

# Democratic Matchman

ALLEGANY COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1858.

VOLUME 3—NUMBER 15

## Original Poetry.

For the Watchman  
**Change—A Life Thought.**

It was a gay and lovely eve,  
All earth lay hushed in sweet repose,  
While bright in yon blue firmament  
The stars in silvery lustre rose.  
And gliding through the realms of space,  
The queen of night pursued her way,  
While calmly above the landscape far  
Beneath her pure and tranquil ray  
Who could have deemed while gazing then,  
That clouds would ever come to dim  
A scene so beautiful and bright?

The wind in moaning gusts along  
Came sighing through the rustling leaves,  
Then swelling to a hurricane,  
It shook the loftiest forest trees.  
That lovely sky, so soon obscured,  
Is but an emblem of my life,  
Its fleeting joys—its illusive hopes—  
Its anxious cares and feverish strife—  
The false and dazzling dreams of youth—  
Have faded like the moon-beam's ray,  
And hopes that once my bosom thrilled,  
Have passed like that sweet eve away

And what remains?—a night of gloom,  
Without one star to guide the scene—  
One moonlight flash to light the way,  
And cheer the wanderer with its beam  
Ah! would that in the quiet grave,  
This weary heart with care oppressed,  
Were hushed in its last dreamless sleep,  
Within the green earth's quiet breast!

## A Tragedy in Real Life

An Ohio Defaulter, who Decamped with  
\$31,000 of Government Money and an  
other Man's Wife and Daughter, turns  
up—A Romance of the Sea

The Buffalo Commercial has the following  
in regard to one of the most extraordinary  
cases of "crime and its consequences" on re-  
cord. The resident of Buffalo addressed by  
Mr. F. is no doubt Ex-President F. W. M.  
Some twelve or fourteen years ago Har-  
low Case was a respectable and esteemed  
citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of As-  
sistant Postmaster under Mr. Doshomer  
and was for many years entrusted with the  
more important duties of the office. A mem-  
ber of one of the Baptist churches, upright  
in every walk of life, married, and the fa-  
ther of a family, he seemed to be as firm in  
the straightforward paths of virtue as any  
other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he re-  
ceived the appointment of Collector of that  
port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment  
was one universally approved, and the nu-  
merous friends of Case in this city were re-  
joiced at his success in life. While holding  
that office he was intimate in the family of  
Mr. F., one of his assistants. Mrs. F. was  
young, beautiful, impassioned and a fatal  
attachment grew up between the two, which  
remained unsuspected until the truth was  
made known by the sudden elopement of  
Case and with Mrs. F. and the simultaneous  
discovery that he had absconded with gov-  
ernment funds to the amount of some \$31,  
000. From that time forward nearly all  
trace of the guilty pair was lost. The fam-  
ily of Case, bereaved and betrayed, reman-  
ed hopeless in their grief. Mr. F. engaged  
in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives  
and broken from off the sea comes tidings,  
A hulk, half told story, of lonely wandering  
in foreign lands; a full recital of a never  
ceasing remorse, with pitiful solitary deaths  
in far away islands and on the stormy wa-  
ters of the Indian ocean. Both victims of  
unhallowed passion are asleep—the mother  
in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in  
the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer  
still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an  
avenging God upon him, he sends his  
abandoned home his message of sorrow.

We give first the letter of Mr. F. to a resi-  
dent of this city, and follow that with the  
two letters of Harlow Case, the first letter  
to the father of Mr. F., enclosing a second,  
directed to Mr. F. himself. It is un-  
necessary to say that the letters of Case  
are genuine, his chirography being readily  
recognized  
Wis., Nov. 28, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Will you be pleased to pardon  
this new intrusion, after the lapse of so  
many years? You knew me, not, per-  
haps, unfavorably in 1850, and nearly  
twenty years previously, when I used to  
leave the Baltimore Patriot at your office.  
Your memory may fail to recall me from that  
far period, but you will readily recognize me  
when I name my former connection with the  
Post Office Department and Mr. — and  
Harlow Case, at Sandusky, Ohio. It was  
the writer who was the victim of that mis-  
guided man's unlooked-for villainy, and it  
was my unfortunate and erring partner  
he seduced. But the most terrible affliction  
which his crime brought home to me, arose  
from his robbing me of my little daughter,  
and only child—the one who once, with  
me in hand, climbed in a chair at your  
comb in hand, and sat at your feet, and es-  
sayed to comb your hair. But where is now  
that young and once buoyant spirit? In  
Heaven, I trust, and the lovely tenant that

held it, roils deep beneath the still or stors  
my waters of a far Indian sea.

"Still as I sleep this burning brain,  
A death scene rushes in my sight!  
It rises o'er and o'er again."

Both these faded victims of his guilt have  
looked their last on earth, which he their  
worse than murderer, still walks unscathed  
of the vengeance of God and human justice.  
I followed the fugitive to the Isle of Mal-  
ta, in December, 1853, and lost all traces  
from thence. I at last have tidings of his  
fate, in the enclosed letters, which have  
lately reached me from over the sea. How  
far entire reliance may be placed upon his  
statements I cannot tell, but fear it is too  
fatally true in its leading announcement that  
mother and child are gone to their last ac-  
count. After many years of suffering and  
suspense—which wrung my brain and drove  
me at times, during the first two years af-  
ter the occurrence, to the very verge of de-  
speration. I had at last regained, to a great  
degree, my wonted elasticity of spirits, but  
my legal releasing, me from my deserting  
spouse, and indulged new visions of  
future enjoyment, when these sad  
tidings of most fatal import which me again  
wretchedness that knows no hope.

As the best part of the life of the misera-  
ble man was passed in Buffalo, under your  
intimate acquaintance, and as he has for  
some twenty years well and favorably known  
to nearly all the citizens of Buffalo, in which  
city I also learned my trade in Illinois  
square (the printing office being once di-  
rectly over the Post office where he was em-  
ployed)—I have thought it proper to en-  
close his communication to you because, also  
I wish to ask the favor that you will certify  
to the genuineness of the letters as from his  
hand, &c. A hundred of his former ac-  
quaintances in Ohio might certify his writing  
just as readily; but my residence is soon to  
change to Minnesota, and I wish to have  
the genuineness of these papers established  
by some truly residing in Buffalo.  
Most truly, your obedient servant.

ON BOARD SHIP AT SEA,  
Lat. 10 deg. South Long. 63 deg. east.  
August 20, 1858.

SIR:—Do not, I entreat you, allow the just  
indignation which I know the sight of my  
hand writing will cause you, to prevent you  
from reading this communication. It cannot  
be more painful for you to receive than for  
me to write, and nothing but a sense of  
justice to you, and a solemn promise made  
to the dead, could induce me to so harass  
you and agitate my life. I will enter into  
no unnecessary details, nor weary you with  
any of my protestations of repentance or  
remorse.

If I have sinned, God in Heaven only  
knows I have sinned, and if your errand be  
revengement, you have cursed me, that curse  
is fearfully fulfilled. And, sadly in the un-  
happy task of telling you, what I have so  
solemnly engaged to do, to fulfill the  
last duty to those who died.

Your former wife died in Ceylon in June  
1856 of a disease of the climate which  
was aggravated by a previous one from  
which she suffered while in Mauritius. In  
that Island both her and myself were in-  
firm of the fever. My own recovery was that  
hopeless, and indeed it was reported that  
she was dead. This, of course, coming to her  
knowledge, had a severe and injurious ef-  
fect upon her. But as these particulars are  
of less consequence, I will say no more on  
this point. In course of time we both re-  
covered, and on gaining sufficient strength,  
again took passage on a trading vessel to  
Ceylon, in search of a better climate. We  
went to the mountainous regions of that  
tropical island, near the city of Candy, where  
the air is cool, and, to most people,  
healthier than most parts of India. There  
we lived many months in comparative quiet,  
but the fever again overtook her who was  
the mother of your child, and though she  
lingered long and suffered much, no human  
means could restore her. Her moral sensi-  
bilities became more acute as she failed in  
strength, and with the loss of hope of re-  
covery, she became anxiously distressed to  
secure the restoration of her own dear little  
child to its bereaved father. She was in-  
cessant in exacting promises from me, that,  
if I lived, E. should be taken, or sent back  
safely to you. From these demands I had  
no way to escape. My only anxiety was to  
do anything in my power to afford a small  
consolation, in the strongest assurance I could  
make, that her wishes should be carried  
out, although after the mother was gone  
from me forever, the poor child became dear-  
er to me. She was all I had left. Yet all  
I had promised her poor mother, and as that  
mother had sacrificed the world and every-  
thing on earth for my sake, I had not the  
slightest thought or wish to neglect the dis-  
charge of the responsible, and to me, fear-  
ful duty. During her last illness, she re-  
gretted having brought the child away, but  
having then much hope of the happiness we  
might enjoy, and anxious to be less alone  
in the world, she could never think of leav-  
ing E. behind; claiming, as, her mother,  
that she had a stronger personal right to a  
daughter than his father, when she was a-  
bout to leave forever.

After this sad and dreadful time, I constan-  
tly and anxiously sought an opportunity  
to send the child to you, or her grand-  
father's family, where you would eventual-  
ly obtain her. My object was to find some  
good, trusty woman, or a family going to  
America, but such a chance never offered in  
a single instance.

Before I go further, or into still more  
painful results, I beg you will allow me to  
say that I have spoken of the anxiety of C.  
and her constant efforts to renew my prom-  
ise to her, and which was repeated only two  
days before her death, in the hope that you  
will exercise more charity towards her  
memory. Let me just that you will do so,  
and think and feel less severely toward her.  
She paid a bitter penalty for all the outrage  
that was committed upon you. In her last  
illness she spoke often feelingly and tender-  
ly of you, with how much regret I need not  
say, but wishing to acknowledge to me that  
you had always treated her kindly and care-  
fully, and that on her and myself alone  
rested the responsibility of that now fatal  
separation.

You will have perceived, ere this, that I  
have yet more to communicate, and of a  
still sadder character, to you. I have writ-  
ten purposely in the past tense, as it were  
in order that you may be less suddenly  
drawn to the anticipation of my unhappy  
narrative, as I cannot write but once for ob-  
vious reasons. And now comes the most  
painful part of my duty.

I hardly dare tell you how cruelly severe  
the poor child took the death of her mother.  
She never forgot it. Although her own  
health was always delicate and she suffer-  
ed much, yet from that time she seemed to  
become more sensitive, and grew weaker as  
she grew older and taller. But were it not  
for the occurrence of what is to follow I  
should not have attempted to write you un-  
til E. was within your reach, and on the  
point of being restored to you, perhaps not  
even then.

As before stated, failing to find any suit-  
able opportunity that I could trust to take  
her safe to you, I at last started with her  
myself determined to risk going to Eng-  
land for the purpose, there to seek some  
married pair of emigrants to whom I could  
trust her, or employ a suitable person to go  
with her. She had been very ill before  
starting, but I thought her sufficiently re-  
covered and her physician also thought she  
would risk nothing in going to sea, but un-  
fortunately all my hopes on this last effort  
were doomed to the same blight that has  
thus far followed me. A relapse set in on  
going to sea, and however much I regretted  
it, it was too late to retrace or return.  
The ship had been out several days—a week  
when we were met by a dreadful gale, such  
as the Indian Ocean alone can exhibit, and  
we were driven before a hurricane for six  
days and nights. Most of the sails and one  
of the masts, were carried away, and al-  
though nearly shipwrecked and driven back  
from 1,200 to 1,000 miles, we found more  
favorable weather. I mention this to show  
you how utterly it was out of my power to  
help or relieve the poor, suffering child—  
The effect of the storm was only injurious,  
and to make the sad tale short, this dear  
child whom I was anxious to restore to  
my friends who could bring her properly; to  
her father to watch over her, did in mid  
ocean many hundred miles from any land,  
and there was no alternative, no hope but  
to conform to the custom, the necessity, and  
much as it pains me to state it, the sea be-  
came her tomb. This occurred on the 19th  
of July 1858. The uncertainty of the tra-  
vel required for the passage of trading vessels,  
such as this one on which I trade, will, I  
fear, cause much delay before this reach-  
es you.

I might stop here, you may say that I  
have tortured you enough, but I am not  
lost to all sense of propriety, feeling or  
duty, notwithstanding all my sins against  
you, to say nothing of the violation of the  
most sacred ties of life. God knows that I  
felt it deeply and awfully.

I have debated long and anxiously in my  
own mind whether I ought to re-open a  
wound in your heart, which can never heal,  
but, feeling as I do severely, that suspense  
is the cruellest of all conditions; that a cer-  
tain evil, even fatality, is better than hope-  
less uncertainty, and that this sad avowal  
is all I can do—all the reparation I can  
make. I have been induced for these reasons  
to write. It is better that you know it, than  
I remain for life in uncertain suspense. An  
intelligent English sailor, to whom I had  
shown some kindness in the far off, and al-  
most savage land, in which I have resided  
for the last year, has promised to convey  
this letter to some European seaport, and  
mail it there. He also has undertaken to  
get the two deaths advertised in some Eng-  
lish or American newspaper, so that in case  
this letter never reaches you, her friends  
may not always remain in ignorance of her  
fate.

I now think it best to address this to the  
most probable person I can think of, to  
know your present place of abode. I mean  
your father, where he, or some of your  
brothers in Wisconsin, will be most likely  
to find it, as I shall incline to him, with an  
urgent request that he will send it to you,  
wherever you may be. But I must ever re-  
main in uncertainty as to whether it ever  
reaches you, or whether you are in the land  
of the living. As to my own family and  
former friends, I have no wish to re-call my-  
self to their memory, and to poor C.,  
outraged parents I do not address myself.  
If this ever meets your eyes, let me beg  
of you to believe that however much I have  
outraged your feeling and blighted your

life, I ever had the strongest regard for your  
high moral worth, and your integrity and  
goodness of heart and the bitterest reflec-  
tion I have ever been made to feel thus far,  
has been the anguish and regret of having  
forfeited your former good opinion forever;  
and now the ruin I have brought upon all,  
and the fate that has fallen to me by the  
decrees of a just Providence, comes heavier  
and more dreadful to my prospects of the  
future.

Painful as all this is, and however disas-  
trous it is to me, I cannot feel at rest until  
I have done what little remains in my power,  
and when this packet leaves my hands I  
shall have discharged the last sad and  
melancholy duty. I now suffer only from  
feelings of remorse and blighted hope in the  
fate that is henceforth my lot to endure.  
But I will add no more, and all I can, or  
could say, may only disgust you the more  
towards me.

For obvious reasons, it is not, and can-  
not be my purpose to speak of details or  
particulars as to the past or the future, or  
indeed of myself in any way, I trust you  
may never hear from me again and only  
wish to hope your future life may afford  
you, even you, less of anguish than the  
past few years. If my life depends upon  
my present health, or my now limited  
means, my memory must be blotted out  
very soon.

But I yet remain humbly, your unwor-  
thy,  
HARLOW CASE

## Bearing the Cross.

Dwell much and often under the shadow  
of your Lord's cross, and it will lead you to  
think lightly of your own. If its gave uter-  
ance to but one murmuring word, could  
I not complain? If I were deeper stupe-  
fied of his bitter anguish, we should think  
less of the up lying of our waves amidst  
his horrible torment. The saints cross  
assumes many diverse shapes. Sometimes  
it is the bitter trial, the crushing pang of  
bereavement, desolate household, and ach-  
ing hearts. Sometimes it is the crucifixion  
of sin and determined battle with "lusts  
which war against the soul." Sometimes  
it is the resistance of evil maxims and prac-  
tices of a lying world, vindicating the honor  
of Christ in the midst, it may be, of taunt  
and obloquy and shame. And as there are  
different crosses so there are different ways  
of bearing them. To some God says: "Put  
your shoulder to the burden, lift it up, and  
bear it on; work, and toil, and labor!"  
To others he says: "Be still, bear it and  
suffer."

Believer! thy cross may be hard to en-  
dure, it may involve deep struggles, tears  
by day, watchings by night; bear it meek-  
ly and patiently, justifying God's wisdom in  
laying it on. Rejoice in the assurance, that  
He gives not one sin-mere of earthly trial  
than He sees to be really needful, not one  
redundant thorn pierces your feet. In the  
very bearing of the cross for His sake there  
are mighty compensations. What new  
views of your Saviour's love? His truth  
His promises, His sustaining grace, His suf-  
ferings, His glory? What new filial  
nearness, increased delight in prayer; and inner  
sanctification when it is darkest without  
The waves cover you, but underneath them all  
are "the everlasting arms."

## The Royal Invitation.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are  
heavy laden and I will give you rest."  
As the trucking of water in the midst of  
the desert of the traveller's car; as the pat-  
tering of drops of rain upon the roof in time  
of drought, as the welcome sound of the  
coming home carriage to waiting friends, so  
is the divine promise to the o'er-labored  
spirit: "Come unto me all ye that labor  
and are heavy laden and I will give you  
rest."

Not the great, the titled and the honored  
of the world, only are bidden to the royal  
feast of "the King of Kings," for it is  
written of "Come unto me, all ye that are  
heavy laden." "The poor in spirit," and  
the bowed in heart, they to whom life's  
pathway is like a rugged road, traveled  
through the darkness of a winter's night,  
painful and cold, and dreary, on whom the  
sunlight of affection sheds not his kindling  
beams, and who are ready to sink wearied  
with the toilsome journey; to them is sent  
the Herald of the Prince of Peace; and as  
the lost wanderer amid the Alpine snows  
sees the light—it may be far off—and hears  
the voice of those coming to his rescue, so  
do they behold through the gloom the rising  
of that dawn which is to shine more and  
more in the perfect day; and, as they  
listen, hear a voice above the tempest, say-  
ing, "Faith not;" and they know that aid  
is at hand. And lo! the words of Jesus  
Christ our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye  
that labor and are heavy laden and I will  
give you rest," rest from all the cares and  
sorrows of the world; rest from the cease-  
less strife within; rest forever and ever  
with the angels in the very presence of the  
Incarnate God!—Rural New Yorker.

The Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota  
lately delivered the following speech to the  
Senate:—"Gentlemen of this 'ere Stint!"  
Don't crowd this old hoss too fast! I  
hadn't orter expect this 'ere cheer to  
settle more nor six pins at onst. If y'r  
dosh, yer still barokin up the wrong saplin!  
It can't be did!"

Stray leaves from a Country Girl's Diary.  
(No. 3.)

WEDNESDAY:—  
Those drear days of November, how sad-  
ly their farewell song fall on the ear. The  
sky has been for some days shrouded in  
those dark lowering clouds, which always  
wreath the retiring brow of creation. This  
afternoon the light-footed wind, God, swept  
away the gloom. Pure and unadulterated,  
the blue vault of Heaven expanded itself over  
the earth. The yellow sun beams crept  
through the frost-bitten vines, still clinging  
to the old enclosure. But soon jealous juno  
spread out her sable curtain and wrapt earth  
in the embrace of her sombre shadow.

Thus it is in life. The dark wild temp-  
est king of trial, rudely sways his sceptre  
around us. Then, the gentle goddess of  
peace wafts the light unbenumbed of joy  
around us, and while we are yet bathing in  
the waters of pleasure, or basking in the  
rays of love and friendship, the evil tongue  
of slander, or the dark pall of misfortune, or  
the withering curse of disappointment, again  
clothes the horizon of our existence in one  
unbounded wave of care and sorrow.

In looking over my diary, I find that  
some might judge by its tenor, that I am  
an unhappy, foreboding creature, always  
looking at the dark side, grasping life  
thorns and never breathing her laurels into  
the radiant terrors of enjoyment. Not so,  
I know the world is full of beauty and life  
is full of love. There are brilliant treasures  
on earth, worthy our highest admiration;  
sweets in the cup of pleasure, long to be re-  
membered, and hearts in society, open to  
all the influences of friendship. Yet, when  
the ills of life grasp our hands, we feel de-  
jected, and the cold world, lacking sym-  
pathy, our old and tried friend; the pen, drinks  
less of his bitter anguish, we should think  
less of the up lying of our waves amidst  
his horrible torment.

What a calm, holy stillness seems to  
reign around the close of God's sacred  
day. The wind sighs more softly; the waves  
murmur more sweetly. Heaven's starry  
crown twinkles with increased brilliancy.  
The fairy clouds and glittering constellations,  
the white sandal Liana; wing footed winds,  
the dense forests and their choristers, the  
rills and the flowers that they mirror, all  
seem to be living preachers, whispering that  
"There is a God, and that God is love."

## An Orphan Boy.

A touching case was presented yesterday  
to the consideration and charity of one  
of the Good Samaritans who now take care  
of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed  
the starving. A boy was discovered in the  
morning, lying on the grass in Claiborne  
street, evidently bright and intelligent, but  
sick. A man, who has the feelings of kind-  
ness strongly developed, went to him, shook  
him by the shoulder, and asked him what  
he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said  
he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentle-  
man, touched by the pathetic tone of the  
answer and the condition of the boy, in  
whose eye and flushed face he saw the evi-  
dence of the fever.

God sent for father and mother and  
little brother," said he, "and took them away  
to his home up in the sky; and mother told  
me, when she was sick, that God would  
take care of me. I have no home, nobody  
to give me anything, and so I came out here;  
as I have been looking so long up in the sky  
for God to come and take care of me, as  
mother said he would. He will come, won't  
he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome  
with emotion; "He has sent me to take  
care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and  
the smile of triumph break over his face as  
he said—"Mother never told me a lie, air;  
but you've been so long on the way."—  
What a lesson of trust, and how this inci-  
dent shows the effect of never debasing chil-  
dren with idle tales. As the poor mother  
expected, when she told her son—"God would  
take care of him."—He did, by touching  
the heart of this benevolent man with com-  
passion and love to the little stranger.—N.  
O. Delta.

The Corp of an Unlucky Tongue.—An  
important slander suit has just been decid-  
ed in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, in  
which the plaintiff claimed damages of  
\$5000, and recovered \$3000, for the most  
outrageous slanders against the daughter of  
Mr. John Williams. The slander was per-  
petrated by a man named Poe, several years  
ago, when Miss Williams was only 16 years  
of age.

TRUE AS PARACHUTE.—Revenge is longer  
lived than gratitude. Indiana Mr. Smith's  
note to keep him from bursting; and he will  
forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr.  
Smith's nose, and he will cherish a secret  
desire to burn your house down for the re-  
membrance of his life. Revenge is passion.  
Gratitude appears to be only a passion.  
We can all hate; but it is only one man  
a hundred that possess some enough to be  
thankful.

A Tough of Reality and a Bit of Re-  
manoe.

Mr. H. B. Williams, of Hickory Springs,  
Fayette county, Tennessee, sent the follow-  
ing interesting communication to the Mem-  
phis Avalanche, on the 12th inst.

On one of those cold, rainy nights just  
passed, a couple of sprightly and hardy-  
looking little Yankee boys, bare footed,  
lady-lad, and without budget, about eleven  
and thirteen years of age, calling them-  
selves John and Thomas Anderson, brothers  
all the way from the North, came to my re-  
sidence in search, as they said, of a home  
and work, and readily finding both, they  
are now with me, the happiest little fellows  
you ever saw.

Their story is as full of adventures as it  
is affecting. They had from the town of  
Patterson New Jersey, and say they are  
factory boys, and orphans, that their father  
died a long time ago, their mother nearly  
two years since, leaving them working in a  
cotton factory without friends or relations  
thereabouts—having no brothers and an only  
sister, Martha, who married one Freder-  
ick Green, of whom they have heard nothing  
for a long time, and know not where  
they are; that about two months since  
being badly treated, they struck out for the  
South, without a cent of money, and work-  
ed their way along, assisted by railroad  
conductors and stevedores, until  
reaching Memphis, where they tarried but  
a little while, starting out on foot on the  
track of the Memphis and Ohio railroad,  
where they followed up the Wythe depot,  
and meeting there a small negro boy of  
mine, who, hearing their story, politely,  
and in the spirit of true Southern hospitali-  
ty, invited them along with him to his mas-  
ter's house.

The accounts these little fellows give of  
themselves I believe to be true; and they  
are welcomed in the South—to my home-  
shall have my protection, and an aided fu-  
ture. It has been suggested that, maybe,  
they are run-away Northern apprentices,—  
and by this discovery of their whereabouts,  
a requisition, or something of the sort,  
will be attempted. To this I will take oc-  
casion to declare, in advance, that in such  
an event, I will resist at all hazard and to  
the last extremity the fugitive-slave law,  
if sought to be enforced for the redemption  
of the poor enslaved factory boys of the  
North, who fled South for freedom and  
friends. My little black slave Lee, who  
brought the fellows to my door, would doubt-  
less come under ground, railroad for their es-  
cape should danger threaten.

An Orphan Boy.

A touching case was presented yesterday  
to the consideration and charity of one  
of the Good Samaritans who now take care  
of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed  
the starving. A boy was discovered in the  
morning, lying on the grass in Claiborne  
street, evidently bright and intelligent, but  
sick. A man, who has the feelings of kind-  
ness strongly developed, went to him, shook  
him by the shoulder, and asked him what  
he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said  
he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentle-  
man, touched by the pathetic tone of the  
answer and the condition of the boy, in  
whose eye and flushed face he saw the evi-  
dence of the fever.

God sent for father and mother and  
little brother," said he, "and took them away  
to his home up in the sky; and mother told  
me, when she was sick, that God would  
take care of me. I have no home, nobody  
to give me anything, and so I came out here;  
as I have been looking so long up in the sky  
for God to come and take care of me, as  
mother said he would. He will come, won't  
he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome  
with emotion; "He has sent me to take  
care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and  
the smile of triumph break over his face as  
he said—"Mother never told me a lie, air;  
but you've been so long on the way."—  
What a lesson of trust, and how this inci-  
dent shows the effect of never debasing chil-  
dren with idle tales. As the poor mother  
expected, when she told her son—"God would  
take care of him."—He did, by touching  
the heart of this benevolent man with com-  
passion and love to the little stranger.—N.  
O. Delta.

The Corp of an Unlucky Tongue.—An  
important slander suit has just been decid-  
ed in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, in  
which the plaintiff claimed damages of  
\$5000, and recovered \$3000, for the most  
outrageous slanders against the daughter of  
Mr. John Williams. The slander was per-  
petrated by a man named Poe, several years  
ago, when Miss Williams was only 16 years  
of age.

TRUE AS PARACHUTE.—Revenge is longer  
lived than gratitude. Indiana Mr. Smith's  
note to keep him from bursting; and he will  
forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr.  
Smith's nose, and he will cherish a secret  
desire to burn your house down for the re-  
membrance of his life. Revenge is passion.  
Gratitude appears to be only a passion.  
We can all hate; but it is only one man  
a hundred that possess some enough to be  
thankful.

WILD ROSE.

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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 most dispatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

**Business Directory.**  
CHAS. S. BEALE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office with the Hon. James T. Hale  
Nov. 25, 1858-9.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA.  
Office on High Street (old office) Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offer his services to his friends and the public.  
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