

# Democratic Matchman.

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

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## Soliloquy.

### Twenty Years Ago.

#### NEW VERSION.

I met a girl the other day,  
Some twenty years old or so,  
The image of a nymph I loved  
Some twenty years ago.  
The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,  
The hair of raven flow—  
Ah! now they set my heart ablaze,  
Some twenty years ago.  
I spoke—her answers did not reach  
Of wit or wisdom, show—  
But thus the lovely maiden talked  
Some twenty years ago.  
What! could a shadow heart like this,  
My heart in tumult throw?  
I must have been a little green,  
Some twenty years ago.  
I met the lovely Mary since—  
Her charms are vanished though—  
Her wit and wisdom are the same  
As twenty years ago.  
I looked upon her faded cheek  
Until my feelings glow,  
And think that she has mourned my love  
Some twenty years ago.  
Pond boy! who could it gladly die  
To please some simpering miss—  
Who knew what though will think of her  
Some twenty years from this!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE OUTPOST.

#### A TALK OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Illinois and Iroquois Indians had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia and Ohio, and the northwest portion of New York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and savage brutality to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.  
To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the regulars and the colonial militia, were despatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia Riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles of the north fork of the Allegheny river.  
Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old outpost to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and thus being done, and order once restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and by night.  
Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, unassuming fellow, who from his fatal, unerring skill as a marksman, had received the name of *the plume of Death*. But, with whatever justice the name had been applied to him for skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such term of reproachful epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.  
His rich fund of mother wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendering him a general favorite with the men, while his never failing stock of game, with which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little shortcoming of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which otherwise perhaps he might not have gotten over so easily.  
The company had not been stationed at the fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three miles or so distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following under cover of a pretence of having forgotten his powder flask.  
Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same Parish as the father of our hero, and we need not say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.  
The second week after the occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were widely different in degrees of importance.  
The first was that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had retired to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been sadly wanting in the stores of woodcocks, &c., for the week past, and the second and most important of the two events was, that in regular procession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

The last circumstance struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully sacrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal spot unoccupied for a night or two.  
It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope farm. The moon was up, but her light was almost obscured by the dense mass of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, and the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.  
Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest, that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and craning down on his hands and knees, except cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position several minutes he again quickly retreated in the manner he had advanced at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.  
Col. Innes sat reading alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered the room and informed him that one of his men wished to speak to him.  
"Send him in," replied the Colonel; and the next moment our friend Death had entered and made his best bow to his commanding officer.  
"Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?" said the Colonel; "when he saw who his visitor was."  
"None Colonel," replied Death, "but I have come to ask a favor."  
"Let us hear it," said the Colonel, "and we will then see what we can do."  
"Well, Colonel," it is simply this: if you will put the rifles under my orders to night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear the mystery of the desertion of the four sentinels, but will give the post tenable in future."  
"But how?" said the Colonel, in the most intense surprise.  
"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "I can better tell you the way than I can tell you of it. I'll tell you the whole story after I promise that no one shall receive a scratch if they follow my directions implicitly."  
"Yes, you are a strange man," said the Colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"  
"In about an hour's time," answered Death.  
"Very well, I will give you the necessary orders so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all you are promised, and don't care to repeat having humiliated you, you shall have poor Campbell's place."  
Hector Campbell was a brave, but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot, from which three sentinels had already mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.  
"Now my life," said Death as in about an hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders.  
"I will tell you what we are going to do," said the Colonel, "and the affair is simply this: that a gang of them called the 'plume of Death' has encircled and carried off four of our men, shooting them with their arrows and then decamped with their bodies."  
"To night as I was returning to the fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices. Creeping on my hands towards the spot, I got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen of troops were then and there arranging their plans to surprise the fort to night—intending to steal in upon it by the point which their cursed devilry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped to learn this, when I hurried to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned, being determined that if possible, the rifles should have the honor of exterminating the devils. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"  
Every cheerfully answered in the affirmative, with quickening pulse and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.  
The post consisted of a long narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky bank, while its extreme end was closed in by a dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood. Death unconsciously his men, taking care to arrange them so that their fire would not expose each other, and bidding them not to fire until he gave the signal; and after they had fired, not to re-load, but dubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.  
With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him and in another minute the spot presented the same long, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.  
The little company had begun to grow very impatient and Death himself to fear that the Indians had either fled or that they were about to be surprised.

temple, or else had changed their plan of battle, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of his crafty foe issuing in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.  
"Three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen, counted Death, as one after another emerged in single file from the wall, all with quick, cat-like stealthiness of movement advanced upon the pass, their rifles, trail, and their faces and bodies were rendered still more ferocious looking by the grotesque markings of their war paint. Oh, they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.  
The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle-tuft at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness emitted the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.  
The rest of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle-tuft at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness emitted the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.  
The rest of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle-tuft at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness emitted the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with out breath he reached the side of the frequent chief. They grappled and fell heavily to the ground and during glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted brows, a scolding brood of "Keep off!" shouted Death as he saw one of his companions in the act of stopping down to assist him, "Keep off! and if he masters me let him go."  
Over the yelled and whistling an I strain, and Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with out breath he reached the side of the frequent chief. They grappled and fell heavily to the ground and during glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted brows, a scolding brood of "Keep off!" shouted Death as he saw one of his companions in the act of stopping down to assist him, "Keep off! and if he masters me let him go."  
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As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the accomplished veteran General Morgan of the revolutionary celebrity, was the one and the same individual.  
About a fortnight after the eventful night, Stanhope farm was the scene of much merriment, singing and dancing as could be supposed of during the twenty-four hours, and though we think it superfluous to do so, we will add that the course of this "merry making" was the marriage of the beautiful Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

**QUEEN STORIES.**—The *Nantuxet Inquirer* relates the following as an "older tale":  
While a cow, belonging to Mr. Lemuel Jones, was passing through Broad street, on Saturday afternoon, her tail, which was vigorously using as a fly extirpator, was whisked around a post, and became fastened; this frightened the animal and she made a leap, paying the tail about mid way, and leaving one half of the very useful appendage hanging on the post. The above is related by a gentleman who saw the occurrence.

**WE HAVE HEARD** that story which we have heard of late, about Joseph's losing his coat-tail when he was caught by that naughty woman, but to believe such a tall story as the above, is putting our faith to a very severe test.

**A MECHANICAL BED.**—The last novelty from Germany is a mechanical bed, which receives the weary body, and immediately "claps it in Rhythm." It is the invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that by the means of hidden mechanism, a pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air to be blown to the sleeper, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep.

At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to arise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontani with flutes, and cymbals, and in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

**FORGIVENESS.**—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous of virtues; human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every trifling attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Some of the farms of Vermont stand so much on their edge, that plowmen with a short leg command double wages. Citizens who "distinguish" themselves in the late war with Mexico will please notice.

## From the New Haven Journal A Quaint Will.

Judge Morris has shown us the following copy of a will recorded on the New Haven Probate Records.  
In the name of God, sole Governor of all worlds, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the twelve Apostles, Saints, Throned Powers, Virtues, Angels, Archangels, Cherubims and Seraphims, Amen. I David Ogden, of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, being in uncommon good health and spirits, and in my right mind and wits, do in the following manner make this my last will and testament. Inprimis, My body, this mass composed of flesh, blood, arteries, bones, cartilages, fibres, and God wot not all besides, I commit, when dressed in my best suit of black clothes, to its deep, dark, silent grave—its a dismal house I am to dwell in, yes verily, a mournful one, therefore the dress of mourning is the most proper one for me. Thus let this body be dressed for its coffin, which I pray to be made of sound mahogany wood and not ornamented with brass nails and tin plates telling my name age or death—my head will tell these things to the inquisitive in the grave. When this mass of corruption is thus equipped, let it be borne on the shoulders of four sturdy youths to its long home, the narrow grave, whom I would should be rewarded for their trouble with a decent pair of gloves each. By the way, should David Edwards, the Sunday after my exit, conceive either my life or my death to merit a sermon, a short sermon, prayer, or a few hymns to be sent up to the throne of an all pitying and merciful God, pray then let it be done; and for his trouble and good services in this solemn business, give him my best wishes for his welfare, accompanied with a compliment of £3, 40, New York currency.

Item—My soul, God grant, if I have any, or ever had, it may wing its flight to heaven, be placed conspicuously among the stars, fly on the wings of the wind; feed the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the insects of the earth, or the fishes of the aquatic deep waters; upon the whole, I, my soul to God. Item—It is my will and pleasure that a monument worth £10,000 be erected in the burying ground in New Haven to my memory, the motto and epitaph to be—*Heavenly body wholly to the discretion of my worthy friend and brother, Pierpont Edwards, Esq.*

To my sister Polly Elizabeth Ogden I give, grant, bequeath and bequeath all my worldly concerns—goods, chattels, real tenements and hereditaments which I, whilst an inhabitant of this planet, was in possession of, in fee simple or otherwise, to her and her heirs forever, she first paying, satisfying, and cancelling all lawful debts, and demands against the same; also, paying to Susan Edwards, my lovely niece, the sum of £25, New York money, to be laid out for a mourning dress for her, the said Susan I appoint, constitute, and make Pierpont Edwards and David Daggett, Esqs., of New Haven, and Aaron Ogden, Esq., of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, executors of this my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal. Dated at New Haven, this 12th day of February, 1792. David Ogden.

**WHAT CAN BE DONE IN AN ACRE OR TWO.**  
—The editor of the *Maine Cultivator* published a few days ago his management of one acre of ground, from which we gather the following result:  
One third of an acre of corn usually produced thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity was sufficient for family use, and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he obtained two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family supply of beans. From the same bed of six rods square he usually obtained sixty bushels of onions; these he sold at \$1 per bushel and the amount brought purchased his flour. Thus from one third of an acre and his onion bed he obtained his breadstuffs. The rest of the ground was appropriated to all sorts of vegetables for the summer and winter use—potatoes, beets, turnips, cabbage, green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c., with fifty or sixty bushels of beets and carrots for the winter food of a cow. Then he had a flower garden, also raspberries, currants and gooseberries in great variety, and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees.

**Shunshine and Cloud.**  
Sourpuss lives do—for certain days or years—actually anticipate the happiness of Heaven; and I believe, if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes) its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish, and tinging the deep cloud. I will go further. I do believe there are some human beings so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their journey. And often these are not pampered, selfish beings, but nature's elect, harmonious and benign; men and women mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes. But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done, as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not.

## Who should Speak First.

Ladies frequently complain that gentlemen pass them in the street, unnoticed when, in fact, the fault arises from their own breach of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiable first; for it is a privilege which ladies enjoy of choosing their own associates or acquaintances. No gentleman likes to risk the "cut" in the street by a lady, through a premature salute. To many ladies, it would seem don't know the rule of politeness. Meeting ladies in the street, whom one has casually met in company, they seldom bow unless he bows first; and when a gentleman overleaps from the rule of good breeding, except occasionally, by the way of experiment, his acquaintances do not multiply, but he stands, probably, charged with rudeness. A lady must be civil to a gentleman in whose company she may casually be placed; but a gentleman is not, upon this, to presume upon an acquaintance the first time she afterwards meets him in the street. If it be her will, she gives some token of recognition, when the gentleman may bow; but otherwise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman; for he will promptly and politely answer, even if he has forgotten his fair saluter. No one but a brute can do otherwise. Should he pass on rudely his character is declared and there is a cheap ridicule. Politeness or good breeding is like law—the "reason of things."

## Grass Widows in Indiana.

A correspondent of the *Dayton Journal*, who has been travelling out in the Wabash regions of Hoosierdom discovered one peculiarly in every town he tarried in:  
Speaking of grass widows reminds me of the fact that Indiana (and particularly the Wabash) is literally swarming with grass widows. Every hotel or tavern has, or have had one or more of those bewitching virgins, domiciled with them for ten days, which makes them citizens and residents, of the State of Indiana and with a little hard swearing, natives too. At the expiration of ten days a suit is commenced against some *ride husband*, and as a matter of course, a divorce is granted, if for no other cause than incompetibility of temper. Here are congregated from all the States in the Union (except Illinois) the most accomplished and the most beautiful of the State of Indiana, the distinguished sculptor, once gave it as his opinion that this was none other than the head of Oliver Cromwell. Yet its existence seems almost unknown in England, and only a few years ago a discussion in some of the public journals in which I have seen it vigorously denied and advocated. Such a rumor was in circulation, and as no one had then seen the head, it having been concealed, none could speak by authority. Recently the statue for concealment has passed away, and permission to see it was carefully granted. It is a curious keep safe for a lady, but it is carefully preserved under lock and key in a box of great antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes, and when it is raised from its hiding place and held in one's hand, what a world of thought is suggested!

## Death in Childhood.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage, which is taken from an article in the *Harbin University Magazine*: "To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, the little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come longingly upon it, there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearning of love, indeed cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful are gone, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting into the presence of its all wise father, and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven."

## Grass Widows in Indiana.

There is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squallor, and raggedness. His heart ached at it, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, "with some degree of peevishness, 'why don't you beg?'" "Sure, it's beggin' I am, yer honor!" "You didn't say a word." "Or course not, yer honor! but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of my trousers!" and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famish that's starvin' in me eyes! Man shire! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

## Illustration of Life.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon: "Life hereon like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the bonnet's bloom of love, the star-anhurion, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a winter, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean join our ears, and the waves beneath our feet and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

## AN EDITOR'S ASSESSMENT.

—It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year, when we have the assessors come round and ask how much money we have at interest, how much stock we have in the public fund, or banks; and various other subjects that are supposed to be put only to the "silly men." If there is anybody around, we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and in a heavy chest tone we can command, we answer: "About the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. So do we.

## It is computed that in the Crimean war the British lost by the sword, by disease and other contingencies of war, one hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and thirteen men, and that thirty-seven thousand and four hundred more were left invalids for life.

## The Head of Oliver Cromwell.

Before leaving England I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell—not the mere skull, but the head entire and in a state of remarkable preservation. His history is authentic, and there is verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious convictions, and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterwards his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterwards conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families, which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bromley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head, and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting chapel, and myself.

## Death in Childhood.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage, which is taken from an article in the *Harbin University Magazine*: "To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, the little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come longingly upon it, there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearning of love, indeed cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful are gone, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting into the presence of its all wise father, and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven."

## Grass Widows in Indiana.

There is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squallor, and raggedness. His heart ached at it, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, "with some degree of peevishness, 'why don't you beg?'" "Sure, it's beggin' I am, yer honor!" "You didn't say a word." "Or course not, yer honor! but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of my trousers!" and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famish that's starvin' in me eyes! Man shire! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

## Illustration of Life.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon: "Life hereon like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the bonnet's bloom of love, the star-anhurion, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a winter, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean join our ears, and the waves beneath our feet and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

## AN EDITOR'S ASSESSMENT.

—It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year, when we have the assessors come round and ask how much money we have at interest, how much stock we have in the public fund, or banks; and various other subjects that are supposed to be put only to the "silly men." If there is anybody around, we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and in a heavy chest tone we can command, we answer: "About the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. So do we.

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