Democratic Watchman.

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

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 40.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends

Business Directory.

PANIC VETOED.

Credit liberal, goods plenty and cheap at the Emporium for Dry Goods and Clothing of Wood Bacon & Co

No. 309, Market St., Philadelphia.

Where C Heimuth will be happy to receive and wait upon his friends All orders entrusted to him will be attended to with promptness and fidelity

August 5.'58-tf.

FARE REDUCED.

STATES UNION HOTEL,

606 & 608 Market Street, above sixth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

G. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.

TERMS $1 25 PER DAY.

ADAM HOY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Will attend promptly to all legal business intrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphans' Court Practice and Scrivening. 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, PENN'A

Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business intrusted to him will be faithfully attended to Particular attention paid to collections and all monies promptly remitted. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language

Office on High st formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D C Boal, Esq

SAMUEL LINN. WILLIAM P. WILSON

LINN & WILSON:
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Office on Allegany street, in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co, Bankers

August 20 '55-1year

WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office with Hon James T Hale

GEO A FAIRLAMB, M D J H DOBBINS, M D

FAIRLAMB & DOBBINS,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
BELLEFONTE PA

Office as heretofore on Bishop street, opposite the Temperance Hotel

DR JAMES P. HUTCHISON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Successor to Dr Wm J. McKim, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTERS MILLS and vicinity Office at the Eagle House

MITCHELL & BUSH
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

Isa C Mitchell and D G Bush have entered in to a copartnership 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 tf

AMBROTYPES,

CRYSTALLOGRAPHS & DAGUERREOTYPES,
Taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A M to 5 P.M
BY J S BARNHART,

In his splendid Saloon, in the Arcade Building, Bellefonte, Penn'a

JAMES H. HANKIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Burnside

G. L POTTER. J. P. MITCHELL

POTTER & MITCHELL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
BELLEFONTE, PA

Dr. Geo L. Potter has removed to the Bush House directly opposite his former residence, and Dr J P 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

☞ 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 & McKEEN,
DRUGGISTS
BELLEFONTE, PA

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds.

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

☞ Farmers and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock

EAGLE HOTEL,
OPPOSITE THE WEST BRANCH BANK,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA

WILLIAM H. HAY, PROPRIETOR.

N. B.—An Omnibus will run to and from the Depot and Packet Landings, to this Hotel, free of charge

Sept 3-37-tf.

DENTAL CARD.

H. B. Parry.—SURGEON DENTIST.
(LATE OF LANCASTER, PA.)

HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practising all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges.

Office and residence in the house occupied by Mrs E. Benner, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Burnside.

CARD.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. H. B. PARRY to our friends as a thorough and accomplished Dentist. C. H. BRESSLER, M. D.,
JAMES LOCKE, M D.

Bellefonte, March 25-13-'58.

DEPOSIT BANK,
OF
E. C. HUMES, JAS. T. HALE
H. N. McALLISTER, A. G CURTIN
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED
BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND NOTES DISCOUNTED
COLLECTIONS MADE, AND PROCEEDS REMITTED PROMPTLY.
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS FOR NINETY DAYS AND UNDER SIX MONTHS AT THE RATE OF FOUR PERCENT PER ANNUM—FOR SIX MONTHS AND UPWARDS, AT THE RATE OF FVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.
EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Selected Poetry.

Nellie Gray.

There's a low mossy valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away—
A sitting and a singing by the little cabin door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.
Oh! my poor Nellie Gray,
They have takep her away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I am sitting by the river,
And am weeping all the day,
For she's gone from the old Kentucky shore

When the moon had climed the mountain and the stars were shining too
I would take my darling Nellie Gray,
And paddle down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo so sweetly I would play
Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, &c.

One day I went to see her—she had gone, the neighbors said;
The white man had bound her in his chain—
He had taken her to Georgia, there to wear her life away,
As she toiled 'mid the cotton and the cane.
Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, &c

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung—
I am tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore
Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, &c

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way,
There's somebody knocking at the door,
I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray—
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore
Oh! my poor Nellie Gray,
Up in heaven there they say,
They'll never take you from me any more,
I am coming, coming, coming,
As the Angels clear the way—
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Miscellaneous.

Wonderful Narrative

STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS IN SPIRITUALISM!
THE DEAD RISING FROM THE GRAVE!

We find the following strange story in the Urbana (Ill.) *Union*, credited to the Crown Point *Register*, Lake county, Indiana. The latter paper says

"We have received the following letter from Dr John Morton a gentleman of [illegible] acity, and high professional standing, formerly from Cleveland, Ohio, an old schoolmate of ours. We think its perusal will convince out readers of the entire truth of all that is said about modern spiritualism

GRAND TRAVERSE, Michigan, May 24, 1858.

EDITORS REGISTER —I send you the following account of a most extraordinary event or transaction or what you will because, in my opinion it ought not to be suppressed, but, on the contrary, thoroughly investigated In the midst of the excitement here, such a thing as calm and unbiased examination is altogether out of the question; nor would it be safe to attempt it, inasmuch as the determination of the people is strongly to "hush up" As I myself am one of the relief characters concerned in the affair I dare not attempt, if I possessed the ability, to determine the character of what I am about to relate.

I left Cleveland to establish myself here, as you will remember, some time last July, a young and experienced physician. Almost the first patient I was called to see was a Mrs. Hayden—a woman thirty five years of age, a strong constitution, and a well balanced mind, (apparently,) and (apparently) with little or no imagination. She was, however, a "Spiritualist" with the reputation of being a superior "medium." Her usual physician, Dr J N Williams, was absent—hence her application to me. I found her laboring under a severe attack of typhus fever, which threatened to prove fatal. Having prescribed for her, I left, promising to send Dr. W. as soon as he returned. This was on Sunday morning. At night Dr. W. took the patient off my hands, and I did not see her again until Friday evening of the ensuing week. I then found her dying, and remained with her till her decease, which took place precisely at midnight. She was, or appeared to be, rational during the whole of my visit, though I was informed that she had been delirious the greater part of the week. There was nothing remarkable about her symptoms; I should say the decease had taken its natural course.

At the time of her decease there were in in the room besides myself, her husband, Mrs. Green [her sister] and Mrs. Giles [a neighbor]. Her husband, whom I particularly noticed, was very thin and weak, then suffering from a quick consumption, already beyond recovery. He bore the character of a clear minded, very firm, illiterate, but courteous man, and a most strenuous unbeliever in Spiritualism.

There had been some subdued conversation such as is natural in such scenes, the patient taking no part in it except to signify, in a faint and gradually diminishing voice, her wants until about an hour before her death, when a sudden and indescribable change came over her features, voice and whole appearance—a change which her husband noticed by saying with, as I thought wholly unwarranted bitterness.

"There goes those cursed spirits again."

The patient hereupon unclosed her eyes, and fixed a look of unutterable emotion on her husband—a look so direct, searching and unwavering, that I was not a little startled by it. Mr. Hayden met it with something like an unhappy defiance, and finally asked of his wife what she wanted. She immediately replied, in a voice of perfect health, "You know."

I was literally astonished at the words and the voice in which they were uttered. I had often read and heard of a return of volume and power of voice just preceding dissolution; but the voice of the patient had none of the natural intonation of such—it was, as I have said, perfectly healthy. In a few moments she continued in the same voice, and with her eyes still fixed upon her husband.

"To William, in your secret soul, do you believe?"

"Wife," was the imploring reply, "that is the devil which has stood between us and Heaven for so many months. We are both at the very verge of the grave, and, in God's name, let him be buried first."

Apparently without hearing or heeding [illegible] her words:

"You dare not disbelieve."

"I do," he replied, excited by her manner, "while you are dying—nay, if you were dead, and should speak to me, I dare not believe."

"Then," she said, "I will speak to you when I am dead! I will come to you at your latest hour, and with a voice from the grave. I will warn you of your time to follow me!"

"But I shall not believe a spirit"

"I will come in the night, and speak to you, remember!"

She then closed her eyes and straightway sank into her former state

In a few moments, as soon as we had somewhat recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary scene, her children were brought into the room to receive her dying blessing She partially roused herself, and placing a hand on the head of each, she put up a faint prayer to the throne of grace, faint in voice, indeed, but a prayer in which all the strength of her great unpolished soul, heart and mind was exerted to its utmost dying limit—such a prayer as a seraph might attempt but none but a dying wife and mother could accomplish From that moment her breathing grew rapidly weaker and more difficult; and at twelve o'clock she expired apparently without a struggle.

I closed her eyes, a frightened I and composed her limbs, and was about to leave the house, when Mrs Green requested me to send over two young ladies from my boarding house, to watch with the dead All this occupied some ten minutes

Suddenly Mrs Miles screamed and Mr Hayden started up from the bedside, where he had been sitting

The supposed corpse was sitting erect in the bed, and struggling to speak! Her eyes were still closed, and, save her open mouth and quivering tongue, there were all the looks of death in her face. With a great heave of the chest at last the single word came fourth

"REMEMBER!"

Her jaw fell back to its place, and she again lay down as before I now examined her minutely That she was dead, there could be no further possible shadow of a doubt; and so I left the house

On the following day, Dr Williams made a careful and minute post mortem examination of the body. I was prevented by business from attending, but I was informed by the doctor that he found the brain but slightly affected an unusual fact in persons dying of typhus fever but that her lungs were torn and rent excessively, as if by a sudden single and powerful effort, had suffused partly with coagulated blood. These were all the medicable features of the case. She was buried on the afternoon of the same day.

* * * * * *

About two weeks after the death of his wife, I was called to visit Mr. Hayden. On my way I met Dr. Williams, and told him my errand, expressing some surprise at the preference of the family for myself, as I knew him to be a safe and experienced practitioner. He replied that nothing could hire him to enter that house. He had seen things that—well, I would find out when I got there.

I was considerably amused by the Doctor's manner and warmth, and beguiled my way by fancying what had alarmed him, a physician, from his duty.

On my arrival, I found no person present with the patient except Mrs. Green, who informed me that the spirits had been playing such pranks that not a soul, Dr. Williams included, who could be induced to remain. The children had been gone for some time. They were at her house.

I found the patient very low, and with no prospect of surviving the attack. He was however, quite free from pain, though very weak

While I was in the house, I noticed many manifestations of the presence of that power called Spiritualism. Chairs and tables were moved and removed, billets of wood thrown upon the fire, and doors opened and shut without any apparent agency. I heard struggles and unaccountable noises, too, an unusual sensation, caused, no doubt, by the mysteries which surrounded and mocked me.

Noticing my manner, the patient observed: "It's nothing. You must get used to it Doctor."

"I should not be content unless I could explain them as well as become indifferent to them," I replied

This opened the way to a long conversation during which I probed my patient's mind to the bottom but without detecting a shadow of belief. Speaking of his wife, he said:

"You heard Ellen promise to warn me of my time to die?"

"I did but do you believe her?"

"No. If it is possible, she will keep her word in spite of heaven or hell But it is simply impossible She promised to come in the body and speak to me I shall accept no other warning from her, save the literal meaning of her words."

"And what then?"

"How much of her body is there left even now, Doctor? and she has not come yet She promised to come from the grave. Can she do it? No no, it is all a humbug a delusion Poor Ellen! Thank God, Doctor the devil which so haunted her life, and stood between her soul and mine, cannot reach her now."

"You are deceived" [illegible]

"I cannot. Others may see her, too, and hear her. I shall believe no spectre, if there are such things Her body as it is, or will be, let that speak if it can!"

From that day, up to the hour of his death, I was with him almost constantly, and was daily introduced to some new and startling phenomenon The neighbors had learned to shun the house, and even the vicinity, as they would the plague; and strange stories traveled from gossip, to gossip, acquiring, more of the marvellous at every repetition Nevertheless my practice increased

On the morning of March 23, I called earlier than usual During this visit the manifestations of a supernatural presence were more frequent, wild and violent than ever before I was informed that they had been exceedingly violent during the night. Their character, too had greatly changed. Besides the moving of all movable articles, the tinkling of glasses, and the rattle of tinware, there were frequent and startling sounds, as of whispered conversation, singing and subdued laughter—all perfect imitations of the human voice, but too low to enable me to detect the words used, if words they were Still, however, none of these unusual sounds had entered the sick room Her followed the footsteps of Mrs Green like a demon echo, but paused near that room, as if debarred by a superior power from entering there

I found Mr Hayden was worse and sinking very fast He had passed a bad night Doubtful whether he would survive to see an other morning I left him promising to call at evening and spend the night with him, resolved in my secret thoughts to be "in at the death" If there was to be a ghostly warning, I meant to hear it, and if possible, to solve the strange enigma

* * * * * *

The day had been very cold and stormy, and the night had already set in, dark and dismal, with a fierce gale and a driving storm of rain and hail, when I again stood beside my patient The moment I looked at him, I perceived unmistakable indications of the near approach of death upon his features. He was free from pain, his mind perfectly clear; but his life was ebbing away with every feeble breath, like the slow burning out of an exhausted lamp.

Meanwhile the storm rose in a tempest and the gloom grew black as death in the wild night without. The wind swept in tremendous gusts through the adjoining forest, rattling the icy branches of the trees, and came wailing and shrieking through every crack and cranny of the building

Within, there was yet wilder commotion. All that had been said or sung, written or dreamed, of ghostly visitations, was then and there enacted: There was ringing of bells, moving of furniture, crash of dishes, whispers, howls, crying, laughter, whistling, groaning, heavy and light footsteps, and wild music, as if in very mockery of the infernal regions. All these sounds grew wilder with the rising gale, and towards mid night they were almost insufferable.

As for us three—the patient, Mrs. Green and myself we were as silent as death itself. Not a word passed our lips after nine o'clock. As for the state of our minds—God only knows. Mine, in the wild whirl of thoughts and events which followed, forgot all the past, save what I have recalled and penned, bit by bit, above. I remember only looking for that final catastrophe, which grew rapidly nearer, with a constant endeavor to concentrate all my faculties of mind and sense upon the phenomenon which I at least, had begun to believe would herald the loss of my patient.

As it grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour-hand, my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration,) my agitation become so great that it was with extreme difficulty I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer grew the fatal moment—for fatal I perceived it would be, to the patient, at least—and at last the seconds trembled on the brink of midnight; the clock began to strike—one—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again. The last lingering echo of the final stroke had died fairly away, and as yet there was no token of any presence save her own.

All was silent The wind had lulled for a moment, and not a sound stirred the air within the house. The ghosts had fled

I arose and approached the bedside. The patient was alive drawing his breath very slowly—dying. The intervals between his gasps grew longer—then he ceased to breathe altogether—he was dead!

Mrs Green was sitting in her place, her elbows resting on her knees her face buried in her hands

I closed the open mouth and pressed down the eyelids of the dead. Then I touched her on the shoulder

"It is over" I whispered.

"Thank God!" was her fervent reply.

* * * * * *

Then we both started There was a rustling of the bed clothes! Mr. Hayden was sitting erect, his eyes wide open, his chest heaving in a mighty effort for one more inspiration of the blessed air. Before I can reach the bed he is down.

At the same instant the wind came back with a sudden and appalling gust, and a wild shriek, as it swept through the crevices of the building. There was a crash of the outer door—then a staggering and uncertain step in the outer room. It approached the sick room—the latch lifted—the door swung open—and then—my God!—what a spectacle!

I wonder, even now, that I dare describe it—think of it—remember it I wonder that I believed it then, or do now—that I did not go mad or drop down dead.

Through the open door there stepped a figure—not of Mrs. Hayden, not of her corpse, not of death—but a thousand times more horrible—a *thing* of corruption, decay, of worms and rotteness.

The features were nearly all gone, the skull in places gleamed through, white and terrible Her breast, abdomen and neck were eaten away, her limbs were putrid, green and inexpressibly loathsome.

And yet, to those putrescent jaws there was born a voice—smothered, indeed, and strange, but distinct:

"*Come William! they wait for you!*" I WAIT!"

I dared not turn my eyes from the intruder; I could not, if I dared, though I heard a groan behind me and a fall.

Then *it—the thing* before me—sank down upon the floor, in a heap, dark and loathsome—a heap of putrescence and dismembered fragments!

I remember that I did not faint, that I did not cry out. How long I stood transfixed, fascinated, I know not; but at last, with an effort and a prayer, I turned to the bed. Mr Hayden had fallen upon the floor, face downward, stone dead.

I raised and replaced him—I composed his limbs; I closed his eyes and tied up his chin; crossed his hands upon his breast and tied them there. Then I bore the body of his sister, insensible but not dead, into the pure air—out of that horror and stench into the storm and darkness—out of death into life again.

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss

Mrs. Josepha H Green being duly sworn, deposes and says, that the letter of Dr. John Morton, hereunto appended, which she has read, is strictly true, so far as it goes though much of the history of what occurred at her brother's (the late Mr Hayden) house is omitted, and thus she deposes of her own knowledge

JOSEPHA H. GREEN.

Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public in and for the county of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1858.

JAMES TAYLOR, Notary Public.

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss.

James Hueson, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that he, in company with George Green; Albert J. Bailey and, Henry K. Smead, on the first day of April past, in the afternoon of said day, did go to the house of Wm. H. Hayden, then deceased, and that they found upon the floor of the room, in which the body of the deceased lay, and near the door of the said room, the putrid remains of a human corpse—a female, as the deponent verily believes and avers; and that they carried away and buried the body of the said Hayden, deceased; and found the grave of the wife of said Hayden, deceased; and found the grave of the wife of said Hayden, deceased in August last, open at the head of said grave, and that said grave was empty of the body of the said Hayden, deceased, being gone from said grave; and that they returned to said house wherein said Hayden died, and, after removing the furniture from said house, the deponent did, at the request of Mrs. Green, sister of said Hayden, deceased, set fire to said house, and that said house, was thereby entirely consumed, with all that remained in said house, and burned to ashes.—This I aver of my own kilowledge.

JAMES HUESON.

We aver and solemnly swear that the above affidavit is strictly and entirely true of our knowledge.

GEO. GREEN,
H. K SMEAD,
A. J. BAILEY.

Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the county of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1858.

JAMES TAYLOR, Notary Public.

An Inquisitive Witness.

Brown brings us a story from one of the southern cities of the Empire State, which he says is as true as any fact in "York State." Judge G——is well known to the bar of the southern counties as a decided "character," and more good stories are told about him than any man on the bench in that region. The judge's manner in court is dogmatic, pragmatic, and arrogant, and nothing pleases the bar so well as to see him heartily laughed at. They had an excellent chance one day, when an Irish witness was on the stand, who, being rather unmanageable, was taken in hand by the judge, with a manner which said very plainly, "You shall see, gentlemen, how I will handle him."

"Well, Dennis," said the judge, blandly, "tell me the contents of that chest."

"Yes yer worship," said the witness, eagerly. "First there was a picture of Dan O'Connell, the Irish patriot—may be your honor's heard of him?"

"Then there was a picture of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—*may be your honor's heard of him?*"

The unaffected look of inquiry and doubt that accompanied the witness' words set the audience in a roar of laughter—and the judge will never hear the last of it.

Young man! keep your eyes open when you are after a woman If you bite at the naked hook, you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive, or even a pretty face? Flounces, boys, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old—Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scrowl of the termagant. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eyes and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! If the dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room you may be sure you'll get particular fits all over the house If she blushes when found at the wash tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure she is of the dishrag aristocracy—little knowledge and a good deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up Find one whose mind is right, then pitch in.

A LIQUOR INSPECTOR.—The Legislature of Georgia has passed a law, authorizing the appointment of a liquor inspector, whose duty it shall be to examine and thoroughly test the poisonous ingredients contained in liquors and should they find any strychnine or other poisonous drugs in any liquor, the person selling the same is ordered to take it out of the State, and if he sells any drugged liquor knowing it to be such, or after his inspection he is to pay a fine of $100 for the first offence, $200 for the second offence, $400 for the third offence, and $1000 for the fourth.

A similar enactment should be passed in every State in the Union No more murderous system is practised at the present day than that which is involved in the adulteration, by poisonous articles of alcholic drinks or malt liquors Intemperance is bad enough in its ordinary effects, but when those are stimulated by deleterious drugs, the consequences are often terrible.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER.—"When the absent are spoken of," says Henry Ward Beecher, "some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some dirt, for they have a natural attraction towards what is evil, and think it shows a penetration to them As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so they are so busy mousing for defects, that they let great excellencies pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not Christian to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the devil feels, you do know if you are such a one."

DEIFY is written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon their stem—upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of the moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures.

"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night.

An old fellow being visited by his pastor, answered him that he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross; whereat he caught up his wife and began lugging her about the room.

You may always distinguish an Englishman by two things: his trousers and his gait. The first never fits him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in all the world of Nature. Only one ass spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

Washington in Tears.

At the close of the Revolution it is well known that Congress was unable to meet its obligations to the Army. Division of counsel existed as to the best method of raising the necessary funds to pay off the army before it was disbanded. While thus the hopes of the unpaid army were alternately elevated and depressed, some traitorous person scattered an anonymous circular among them, fomenting the dissatisfaction already existing, and leading to open rebellion. The individual who was suspected to have been the author of this paper was General Armstrong. Washington summoned all the officers into his presence to hear an appeal, which he had prepared, and a copy of which is found in Marshall's Life. Neither wild lands, however rich, nor continental paper however legal, would purchase bread or clothing. The minds of the army had become embittered by poverty and disappointment, and their principles corrupted by the baleful French Literature which flooded one other country.

On a certain day the loyal and disloyal gathered around the Father of our Country. General Gates, against whom charges were made had been withdrawn, presided. General Washington arose with his manuscript in hand to read a rebuke to treason. But tears suffusing his eyes, prevented him. What a scene for some American Vernet! He grasped the scroll, dashing away the tears, and essayed again to read. But all was silent. His noble frame heaved with emotion. In order to suffer his agitated feelings to subside, he began hunting for his spectacles.

"*Pardon me gentleman*, he said, "*I have grown grey and blind in the service of my country!*"

What a rebuke were these words to the concealed promoters of treason! Many who before might have faltered were melted by those tears. They gathered closer and closer around the noble form, and when he closed, they resolved to stand to the death by their devoted leader. Those tears, under Providence, may have saved our country.

Sound Doctrine.

Let every newspaper subscriber read the following. By *honest men* it will be fully appreciated, but *rogues* will give it no particular attention:

"What would you think of a farmer who raised a thousand bushels of wheat, and who should sell it to a thousand different persons scattered all over the State; and agree to wait a year for the pay from each of them, and if one half of them did not pay at the end of the year, he would give them another bushel of wheat, and agree to wait another year for his pay; and thus go on year after year? How long would such a farmer escape bankruptcy? Probably not very much longer than publishers of newspapers who follow such a practice. It costs the editor of a weekly paper as much to supply a thousand subscribers with it for one year as it farmer to raise a thousand bushels of wheat. The farmer sells his grain in bulk, and either takes the cash or a note just as good as cash upon delivery. The editor cannot sell his thousand papers in bulk. They are sold to a thousand different persons living in the different towns in the county, and the different counties in the State; and he must wait until the end of the year before he can get his payment, and then he depends wholly upon the honesty and responsibility of the subscribers; for it is impossible that he should know the character of all his subscribers. It would not pay him to go around or send around the country or state to collect his dues It would cost more than the collection would come to."

JUVENILE PROFANITY.—We know of no vice which needs a more thorough reformation than the low and vulgar practice of profane swearing. It seems that boys labor under the mistaken idea that it looks manly—that it adds to their ephemeral importance, and if they can place themselves behind a cigar, and blaspheme their maker with impunity, they are acting like men! No one who walks the streets of our town, in the evening especially, can fail to perceive the prevalence of this abominable wicked practice. It appears to be on the increase. Our schools for moral or religious instruction seem to have done little towards the suppression of a habit, the great extent of which argues a laxity of morals which does no great credit to us as a people.

ONE OF JIM BECKWORTH'S LIES.—A California exchange is responsible for the following:

"A company of miners on Jamison Creek requested a comrade, who was going to a neighboring camp, to borrow "The Life of Jim Beckworth." He made his wants known and was handed, by accident, a copy of the Bible, and did not discover the mistake.—Taking the book home, one of the company, who could read a little by spelling the hard words, opened in the Book of Judges, and read the story, aloud, of Sisera being killed by Jael, Heber's wife, with a hammer and a nail. The story was listened to with profound attention until finished, when one of the listeners jumped up and exclaimed:—"One of Jim Beckworth's lies! It sounds ahackly like him."

An honest man is the noblest work of God; a woman is the prettiest.