, to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him, and would give thirteen hundred dollars for him.

"Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But, you see, massa," said him, "I've had a cough some time, and 'spos I'm gwin' into desumption. I don't s'pect I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in!"

Playing Robinson Crusoe.

The Detroit Free Press relates a Robinson Crusoe story of three young lads of that city, who ran away from their anxious mammae in that city, to look to the lake in an old skiff, and were hunted after by the police for some time. It says:

It being known that they were sometimes in the habit of going to Belle Isle, two miles above the city, to fish, search was instituted in that direction. An old Frenchman on the island reported that a colony of some mysterious description was settled on the upper end of the island, but he was unable to say who its members were composed of. Further investigations, however, revealed the fact that the new colony was made up of the romantic young runaways, whose anxious mammae were in search of them. They were snugly domiciled in an old fishing hut, of small dimensions, the cracks of which they had stopped with grass and weeds. An old fireplace in one corner, with a mud chimney, was well supplied with driftwood from the beach, and a skillet and tin kettle constituted their cooking utensils. Three blankets and a scrub completed the outfit. On the walls were hung the fishing tackle. When first surprised, the runaways were engaged in the agreeable occupation of demolishing a large pike, which had been cooked in the skillet, with no seasoning but salt. They said they had lots of fun, and plenty of fish to eat, and were intending to remain all summer if they had not been discovered. The oldest, only about twelve years of age, said that the idea had been put into his head by reading Robinson Crusoe, and that he had persuaded the others off.—Their felicity was complete, with the exception that they wanted a man Friday, to secure which they had contemplated crossing over to Canada and kidnapping a Kenock boy. This was abandoned as too dangerous, considering the small available force, and it was then planned that one of them should return to the city, and coax his sweetheart, a little girl, to come and live with them and cook the fish. This plan would have been carried out had they not been found. They were returned to their mammae with bad colds from sleeping on the floor.

Use Plenty of Gravity.

Dr. Dixon, in a late number of the Scalpel, in an article on "diet," assumes the position that "the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption one-tenth, and that this is the whole secret of the use of cod-liver oil," quotes the following summary of observations on this subject, made by Dr. Hooker:

1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all, excepting less than one in sixty, habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with phthisis before thirty-five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisis, between the ages of twelve and forty-five, nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat, also use little butter or oily gravies; though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs, and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without sure to show the effects of deficient calorification.

At a negro celebration lately an Irishman stood listening to the colored speaker expatiating upon government and freedom, and as the orator came to a "period" from one of the highest, most poetical flights, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur, didn't he now?"

Somebody said, "his isn't a negro—he is only a half negro!"

"Only a half negro is it!" "Well, if a half nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bato the prophet Jeremiah!"

There is a world where storms never intrude—a heaven of safety against the tempest of life—a little world of enjoyment and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor the venom of slander; when a man entereth it he forgets his sorrows and cares, and disappointments; he opens his heart to confidence and pleasures, not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable mother.

Spurgeon says of a prayer, that it is the rope of a belfry; pull it, and it rings the bell up in Heaven. Keep on pulling it! and though the bell is up so high you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of Heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace abounding to your faith.

ROLS FOR THE CLERGY.—A minister who had received a number of calls, and could hardly decide which was best, asked the advice of his faithful old African servant, who replied:

"Massa, go where do most debil."

A Turkey Hop.

"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Come in, and see the turkeys dance! You won't wish you hadn't if you do see it!"

"Turkeys dancing! Fact, and no mistake!"

"Come in and see, if you don't believe it. If 'tain't so you can have back your low shillin'." Perhaps the other gentlemen that's with you would like to come in too. It's only low shillin' any how."

This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a showman in one of the midland counties.

I was one of "them other gentlemen" referred to, and I disburged the "low shillin'" referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the show.

"Well, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, "you see that 'ere long coop of turkeys.—Wal, I shall feed 'em fast, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel 'em out (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn), you'll see 'em begin to dance."

The coop, which ran along the end of the exhibition farthest from the door, was about fifteen feet long, and must have contained some twenty or thirty turkeys; heavy fellows they were too, most of them; perfect treasures of a Christmas table. Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck of corn.

This was soon gathered up, not without much squabbling and fighting on the part of the feather recipients, who wanted to see fair play—that kind of "fair play" meaning which would give to the complainants the largest half of the "provan't."

Presently it was all devoured; and the audience called for the performance as promised.

"Yes, yes," said the exhibitor, "don't be in too big a stew. Give us time, if you please. Strike up, music—give 'em a lively tune!"

At this, a cracked fute and an old black, greasy fiddle started off at very quick time, and sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing, chaeasing—doing everything, in short, knowing to the salutory art, except "joining hands, and 'turning partners."

"Well, that's a curious!" exclaimed the audience, simultaneously. "Never saw anything like it before."

"No," says the exhibitor, "expect you didn't. It's a kind of education, as the post says. I educated them turkeys; and, there ain't no 'em that hasn't a good 'ear for music."

Hereupon he turned to the audience and added:

"Wal, you've seen it, and seen how natural they do it; now we want you to vacate the room, and give them a chance that's on the outside. There's new customers outside a waitin', and if you only tell 'em outside what you've seen with your own eyes, you'll be doin' a service to me, and give to them an equal pleasure with what you have enjoyed."

This was done; the audience had retired, and another took place—including, however, one who had been an auditor at the last exhibition. The same scene was gone through with the same feeding, "music and dancing;" only it was observed that the motion of the turkeys was even more lively than before.

It struck the twice-observer that just before the music began, a man was seen to leave the room on both occasions; and, unnoticed, he stepped out himself the last time and saw the man busying himself with putting some light kindling-wood under an opening beneath the show.

The mystery was now out. The turkey cage rested over a slow fire, with a thin tin floor, and when the music struck up, the fire had become so hot that the turkeys hopped about—first on one leg, then on the other—and changed positions, "seeking rest and finding none," till the fire had gone down, and they were ready for another feed!

It is proper to add that the showman got a sound thrashing from the enraged audience.

DRAGGON AFFAIR—AN INFANTRYMAN'S STORY.

HOGE.—Mr. Amos Barlow, of Medina, informs us that as he was coming to the city this morning he saw, a few rods ahead when about five miles from town, two hogs ravenously devouring something in the middle of the road. As he approached the spot the dogs led, leaving a small pool of blood in the road. On investigation Mr. Barlow found that it was an infant they had been engaged on. The head and one foot were whole and untouched, but the other portions of the body, except a few bones, had been devoured. By the head Mr. Barlow thinks it is a female infant.

Looking in the dissection taken by the hogs in their flight, Mr. Barlow saw a woman lying in the gutter, apparently asleep. He went to her and found that she was in a state of unconscious and beautiful intoxication. Evidently the miserable wretch was the mother of the infant. Mr. Barlow informed the people of a farm house near by, and they went and carried her to the house. She was a stranger to them. She is a German and apparently forty years old. It is altogether a shocking affair.—Cleveland Plaindealer, May 5.

An Intelligent Witness.

Not many years ago a criminal was tried in an adjoining county, in which one Ben was a material witness for the State.

The charge was that Foster made an attempt to kill one S. with a four pound weight. Ben was a stout strong man, with huge lungs, and not in the habit of refusing a social drink with a friend. He was only a tolerably good natured fellow when he had a "brisk in his hat," and feasted on the details of a flatfish with great relish. Ben was called up by the State, and politely requested to tell all he knew about it. After adjusting himself round a time or two, and adjusting his quid, he began in his peculiar nasal voice:

"Well we all went to the sale—there was a big crowd there—some was drinkin, and some warn't—I was, Judge, sorter so myself. Well Noel Hales was there tryin' to buy an old spotted sow that run close to him. Noel is a good fellow, Judge, but he ain't smart; he went to Jackson coat, and his daddy got out of sight, and he went 'bout askin' every man he met, 'Whe's my daddy?'"

"Go on, Mr. —, tell us all about the fight!"

"Well, as I was sayin', Noel wanted the sow, and was afeard he couldn't buy her without gittin' somebody to stand for him, and I told him of 'er make me safe I'd do it or die; and he said he'd pawn his gun, but hit was at Wingat's shop to be fixed.—I told him 'All right, Noel, 'bi shen't break squares with us, no how. Well, Noel he did bid three dollars and a dime of quarters, and I can't say which, in the postion.'"

"Go on, sir, if you please, about the fight."

"Well give me time to bring it around right. Well, Noel didn't git the sow, because John Wall bid more'n she was worth. Well then a cow was put up, and Foster bid ten dollars and a quarter, and she was knocked off to him. Foster said he'd bid ten dollars, and S. said he'd bid ten and a quarter. They got to disputin', and I tho' enough was said for a man to fight on, but Foster took it. They kept on jowlin', and at last S. told Foster he'd be — of 'er'd scrupulate. Foster said he'd be — of 'er'd scrupulate from what he said. Well, about this time I sat down, and went over to the doggery with my gun, and we all took a stiff drink, I took mine with sweetain, Judge. Well, Noel Hales seemed 'bout about not gittin' the sow, so I says, 'Noel, let's have some music to make us feel better.' See he, 'Ben, I know you are a friend to me, and if you'll git Abe Lard to play 'Chittid-eyed-Joe,' I'll treat to a half pint."

Well, in time we hear the fass over the way, and went out, and who should we see but S. lying down on the piazza, and Foster as pale as skinned milk. See I, 'Men let's have a fair fight.' Some one said, 'Ben, they've already fit.'"

"Mr. — did you see the fight?"

"Well, aquire, you rather got me there. The fact is I sometimes git discombobulated, and my remembrance ain't very clear; but one thing I'm sure of, Judge, and that is, Noel treated; if he didn't I'll be —"

Here the State informed him that he could stand aside, and the Court not happening to hear the oath, the witness was permitted to retire amid the suppressed laughter of the whole court room.—Brandon Republican.

An Infernal Machine.

An infernal machine was found recently in the warehouse of R. Kent, on the canal, in South Akron, Ohio, while receiving a stock of agricultural implements, &c. The box contained:

"On taking out and inspecting it, the box was found to contain the running works of a brass clock, as adjusted and fixed that the revolution of the stem would draw a bunch of fiction-matches, connected with a train of tissue paper and fine shavings, over the tube of a lamp-wick. An aster-case, out and fitted with a leather top, and filled with camphene, was placed under the clock, being the lamp to furnish blaze. The box was inclosed in a large box, which contained combustible. A bottle of camphene was near, and some quarts of quick friction-matches. When adjusted and the lamp lighted the clock would burn the matches, (according as it was wound up) and gradually draw the matches into the blaze, when the combustion would have been instantaneous. There can be no doubt that the whole contrivance was for the purpose of incendiarism, but the ultimate motive is a mystery."

SUNBURY & ERIE RAIL ROAD.—The completion of this great work is now a fact. It will be completed to Lock Haven in November. Mr. Morsehead, the President, says that a locomotive and train of cars will pass over the entire road, from Philadelphia and Sunbury to Erie, before the expiration of Gov. Packer's first term.—Sunbury American.

LOSTNEY—MRS. ABRAHAM.—New York, May 21.—A general parties, composing the firm of Swan & Co., here, and at Augusta, Ga., have been arrested on the charge of being concerned in bogus lotteries. Their bail is fixed at \$10,000 each. It is said that the receipts of the firm have been as high as \$150,000 in a single week.