

# Democrat and Matchman

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT  
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**CHARLES H. HARRIS,**  
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Office with the Hon. James T. Hale, Nov. 25, 1858

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## Original Poetry.

[For the Dem. Watchman]  
"Our Hopes and Fears."

BY J. P. H.

In life's tempestuous sea, we're cast,  
To stave this vale of tears,  
With sorrows pressing o'er our path  
To rouse our hopes and fears.

Each one presses a point to which  
From youth its eye he turns,  
And whether he be poor or rich,  
He has his hopes and fears.

The poor have many trials hard,  
And death or sorrow near,  
Distress destroys their treasured hopes,  
Afflictions rouse their fears.

The Christian on the narrow way  
By faith he perseveres,  
And promises inspire his hope,  
That hope builds up his fears.

Oh! then embrace thy Heavenly lot,  
And share his joys and tears,  
To guide thy hopes and fears  
Ere 'tis too late, May 17th 1859

## Miscellaneous.

### Revolutionary Anecdotes.

At the battle of Red Bank, the following ludicrous incident occurred. The Americans had pitched the English soldiers, while in their haste to close the door upon the rapidly advancing Americans, they shut out some of their own officers, who were immediately surrounded by their captors. The Americans were now exposed to a galling fire, from those within the building; and they only found safety by interposing the persons of their captives between themselves and the marksmen at the windows. Among the British officers was one Major Barry, who, without the slightest reason, began only with a profound solemnity to enumerate his many titles. "Sir, I am Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British Army, Secretary to the commandant of the 52d Regiment, Captain of the 52d Regiment, Colonel Manning in whose hands I fell, and you are just the man I was looking for. Fear nothing, you shall screen me from danger, and I will take especial care of you," and with the pompous major held before his person the American officer, secured a safe retreat.

On one occasion, during the war of the Revolution a stranger applied to the residence of Gov. Clinton for hospitality, and was received, and while refreshments were preparing for him, the Governor entered into conversation with him in the course of which, in reply to some questions proposed by the host, he manifested so much uncertainty, that the suspicions of the family were aroused. These suspicions became confirmed in their minds by observing him take something very cautiously from his own pocket and swallow it. Mrs. Clinton immediately conceived of a plan to make him disclose his secret. She proceeded to the kitchen and put a dose of tartar emetic in the cup of coffee preparing for him. The man partook of the beverage, and ere long he began to show signs of indisposition; he grew violently sick, and the result was, a small silver ball was discharged from his stomach. The ball was unscrewed, and found to contain an important communication from Sir Henry Clinton to Gen. Burgoyne. The man was arrested as a spy, and out of his own mouth, as it was said, he was convicted. He suffered death.

In one of the incursions of Indians upon our frontier settlements during the Revolution, a very romantic incident occurred. The celebrated Chief Cornplanter made an attack upon the neighborhood of Fort Plain, burning and destroying, and among the prisoners he captured was one John Abell, an old inhabitant. The party had not traveled but a few miles on their return when it was discovered that this Abell was almost acquainted with their language as the Indians themselves. This fact interested the chief; and on inquiring of his captive his name, Cornplanter knew at once that he stood before his own father. Abell, twenty-five years before had been a trader among the Indians of Western New York; and in one of his visits became enamored of a pretty squaw, and the result of his affection was the graceful and celebrated warrior whom the father now, for the first time, saw standing before him. The chief had learned from his mother the history of his son, and, as his father's name, the incident was certainly extraordinary to a degree. The young chief held out strong inducements to his white father to accompany him to his tribe, but parental affection did not seem so strong in the heart of Abell as his love for the comforts and luxuries of a white man's home, and so he chose rather to be restored to liberty and be returned to his friends. This was yielded, and he was conducted in honor back to the settlement. Thus singularly met and parted father and son.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington—"I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel Washington." "Your wish, Colo-

nel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of the Clouds." It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarleton observed: "You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington, and I have been told he is so ignorant a fellow that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make his mark."

Governor Griswold, of Connecticut, was once indebted to a happy thought of his wife for his escape from the British, to whom he was extremely obnoxious. He was at home, but expected to set out immediately for Hartford, to meet the Legislature, which had commenced its session a day or two previous. The family residence was at Blackhill, opposite Saybrook point, and situated on the point of land formed by Connecticut river on the east, and Long Island Sound on the south. British ships were lying in the sound; and as the Governor was known to be at that time in his own mansion, a boat was secretly sent ashore for the purpose of securing his person. Without previous warning, the family were alarmed by seeing a file of marines coming up from the beach to the house. There was no time to flight. Mrs. Griswold be thought herself a large meat barrel or tierce, which had been brought in a day or two before and was not yet filled. Quick as thought she decided that the Governor's proportions, which were by no means slight, must be compressed into this, the only available hiding place. He was obliged to submit to be stowed in the cask and covered. The process occupied but a few moments, and the soldiers promptly entered. Mrs. Griswold was of course ignorant of all knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, though she told them she knew well that the legislature was in session, and that business required his presence at the capital. The house and cellar having been searched without success the soldiers departed. By the time their boat reached the shore the Governor was galloping up the road on his way to Hartford.

### "Is That also True?"

A beautiful reply is recorded of a Delaware peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses, and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointing up to Heaven solemnly replied: "And is that also true?"

And is not this a question that may be addressed to every one who is rejoicing in the multitude of his riches, who as he looks around him sees the masses that have poured into his lap, may he not be asked—Is Heaven also thus? And if such question may be asked the rich, may it not be asked of all, whether rich or poor. And may we in all sincerity ask the reader to weigh well the words—Is Heaven also thus?

During the recent dry spell, extensive fires occurred in the lumber country on the West Branch. The Jersey Shore "Republican," in alluding to an extensive fire in Cogan Valley, says: "The fire burned rapidly it came down into the Valley, doing considerable damage to timbers and others. Mr. J. Perkins lost a pile of logs, valued at least, at \$25,000. A pile of lumber containing about 80,000 feet, belonging to James Wood, was also consumed. A large lot of staves, owned by Mr. Carter, were burned. In many places it was almost impossible to keep the fire from the mill. The mill of William H. Kline, at a distance of five miles from the fire, was not burned, but the fire being very close. We have not learned the total damage, but a great destruction of timber has been occasioned and the loss is very heavy."

A Cure for HONEY AIL (so called) is given as follows, by Mr. Ira Comstock, of Salisbury:—Take of good vinegar and spirits of turpentine one gill each; of salt and pepper (red or black) half a gill each. Simmer these together and apply them as warm as your hand will bear, between the horns, winding the cloth around the horns, and the head, in order to retain as much of the compound as may be. One application is sufficient in ordinary cases, but where the case is obstinate a repetition may be necessary. I have used this remedy nearly twenty years, and never know it to fail.—Rural New Yorker.

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.  
"And for what should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.  
"To put your clothes in," was the reply.  
"An' go naked!" exclaimed Pat.  
"The devil a bit of it!"

A very old watch, now in good running order, is owned by I. H. Hollister, of Greenfield, which was made in 1658—two hundred and one years ago. Among the curious things about it is its having but one hand, and that goes by the quarter of an hour at a move.

## Gen Washington's First Love.

A correspondent of the Century, in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover county, Virginia, gives an account of General Washington's suit to and rejection by Mary Cary.

Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of "Celeys," in the county of Elizabeth City, descended from the noble family of Hudson, in England. His relative, Col. Archibald Cary of "Amphill," in Chesterfield, was at his death the heir apparent to the earldom. The worthy old gentleman, from all we know of him, to have been as proud as the Congress or the Somerset, and to have thought his family the noblest in the land. He lived in great state, with chariot and horses, plate and velvet and embroidery worthy of the old school, fully satisfied with the "order of things," and enjoying sincerely the good gifts of Providence. His beautiful daughter was a great heiress, and had many suitors; the excellent which befell one of these has made her remembered in many books. He was a young man of very high character, a relative of Gen. Fairfax Esq., who lived at Belvoir, on the Potomac; and here he met Miss Cary who came to visit Mrs. Fairfax, his eldest sister. The young man at once proceeded to fall in love, which he did with an ardor characteristic of his nature. When Miss Cary went back home to "Celeys," on James River, he followed her like a courageous gallant, and laid open siege to the fair fortress. In the good old times, however, something more was necessary than the consent of the young lady, and so the youth duly asked a private interview with the awful lord of the manor, who listened to him silently throughout. When the lover had finished, Mr. Cary rose, made him a low bow, and said that this was young Mr. Washington's errand at "Celeys." His visit had better terminate, his "daughter had been accustomed to ride in her own chariot." And with that allusion to the poor condition of the younger son, the interview terminated. Young Washington loved and turned away, and in due time married Martha Dandridge Custis, who resembled Mrs. Cary, says my authority, "as much as one twin sister ever did another."

But the old tradition does not end here. "My years fled away—Mary Cary was the Amble, and her discarded suitor was the man who had just received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown; whom the whole civilized world looked as the greatest among the great—the foremost man" not of America but of "all the world." He passed through the old metropolis, Williamsburg, at the head of his victorious troops, and the people were crazy with joy and adoration. The vast multitude nearly prevented his horse from proceeding—the calm stately horseback passed on severely. All at once he perceived that a window, or in the crowd, his old love, Mary Cary, raised his sword and saluted her profoundly. She faints.

But it does not seem that the lovely woman was to blame. She had not been able to return the affection of the youth—that was all. She married him who won her heart, Edward Ambler. He was not unworthy of this noble lady in rank or in character. He was descended through his mother from the great Huguenot house of La Roche Jaqueline, in Vendee, and inherited the honest instincts of his race. At twelve he had been sent for his education to England; he graduated at Cambridge, and then made the grand tour of Europe, returning to Virginia when he was twenty-one. He was married to Miss Cary soon after, and became Col. Carter at New York, and was so much respected that when Lord Bitterroot came to Virginia as Governor, he brought a letter of introduction to the collector. He died at thirty-five; and the Revolutionary War breaking out soon afterward, his beautiful widow moved away from the scene of her grief, and took refuge in the "Cottage" far up in Hanover.

Gen. Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly insulted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time the General went on the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun. "What are you about to do?" exclaimed he: "is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?" "What are you about to do?" exclaimed the General, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you, and if you don't best a treat in less time than 'twould take old Death to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the branch of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder. This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood, and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

## Mrs. Sickles.

Where is Mrs. Sickles? Who ventures an apology for her? We have listened in vain to hear one word of sympathy for this poor, fallen, and betrayed Ester. There is sympathy for man and woman for the woman's diseased betrayer, and for the husband murdered—but alas! for the wretched Magdalene! there is no one to whisper to her, "Go, and sin no more." There is no one to lift the agony from her soul; she is alone and in silence, with the iron heel of society cutting deep into her heart, a withering blight, and the world's bitteresses her life legacy.

A magnificent funeral, regrets, tears and eulogies have fallen like a rich mantle over the memory of Philip Barton Key.

Hon. Daniel E. Sickles is a splendid politician, a brave and spirited man. He has healed and made whole his damaged honor, and it is well with him to day, but for Mrs. Sickles, she has awakened from the gray dream of fashionable life to find herself "immensely immoral" and there is none ready than women to make her so. Women must not hazard her own reputation by simulating such a case.

Teresa Bagoli had seen seventeen suitors when Hon. Daniel E. Sickles led her to the altar. Alas! her beauty, gladness and child like innocence were a rebuke to polished society, and the love in her young heart might have called angels from their home, but like unto a human soul, she was dazzled with the splendor of pomp, position and wealth, and like unto a woman, she was beset with a gallantry which concealed a moral leper; and like unto a woman, she has fallen in attempting to lift this moral leper to her height.

The seduction, the domestic infidelity, the gonial, moral, and political corruption which this tragedy has brought to light, are permanent facts seated in the very heart of American public life. This is to unnumbered palpitation or misdirection of social habits, but the quelling of a mighty nation's heart, and why do we start in horror at these innumerable developments? Why brand, with uncommon shame, these unfortunate individuals who have but repeated the tragedy of the world taught them? why attempt to conceal the most common thing as a "humanity"? It is no new thing to find crime and moral corruption in high places. The thousands whom the world calls "abandoned," may point to their counterparts at all the high places of the land. The wrong trader is congratulated by man for his success, and adressed by woman for his gallantry. He who pays the price of his honor is on the throne to-day, while she who accepts it is miserably dragged upon the scaffold. *Frederica A. Foster*

Who Paid for the Kiss.

A stout farmer, on his way to the capital with twenty or thirty bees, passed by a farmer's house, in the front of which happened to be a remarkably buxom young woman, the farmer's wife. Inflamed with sudden passion of admiration the dusty-footed traveler approached the maiden's beauty, and not knowing how else to enter into conversation, asked for a glass of water. It was willingly brought to him; but, in returning the glass, he suddenly threw his arms around her, pressed her close to his heart and gave her the most sonorous of an unmistakable kiss. Much fury appeared, the rough customer on a more overtook his cattle.

The farmer was in the field not far off, and, to call him and make charged report of the proceeding was the work of a few minutes as possible. Instantly unbuttoning the plow horse, the injured husband mounted and rode after the invader of his rights, overtook and tempestuously accused him.

The guilty prisoner was not going to defend himself, however. On the contrary he confessed humbly that he was in the wrong—regretted that he could not give back to the lady the kiss he had so culpably taken from her without her permission—but pleaded for pardon on the ground that the temptation was too strong for human resistance. She was too beautiful! Would not the wronged spouse compromise—say "five dollars, or so?"

Between the compliment to his wife and the sight of the pocket book the injured husband was mollified—took a ten dollar bill—gave back a "five," for change, and returned, thinking himself, on the whole, no poorer for the transaction. In which frame of mind he remained, till, on bringing the ten dollar bill to light, again, for the purchase, a fortnight afterwards, he found that it was a counterfeit! Five dollars for the kiss, but who paid for it?

A modest young lady, desiring a leg of chicken at table, said she would take "that part that ought to be dressed in pants." A gentleman opposite immediately called for "that part which usually wears the bustle."

CHICKEN FOR WANTS AND CURSES.—The bark of a willow tree, burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excruciations on any part of the body.

A lunatic once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

## A Husband Pretends to be Dead, and Sends Home his Corpse.

Our friend N. C. M. sends the Cleveland Herald the following good one from Southern Illinois.

Some time since, a person by the name of Brunz living in the city Capri Garden, Mo., left his wife and family, on a tour of music teaching. He had previously requested that his wife would go with him to Cincinnati, and she told him she would if her babies, twins got better, if they did not, she thought it her duty to stay at home and take care of them. Mr. Brunz is a dancing master and fiddler, and is considered second to none in the South west, and being so, and temperate had accumulated a fine little property. His widow if such she may be called, lives in a fine brick house which he built on the borders of the city, and on the gravel road leading to Jackson. It is an elegant residence. Finally upon his getting ready to start, she proceeded to pack her trunks, but at last, sitting upon the floor and arranging her things she felt impressed that she ought not to go, and went and told her husband that she had better stay at home. He seemed hurt by her answer, and said she would be sorry for it. Still he did not say when he came back he would give her the money the journey would cost, and she might buy herself some fine clothes. He then went out to the back yard and told the black woman that Miss Virginia shouldn't go with him, and she'd be sorry for it. "But if you take good care of your mistress."

After this, he went off in a few weeks, a letter came to Mrs. Brunz informing her that her husband had died of cholera in Louisville, and that his remains would arrive at the Cape, being sent home by the Ohio Fellows. In a few days the coffin, a metallic one, came attended by a gentlemanly person, and notwithstanding all her entreaties the burial took place without her having permission to see her beloved husband, since the conductor said that the body was so decomposed she would not recognize it, and besides, it was dangerous to expose it. She owed \$700 in Jackson. This money he sent by the man who bore his body, but a charge of \$100 was made for the metallic coffin and for expenses, which Mrs. Brunz paid. She was buried and was thought to have been the last of it.

About a year afterwards a dancing master arrived in Jackson, ten miles from the Cape, and opened his school, and on one occasion remarked of a scholar that she had been taught by Brunz, for no one else could have learned such an elegant step. "Brunz" said a bystander. "Did you know him then?" "Know Brunz," said the dancing master. "I know Brunz and have seen him not six weeks ago in full life. This of course led to inquiry, and at last to track the matter a lady collected a number of photographs and had them where the dancing master would naturally examine them, but without saying a word. As was expected, he began to open the cases, and coming at last to Brunz's exclaimed, "Why here is my old friend Brunz, only he don't wear a monstache now—a very good likeness indeed." Upon this Mrs. Brunz had the grave opened, when the following developments took place.—There were two wooden coffins, but no metallic coffin, for which she had paid, the body of the man was shorter than Brunz; it had red hair, Brunz had black; and the shirt and stockings she had never seen before.—What is one to make of all this? Is Brunz alive, and has he been defrauding his wife, or permitting others to do it? Or has he been murdered? His wife is entirely convinced that he is alive, and she did agree to accompany the dancing master and his wife in search of her husband, but fearing some trick, finally refused, and waits for him to come home of his own accord.

There are a great many more in this world working hard to get themselves nice homes and many working harder to get nice wives, but it is something new that when one has these, and while everything is harmonious, he should go off and leave them, and to ensure his possessions to the living, send back his dead body so that they may enjoy the fruit of his labors in peace. My opinion is that Mr. Brunz had better come back and look a little to those twins and cheer up his twice mourning wife.

A City buck visited the Shakers at Lebanon some time ago, and as he was wandering through the village encountered a stout hearty specimen of the sect and thus addressed him.

"Well, Broadrim, are you much of a Shaker?"

"Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way."

"I should like to see you perform."

"I can accommodate thee myself," said the other quite coolly, and seized the astonished customer by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.

Solomon Sturges, one of the wealthy men of Ohio, and a great land owner, is selling his immense possessions because he believes no man has a right to own more land than is necessary for his use, and that of his family. In his advertisement he says, "God has no doubt wisely ordained that land sharks should be cursed; and I can truly say that I am exceedingly anxious to sell my lands, and get clear of the curse."

## Lynch Law in Illinois.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE DUNG

Correspondence of the Chicago Press and Tribune

"KILKENNY, Mercer co., Ill., May 9.—A day or two since our usually quiet community was thrown into a high state of excitement by an occurrence which I have thought may be worthy of a recital in your paper. It seems that some few days ago a man and his wife, by the name of Bell, were arrested and examined before a Justice on a charge of stealing \$180. Nothing conclusive was proved against them, but they were still held in custody for some reason which I have not as yet learned, and as they manifested no desire to escape, and no violence towards them was apprehended, they were merely kept in the jail house of Justice Bailey.

On Wednesday night, May 7, when no one was dreaming of danger, a number of men in disguise broke into the house at which they were staying, and after fastening the Justice in his room to prevent his interference, they proceeded to take possession of the prisoners. The man fought like a tiger, but was soon overpowered; and both were carried off into the woods. They were told that if they would not confess the theft and give up the money they would be immediately hung. As neither one would acknowledge anything, they at once proceeded to accomplish their fiendish purposes. The man was first bound up, and kept there until a refinement of cruelty which could only be looked for in the most hardened brutes, he was taken down and buried in a shallow hole, which was dug for the purpose, to make his wife believe that he was dead in hope of his being long in a confession. But the woman was plucky, and would give them no satisfaction.

She was accordingly swung up by the same rope upon her husband, and was let hang till life was nearly extinct. In the mean time, the man was taken from his grave, and the lyncher finding that nothing was to be got out of them, after a time difficulty recalled to them, and left them to get home as best they could. This diabolical proceeding has awakened the deepest indignation in the community, and should the sufferers be able to give evidence, no pains will be spared to bring them to justice. No arrests had been made up to yesterday, but preparations were being made for the apprehension of three or four of those concerned.

As I had the particulars from one of the individuals who had charge of the prisoners, you may rely on the correctness.

AT THE FRANKFURT TRIUMPH.—The Paris correspondence of the New York Journal of Commerce writes:

So desperate is the state of the Austrian finances, that the government is said to have seized upon the metallic reserve of the Bank of Vienna. A forced loan is also supposed to be in contemplation, to the great alarm of the wealthy portion of the community. Even the army is reported to be showing symptoms of dissatisfaction, arising from long arrears of pay. It seems scarcely possible that Austria can maintain much longer her present position, and must speedily come to a resolution either to fight or yield.

A GAMBLER'S WIFE.—One night a fortnight ago, a married lady of Detroit, who had long suspected that her husband was a regular attendant at a certain gambling room, and was there spending the money which she and her children were in pressing need of, visited the room. Seated at a rough table she described her husband in company with three companions in inquiry, who were struck dumb with astonishment at the appearance. Taking advantage of their trepidation, she seized two or three piles of bank notes lying upon the table, which she hastily examined as if determining the probable amount of the "pile," and deliberately made her exit without saying a word.

A GOOP WITNESS.—Did the defendant knock the playbill down with a mallet propped up?

"No sir; he knocked him down with a flat iron."

"Oh no sir; it was outside the tent."

"No, no, I wish you would tell me whether the attack was at all a preconcerted affair."

"No sir, it was not a free concert affair, it was a circus."

DAMAGES FOR SLANDER.—Geo. D. Litchford, postmaster at Tinopolis Junction, Md., last week sued Mrs. Emma Dorsey, for slander, laying his damages at \$1500. Miss Dorsey, who was alleged, repeatedly charged Mr. Litchford with retaining her letters and other mail matter, and refusing to deliver them to her. The jury rewarded Mr. L.; \$250, but Miss D., intends to carry the suit to the Court of Appeals.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself to a lover, who named May in his proposals. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. "Well make it June, then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, a with a blush, she rejoined: "Would not April do as well?"

## BANKING HOUSE

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Bills of exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest paid on special deposits. Exchange in the eastern cities constantly on hand for sale. Deposits received.  
April 7th, 1859

## ARTISTS MATERIALS.

MATERIALS for painting in White Colors, Oil Colors in copious tubes, Varnish for Oil Paintings, Silver Polish, Gold Leaf, Gold and Silver Brasses, Camel Hair Brushes, Paper, India Ink, superior English Prepared Canvas, &c., can be had at the Drug Store of P. GREEN.  
Belleville, Pa., April 7th