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Miscellaneous.

A Perilous Hour.

I was once invited to a decorative painter, but before I had time to go he was out. After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore. I got work with a builder whose general line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very good head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so I was a favorite man with my master. We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having down the kite and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon were up a rope at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line, whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight, and as we stepped into the cradle, the men lamely asked if he hadn't a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have had so many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with stagers. Colly was very quiet, when I waved my cap to the people, he said emphatically, that it was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse those gaping fools, who he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred, but as we drew nearer and nearer the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, being up to this world, and as the strain of the rope began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of, I don't know, but he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would be better to keep his eyes on him, so that he might grow used to the height.

"Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping and still they were winding away without slackening speed in the least." I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that winlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, clambered over and to the coping. Colly too sprang up and followed me. He too got up safe and still they went on winding up, winding up till the rope swung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two left in a most desperate situation. Poor Colly was completely crazed with fright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out: "where can I pray?" and so I said very solemnly, "Sit down, Jim; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down."

The color of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and he couldn't sit steadily, but swung his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he would topple over. "Come, Jim, sit," I said, thinking to take the fright off him: "sit down, but it can't be mended. Hitch up a bit and put your arm around the rod; may be it will steady you."

"Where are you? and where is the rod?" he asked, in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with the fright, and self preservation said: Don't go near him; but then I remembered the new-wedded wife, and that, taking him all through he was a very decent fellow; and thought how I should have liked him to have done it if I had been in his place, so I determined to run a bit of a risk in his favor. Of course I darst not get on my feet; but working myself on by my hands got to him, and putting my arm around his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swung with him; and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and, by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away toward the engine house. One of the men walked after him with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt; but by the falling of the cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us, I feared afterward that our men were so taken up with sorrow, that so good a man

and kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us; and people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, thus we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat calls and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God!—he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, and I sat furly crouching in dread that his sight might clear, and he began gnawing chewing with his mouth, he was gnawing him self toward me.

I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice around that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I had fallen over for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but, at the risk of my own life I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort, and I cried out for him to sit down, and he covered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there was some news that could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time keeper to read for me. I had a scrap of uncolored paper at the bottom, and by another good providence I happened to have a bit of red pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "I sit down—Colly's gone mad," and I tucked it into my tobacco box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just a few feet from a couple of men who were standing by the engine house.

Directly my assistant to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied that I was a spirit, and I did all I could to cheer him up, and they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a mad house for some time, and then went to scavenging, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that day.

Two fishermen were one evening engaged in the highly interesting task of stealing a few peaches. Pat being the more nimble of the two had climbed the tree, and was busily engaged in shaking the fruit therefrom, when he was stopped by Jamie with the exclamation—"Arrah, Pat, and shure have psyches legs!"

"No, you fool, why do you ask that question ye blatherhead, don't be making a noise but pick up the peaches," replied Pat.

"But, Pat, are ye shure that psyches hasn't any legs?" continued Jamie.

"Dun't I tell ye they hadn't? ye bloody spalpeen," answered Pat.

"Well then," said Jamie, "if psyches hasn't got legs, be the mortal job I've swoltered a shrahdale big!"

Jamie had swallowed a tree toad.

Miscellaneous—From Potter.

Messrs. Editors—Having a desire to contribute something to my valuable friend and weekly visitor, the Watchman, and not knowing what would be more acceptable I thought I would write something about our lovely Eden—for such it surely is. A prettier vale is not known. Let us view it from Centre Hall, at sun setting, on a cloudless evening. Younder to the East an Egg hill, covered with its rich foliage of varied hues, imparting an appearance of majestic splendor to its lofty pines and spreading oaks. At its foot is Shikong Creek winding around its rugged base, slowly and silently bearing on its bosom the contents of purring streams to be mingled and purified with the mighty waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Younder to the N. E. is the end of Brush mountain looming up in the distance like the headland of some vast peninsula before the gaze of some wandering Nittany Mountain, with its well defined outlines and undulating surface, presenting an appearance of surpassing beauty to the beholder. To the S. E. are the seven mountains, towering up and presenting the most grand and varied scenery. Contrasted with the other mountains they look wildly and darkly. All the mountains which enclose this valley cannot be surpassed in beauty and romance even in poetic Italy or famed Switzerland. And the valley—language cannot describe it. It reminds one of that place—beyond this vale of tears—in the midst of which is the tree of life and through which flows the clear and sparkling river amid pastures of everlasting green. It reminds one of the valley of Piedmont, where God preserved and cherished for himself a select band of pious worshippers when the rest of the world was covered with gross darkness and wickedness. Here is the place for the philosopher—the balmily zephyrs laden with the odors of a thousand bowers, to fan and cool his fevered brain—the golden rays of the setting sun burnishing the rich foliage which surrounds him, dazzling him by their reflections—the vale chequered over with grain and forests—here he possesses as many advantages for study as did Sir Isaac Newton when he drew aside the mantle and beheld the laws of gravitation. Penna's Valley, far from the noise, confusion and contamination of thoroughfare life, with nothing but the most enchanting beauty to gaze upon, and the diligent yeomanry tilling the fertile soil, and the feathered songsters to sing to you the requiem of approaching and departing seasons, you can receive impressions which could be received no where else. It is a settled fact that scenery has much to do with the cultivation of the intellect.

Here the people dwell together in unity and harmony. With but few exceptions they are moral and professed followers of the Redeemer. Churches and school houses are numerous, and both are well supported. There are six good schools in successful operation this summer. As for literary men, Belleville excepted, it cannot be surpassed by any other township in the county. Almost all are reading, reflecting, and intelligent. In confirmation of this statement I will mention that the majority of which you are well aware, are readers of the Watchman. And the unwavering manner in which they sustain the constitution and laws of their country is evidence of their sound judgment and clear sense of duty. No fanaticism ever biases their minds.

The grain has not presented so fine an appearance for many years as now. The frost has done but little harm. By the way, why do not your merchants try to divert the attention of our farmers from the Lewistown market to that of Belleville? Why do they not give them as much for their grain? Many of our farmers say that they do not require fair bargains; there—that your merchants are too independent, and that they will often take the advantage of them in regard to prices in buying and selling, &c. If your merchants will give them as much for their grain as they can get in Lewistown, and sell them plaster, farming utensils, merchandise, &c., as cheap, I will assure them that Lewistown will get no grain here. How much better it would be for the County if such were the case.

IRENE.

"Is He Rich?"

How often has this question been asked? Has an acquaintance married a husband— "Is he rich?" is the first inquiry propounded by her friends. Not, "Is he honest, industrious, sober, and honorable," but, "Is he rich?" Not, "If he is a mind that distinguishes him among his fellow men, and calls forth their homage and adoration," but, "Is he rich—has he dollars and cents?" He may have everything else—a manly heart, a master intellect; he may be upright, steady and industrious, but if he lacks the "dimes and dollars, the dollars and dimes," he is but a sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. The great sin of our country is idolatry—an idolatry as degrading, yet as complete as that of the Hindoo or the Pharisee—yes, more degrading! for there is something awfully grand and impressive in the majestic river, ever moving onward, yet silently, to the great sea, and in the gorgeous luminary of day, as he comes forth from the chambers of night, heralded by streaming fire; but we bow down to the dollar;—the dull, senseless dollar, and make it a god!

Another Wife Poisoning Case.

A despatch from Port Jarvis, dated the 7th inst., says:

A man named Cole has been arrested at Montague, Sussex Co. N. J., on charge of having poisoned his wife to death during her confinement in childbed. Facts have transpired which it is alleged show that Cole and his family physician, Dr. Wickham, had conspired to commit a horrible crime—an infirmance of \$1000 having been first obtained on the life of Mrs. Cole. Cole is in custody, but Dr. Wickham has managed to escape. The facts are simply these. A certain Dr. Wickham induced an ignorant man by the name of Cole, to have his wife's life insured for \$1000, and as she would be confined in a short time, and they two divide the insurance money, but it so happened that she was confined when Dr. Wickham was absent, and another physician called, who delivered her of the child and both were doing as well as could be expected for a week, when Dr. Wickham called to see her, and she not being quite as well that day, the Dr. gave her something as a medicine, and in twenty minutes she was a corpse.—She was buried in due time and nothing was thought of it, till the suspicious of the Insurance Company were excited by the anxiety of the parties to get the money, and they sent an agent to make inquiries, and had the body disinterred, when, upon examination, a large amount of arsenic was discovered in the stomach. The parties, in the meantime, had been arrested, and Cole confessed the whole, as above stated, as to the agreement between himself and Wickham; but before the proper evidence could be got there for the commitment of Dr. Wickham to Justice, for some unaccountable reason, discharged him from custody.

Walk Softly.

The tiniest pebble thrown seaward from the beach, causes a wavelet, whose influence is felt for unnumbered leagues out upon old beacon's bosom. The softest whisper excites vibrations in the atmosphere; sound, which ceases not this side the boundless ether. So the act or thought of an immortal man, however insignificant, may color a lifetime, may have influences which shall not cease, until time shall be no longer a term, but an infinity of unending ages.—These things being so, it would seem that every fact should be a felt responsibility, and every thought a prayer. Let us walk softly then, or at least with a motive and a wish for good.

A crust of bread thrown thoughtlessly by a fellow student, made Prescott, in a measure, sightless for nearly half a century. An ill timed jest has severed many a warm friendship, and planted bitterness for a lifetime, where ought to have swelled up the warmest and purest, and loveliest springs of our nature. Many a time and oft, has a frown, a harsh word, an unfeeling or contemptuous gesture, crushed forever feelings, which were budding to a new and changed and better life. Reader let us walk softly then by day and by night at home and abroad, inasmuch as for every step in life we must give an account at the judgement.

MONS. BLONDIN'S WONDROUS FEATS.—We are informed by a gentleman from Niagara Falls that M. Blondin, the great rope walker, has been performing some wonderful feats on the Suspension Bridge. He walked upon Wednesday from the shore to the bridge upon one of the wire stays which steady that great structure. All who have seen the bridge have noticed the stays running from the cables to the bank, on either side, and they will readily understand that it is a great feat to traverse one of them. M. Blondin not only did this, but actually suspended himself by his feet from the wire over the river rushing through the great chasm below. The people who saw this expressed the belief that he could walk across the river on a tight rope without difficulty.—Rockester Union.

A funny case came up in the Supreme Court, New York. A Mrs. and Mr. Clement, the lady aged 48, and the gentleman 56, came into court, the lady asking for a separation, on the ground of ill treatment. The parties have been married six weeks only, and the gentleman retalates by saying that the lady is much stronger than himself, and was in the habit after she had labored him with her tongue, she went to laboring him with her fists. He had nothing to say against a separation, and did not care how soon she got it. The decision was reversed.

A woman, not young, having heard of the success of Effie Carstang, in St. Louis, in recovering \$100,000 from her lover, determined to proceed against a suitor of her own.—She accordingly consulted a lawyer in Richmond, submitting, as the main evidence of his attachment, the following billet-doux that accompanied a bouquet of flowers:

"Dear—, I send you the boy a bouquet of flowers. They are like my love far u. The aite shad menca kepe dark. The dog fenil mones I am ore slave. Rosia red and posia pail—My luv for u shall never fade."

What is the difference between a fool and a looking glass? Ans.—One speaks without reflecting and the other reflects without speaking.

A Female Villain.

LUCRETIA BORGIA IN BUFFALO.—At Chicago one John McLaughlin is on trial for throwing off a train of cars on the Chicago and Galena Railroad, by which deed a man was killed and several persons injured. On the person of McLaughlin, at the time of his arrest, were found a number of letters from abandoned females in Buffalo, and other parties, going to show the existence of an organized band of murderers, whose operations were conducted by means of poison—arsenic and—silver obstructions. Buffalo would seem to be the head quarters of this bloody tangled band. One of these letters which we will copy entire, will give an idea of the revelations they make. It is addressed to Captain Jones, alias Benedict.

BUFFALO, Feb 19, 1859.

"Dear Henry— You may be sure I shall be on hand to help any one you may send here to give the old curs a rip, and I think it would be easy to tigh up his barn and storehouse if the fellow you has in clear git, but if he is not, do not let him come for if he should back out I would just stick a knife in him myself, for I am bound you shall have revenge, and that before I leave here, so don't send any one you don't know is game; but you say you are sure that Johnny you speak of is game to the hells; I don't know him; maybe he is and maybe he ain't; try him first and see what he can do, or what he has done. I know a great many fellows that can tell big stories, but don't do anything themselves, and if Johnny is one of that kind, I think you had better not send him. I will go out this week and poison the dogs, so there need be no fear of their yelping; but take my advice, Henry, and don't send any one unless you know them—that's the talk. You say that Johnny has had his father killed by a railroad; I don't think he is good for anything or he would have revenged this long ago; so that is the reason I do not like to trust him. I think he is a coward, or he would not let another have done that job you write me about him getting a man to do; that ain't no revenge, and if that is all the courage he has I don't think I would trust him if I were in your place; at all events, if you should send him here, ana he should show the white feather, I will kill him before he can come back. I like to see a man have good game; if he is good git, he may have my sister, but I never glad to get her if she was not."

He never glad to tell you that your old enemy, the conductor, died about the 8th of February. Oh, how he suffered, but I am not glad to see him dying by inches, and to think it was my Henry who did it, but you must keep close, as I do think they suspicious you, and although I do not think they could do anything with you, even if they found you, yet it is better they should not get you.

I have ten dollars more for you, which I send you in this. I will get you the balance in about five or six weeks, but I will be able to send you some in about a week.

Write me soon. We are still living on the Orleans. I wish I could come to you instead of this letter.

Yours as ever, Emily."

A Hit too Good to be Lost.

Bill Polk, as he is familiarly called in Tennessee, is a man of decided wit and humor. He seems to be disgusted with the eternal agitation of the nigger question, and does not appear to have much respect for the good sense of the agitators. The Franklin (Tenn.) Review relates the following "good one" of him:—

A good story is told of Bill Polk, in connection with the canvass with Thomas for Congress. Thomas had spoken first at Shelbyville, and as it is now the case with nearly all anti-democratic speakers and writers, thought to make great capital out of the nigger question. He spoke long and loudly about Kansas and Lecompton; in fact, he spoke of nothing else. At the close of his speech Polk arose, and with that peculiar comical look which he knows so well how to assume, he called loudly for the Sheriff of Bedford county. No response, and again Bill called at the top of his lungs, Mr. Sheriff; I say Mr. Sheriff, come here.

Presently the Sheriff appeared and asked what he wanted. I want, says Polk, a coroner's jury summoned immediately. My competitor has found a dead carcass, right here in this room. The Kansas Nebraska bill has been dead for two years; it is fast becoming putrid, and I want an inquest held over it so that it may be decently buried.—It is needless to say that the nigger speech of Thomas was very effectually killed by this unexpected ally of Bill Polk.

The truth is, there is a general, almost a universal, demand for a coroner's jury to hold an inquest over the dead and putrid carcass of Kansas, and the nigger question. While yet there was life in it every particle of party nutriment had been extracted,—"sucked dry as a husk," and it is high time a verdict was brought in, "died of exhaustion, &c., &c., and decomposition has so far progressed that it is impossible to identify the body." Bear off the corpse of the Kansas nigger.

An Ohio editor asks, "What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman say about four feet eleven inches high, eleven feet four inches in diameter, and thirty-four feet in circumference, passing along the aisle just as a divine worship commences?"

Valley Forge.

It is situated in Montgomery county, on the west side of the Schuylkill, between six and seven miles from Norristown, in a deep, short hollow, scooped out from a low, rugged mountain, and opening upon the great valley which stretches away toward Phoenixville. A small creek runs through the little valley, turning, in its course, the watershed of a cotton manufactory, which stands upon the site of the old Forge of Isaac Potts. Upon the mountainous flanks of this little Valley, Washington established his winter quarters, in 1777-1778. His own residence was at the house of Mr. Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher. It was a substantial stone dwelling, situated near the mouth of the creek. It is occupied at the present by James Jones, a member of the Society of Friends. Washington's room was small indeed. In the deep east window, whence he could look out upon a large portion of his camp upon the neighboring slopes, are still preserved the cavity and little trap-door, arranged by the Commander-in-Chief as a private depot for his papers. I answered the purpose admirably, for even now the visitor would not know that the old blue suit upon which he was leaning to gaze upon the hollowed hills, might be lifted and disclose a capacious chest. Near the headquarters of Washington were the ruins of an old flour mill, whose clock was heard before the revolution, nor ceased until within a few years. From the village we went to the summit of the hill on the south, whereon the main portion of the American army was quartered. I upon the brow of the hill, on the spot where Washington's marriage was planted on the day of his arrival there, Mr. Charles Rogers, who owns the cotton factory, and much of the landed property in the vicinity, has erected an observatory, about forty feet in height. It was in its time a very fine structure of wood, of an octagon form with a spiral staircase in the centre, by which an ascent is made to the open gallery on the top. From that elevation is obtained a fine view of a large portion of the camping ground. Not far southward of the observatory is a redoubt. The remains of this redoubt are yet very prominent in the woods on the right side of the road leading from Valley Forge to Falls; also the redoubt on the left wing of the encampment, (now near the Reading Railroad,) is well preserved, the forest protecting it from demolition.

Fact Stranger Than Fiction.

What if the history of a distillery could be written out—so much rum for medicine of real value, so much for the arts of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery.—Then, so much rum sold to the Indians to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and so much used at home. Then, if the tale of every drop should be written out—so much diminution of productive power in man; so many houses burnt, ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost, so many widows made, double widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans left fatherless; long lying on the earth—what a tale it would be! Imagine that all persons who have suffered from torments engendered on that plague spot came together and sat on two ridge-pole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, with their tales of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and forehead. What a story it would be!

REQUESTS OF HUMBLD.—The late Baron de Humboldt bequeathed to his domestic Seiffert, who had lived with him 36 years, all his immense library, all his furniture, and all his articles of value, with the exception of a few, which he charges him to present to certain persons. His manuscripts, however, are not comprised in the donation, and among them is one of a geographical work of great extent than any hitherto published. The domestic in hand at the time of the Baron's decease was under 500 thalers. Of this sum he had given 400 thalers to the servant, and written instructions to apply the money to the expenses of his funeral. As a proof of the little value M. de Humboldt set on personal distinctions, it may be stated, that the great number of decorations which he had received from the sovereigns of all countries, were lying pell-mell in a cupboard.—His legal heirs caused the property to be put under seal, not being aware of the donation made to Seiffert. This old and faithful servant had, some years before, been appointed guardian of a royal palace, at his master's request, but the King dispensed with his fulfilling the duties of this post during the lifetime of M. de Humboldt.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle, and he battles of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth on an adventure; she embarks her whole in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless; for it is the bankruptcy of the heart.