Democratic Watchman.

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

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1858.

TERMS: $1,50 IN ADVANCE.
VOLUME 3—NUMBER 31.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS —$1,50 cts if paid within three months $2,00 if dlayed six months, and $2,50 if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Summer.

Welcome summer! thou hast come at last,
Bearing a lovely face,
Scattering rich gifts where'er extends
Thy short but gladsome race,
The feathered songsters softly sing
Their love strains sweet and mild,
And as they hop from spray to spray,
Attract the wandering child.

The pines with tall and slender stems
Wave in the passing gales,
The little birds from hill and glen
Relate their rambling tales—
The swallows sail along the meads,
And sing their tuneful lays,
The humming-birds on changeful wings,
Pass bright and joyous days.

But now the happiest time has come,
Which to the year belongs,
Of highlands bright with harvest gold,
And hay fields full of songs—
The spreading willows meek and mild,
Wave to each gentle breeze,
The babbling brooks keep gliding wild
Among the forest trees—

The vales are spread an open book,
In characters sublime,
Where every human eye may look
For types of fleeting time—
Though all the night's long shadowy hours
Distils the gentle dew,
And moonlit heavens are spangled o'er
With gems of silver hue.

SPRING MILLS, PA AUCTOR

Miscellaneous.

Deacon Smith's Bull, or Mike Fink in a Tight Place.—A Capital Story.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buck-eye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crocket, and his equal in all things appertaining to human powers It was even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew *the crack of his rifle, and would take to their* secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange, though true, he was but little known beyond *his* immediate settlement

When we knew him he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs, *yet in the whole of his life* was [illegible] *To use his own language he never* gin in licked up, to anything that traveled on two legs or four, but once."

"That once, we want, said Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of *the old tavern in the settlement.*

"Gin it to us, now, Mike—you've promised long enough and you're old now and needn't care," continued Bill

"Right, right! Bill," said Mike, "but we'll open with a licker all around, fust, it'll kind o' save my feelin's I reckon—"

"Thar that's good. Better than tother *barril if anything.*"

"Well, boys," commenced, Mike, "you may talk of your scrimmages, tight places and such like, subtract 'em altogether in one almighty 'un and they hain't no more to be compared *to the one* I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she bar I've fout all kinds o' varmints, from a fojun down to a rattle snake, and never willin' to quit fust, but once—and it was with a bull.

"You see boys, it was an *awful hot day, in August,* and I wur nigh runnin' off into pure ile, when I war thinkin' that a dip in *the creek mout* save me. Well, thar was a mighty nice spot in old Deacon Smith's medder for that particular bizziness. So I went down among *the bushes to undress.* I jist hauled the old red shirt over my head, and war thinkin' how scrumptious a feller of my size would feel wallerin' round in that ar water, and was just 'bout gom in, when I seed the old Deacon's bull makin' a B line to whar I stood.

"I knowed *the old cuss,* for he'd scar'd more people than all the parsons in the settlement, and come mighty near killing a few. Thinks I, Mike, you're in rather a *tight* place—get your fixins on or he'll be a drivin' them big horns of his in your bowels afore no time. Well, you'll have to try the old varmint nakid, I reckon.

"The bull was on one side 'o the creek and I on the other, and the way he made the sile fly for a while, as if he war a digging my grave war distressing.

"Come on, ye bellerin' old heathen," said I, "*and don't be standin'* thar; for as the old Deacon says of the devil, 'yer not comely to look upon.'

"This kinder reached his understandin' and made him more wichous; for he hooted a little, and made a dive. And as I don't like to stand in anybody's way. I gin him plenty of sea room. So he kind of passed by me and come out on the other side; and *as the captain of the mud swamp rangers* would say, 'bout face for another charge.'

"Though I war ready for him this time he come mighty nigh running foul of me.—So I made up my mind the next time he went *out he* wouldn't be alone. So when he passed, I grappled his tail, and he pulled me out on the sile and as soon as we war both atop of the bank, the old brindle stopped and war about cumming round again, when I began *pullin the other way.*

"Well, I reckon this kind o' *riled* him, for he fust stood stock still and hooked at me a spell, and then commenced pawin and bellerin', and the way he made his hind gearin play in the air was beautiful.

"But it warn't no use, he couldn't teach me, so he kind o' stopped to get wind for suthin devilish, as I judged by the way he started. By this time, I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his back bones. I didn't like to holler for help nother, kase it war agin my principles, and the deacon had preaching and praying at his house, and it wan't fur off nether.

"I knowed if he *heard* the noise, the hull *congregation would come down;* and *as I* warn't married, and had a kind o' hankerin arter a gal that was thar, I didn't feel as if I would like to be seen in that ar predicament.

"*So says I, yer old serpent, do your* cussedest. And so he did; for he drug me over every briar and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and bleedin like a fat bar with a pack o' hounds at his heels And *my name aint Mike Fink if the old critter's* tail and I didn't out sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back.

"*So you may kalkelate we made good* time. Bimeby he slackened his pace, and then I had him for a spell, for I jist drapped behind a stump, and that snubbed the critter. Now, says I, you may pull up this *white oak stump—break yer tail—or just* hold on a bit till I blow.

"Well, while I war sitting thar, an idea struck me that I had better be *gettin out o'* this some way But *how* exactly was the *put.* If I let go and run he'd be foul o' me sure

"So lockin at the matter in all its bearing, *I cum to the conclusion that I'd better* let somebody *know* whar I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the Deacon's two dogs a cummin down like as if they war seein which could get thar fust.

"I knowed who they were arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sartin, for they *were orful venomous, and had a spite agin* me.

"So says I, old brindle, as ridin is as cheap as walkin on this route if you've no objections, I'll take a deck passage on that ar back o' yourn So I wasn't very long gettin astride of him; then if you'd been thar, you'd have sworn thar warn't nothin human in that ar *critter.* The sile flew orfully as the critter and I riled round the field—one dog on one side and one on the other—team to clinch my feet I prayed and cussed and prayed *until I couldn't* tell which I did at last—and neither warn't of no use, they war so orfully mixed up.

"Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war time, *to stop to take in a supply of wind* and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar he natrally halted

"*So sez I, old boy, you'll lose one* passenger sartin So I jist clum upon a branch, kalkelatin to roost there till I starved, afore I'd be rid found in that way any longer

"I war a making tracks for the top o' the tree, when *I heard suthin a makin an orful* buzzin over head I kinder looked up, and if thar wasn't a wal, thar's no use of swearin now, but it war the biggest *hornet's nest* ever built

"You'll 'gin in' now, I reckon, Mike, 'cause thar's no help for you But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better *chance* a ridin the bull, than whar I war.—Sez I old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the *next station* anyhow, let that be whar it will.

"So I jist dropped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gaiped by changin quarters; and, gentlemen, I'm a har if thar warn't nigh half a *bushel of the* stingin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin

"Well, *I reckon* they got it, for 'all hands' started for our *company* Some on 'em hit the dogs—about a *quart* struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle.

"This time, the *dogs* let off fust dead beat for the old Deacon's, and *soon as* old brindle and I could get under way, we *followed.*—And as I war only a deck passenger and had *nothin to do with steerin the craft,* I swore if I had, we shouldn'd have run that channel, no how.

"But, as I *said afore,* the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornits dre'kly arter. The dogs yellin—brindle bellerin, and the hornits buzzin and stingin.—I didn't say nothin, for *it warn't no use.*

"*Well, we'd got about two* hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn *white.* I reckoned he was prayin, then, for he didn't expect to be *called for so* soon, and it warn't long, neither, *afore the* hull congregation, men, women, and children, cum out, and then all hands went to yellin.

"None of 'em had *the fust notion that* brindle and I *belonged* to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the *hull* congregation. I see the *run* would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood ahead.

"Well, we reached the fence, and I went *ashore,* over the old critter's head, landin on 'tother side, *and lay thar stunned.* It warn't long afore some on 'em as war not scared, cum runnin to see what I war. For all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together, But when brindle walked off by *himself, they seed how* if war, and one on 'em sed, '*Mike Fink has got the worst of the scrimmage once in his life!*'

"Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courtin bizziness, and never spoke to a gal since. And when my *hunt* is up on this *yearth, thar won't be any more Finks,* and its allowin to Deacon Smith's *Brindle Bull!*"

Washington as a Civilian.

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen *in all ages of the world,* and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness.—*The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar;* they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers

But such a Chief Magistrate as Washington appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His presidency *will form an epoch,* and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its alloted portion of the hemisphere.—The latest generations of men will survey through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and *delight to separate them into groups and* distinct virtues As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to Heaven that our country may subsist even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its wild glory with Washington's.—*Fisher Ames.*

Female Slaves of London.

The London Weekly Times says that the young milliners and dressmakers of that city are condemned to sixteen seventeen or eighteen hours of toil out of the twenty four to each day and night. The work is carried on in crowded, unventilated rooms, where their frames are kept bent at their labors to perform their duty They have a short and *painful life and an early grave. In a recent* speech, Lord Shaftsbury said that many of these women had been *reached gently and* tenderly, in delicate happy homes, possessing all the virtues and tenderness that belonged *to the female sex, and rendered by* those very characteristics more obedient, more unmurmuring more slavishly subject to the authority and tyranny of those who are put over them. His lordship adds, that they have no *alternative between submission* and the street door, and then asks, "Is the condition of such a young woman one whit better than the condition of the most wretched slave in the Southern States of America?"

A Hint to the Ladies.

It is very rarely, indeed, that a *confirmed* flirt gets married Ninety-nine out of every hundred old maids may attribute their ancient loneliness to juvenile levity. It is very certain that few men make a selection from ball rooms or any other place of gaity; *and as few are influenced* by what may be called showing off in the streets, or other allurements of dress, our opinion is ninety-nine hundreths of all the finery which woman decorate and loaf their person with, go for nothing, so far as husband catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet *homes* of their parents and guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificancy.—*Excelsior.*

RATS AND "OLD BOURBON".—A writer in the Rochester Union proposes a new method of killing rats. His own home being overrun with the varmin, the servant girl, who had seen the effects of "*Old Bourbon Whiskey*" on bipeds, thought she would try an experiment on the rats. Accordingly she *took* a small quantity, made it very sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish *in the cellar.* A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously "fuddled," engaged *in throwing bean pods* and hauling one another *up to drink.* These were easily disposed of; those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering with a severe headache. The writer adds that the medicine is quite agreeable to take.

The most serious accident that has ever occurred on the Erie Railroad, happened last Thursday. The express train passed over a broken rail when *running* at the rate of 35 miles an hour, throwing the two rear cars over a steep embankment, breaking them to *fragments,* and killing seven persons and wounding over 40 others. The accident occurred at night, which made the scene one of the wildest confusion.

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said, when his mother shut him up in the closet among the *preserves.*

A Strange Case.

A correspondent of the Evening Journal relates the following: A strange occurrence, which took place a few weeks since, near Milledgeville, in Carroll Co., during a protracted effort, held in that place, by the Rev. S. Healy, and A. Carpenter. The meetings had been in progress for some weeks, and a great interest was manifested, and as was usual after the discourse, an invitation was extended to any who might feel impressed, to speak. *Upon one occasion a Miss S. A.* C. (who is the subject of our remarks) arose to speak. She stood for some moments silent and motionless, and then remarked, "I feel that I am a great sinner," whereupon she sank upon her seat, in an apparent state of insensibility. Of this but little notice was taken, as she was supposed to have what is sometimes termed the "Power." She remained in this situation for perhaps half an hour. When the meeting was closed, she was removed to the house of a near neighbor, accompanied by several Ladies *and Gentlemen from church who* watched with her during the night, but could not notice the slightest change. She lay with her eyes glaring wide open, thrown back, and firmly fixed on one spot, and did not move them even so *much* as to wink. Her body was equally motionless, excepting at times she was severely exercised, had several spasmodic twitches or jerks, even so hard as to move her whole body horrizontally on the feet. She was closely watched during the night and the following day.

At the request of her friends she was taken *to church the next evening, expecting* thereby to rouse her from her dormant state, but this proved unavailing. She was taken to the house of the family with whom she resided, in a perfectly unconscious situation She *remained thus without any visible* change, for some three or four days, when the physician pronounced the case a very *critical one,* and that there was little hopes of her recovery, from a "congested state of the brain."

He, however treated her for sometime, but without any success At times she *would become so much rousee up, as to an*swear questions by a shake or a nod of the head, but not to speak audibly She remained without the least perceptible change, scarcely ever taking the least nourishment during *the whole time, excepting drinking freely of* water. Probably putting all the nourishment together it would not exceed what would be required for one meal for an adult person As the case progressed, the jerks became *less perceptible, until they were* finally worn off. For several days previous to her recovery, she would have shouting spells, and would jump and shout until she was completely exhausted, when she would relapse into the former state again.

These occurrences happened as often as three times per day Although taking no *sustenance* her physical strength remained unimpaired, her health and general appearance seemed good, and from her history of matters and things while in this transitory state it seems that she was not the least hungry, sick or in pain of any kind during the time. That there was something that seemed to say to her she need not eat, she *therefore* was not hungry.

She says that she was conscious and knew everything that was passing and going on; that she was happy but yet unable to help herself or speak; that she saw things, whilst in state, not of this world—spirits of those with whom she was once acquainted, and of many others she never knew; that were she to reveal all *she felt and saw,* in her transitory state, she would not be believed. *She therefore was somewhat* reluctant about giving her history of the case at present.

This case, from its length of duration and from some of its prominent features, elicited the attention of the learned and unlearned, of the saint and sinner, all seeming to have a theory of their own, by which they can demonstrate the problem. Suffice it to say, however, that the young lady came out apparently under a religious *influence* and is now a member of the church.

We have given but a brief statement of *the facts, but should* any one wish to know more fully the particulars of the case, they will please call on either of the clergymen, or the young lady herself.

I am respectfully yours,
Milledgville, June 8, 1858. F. E. P.

Some musical publisher or teacher once wrote or said that "the art of playing on the violin required the nicest perception, and the most delicate sensibility of any art in the known world." Some country editor, commenting on it, says that "the art of publishing a country newspaper and making it pay, beats the art of fiddling, higher than a kite."

During the search for female compositors, it is reported that the following dialogue took place; "Good morning, Mr. Henpeck; have you any daughters that would make type-setters?" "No, but I have got a wife that would make a first-rate *devil!*"

During the Queen's visit to Birmingham, 47,000 Sunday school children sung a hymn in her presence. "The royal lady was much touched," or as we should say, "much affected," or "moved to tears."

A Brave Young Uncle.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Post relates the following touching incident: "As we left Pittsburg in the cars, we observed a small boy named Stitt, about 12 years of age, poorly clad, but very intelligent, having with him an infant ten months old, the child of his sister, who died a few weeks ago. *The lad brought the infant from Iowa* city, where the mother died, and was on his way to Harrisburg. The young uncle had cared for and nursed it all the way—a weighty charge for one so young It would not, perhaps, have been so much remarked had a young girl been the custodian of the young babe; but here was a mere boy putting aside *childish things,* and assuming all the cares and responsibility of a parent, during a journey of a thousand miles at least. The passengers manifested the greatest interest in the little wayfarer and his charge, *the ladies especially in turn relieving the* lad of his burden, as he appeared to be almost exhausted with his long journey.—Such constancy and manliness in one of such youthful years is not often exhibited, *and certainly well deserves the name of heroism.*

A Sensible Change.

"So, Barney McGuckin," exclaimed a tall, robust Irishman, on Broad street, the other day, to a diminutive, dried up, weazen-faced individual, also from the green sod, as *he caught the latter* by the throat and squeezed what little breath he had in him nearly out of his body—"so, Barney McGuckin, yees are the mon as I goin' to break me head in, be yees?"

"Och! mother of Moses, Misther O'Brien, what is it ye mane?" gasped Barney, in a perfect fright. "What is it ye mane?"

"Why, bad luck to yees, ye little miserable hop o'-my thumb! and didn't yees tell Dinnis Rooney an' Larry McGee, an' the rest of them, that ye'd break me head the first time ye got the chance? Tell me *that!*"

"Faith, Misther O Brien, if I did, *I've changed me mound* intirely so I have."

O Brien' wounded pride was satisfied, and, with the magnanimity of the Celtic race, he let up his antagonist, and allowed him to depart.

DON'T FRET.—*It is unamiable. A fretting* man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual *fretter buzzes if he don't sting with or without* provocation "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman, and in a wide house" It is useless: it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk cements no broken pictures, cured no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds It affects nobody *but the fretter himself* Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent *or master* They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike; and they conduct themselves accordingly.

TALKING AND ACTING.—Some people are forever talking about duty, and kindness *and generosity* and doing good. To hear them, one would suppose that there was the place to run, if you found yourself in any trouble But just try it, that's all, and if you don't have to run away quicker than you approached you'll be unfortunate. Of course, there are honorable exceptions to this rule, and there are exceptions in the conduct of the most repulsive advocate of love and kindness, but *generally,* you will find that those who make the most fuss about these things, are the persons who least exercise them, unless it is for effect, or to make a great sensation.

There is a *beautiful moral* conveyed in the following paragraph, well to be practiced as well as remembered by every individual

"The two most precious things on this side of the grave, are *reputation and life.*—But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the *one,* and the simplest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

A down Easter advertised for a wife in the following *manner*:

"Any gal what's got a ceow, a good father, bed and fixins, five hundred in hard pewter, one that's had the measles, and understands tendin' children, can have a customer for life by writing a billy-deoux, addressed Z—— R——, and stick it on Ebenezar's barn, hine side, joinin the hog pen."

Col. Fuller, with his usual urbanity, took a well *known* wit by the hand, and said, "Good morning, Mr. ——, you are looking very well to day, sir."

The wit replied, "I am not very well, Colonel, but I suppose you think I am, because I am looking *Fuller* in the face."

Cooper says that "the tear that is wiped away with address may be followed perhaps with a smile." If it is a woman's tear the "perhaps" *is unnecessary.* You can always dry it with a dress.

A Nonsensical Piece of Business—An Enigmatical Love Case.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat* narrates the particulars of a single freak recently perpetrated by a young lady in that county, and for the truth of which it vouches. The heroine is a young lady of education and refinement, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, *and of prepossessing personal appearance*—With all these attractions of course the young lady, Miss Z., did not lack for lovers, but so particular and discriminating was she in the selection of a subject for a "liege lord," that she found herself almost at the threshold of thirty and still unmarried But the happy man at length appears Orlando is about twenty two years of age; is tall, well formed, light complexioned and withal enterprising and active. She loved him—He prospered and was accepted Time flew on golden wings till it became necessary for *Orlando to be absent during the winter on* business. Before going, however, arrangements for his marriage were all completed, and the time for his return in the spring fixed. In trusting confidence he left his love, *keeping up a constant correspondence with* her during his absence. In her letters she regretted his absence, hoped for his speedy return, and longed for the day that should make them one.

But a change came o'er the spirit of her dream Soon after Orlando left, a Diomedes appeared in the field. Mr. G. was a craftsman and ten years the *Senior of Miss* Z. He was a large, fleshy and homely old bachelor. *He was an intimate friend of Or*lando and knew of his engagement, but nevertheless, artfully laid siege to the heart of Z., *which, after a desperate contest surren*dered.

On the 2d of March last, she wrote to Orlando, giving strong assurances of her love, and asking him to hasten home so as to be *ready for their marriage.* The next day she clandestinely married to Mr G., none of the relations of the parties being aware of it.—On the 5th of March, she again wrote to Orlando urging him to hasten his business so as to reach home at the appointed time, and for two months or more kept up a lively correspondence with him When Orlando reached he most affectionate manner, and for a few days *he spent the largest share of his time in her company. But Mr G's jealousy* was aroused, and although pledged to secrecy, *he could not endure this tantalizing interference.* He therefore disclosed to a friend that he was married to Miss Z, and his *friend took Orlando to one side and stated* the fact to him. He would not believe it, and on repairing to the lady, she pronounced the story false. His informant, however, produced the clergyman who officiated and the marriage *certificate*

Orlando laid the certificate before Miss Z, who at once pronounced it a forgery, and declared that she had not married Mr. G, and never would live with him, expressing at the same time a not very exalted opinion of him By this time the affair had got noised about, and as soon as twilight disappeared a band of Calathumpian minstrels appeared about the residence of the young lady's father All at once Miss Z. *disappeared.* An immediate search was instituted. A party who were searching the barn with lanterns, *found* Mr G. and Orlando, not on the field where Trolius met Diomedes, but on the hay-mow, talking over their mutual sufferings and grievances. The result, the lady did not get so far away that she did not return. Orlando becomes convinced that she was in fact married, and like a true hero concluded to submit to the force of circumstances. Mr. G. and his wife are living together as happy as circumstances will allow. Orlando is now a free man, and is waiting for something to turn up.

A gentleman, residing in Albany, as the *story goes, seeing an Irishman removing* an embankment from a dwelling, inquired,

"Patrick, what are you doing?"

"I am opening the cellar window, to be sure."

"And what are you doing that for?"

"May it please your honor," said Pat, "*to let out the dark.*"

SENSIBLE.—Among the resolutions passed by the Republican Convention in Armstrong county, Pa., the following strikes us as being the most *sensible*:—

"Resolved, That neither candidates for nomination, nor their friends, are to be allowed *to canvass the county*—and all violating the rule to forfeit claim to nomination."

John Bull beat the Americans badly at a game of cricket, played at Camden, New Jersey, on Monday and Tuesday week.—Cricket is a game invented by the English, *which the Americans have not yet learned* to play. We can beat John shooting crackers, and teach him how to keep Fourth of July.

In Kansas, two weeks ago, Miss Irene Baker, a *girl of seventeen,* married a man of seventy five, from admiration of one of his political speeches. This, says Prentice, is a common saying verified—"politics make strange bed fellows."

Keep your thoughts close, and your countenance open; and you may go safely thro' the world.