

Democratic Matchman

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Business Directory.

FARE REDUCED.

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TERMS—\$1.25 PER DAY

ADAM HOY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphan Court Practice and Settlement. 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 matters promptly referred to. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language.

Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D. C. Bond.

LINN & WILSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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WILLIAM H. BLANK,

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BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Office with the Hon. James T. Hale.

MARTIN STONE & SON,

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WITH SMITH, MURPHY & CO. DRY GOODS.

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PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Office as heretofore on High Street, opposite the Temperance Hotel.

DR. JAMES P. HUTTONSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Successor to Dr. Wm J. Mook, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTESVILLE and vicinity. Office at the Exchange House.

MITCHELL & BUSH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Tras C. Mitchell and D. G. Bush have entered into an agreement in the practice of the Law, under the name of Mitchell & Bush, and will give prompt and proper attention to all business entrusted to them.

Office in Reynolds' Arcade, near the Court House.

Bellefonte, November 26-48-11

JAMES H. HANKIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Burnside.

C. F. POTTER,

POTTER & BIRCHALL,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

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 his office except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be away filling professional duties.

GREEN & GREENBERG,

DRUGGISTS.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumes, Oils, Vars, Natives, Dye-Staffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trussels and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds, &c. &c.

Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.

Farmer and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock.

WILLIAM HAY, PROPRIETOR.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

As an Omnibus will run to and from the Depot and Packet Landings, to this Hotel, free of charge.

Sept. 3-37-11.

H. B. Parry,

RESIDENT 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 at the house occupied by Mrs. B. Bender, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Burnside.

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EXCHANGE ON THE GOLD CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Miscellaneous.

Young Womanhood.

Young womanhood!—the sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—a flower that is not quite a flower, 'Tis a young woman.

Gallagher's Hyperion.

Young womanhood—molasses touched with a little brimstone, spread on bread and butter—a being all joints and angles, not filled out an unformed form, deformed by stays—a palld thing that loves the ripening peach—a young woman—
A woman which is not quite a woman, Yet nothing more than a gal.

Brooklyn News.

Young womanhood!—a half moon not yet a cake baked, but not turned hot corn, all hot and smoking, not yet solid—a rich curdle which precedes the coming butter the thickening down upon a goslin's back that bespeaks the future goose—a butterfly.

A butterfly which is not a butterfly, Yet 'tis a caterpillar no how you can fix it.

Sunday News.

Now comes our turn. Young womanhood—a piggie, something short of a horse laugh, small potatoes half grown a body and limbs developed with padding, the exhibition of bone and muscle enough for a nutritional squabble, substantial finger nails that bespeak first-rate scratching a gander.

A gander which is not quite a gander, And yet it is no goose.

New Orleans Picayune.

While it is on the way we may as well give it a shove; so here goes. Young womanhood!—a red blackberry, just given enough to be as sour as vinegar a persimmon not yet frosted, yet ready to 'pucker' anybody's mouth who touches her a something which is neither fish, flesh, nor red herring—a betwixt—a too abstract for even a politician a cat.

A cat which is not quite a cat, And yet it's not a kitten.

Baltimore Sun.

Now comes our Young womanhood—a chicken in the shell—a small potato that isn't fit for family use—a piece of green lima bean—a herring half scorched over the fire—a moving sack of nothing, tied around the middle—a young idea about taking the show a ladder which is not quite a ladder a hen which is not quite a hen, Nor isn't it an old rooster neither.

Capitola's Intelligence.

'Good luck! If it's a 'free foot,' gentlemen consider us in, we take one chance in that investment to a dead moral certainty, whether we win or loose by the investment. Here goes!'

Young womanhood!—very small turpots, few in a hill, hard to dig, and when dug not worth slucks—a luck which cake badly done on one side, and may drop of molasses in the house—undeveloped criminal propensities—a general teaser incline to the whole family—entire hall room ornament—oyster shells, with the oyster just swallowed—an undeveloped rat—in point of fact, ag Mewber would say.

A cunning, sharp-eyed little mice, That would be dear at any price.

Natchez Courier.

Young womanhood!—a moving mass of undeveloped beauty, well supplied with tongue—a thing composed of powder, hoops, flowers and flounces—a substance to be by turns, pitied, loved and flattered—a puff of vanity, void of substance, well calculated to deceive—a pigeon.

A pigeon which is not quite a pigeon, Yet 'twill not do to call a squab.

Jackson Flag.

We must have 'a finger on the pie,' if we get it burned for our impudence.

Young womanhood!—a proof sheet with but one error to be corrected—a ginger cake not quite done, but will do to take along if a fellow hasn't time to wait—milk and peaches that lack just a little more sugar—a five-franc piece that will answer the place of a dollar rather than take a ragged bill—a strawberry that is not quite ripe, Yet is no longer green.

Shelbyville Expositor.

Young womanhood!—A thing of beauty, a joy forever—an object that leads to virtue, yet lures to vice—worthy at the highest prices, yet deserves the severest censure—a modest rose, blushing and lovely—a bright Upah, threatening and destructive—a small keg—an expanded hog-head—a thought of heaven with much to remind you of earth—heaven's greatest blessing, man's worst tormentor—in short, a strange compound of good and bad. Young womanhood—

A dream which is not a dream, And yet not quite reality.

Cincinnati Times.

Now comes our shove—so here we go—Young womanhood!—a shining star beaming out softly between the rifted cloud—an angel without wings—a something incomparable, the value of which cannot be estimated—

an ephemera, not living two days a like.

A thing of beauty—a joy always, Until it comes to frosting store bills.

Rochester Gazette.

A Steamer on the Erie Canal.

A steamer has been placed on this great public work to test the feasibility of using steam in Canal navigation. Her performance astonished and gratified every one.

The Rochester Democrat and American says:

Yesterday (Tuesday) morning early, her engine was fired up, and she passed on her way eastward. Many people saw her before leaving, and quite a company took passage on board the little steamer as far as the first lock. Her performance in the enlarged canal was such as to gratify every one who has been looking for the advent of some craft of this kind, to settle forever the question of rivalry between the iron road and the water course. The Mack is about the size of a large canal boat, nearly filling the locks through which she passes, and carries 1,400 barrels of flour. She is moved by a screw propeller, sunk at the stern. Going at the rate of four or five miles per hour, (about the speed of the old passenger packets) so well is caused that can do any injury to the canal banks; even when starting or more disturbance is caused in the water, than was usual when one of the fast packets had cast loose, and her three horses had given the first motion to those once admired vessels. The captain of the Mack regards this trip as an experiment, and is quite reserved as to any opinion the conduct of his steamer may have given him. As to fuel, about one ton and a half per diem, in a trip of say ninety miles, is his (own estimate) is burned about five dollars a day for fuel. The question of economy is an important one, and will be effectually solved in the trip around.

This is indeed an important experiment. The necessity to complete with railroads, is to be able to run steamers, which shall materially increase speed of travel, without injuring the banks of the canal. The great contests between these two classes of transportation depends upon the success of this experiment.

Touching Incident.

A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the home, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful, even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, so she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love and said:

"Mother, this little hand never struck me."

What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters that were you to do this, such a tribute could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand and say "This hand never struck me?"

Nobody but a Printer.

Such was the remark of a person residing not a thousand miles from our sanctum, in referring to the profession we follow with pride. Nobody but a printer! It makes our blood run rampant through our veins, to hear such expressions from the lips of those nursed on republican soil. Nobody but a printer, any how. Who was Benjamin Franklin? Nobody but a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? Nobody but a printer. Who was Gov. Bigler of Pennsylvania? Nobody but a printer. Geo. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Joseph Galier, Charles Richardson, James Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Robert Sears, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Senators, Dix, Cameron, and Niles? Nobody but printers. And last, though not least, who was Buchanan, who occupies the most honorable position on earth? Nobody but a printer. One thing is certain, every printer who chooses can make a blackguard, but every blackguard, cannot make a printer, brains are necessary.—Exchange.

Ray's career has unexpectedly been stopped. He had cleared some \$15,000 to \$20,000 by his horse-taming secret, when suddenly Routledge, the London cheap publisher, got hold of a pamphlet published by the horse-tamer in America, and printed it. It contains in a small compass all the arts of horse-taming, and the subscribers who had bound themselves not to divulge the secret under a penalty of £500, became furious, and Mr. Ray had to release them from their pledge in a letter to *the Times*. In this letter he states that the pamphlet in question is one he published in Ohio some years since, when his system was not perfect, and that more will be learned from his practical lessons in one hour than from a book in a lifetime.

"Old Hundred."

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn "Be thou O God, exalted high." The air as old as also, the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration "They are singing Old Hundred now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibing not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along the grander arch, the eternal heaven. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that fit's immortality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

"Can you find a tomb in the hill where scaled lips lay that have not sung this tune? If they were gray old men, they have heard or sung 'Old Hundred.' If they were babes they have smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing 'Old Hundred.' Sinner and saint have joined with the good angels congregations where it has, without without the leading organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes, on this strange world, have listened to it. The sweet young girls, whose tumbstone told of sixteen summers, whose pure and innocent face hunted you with mild beauty, loved 'Old Hundred,' and as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. Her whose method was devoted to the service of his God and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed ere his laboring breast, loved 'Old Hundred.' And though sometimes his lips only roared, deep down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs forever, the holy melody was humming—

"The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice!—how he loved 'Old Hundred.' Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair; his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silver locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains rang out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now hushed for almost in vain? If you do not, we do, and from such lips, halloved by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, 'Old Hundred' sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You will tell your churches with theirs, with Sabbath prima-donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and outlast as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have followed it, it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, whose generation after generation have worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe out 'Old Hundred' from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think for a moment of the assembled company, who have at different times and different places, joined in the familiar tune! Thronging through—the stem, the timid, the brave, the beautiful, the apt faces all beaming with the inspirations of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred" king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but its first triumph strain that welcomes us may be,

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

Rattle-snake.

On Saturday afternoon last, a brakeman running on one of the freight trains between this place and Conemaugh, caught a large rattle-snake, on the mountain, and brought it to town in the evening. Quite a number collected at the depot to get a glimpse of his shakiness. It was secured by a string fastened around its neck and attached to the end of a pole. From the manner in which it 'struck out' with its head and open jaws, we deemed it anything else than an agreeable pet. After its captor had exhibited it for some time, it was handed over to the proprietors of the Logan House, to be 'done up' in alcohol. Previous to putting it in alcohol it was deemed advisable to take the wind out of it, to do which, without injuring its skin, it was placed in a bottle of water and corked up. Not being accustomed to this kind of treatment, it writhed and snapped considerably, but finding this unnatural it gave up the ghost. After it was taken out of the bottle, the water in which it was drowned was thrown on a plot of grass in the yard attached to the Logan House, and so much had it been poisoned by the venom emitted by the snake that it killed the grass on which it fell, turning it black for the tip of the blades to the root.—*Altona Tribune*.

"Cuffy why don't you kick that dog?"

"What am I to do ob kicking every cur that snarls at you? Don't you know dat am do way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence Fly-Bitten.

In the last volume of Randall's life of Jefferson, the following anecdote is given as related by Jefferson.

"Whilst the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meetings near a livery stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and with banackerhoff in hand they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, we could not so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in bringing them to promptly sign their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic."

"The anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as the flies. He told it with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection, of the severity of an attack, from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene."

Mr. Randall introduces this anecdote with the apologetic remark, "Some of the old painters were fond of introducing a homely or even a grotesque minor accessory into their state-historical pictures. Here is something of the kind without borrowing from the imagination."

Biographic Appropriate Reception.

On the 3rd of July the Republicans of Ashabula, Lake and Seneca Counties gave a public reception to Senator Wake and Joshua R. Giddings. They formed a procession which, to use the language of the Ashabula Sentinel, the Republican organ, was headed by twelve beautiful negro girls, each bearing a banner representing the twelve States that are true to freedom, who, also, with their flags, occupied the stand. This was every way an appropriate reception. Giddings and Wake, in their Congressional action, made the interests of the negro paramount to those of the white people, and it was proper that in the procession welcoming them negroes should take the lead of the whites! We do not consider, in fact, that Giddings and Wake are in any sense the representatives of the white people of Ohio, but solely labor for the interests and carry out the views of the colored population. By the by, their flag should have had but eleven stars on it instead of twelve, that being the number of States that voted for Fremont.—*Am. Enquirer*.

Photographic Love.

Is a new species of the genus Love, which already has so much variety in its manifestations. Photography has lent itself to Cupid, and achieves some most wonderful things. We are almost daily reminded of some one who, having visited a photographic gallery, has seen a face there which produced the fatal love impression, and which, in time, was pretty sure to be framed in the golden rings of engagement, to be finally hung upon the cozy walls of home-matrimony. So many of the passages of photographic love transpire, that it has become more than a custom for pretty girls to leave their faces in 'specimen cases'—it is a business arrangement, in many instances, we have good reason to believe. At any rate, it is a good and very artistic way of 'making acquaintances,' and we advise those of the sex who have good looks and a desire to catch a fiver, to allow their pleasant face a place in the photographer's gallery, or specimen-case. Nine chances out of ten but it will bring a suitor!

Road to Ruin.

Something like a year ago, as we are told a fair but frail girl came to this city from Holmes County, and entered a house of prostitution. The police have made several descents upon this house and this girl has more than once figured upon the Police Court Record. The other day her father, an old and worthy man, came to the city for the purpose of forgiving, and, if possible, saving his daughter. He was unable to find the den in which she resided, but he met her on the Public Square yesterday and besought her to abandon her life of wretchedness and crime and return home with him. This noble generosity of the father was rewarded with blows and blasphemy by the daughter, and the old man, well nigh broken-hearted, as it is fair to suppose, returned home. We give the incident on reliable authority.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!"
Cleveland Plaindealer.

All things in the natural world symbolize God, yet none of them speak of him but in broken and imperfect words. High above all his sites, sublimar than mountains, grander than storms, sweeter than blossoms and tenderer than lilies, truer than parents, more loving than lovers, his feet tread the lowest places of the earth; but his head is above all glory, and every where he is supreme.

LOVELY WOMAN—

according to the modern definition—is an article manufactured by milliners and dressmakers.

"Who wants a little on her head, But much below to make a spread,"

So says a crusty old bachelor editor, who deserves to be 'hooped,' by a committee of ladies, for his impudence.

Mount Vernon and the Remains of Washington.

The Doylestown Democrat learns from a source that it thinks may be relied upon, that John A. Washington, who has lately sold Mount Vernon to an association of ladies, to secure the home and grave of Washington to the nation, intends to remove the remains of the Father of his Country from the tomb, as he does not consider them included in the purchase of the estate. This, under ordinary circumstances, we could hardly believe, but from a man like John A. Washington, who deliberately swindled his patriotic countrywomen in the sale of a portion of his great ancestor's estate, we may expect anything. His transaction with them shows him to be a perfect Shylock, and where he cannot take a pound of flesh, we may look for him to claim the dust and bones. If there be any truth in this report, the sooner it is known the better.

AN EDITOR'S AMUSEMENT.

It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year, when the assessors come round and ask how much money we have at interest, how much stock we have in the public funds or in banks; and various other questions that are supposed to be put only to the 'sold men.' If there is any body around, we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and in as heavy a chest tone as we can command, we answer—

"About the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. No do we

GRAND OFFER.

Carrie A. (Clarke thus writes to the Louisville Journal.

I bring the heart, a stainless heart As fresh and pure as the mountain snow, Still echoing back with clearer strain, The song that you taught it long ago.

'Tis an humble thing, The gift I bring;

My all, my fortune and my store, Yet I bring it thee, I can bring no more.

'What would he not for her ask? A stainless heart' a fortune and a store—possibly a dry good store. Hold on to that gal!

DEATH BED CONFESSION.

The Temperance Crusader learns that a young man calling himself Wilcox, a student in the school of the Rev. J. W. Reed, at Philomath Ala., died a few days since, and, upon his death bed, confessed that he had been misrepresenting his real name, because he said that he had committed murder in Louisiana, and had fled from home. He had been sent to Georgia, by his parents, with money and instructions to have him sent to a good school. He requested Mr. Reed to write to his friends in Louisiana, and tell them of his death.

ATOMS TURNED DEACONS.

Two actors named Weeks and Strickland, (the latter the celebrated Parisian Dr. Cohan's Fanny Strickland, of the Southern theatres,) who were converted during the last religious revival, preached in New York churches over which they have been ordained ministers, on Sunday last. It is reported that they were very eloquent and forcible but a considerable amount of theatrical style was manifested. The congregations were very large.

A young Shaker and Shakeress left the Neshaminy settlement on Tuesday, rushed to Troy, got a carriage, got a minister, and got married. The young lady appeared yesterday in a crimson skirt eight feet around, while the young gentleman mounted a pair of patent leather boots, ordered up a box of cigars, and commenced shaving for a moustache. Think of that—a Shaker with a moustache! Who says the world does not move?

Sold!—A popular actor of Philadelphia went to Cape May a few days since. He accidentally fell in with the Cape look it down.—In conjunction with a few others he got up a complimentary presentation. A presentation, speech was made, and the reply was gratefully eloquent. A feast followed, after which on going to his room, he opened the case, which enclosed the watch, and found it to be the one he had left at home!

Now, every man has committed to him a statue, moulded by the oldest master, not of Cupid, or Venus, or Psyche, or Jupiter, or Apollo, but the image of God; and he who is only solicitous for outward things, who is striving to protect merely the body from injuries and reverses, is letting the statue go rolling away into the gutter, while he is picking up the fragments and lamenting the ruin of the box.

THE FASHION OF CRIMOLINE HAS RECEIVED A SEVERE CHECK IN VIENNA,

where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing it. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact that an actress, who, in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away, and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realize the latter idea with anything like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound frame work.

LOTTARIES.

Alfred Keovil and Bernard Perry, were on Saturday last, sentenced to the Penitentiary for one year each, for selling Lottery tickets in Pittsburgh. Bogus lottery business seems to come upon hard times as well as other kinds of business.

A young lady had her person carried away by a gust of wind. It was picked up by a honest son of the "Emerald Isle," who returned it with the compliment: "Faith, Miss, and if you wore as strong as you're handsome, be jabbers a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from you."

A punster says: "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy to 'turn a Somerset?'"

An Incident of the Late War.

A military officer with whom we have long been intimate, relates two incidents connected with Croghan's gallant defence of Fort Stevenson.

As the British and Indians, in their operations, had violated their pledge and the usage of civilized warfare, by wantonly murdering their prisoners, the members of Croghan's little band, (only one hundred strong, with a single six pounder, and surrounded by about six hundred British troops and three that number of Indians,) had mutually agreed to stand their ground to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

When all was ready, the British commander sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to treat for a surrender of the fort. Croghan pointing to him as he approached, exclaimed: "It will not do to let him enter here and see our weakness, who will volunteer to meet him?"

As it was pretty certain that whoever should leave the fort on such a mission would be murdered by the dastardly foe, there was a brief pause, when Esquimaux Shipp replied "I will, upon one condition."

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"Pledge me your word, as an officer and a man of honor, that you will keep that gun bearing directly upon me, and that you will fire it off the moment you see me raise my hand. The pledge was given and Shipp went forth. To all the arguments and persuasions of the enemy his unwavering reply was, "I am instructed to say that we defend the fort!"

Soon the Indians began to surround him. One clutched his epaulette, another his sword. Shipp, who was a man of herculean frame, released himself by a powerful effort, and turning to the enemy, coolly said

"Sir, I have not put myself under the protection of your truce, without knowing your mode of warfare. You see that gun," said he, pointing to that solitary six pounder, "it is well charged with grape, and I have the solemn pledge of my commander that it shall be fired the moment that I give him the signal. Therefore, restrain these men and respect the laws of war, or you shall instantly accompany me to the other world."

This was enough. Shipp was no more molested. He returned to his comrades in safety, fought out the desperate action that ensued, and obtained promotion for his bravery.

The court instance referred to at the head of our paragraph, was told as follows:

After the British and Indians had withdrawn, Croghan missed one man (only one) who had belonged to his little band, and all efforts for his discovery were, for some time, unsuccessful. At length his remains were discovered in the garret of one of the old block houses, where he had crept for safety, and was cut in two by a cannon ball.

All the rest considering their chances of life, got worth a thought, had only sought to do their duty, and escaped alive, from perhaps the most desperate fight on record. The only man that was killed, happened to be the only man that proved a coward.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

A Quaker had his broad brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a rogues looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him—

"Art thou a profane lad?"

The youngster replied that he sometimes did a little in that way.

"Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "there may damn yonder fleeing fifty cents worth."

"Sam, what fish in de salt water moves the least?"

"Why Julius, what ignoramus questions you ax yer culural bredren. Minims weigh de least ob course."

"No, no, sah, dat's wrong now, it am de purpos, sah, de purpos weahs nothing—coz why, he got no scale. Yah, yah!"

"Duchess, pray how long can a man live without brains?" asked a Chicago exquisite of the city physician, who had been commenting on the case of an idiot who had recently died.

"Couldn't say exactly," was the doctor's reply, "but if you tell me your age I can make a rough guess."

GOVERNOR DENVER WILL NOT RESIGN.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American says—"Governor Denver will return to Kansas immediately, leaving this city on Tuesday, having accomplished the object for which he made this hasty visit. The President is quite satisfied with his conduct, and only regrets he did not appoint him a year ago."

A young lady had her person carried away by a gust of wind. It was picked up by a honest son of the "Emerald Isle," who returned it with the compliment: "Faith, Miss, and if you wore as strong as you're handsome, be jabbers a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from you."

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Mount Vernon and the Remains of Washington.

The Doylestown Democrat learns from a source that it thinks may be relied upon, that John A. Washington, who has lately sold Mount Vernon to an association of ladies, to secure the home and grave of Washington to the nation, intends to remove the remains of the Father of his Country from the tomb, as he does not consider them included in the purchase of the estate. This, under ordinary circumstances, we could hardly believe, but from a man like John A. Washington, who deliberately swindled his patriotic countrywomen in the sale of a portion of his great ancestor's estate, we may expect anything. His transaction with them shows him to be a perfect Shylock, and where he