

Democratic Matchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1868.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. S. SEELY & J. S. BARNHART.

VOLUME 3—NUMBER 25.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per copy, with three months' postage. Single copies, 50 cents. (These terms will be rigidly adhered to.)

Business Directory.

ADAM HOY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphans Court Practice and Probate. His office is with the Hon. James T. Hale, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

J. H. STOVER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.
Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. Particular attention paid to collections, and all monies promptly received. Can be consulted in the German, as well as in the English language.
Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Barnhart and Dr. H. B. Parry.

LENN & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office on High Street in the building formerly occupied by Hunter, McAllister, Hale & Co. Bankers.
August 16, 1867.

WILLIAM H. REAR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with Hon. James T. Hale.

MARTIN STOKES & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
110 State St. Will attend to all business entrusted to them with promptness.

CHAS. S. BURKETT,
WITH SMITH, BURKETT & CO. DRY GOODS,
27 Market St. and 26 Church Alley Phila.

W. J. H. DEBBS, M. D.
FAIRBANK & DOBBS,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

DR. JAMES H. HITCHCOCK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

MICHAEL & BURN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

W. J. BARNHART,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

JAMES H. BARKIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on High Street opposite the residence of Judge Barnhart.

ATWOOD & ORVIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office in Mayer's Building, opposite the Fallon House.

POTTER & MITCHELL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

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

CHEST & BARKER,
DRUGGISTS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Paraffin, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Stationery, Trusses and Rheumatic Braces, Garden Seeds.
Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices from the country.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the country.
Office at Belleville, on High Street, opposite the Hotel.

HAGLE HOTEL,
OPPOSITE THE WEST BRANCH BANK,
Bellefonte, Pa.

WILLIAM H. HAY, PROPRIETOR.
N. B.—An Omnibus will run to and from the Hotel and Packet Landings to this Hotel, free of charge.
Sept. 3-17-67.

DENTAL CARD.
H. B. Parry, SURGEON 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 occupied by Mrs. S. Bonner, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Barnhart.

DEPOSIT BANK,
OF
JAS. T. HALE
M. N. McALLISTER, A. G. CURTIN
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS

HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED
BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND NOTES DISCOUNTED
COLLECTIONS MADE, AND PROCEEDS RETURNED PROMPTLY
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS FOR NINETY DAYS AND UNDER SIX MONTHS AT THE RATE OF FOUR PER CENT.
FOR SIX MONTHS AT THE RATE OF FIVE PER CENT.
AND UPWARDS AT THE RATE OF SIX PER CENT PER ANNUM.
EXCHANGE ON THE EAST AND WEST INDIES.

Selected Poetry.

[Selected for the Democratic Watchman.]
The Sun, Moon and Stars.
Like the Sun the fountain of light and heat,
As she glides through the chambers of night,
To rule over our earth in splendour complete,
Which all other bodies outshine.
So is man when restored to the image of God,
Made perfect, and holy, and just,
The law God revealed in His most Holy Word,
And committed our souls to His trust.
The Holy Spirit, to guide, and protect;
His commission is sealed from above,
He deserves all due honor and highest respect,
When he governs in wisdom and love.
The moon not less lovely, though milder her rays,
As she glides through the chambers of night,
Earth seems to repose at her gentle display,
As if charmed by her pure modest light.
While the sun, in his strength, ever shines in the day,
She chooses to shine in the night,
In her absence to rule in her meek quiet way,
And hail his return with delight.
To woman is freighted in every dark hour
Of sorrow, affliction, and we,
To light up man's pathway, though tempest may
And when his bark is in danger,
See her delicate form bending over the sea,
Where a loved one is engaged,
As night after night she pulls out her eyes,
Till she sees the last tear from his eyes.
But those beautiful eyes that sparkle so bright,
While she sits around the pale moon,
Some larger, some smaller, each gives a pure light,
To the traveler a most precious boon.
Go on child, lead on bright shining lights in your way,
When no clouds seem to darken their way,
In the night, I will guide you, they will ever be bright,
To cheer us and light up our way.
When the sun is once quenched and the moon
Turned to blood,
The stars all from Heaven removed,
May fathers, and mothers and children all meet,
To the family circle be loved.

Taking the Starch Out.

A lot of idlers upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns near Albany, N. Y., a few days ago, amusing themselves with throwing stones into the broad stream, each throwing with the other in the endeavor to pitch the missile at the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall, rugged-built Vermontian, just from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for a while remained a quiet observer of their movements.
It was a clear day in October, and the men determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts. The efforts of the Vermontian were not without success, and he was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and gave it a jerk. It fell into the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat a loud bravo went up from half a dozen voices around him.
It was a clear day in October, and the men determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts. The efforts of the Vermontian were not without success, and he was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and gave it a jerk. It fell into the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat a loud bravo went up from half a dozen voices around him.
It was a clear day in October, and the men determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts. The efforts of the Vermontian were not without success, and he was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and gave it a jerk. It fell into the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat a loud bravo went up from half a dozen voices around him.

The Sheriff's State.

BY WILL TRACY.
In the summer of 1855, while traveling on business in the wilderness of Northern Maine, we stopped one afternoon in the little village of P., which nestles cozily in the shade of Saddleback mountain. After supper, while enjoying our cigar upon the porch, we noticed a peculiar looking scow upon the landlord's check. Thinking "thoroughly hangs a tale," we asked him to inform us the cause of so unusual a mark. He professed himself perfectly willing to relate the story, and drawing a chair close to our side, commenced.
In my younger days I was sheriff in the county in which I then resided. In the spring of 1839 a murder was committed, in a neighboring town, under circumstances of unusual atrocity. The deed was done by a Frenchman, whose name was Laine. He with his wife, lived in a log cabin in the woods, some ten miles from where the deed was committed, and had long been suspected as being a thief and acquirer of stolen goods. I was sent to secure him, and you may be sure I did not relish the job much, but go I must. As I had ten miles to ride, I started early, and arrived at the cabin at about noon. Tying my horse to a tree, I went up to the door and knocked; after considerable delay in unfastening more than was necessary, the door was opened by his wife, who demanded, in no very pleasant tone, what I wanted.
"Is your husband at home?" I asked.
"No, he has gone to the village; I will not be back till night," she answered.
"Then I will wait till he comes home," said I; and, without giving her time to reply, stepped into the room.
One glance around convinced me that the murderer was at home. A rifle stood in the corner of the room, which he had been cleaning, as I drove up, for the water was even dripping from the tube. I said nothing, however, but sat down, and began to take a survey of the room. He could not have left while I stood at the door, without my seeing him; so that he must, either have left before I came, or else, which I considered more likely, was concealed about the cabin. My eye fell upon a rag mat, lying on the floor, and taking that up, the mystery was explained. A trap door was underneath which probably led to the hole, or cellar, in which he was concealed. I lifted the door up, and was looking for some means of descending, when a push from the "guide wife" sent me down without the use of a ladder, and the door was suddenly shut. I fell upon a large sum which he had received in the night, the man keeper armed with a pogram, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to slay him. But the farmer, who, from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself on the bed fully dressed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrestled the pogram from the other, and using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after, he heard some stones thrown at the window, and a voice, which he recognized as that of the impenitent's son, said, "The grave is ready." This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the body at once. He thereupon wrapped the body in a sheet, and let it down from a window. He then returned to the farmhouse and stated what had occurred. Three gentlemen immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shoveling earth into the grave. "What are you burying?" said they. "Only a horse, which has just died," he replied. "You are mistaken," replied one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. "Look!" and held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the young man, thunderstruck. "It is my father!" He gasped then, and at once confessed all.

Old Kentucky.

A Kentuckian at the battle of New Orleans who disdained the restraint of a soldier's life, with his name upon the muster roll, preferred to go "it alone," fighting upon his own hook. While the battle was raging the fiercest, and the shot was flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, "Kentuck" might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle, as perfectly unconcerned as though he was "picking deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder, a red coat hid the dust. At last he happened to attract the attention of "Old Hickory," who supposed he had become separated from his company, and rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubt, as he was in a position that exposed him to the fire of the enemy.
"Hullo! my man, what regiment do you belong to?" said the General.
"Regiment, I," answered Kentucky, "hold on, your honor, another of 'em" and bringing his shooting iron to his shoulder, he rap his eye along the barrel "a flash followed; another Englishman came tumbling to the ground."
"Whose company do you belong to?" the General inquired.
"Company, the d—!" was the reply of Kentucky, as he busied himself reloading; "see that ar' feller with the gold flax on his coat and boss? Just watch me perforate him!"
The General gazed in the direction indicated by the rifle, and observed a British Colonel rising up and down, the advancing columns of the foe. Kentucky pulled the trigger, and the gallant Briton followed his companions that Kentucky had laid low that day.
"Hurrah for Old Kentucky!" shouted the free fighters, as his victims came toppling from his sights, then turning to the General, he contrived "I'm fightin' on my own hook, stranger," and he leisurely proceeded to reload.
"May be you don't have it?"
"Not much," answered the crowd.
"We ain't very green down here in York we ain't," said he in the green jacket, "you see."
"Wal, you look here, friend," continued the Vermontian in the most plausible manner, "up in our country we're purty big dixer, considering 'em yer riter, it's called, and may be you've heard on it."
"Wal, I have a man clean across that river 'tother day, and he run down fair and square on the other side."
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.
"Wal, now, you may lay, but I can do it again."
"Do what?" said green jacket.
"I can take and leave you a cross that river, just like open and shot."
"But you ten dollars on it."
"Done," said the Yankee, and drawing forth an X (upon a broken Dutch Bank,) he covered the braggart's shin plasters.
"Kin you swim, feller?"
"Take a duck," said green jacket; and without further parley the Vermontian seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully head over head from the dock, some ten yards into the Hudson.
A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amid the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this involuntary bath.
"I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stake-holders. You took us for greenhorns, eh? You'll show us how to do things down in York," and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.
"Wal, I reckon you want take no ten spots just yet, cap'n."
"Why? you've lost the bet."
"Not exactly. I didn't talkilate on doin' it the first time, but I tell you I kin do it," and in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he asked him for the scroll and set of his overalls and pitched him three yards farther into the river than upon the first trial.
Again the bully returned amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.
"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat. "I kin dew it I tell ye."
"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim.
"And I will do it if I have to try till tomorrow morning."
"I give it up," shouted the sufferer between his teeth, which now clattered like a mad hatter's, "take the money."
The Vermontier very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away, remarked: "We ain't worth nothin' with your

Smart Folks Down Here in York.

smart folks down here in York, but we sometimes take the starch out of 'em up our way; and p'raps you wunt try it on to strangers agin. I reckon you wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The fallibility of human testimony is such that it must be acknowledged we cannot believe our own eyes. A case very similar to one which occurred some months since at Poughkeepsie, New York, in which a girl positively identified the remains of a dead person as those of her sister, and on the strength of which a young man was arrested for murder, but in which case suspicion was averted by the reappearance of the supposed murdered girl, has occurred at Joliet, Illinois.
A body of a female was found in a ravine near Joliet; a farmer testified to the finding of bloody clothes near the spot; four families testified to the hearing of screams from the ravine on the night of the supposed murder, and that the cries were those of a female; a woman named Cook recognized the body as that of her daughter, who was missed on the very night of those screams, and knew it was her daughter because one of her front teeth was gone; she also testified to improper intimacy between her daughter and a Mr. Richardson, and he was arrested for the murder, and some three hundred men were about taking the law in their own hands to lynch Richardson, fearing that justice would not be done by a regular jury.
The girl finally was found in Chicago, and produced in Joliet. The body found was finally proved to be that of an elderly grey-haired lady, who had had a natural death, and whose body had been disinterred for dissection. The girl is only eighteen years of age.—*Chicago Herald.*

Movements of General Walker.

Another Descent on Nicaragua—Three Thousand Men to Invade the San Juan River.
A private despatch from New Orleans informs us that the Steamship Company chartered by the Alabama Legislature, will run the first boat from Mobile to San Juan del Norte (Greytown) on the 25th of this month—when Gen. Walker, with a strong vanguard and staff, with paper appointments of all kinds, will proceed to invade the San Juan River. He will be followed, as soon as practicable, by detachments of his army, so as to reinforce and concentrate a column of about three thousand men. *Brooklyn Star.*
The above is too good news to be true. Such a check as this would give to French and English aggressions upon this continent, and that of South America, is too important to be realized in these degenerate days of our infatuated republic. We have grown prematurely imbecile, before we are fairly half a century old. The true national spirit has died out, not of the people, but of their misrepresentatives in Congress. They are unworthy, with a few honorable exceptions, of the seats they occupy.

Miscellaneous.

New Party.
The following is a copy of the new Platform framed at Washington by Messrs. Gilman, Gilmer, Marshall, Humphrey and a few of the kicked out members, and fallen angels of other parties in connection with the rump of the old Jack-o'-Lantern Party.
If a citizen could get the young giant to take hold of one corner of his coat tail and John W. Forney to take hold of the other, and then get the K. X. to hang to the coat tails of "agant" A., and get the Republicans to hang on to the coat tails of the K. X., with the Greely's and Beecher's latched on behind for a coat tail, and lead them all on to glory, what a glorious thing it would be, and what a gratifying thought too, for Crittenden, who has always been considered in the stomach of a party, to find himself in a General's cap and boots leading off in the rear. But what say the Woolies to this new Platform, can they discover a nigger in it, or if not, can they adopt as their creed?

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE.
1. We place our trust in the Supreme Being in whose keeping the nations as well as individuals, in whom our fathers hoped, and by whose favor upon their patriotic efforts, our country enjoys in Christian civilization, political independence and a republican form of government.
2. We are in favor of unlimited freedom in religion, disconnected from politics; of protection for all popular rights, and of more thoroughly popularizing our government by making the office of President and Vice President elective by a direct vote of the people.
3. For the protection of the ballot box we are in favor. First, of preventing the landing upon our shores of foreign paupers and criminals; second, of withholding the right of suffrage from all who are not native born or naturalized citizens of the United States; and third, of requiring of the naturalized an extended term of residence within the limits of the United States after naturalization, before exercising the elective franchise.
4. We are opposed to civil or military office being held by any one under our government not a citizen of the United States.
5. As an object of primary importance, that public opinion may be duly enlightened, we are in favor of promoting the general diffusion of knowledge, by educational institutions, free to all, without distinction of creed to party, not subjected to any sectarian religious influence, and from which the Bible shall not be excluded.
6. The Union must be preserved, the Constitution maintained, and the supremacy of the laws enforced.
7. We are opposed to all intervention by Congress in matters pertaining solely to the individual States; and to all legislation on the part of individual States hostile to the prosperity and happiness of other States of the Union.
8. We are in favor of the Territories being governed, and having each one, as it rises into a State, its constitution and laws framed, as in the earlier days of the republic, by citizens of the United States who are permanent inhabitants thereof, under such needful rules and regulations as Congress may prescribe.
9. We are in favor of the avoidance in

Starting Facts.

Dr. Hiram Cox, of Cincinnati, Chemical Inspector of Ohio, in a recent publication states that "during two years he had made 250 analyses of various kinds of liquors, and has found more than nine tenths of them imitations, and a greater portion of them poisonous concoctions. Of brandy he has not found more than one gallon of pure in a hundred gallons, the imitations having been whiskey for a basis, and various poisonous acids for the colorants."
Of wines not a gallon in a thousand purporting to be sherry, port or sweet Malaga is pure, but they are made of water, sulphuric acid, alum, Guinea pepper, horseradish and many of them without a single drop of alcoholic spirit. No Madeira has been made since 1851 and there are now only 7,000 or 8,000 pipes upon the Island. Dr. Cox warns there are not ten gallons of pure port in Cincinnati. He also states that in his inspection of whiskey he found only from 15 to 20 per cent. of alcoholic spirit, when it should have had from 45 to 50 and some of it contained sufficient sulphuric acid in a quart to burn a hole in a man's stomach.

**The Gloucester News tells the story of a boy in one of the schools in that town, who is an inveterate fly chaser, and who laughed one morning during prayers, at the sight of a rat. Being asked why he laughed he replied:
I saw a rat upon the stairs.
Coming up to hear your prayers.
Being told that he must immediately make another thyme or be flogged, he quickly answered
Here I stand before Miss Blodget;
She's going to strike and I shall dodge it,
and took his seat, the whole school being in a roar of laughter.**

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, objects to the five minutes' rule in the New York prayer meetings. He says, "imagine for instance, old Bennett, of the Herald, confessing his sins in the ridiculous space of five minutes!"
"That's just like Prentice," selfish to the last—one word for Bennett, and two for himself.

A pair of Irishmen, who were recently traveling towards the Iron City, came upon a mile-board standing by the wayside, with this inscription upon it—"43 miles from Pittsburg." "Supposing it to be a tombstone, one of them gently tapped the other upon the shoulder, and said, "Tread lightly, Johnny; here lies the dead, 43 years old, and his name is Miles from Pittsburg."

A Tale of Terror.

A very singular and rather a marvelous story has recently appeared in a Vienna journal. It appears that as a farmer of the name of ... near that city, was lately returning home from market, he stopped at a roadside public house, and impudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he had received in the night, the innkeeper armed with a pogram, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to slay him. But the farmer, who, from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself on the bed fully dressed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrestled the pogram from the other, and using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after, he heard some stones thrown at the window, and a voice, which he recognized as that of the impenitent's son, said, "The grave is ready." This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the body at once. He thereupon wrapped the body in a sheet, and let it down from a window. He then returned to the farmhouse and stated what had occurred. Three gentlemen immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shoveling earth into the grave. "What are you burying?" said they. "Only a horse, which has just died," he replied. "You are mistaken," replied one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. "Look!" and held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the young man, thunderstruck. "It is my father!" He gasped then, and at once confessed all.

Hit Him Again.

The following is a pretty good take off to the "sensation stories" the first chapter of which is frequently inserted in journals as an advertisement. The man who indited it can take our hat.
"The First Kiss."—An I really dear, Sophia! I whispered, and pressed my bungling lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in my body. I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim. The above is all of this deeply exciting story that we can publish. The remainder will be found in the New York Blower of April 1st, which has four millions more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world! Korn Kob writes for it—P. Knutts writes for it—Tad Polo writes for it, and it is sold everywhere in the world and out of it.

SEEP-ESTERK.—We cannot conceive a more pitiable and unhappy circumstance than a person having too high an opinion of his own merit. They are always conceiving some effort offered to them, when such a thing was never intended. Instead of passing through life with a smile upon the lips, and sunlight on the brow, they are invariably fretful, moody individuals, clamoring loudly at the slightest all which crosses their path, and imagining themselves insulted if every one does not appear to hold them in the same estimation in which they regard themselves.—*Estlin.*

SHARP OLD LADY.—An old lady from the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the desert there was an enormous apple pie.
"La ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"
"Easy enough," was the first reply.
"We make the crust upon a wheelbarrow, wheel it under the apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it!"

GRAND WILL.—The will of Governor Blanehart, of Plymouth, proved in 1783, contains the following singular clause: "I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my legs or fingers may be cut off, to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request, my dear wife, that, as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

Chango Front.

The New York Times regards the speech of Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, delivered a few days since, as the inauguration of a new policy of the Opposition, to fight the Administration on the general grounds of lavish expenditure and bad management of national affairs, bringing these topics in the foreground instead of slavery.
Thereon the Albany Atlas and Argus comments thus:
"Tired of negroes! The great wool speculation has failed! Black philanthropy is played out. The cause of Anti Slavery is left to be asserted by the British fleet as the police of the ocean; while the agitators and disunionists refresh themselves by assailing the Government and bringing it into contempt. But the impudence of Black Republican leaders, in assailing the Democratic Administration for lavishness, when their own party was bought up and paid for, wholesale, is a specimen of cool assurance only surpassed by that of the British fleet, who have crossed over the Gulf, and are searching American ships, while, conniving at the revival of the slave trade by their allies, the French."

Beat Him at His Own Game.

"Dad," said a young fellow the other day, "how many hofs are there on this table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two." "Two?" replied the smart boy, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it." "Three?" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man, "I'd like to see you prove it." "Easily done, sir," easily done. Ah! this one," said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?" "Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was stupefied at the imbecile learning of the son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged. Here, old lady, do you take two fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

Stella Mores British Outrages.

We have details of further additional outrages on the part of "the mother country." The last straw is said to break the camel's back—and we wearily desire to know when it will be reached.
We saw a black squal the other day, caused by a nigger baby being suddenly attacked with the cholera.