

Democratic Matchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1858.

VOLUME 3—NUMBER 49.

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

TERMS—\$1.00 per month in advance, \$2.50 for the year. If not paid in advance, \$3.00 for the year. The paper is not published if the terms are not paid in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of JOB PRINTING executed in the most perfect manner. Having purchased a large quantity of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

Business Directory.

CHARLES H. EARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office with the Hon. James T. Hale,
Nov. 25, 1858.

DR. G. E. POTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public.
Oct. 25-1858.

DR. J. E. MITCHELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring Street.
Oct. 25-1858.

L. J. ORANGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND ESTATE AGENT
SHELLEY, BELLEVILLE CO., PA.
Sep. 30-1858.

E. J. HOCKEY,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER
Bellefonte, Penna.

JAMES H. HANSEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Bourdieu.

WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office with Hon. James T. Hale.

WILLIAM W. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office on Allegany street, in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McCallister, Hale & Co.
Bellefonte, Pa.
August 10-31-1858.

DR. JAMES W. WATKINSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Residence to Dr. Wm. J. McKim, respectfully tenders his professional services to the ladies of POTTER'S MILLS and vicinity. Office at the Hotel.

ANNOTYPES,
CRYSTALLOGRAPHY & DAGUERROTYPES,
Taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. BY E. J. BARNHART.

In his splendid Saloon, in the Arcade Building, Bellefonte, Penna.

J. D. WINGATE,
RESIDENT DENTIST
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.
L. P. 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 attending professional duties.

GEORGE W. SWARTZ,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.
Bellefonte, Penna.
Rooms one door East of E. C. Humes & Bro. stores, on Allegheny Street. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.
Aug. 12-1858.

RAZOR HOTEL,
OPPOSITE THE WEST BRANCH BANK,
WILLIAM H. HAY, PROPRIETOR.
N. E. An Omnibus will run to and from the Depot and Packet Landings, to this Hotel, free of charge.
Sept. 3-31-1858.

ADAM BOY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphan's Court Practice as heretofore. His office is with the Hon. James T. Hale, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

W. E. STOVEN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Bellefonte, Penna.
Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. Particular attention paid to collections, and all monies promptly returned. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language.
Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Bourdieu and D. C. Hoag, Esq.

WITCHELL & HUBB,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Isa C. Mitchell and D. C. Hubb have entered into partnership in the practice of the Law, under the name of Witcheil & Hubb, and will give prompt and proper attention to all business entrusted to them.
Office in Reynolds' Arcade, near the Court House, Bellefonte, November 25-1858.

GREEN & HOFFMAN,
DRUGGISTS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Patent Oils, Var-nishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Garden Tools, &c.
Orders will and our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
CSP Farmers and Planters from the country are invited to examine our stock.

DENTAL CARD.
H. B. PARRY,—SURGEON DENTIST.
LITHIA, LANCASTER, PA.
HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practicing all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges.
Office and residence in the house occupied by Mrs. E. Bennett, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Bourdieu.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. H. B. PARRY to our friends as a skilful and accomplished Dentist.
C. H. BRUNNEN, M. D.,
JAMES LOCKE, M. D.
Bellefonte, March 25-1858.

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
606 & 608 Market Street, above sixth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
O. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.
Terms—\$1 25 per day.
Carpets, Rugs, Travelling baskets, Umbrellas, Hand Trunks, &c., at the cheap store of
Bellefonte, Oct. 1-1858. TONNER & STEEL

Select Poetry.

The Nobleman of Earth.
The treat nobleman of earth,
Is he who loves to be
The first companion of the good,
The hero of the free,
Who works undented for the poor,
Who sees no rank in names,
Who hopes ascend to heaven in crowds,
As sparks fly up in flames!

Olive that nobleman of mind,
Who loves a noble cause;
And leaves a story that is sought
On history's faithful page!

Whose names the millions love to laud,
Truth's sure unfinishing guest;
Who shines in love as does the sun
In palace of the West!

He's deathless as the mighty skies,
When Jewelled through with stars,
Glad feel God's beauty in a blaze
Burnt through the prison bars!

No mandate from the tyrant breaks
His spirit's sacred bond;
While high on every liberal creed
His name is blazoned round!

And perjured kings may pass from earth,
Their pomp and lustre fade;
But nature's noblesmen unslays
The cruel laws they've made.
His worshiped monarch is his God,
He leaves a name behind,
Flashed with effulgence that reflects
His majesty of mind!

Sidney Smith on Sunday Observance.

The eccentric and satirical Sidney Smith, was never charged with being "unco-righteous." But there are veins of deep and noble thoughts in his papers, which it were well if some who are quite ready to commend his wit and laxity of opinion on a few subjects, would resort to take. Take the following impressive utterance as to the value and importance of the Sabbath:

"I must suspect the virtue and suspect the religion of that man who imagines he can attain the quality or the excellence, without submitting to the rules and practices by which the excellence and the quality are found to be attained—who believes he can be a good Christian without Sabbaths and without prayer, and reach the end without submitting to the means—and means, remember, not only sanctioned by the experience of men, but emanating from the will of God, required to a positive commandment—one of the laws of the pillar on which all Christian nations have founded their religious usages; and if we did not understand the reason of the law, what matter if it is the law? But who does not feel the reason of the law? Who would hesitate one moment for an answer, if I were to ask him why the Sabbath was instituted? To stop that thoughtless, oblivious creature man, in his headlong pursuit of pleasure and of wealth, to tell him that his soul is immortal; that Christ came down upon earth for his redemption; that the heavens above are spread out to receive him; to stop him when he is acquiring, and to tell him to look into his own soul; to stop him when he is enjoying, and to warn him of his salvation; to suspend his contracts, to arrest his schemes, to calm his emotions, to quell his hatreds, to burst into his soul with the splendor of God's truth and while he is making paltry acquisitions, and passing over foolish pleasures, to open to him the heavens, and to show him the throne of God and to open to him the earth, and to show him the depth of hell, and to broach to him temperance and righteousness, and judgement to come!"

Sausages.

As cool weather is coming on and the flies are disappearing, it is time to think about making sausages; hence we present the following methods of making them, from a noted cook.

PORK SAUSAGES.—There are many receipts for the making of pork sausages. Several counties have their own peculiar receipts, the peculiarity of their sausages being the quantity and variety of herbs which they introduce, the prevalence of one particular one giving the flavor, as well as the peculiarity to each. The presence of so many herbs is, however, not always considered an agreeable feature; and many palates are offended at that which forms to others the great merit. The following is a very simple receipt.

Take of the fat pork one pound, that of the lean a richly fed pig, or the inward fat of a small one; chop it finely with half a pound of lean pork; add to it four or five eggs leaves finely chopped, some ground, time in a small quantity, and three dessert spoonfuls of crumbs of bread powdered. Be careful not to put too much of the latter as it tends to turn the sausages sour if they are kept. Amalgamate these ingredients well; dust on grated nutmeg, mace and cloves in powder, and finish with black pepper and salt, being sure to season well; the meat may then be put into the skins, or may be put into jars covered down from the air, to be used for rolls, or stuffing, or any required purpose.

All skin must be pared from the fat before chopping, and every sinew removed from the lean pork, as well as any bone, or anything which may impair the taste in any way when eaten.

Another way.—To a couple of pounds of lean pork, young, white and delicate, put three quarters of a pound of beef suet; the pork must be first chopped very fine; and three dessert spoonfuls of bread which was dipped in Port wine, dried and grated fine; work it together with the yolks of three eggs smoothly beaten; season it with pepper and salt and dried sage; a very little cayenne may here be introduced, and a small piece of garlic; work the whole together until it forms a paste; it may then be put into wide skins or pressed down into jars for future use; it is cut into square pieces, dredged with flour, fried in fresh butter, and sent to the table on a toast as a breakfast dish.

Another Way.—Chop particularly fine two or three pounds of lean pork, and an equal quantity of fat; have ready some sage, either dry or green, either passed through a sieve or chopped very fine, a small piece of shallot, a few grains of ground cloves; season it with pepper and salt; mix a few fine bread crumbs up with it; have your skins ready cleaned then fill them; you may tick them the length you wish them to be; prick the skins with a fork before you fry them; you may do them in the oven should it be hot.

Another Way.—Chop pork as before, and add half the quantity of lean veal, and a pound of suet chopped equally fine; have ready a French roll soaked in milk, season it well with pepper and salt, and mix well together.

Another Way.—Chop lean pork as before, and add an equal quantity of fat, and the same of lean veal and suet, and two or three handfuls of bread crumbs; have ready a few sage leaves, a few of knotted marjoram and one shallot; pound all well together, season with pepper and salt; either put them in skins or roll them, and fry them as above.

Letter from Henry Clay to a Namesake.

The Louisville Journal notices that the "Western Farmers' Almanac" for 1859 has just been published by Morton and Griswold, of Louisville; and from it is extracted the following letter from the Sage of Ashland to one of his namesakes, which has never been published. It is eminently worthy of the great and good man who penned it.

ASHLAND, 7th July, 1845.

My Dear Little Namesake.—Your parents have done me the honor to give my name to you. On that account, and at the request of your good mother, I address this note, which she wishes to preserve for your perusal, when by the lapse of time you shall have attained an age that will enable you to comprehend and appreciate its friendly purport.

Your parents entertain fond hope of you and you ought to strive not to disappoint them. They wish you to be good, respectful, obedient, and to attain all their most sanguine hopes, if you firmly resolve to do so, by judicious employment of your time and your faculties. Shun bad company, and all dissipation, its inevitable consequence. Study diligently and perseveringly. You will be surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge, which on a first view, will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth and principle your invariable guide. Be obedient, and always affectionately respectful to your parents. Assiduously cultivate virtue and religion, the surest guarantee of happiness both here and hereafter. In your intercourse with others be firm, but at the same time bland, courteous and obliging. Recognize at all times the paramount right of your country to your most devoted service, whether she treats you ill or well, never let selfish views or interests predominate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according to these rules, you may become respected and great, be an ornament to your country, and a blessing to your parents. That such may be your destiny is the sincere wish of their and your friend.

W. CLAY.

A Cheerful View of the Case.

The recent success of the Opposition will give a very decisive victory if they build their hopes for the future upon it. We believe that the powers of our political enemies culminated at the recent election. He is a very poor politician who keeps out of view the great recuperative power of the Democratic party, and supposed that because it was defeated this year it would be next, and that it cannot recover from present prostration in time for the next Presidential election. It will recover—it is already recovering from refuges that are more apparent than real. We have yet to meet the first Democrat who is disheartened, at the result of the election in this State. They all regard it as a temporary reverse, sure to be followed by victories that shall reassert the supremacy of the conservative and democratic elements of the country. This spirit is universal. Not only is it inspired by the deep consciousness that the Democratic party is right, but also by the evident inability of the hostile fragments to agree upon a common policy or stand upon a common platform.

The effort to unite all those hostile to the Democratic party will inevitably consolidate and reunite it. The pressure from without will close up the seams, and yield the party into a solid compact mass. Let those who hope otherwise abandon their delusion and give hope to their own prospects.—The victory of the Opposition has taught the Democracy the necessity of the closest union—and they will profit by the lesson.

The apparent success of the Republicans is delusive. They have gained nothing since 1856. They have gained nothing in New England because they possessed all before. The great men of that section—the EVERTS, the WINTHROPS, the CONNORS, the LAWRENCE—have been driven into obscurity by men of a meaner sort and baser metal—the WILSONS, the BARKS, and the BERLINGAMES—the loudmouthed blatherskite and narrow sectionalism. We had nothing to expect from this quarter, where the best and purest men have been driven in petulant obscenity by the more noisy and shallow demagogues, and we have lost nothing. The Republicans have gained nothing in New York since 1856, but they have lost, and the Democratic candidate for Governor polled 30,000 more votes than did JAMES BUCHANAN. They have gained nothing in Ohio on the popular vote. They have lost on the popular vote in Illinois. In 1856, the vote for FARMONT and FULMORA together was 28,235 more than that for BUCHANAN. Now, when the whole Opposition were united, their majority is but 2,500—and would have been nothing had the whole Democratic vote of the State been cast for the same candidates.

In Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, the Republicans have lost ground. Pennsylvania is the only State where they have gained upon the popular vote of 1856, and this was brought about by circumstances that do not establish the growth of Republican doctrines among the people; but was rather the result of their repudiation.

With these popular advantages, and by pursuing a just and prudent course in fulfilling up, allaying dissention, and re-uniting the apparent reverses of this fall will be converted into brilliant victories next year, against SEWARD, and his sectional platform the precursors of the total route of Republicanism and its allies in 1860.

It is time to look to the future and prepare for it. Our enemies are already gloomy and depressed at the insurmountable obstacles in their pathway. Let Democrats work together cheerfully. The signs of the times are already favorable. —Patriot & Union.

Nelson Lee's Account of What he saw Among the Camanches.

The Albany Knickerbocker notices the return to that city of Nelson Lee, who was taken prisoner by the Camanches (Indians in 1856, near Eagle Pass, while on his way from Texas to California. He furnishes the following:

Lee's life was spared because the Indians could not manage a repeating watch which he carried. The watch saved his life. In the Camanoch camp Mr. Lee found not less than twenty-eight captured white women, and some thirty or forty children.— A day or two after he arrived in camp, they massacred an English woman, named Anna Haskin, in a most cruel manner.— They tied her naked to a tree, and in the presence of her two daughters, Margaret and Harriet, inflicted the most revolting cruelties upon her. Before Mrs. Haskin was finally dispatched, she was tortured for nearly half a day, during which time the Indians became excited with liquor and danced about her like so many demons.— They took sharp pieces of flint and cut her flesh in all possible directions. Mrs. Haskin and her daughters were captured while on their way to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. The daughters still remain with the Indians. Their ages are 17 and 19.— Lee made his escape in the following manner: He was accompanying a chief of the Camanches to a lodge some miles distant.— During the tramp they met a party of Indians, the Indians gave the chief a skin filled with liquor. The chief drank of the spirits and became excited. Arriving at a creek he dismounted and stooped down to drink. At this moment Lee seized his tomahawk, split his head open and killed him instantly. He then took the chief's rifle, mounted the chief's horse, and put for Mexico. When he reached Mexico he was completely naked, with his feet and legs were so swollen from being cut by the cactus plant, that he could go only some eight miles a day. The last hundred miles he did on foot, his horse having died of exhaustion. The Mexicans treated him very kindly, and gave him money and clothing to reach home. The clothes he now wears in Albany are those given him by the Mexicans.

Christ not a Writer.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where he "stepped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote there and there no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? (416) that is without sin amongst you, let him cast a stone at her." Reader, did this strange occurrence occur to you, that the greatest reformer ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now commands the credence, respect, and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world, and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of the great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writings, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand, constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account.

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even read hieroglyphics or any such thing, a system of religion whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing and thus give them an exact and permanent form?

The New Orleans Delta, in the course of a sensible article on Mexican affairs, says:—"What shall we do with Mexico? I shall never be and see one of the fairest regions in the world wrecked from civilization and devoted to waste and savagery? I shall we see league after league of cultivated ground, once rivaling the garden of Khusbla Khan in beauty and luxuriance, abandoned and fruitless? And shall we see American citizens daily plundered and insulted and often worse abused, in that country, by every pelted, petty officer who may choose to exalt or enrich himself by abusing the privilage of national weakness?"

"These and similar considerations, are beginning to effect public opinion, not merely in this country but in Europe. Indeed, the London Times has already said that we of the United States ought instantly to put a stop to the state of things described; and some of the most conservative journals in this country do not hesitate to recommend an American protectorate over Mexico, some suggesting one mode and some another, but all agreeing in the conviction that something must be done."

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to—be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your reverence, and the negroes too," said Pat.

The latest case of violence of mind is reported of a lady, about 50 years of age, who ate eggs for sponge cake, and then the baby and sang Watts' "Cradle hymn" to the babe.

Miscellaneous.

Condition of Mount Vernon.
A correspondent of the Hartford Courant, who has recently paid a visit to Mount Vernon, gives the following description of the melancholy state of affairs at the Washington estate.

"A tedious drive of two hours over one of the most execrable roads in that section of the Old Dominion, brought us to the 'big gate,' where we were immediately surrounded by a troop of blacks, who offered to show us the curiosities, and give us cuttings from the 'grape-vine planted by the great Gen'l himself, for the small sum of two shillings.'"

"Entering the grounds by what is called the new path, (the original road—surveyed, laid out and used by Washington—being completely blocked up by the walls of the garden, which have crumbled into it,) we were sadly impressed by the scene of desolation and decay which presented itself."

"To the extreme right of what was once a beautiful lawn, stand the Wills of the brick bats and old farm buildings, around which were strewn an unsightly mass of dilapidated carts and old barrels of trumpery, which had probably been gathering there for years. To the left of these the garden, in the days of its beauty was the pride of Mount Vernon, stretched toward the woodland, neglected and deserted save by those whose curiosity leads them to explore the shades and paths where Washington spent, as he once said, the pleasantest part of his life of retirement. It was indeed indeed to look upon the beds and walks which were kept in complete cultivation and order by his hands, overgrown with weeds and covered with rubbish, but such is the fact; and even the grape vine which he planted and watched over with a fatherly affection, has been left to the tender mercies of visitors, who have taken so many cuttings from it that it is now barely alive."

"Turning a little to the left from the public road, on our way to the Tomb, we found the main building, occupied by John A. Washington, the present proprietor, and also the house or huts used by his servants, in a state of very good preservation; and though principally of wood, and standing in an exposed situation, a few hundred dollars laid out in repairs at the present time, would, in all probability, save them for generations to come."

"Passing down the road leading from the house to the river, our attention was attracted by a large sign erected over a smallrickety shanty, directly in front of the Tomb, which was painted in the Egyptian hieroglyphic style, and which, after some little studying, we translated as follows:

LIKENESSES OF PERSONS TAKEN with the
TOMB OF WASHINGTON
for a background,
for 25 cents.

And we were informed that the proprietor of the estate receives from the proprietor of the daguerian establishment the sum of one dollar per month for the privilege of carrying on his business in the locality."

"There are between thirty and forty negroes located upon Mount Vernon, belonging mostly to the magnanimous proprietor, who derive a miserable subsistence by cultivating a small piece of very unproductive land, fishing, and 'sponging' visitors who happen to be so dull as to be taken in by their cunning and knavery. The destructive propensity of these same darkeys is truly wonderful; for while two or three of the small fry were busily engaged in scraping the mortar from between the bricks of the tomb, their

Why Should Men Swear?

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not—

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar. Altogether too mean for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly. Implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman according to Webster, is a genteel man, well bred and refined. Such an one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a clothopper.

5. It is indecent. Offensive to decency, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish.—"Want of decency is want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. "To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed."

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks his head out.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

They are exhibiting a man in New York—that grand headquarters of the wonderful as well as horrible—who eats nothing but paving stones. Here is the placard that stares the passers-by of the show-room:

"The wonder of the nineteenth century! Mous. Guisnet, the great stone-eater. This wonderful man eats nothing but paving stones, pebbles, rocks, &c., for his breakfast, dinner and supper. He will swallow a number of large stones in presence of the audience. He lives and subsists entirely on the above food, drinks nothing but water, and has perfect health. Physicians cannot account for this unparalleled living wonder."

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraven in a space no larger than the area of a half-dime?"

"Well yes, father, if a half dime is as large as every body's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

Irresolution.

Irresolution is a habit which creep upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold. Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older their firm changes to that of a hideous monster, which leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison yet he swallows it. He knows, for example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deplete all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with foul disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drags it under a specic of spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the loathsome serpent whose fiendish eyes have fascinated them.—How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through danger.

An old tutor once bet that he could when "bottlefolded," tell each of several kind of liquors. When brandy, whiskey, gin, and other drinks were offered him he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure cold-water was given him; he tasted it, paused, tasted it again, considered, and shook his head. He at last said—"Gentlemen I give it up, I am not used to that kind of liquors."

A glass of water taken from the spring of the year, is said to be delicious.

Carried Away by a Kite.

An Irish paper says. A young man, named Power, residing at Castlemeer, went a few evenings ago, to fly, what he termed a Spanish Kite, of very large dimensions.— Having adjusted the cord and tail, it rapidly ascended with a brisk breeze until it had taken the full length of the cord, which had become entangled around Power's hand.— The wind increasing he was drawn a distance of nearly half a mile in the greatest agony, the cord cutting in to the bone.— The Rev. Mr. Penrose, the curate of the parish, seeing the man running along at full speed, perceived that he was dragged by the kite, and followed him as fast as he could but being unable to come up with him, he shouted at the top of his voice, to "let go, there was a man killed in a thunderstorm by the lightning of a kite." When Power heard these words he shouted with redoubled vigor, but could not extricate himself, until after the distance mentioned, he was stopped by a high stone wall, the top of which being cooped, cut the cord, and set at liberty the kite and its owner, who was almost lifeless with fatigue and fright.

LIFE OF GALATZIN.—Richard B. McCabe, Esq., one of the most distinguished literatures of western Pennsylvania, is now engaged in writing the life of Rev. Galatzin, the original settler of Loretto, Cambria County. There is material enough, and an abundance of varied incidents, in the life of one who renounced wealth, hereditary titles, and life comforts of a home among crowned heads, to live and die on the rocks of the Allegheny mountain in the capacity of an humble priest, to make a most interesting volume. There is perhaps, no man living better qualified to be Galatzin's biographer than Mr. McCabe, as he was personally acquainted with the man, has a retentive memory of events which transpired half a century ago, and has access to papers to aid him in collecting facts. The biography is not a Catholic, and will, therefore, not produce a sectarian war, but one which will be entertaining to all sects and denominations, and especially those who admire the self-denial and devotion of one who was eminently devoted to the service of God.

"Brudder Pete, did you see him see the log afore you saw him saw it?"

Pete.—"De uninteractable stupidity of some niggers is perfectly incredulous.— Why I see him saw it afore I saw see, it's a consequential-ensurance dat he saw 'd it afore he saw he saw it; but he couldn't help seeing, he saw it afore he saw 'd it; for he saw de saw in, afore he saw de saw in, afore he saw de saw in, afore he saw de saw in, afore he saw de saw in, afore he saw de saw in; 'quoddy rat demonstration."

Dr. Kane relates that when one day, worn out with fatigue, he turned in to an Esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow.

What Shall be done with Mexico.

The New Orleans Delta, in the course of a sensible article on Mexican affairs, says:—"What shall we do with Mexico? I shall never be and see one of the fairest regions in the world wrecked from civilization and devoted to waste and savagery? I shall we see league after league of cultivated ground, once rivaling the garden of Khusbla Khan in beauty and luxuriance, abandoned and fruitless? And shall we see American citizens daily plundered and insulted and often worse abused, in that country, by every pelted, petty officer who may choose to exalt or enrich himself by abusing the privilage of national weakness?"

"These and similar considerations, are beginning to effect public opinion, not merely in this country but in Europe. Indeed, the London Times has already said that we of the United States ought instantly to put a stop to the state of things described; and some of the most conservative journals in this country do not hesitate to recommend an American protectorate over Mexico, some suggesting one mode and some another, but all agreeing in the conviction that something must be done."

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to—be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your reverence, and the negroes too," said Pat.

The latest case of violence of mind is reported of a lady, about 50 years of age, who ate eggs for sponge cake, and then the baby and sang Watts' "Cradle hymn" to the babe.

The following definition of an "Old Line Whig," is ascribed to the Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri:—"An Old Line Whig is a man who takes his liquor regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally."

Christ not a Writer.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where he "stepped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote there and there no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? (416) that is without sin amongst you, let him cast a stone at her." Reader, did this strange occurrence occur to you, that the greatest reformer ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now commands the credence, respect, and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world, and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of the great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writings, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand, constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account.

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even read hieroglyphics or any such thing, a system of religion whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing and thus give them an exact and permanent form?

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