

Democratic Matchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1859.

VOLUME 4—NUMBER 53

Terms of Publication.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per copy in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid within the year. Three terms will be rigidly adhered to. ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of JOB PRINTING executed in the most perfect manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

Business Directory.

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J. M. MILLER & JAMES SHRYVER,
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Bellefonte, Penn'a.

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Office in the Arcade, second door.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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CLEARFIELD, CLEARFIELD CO., PA.
Dec 20-38-41.

DR. JAMES F. MITCHELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Successor to Dr. Wm. McMillan, regularly attends to all cases of the office of the Bellefonte Dispensary, Office at the Bellefonte Hotel.

J. G. IRVIN,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
Office on the Diamond, second door, will attend to surveying farms, roads, &c. All requests addressed to Bellefonte P. O. will receive prompt attention.
Feb 10-39-6m.

WILLIAM WILSON
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Office on Allegany street, in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McMillan, Hale & Co., Bankers.
August 20-39-1 year.

DR. G. W. BROWN,
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Will attend to all professional business entrusted to him. *Palmer's addition paid to collect. See Office in the Arcade, second door, with Col. W. H. Hill.*
January 18-39-1/2.

MRS. C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will continue the practice of his profession, in the office heretofore occupied by him, and will attend to all business entrusted to him.
Dec 22, 1858-1/2.

W. F. MACANUS,
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Professional business will receive prompt attention. Collections made in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties.
Office on Allegany street in the building formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson.
Bellefonte, Jan 20-39.

J. D. WINGATE,
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Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.
Office will be found at all times except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be a filling professional duties.

DR. G. L. POTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office on High Street (old office) will attend to all professional calls, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public.
Office next door to his residence on Spring street.
Oct 20-39-1/2.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Baranda and D. C. Boal, Esq.

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—OF—
WM. F. REYNOLDS & CO.,
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Bill of exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest paid on all deposits. Exchange in the eastern cities constantly on hand, for sale. Deposits received.
April 17, 1859.

W. P. GREEN,
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Face and Toilet Articles, Trunks and Shoulder Braces, Gun and Pistol Ammunition, and all sold at moderate prices.
Customers will find much to complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
Farmers and Physicians on the country are invited to examine my stock.
WILLIAMS & BOY, ADAM ST.

WILLIAMS & BOY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon. Jas. T. Hale.

Messrs. Hale & Boy will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by Messrs. Wm. F. Reynolds & Co. and James T. Hale.
December 10, 1859.

Miscellaneous.

Life Upon the Railroad.

There is an ad saying that the friendship of a dog is better than his ill will, and for many years in my capacity as a railroad conductor I have happily found the above to be true to the letter—but mind, I am not saying I have no enemies. I, undoubtedly, have a few, and I don't think there is a man alive but what has more or less. A little kindness now and then, to many ones, a conductor will find almost every trip over his road, will not be lost, and he will in many cases find from his bread cast upon the water, a return four fold. Yet he must use a great deal of judgment in bestowing his charity upon those he thinks entirely worthy of such bestowal. I will, in connection, relate a little incident by which a little kindness saved my life, and the lives of all the passengers on board my train.

The western division of our road runs through a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations are few and far between. About three miles from one of the stations the road runs through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small valley, and there hemmed in by the ever-lasting hills, stood a small one and a half story log cabin. The few acres that surrounded it were well cultivated as a garden, and upon the fruits thereof, lived a widow and her three children, by the name of Graf. They were, indeed, untended in the cold charities of an outside world—I doubt much if they ever saw the sun shine beyond their own native hills. In the summer time the children brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money thus earned they bought a few of the necessities of the outside refinement.

The oldest of these children I should judge to be about twelve years and the youngest about seven. They are all girls, and looked nice and clean, and their healthful appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God, and love their humble home and mother. I had often stopped my train and let them off at their home, having found them at the station some three miles from home, after disposing of their berries.

I had children at home, and I knew their little feet would be tired in walking three miles, and therefore felt that it would be the same with those fatherless little ones. They seemed pleased to ride, and thanked me with hearty thanks after letting them off near home! They frequently offered me nice, tempting baskets of fruit for my kindness, yet I never accepted any without paying their full value.

Now if you remember the winter of 1854 was very cold in that part of the State and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains. On the night of the 26th of December of that year, it turned around warm and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible storm swept the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. Upon that night my train was winding its way, at its usual speed around the hills and through the valleys, and as the road bed was of solid rock I had no fear of the banks giving out. The night was intensely dark and the wind moaned pitifully through the deep gorges of the mountains. Some passengers were trying to sleep, others were talking in a low voice to relieve the monotony of the scene. Mothers had their little children upon their knees as if to shield them from some unknown danger without.

It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and sprung to the brakes at once, but the brakemen were all at their posts, and soon brought the train to a stop. I seized my lantern and found my way forward as soon as possible, when what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine logs illuminated the track for some distance, and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened its maw to receive us!

The snow, together with the rain, had torn the whole side of the mountain out, and sterner itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graf and her children had found it out, and brought light brush from their home below and built a large fire to warn us of our danger. They had been watching more than two hours beside that beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and children stood, drenched to the skin by the rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm and cried—

"Thank God! Mr. Sherburn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed to Heaven you might stop the train, and my God, I thank Thee!"

The children were crying for joy. I confess I don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I knelt down beside the good old woman and offered up thanks joy. An All-wise being for our safe deliverance from a most terrible death, and called down blessings without number upon that good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, fireman, and brakemen, the tears streaming down their bronzed faces.

I immediately prevailed on Mrs. Graf and her children to go back to the care of the storm and cold. After reaching the cars, I

A Letter for the Times.

The following letter was written by Daniel Webster, nearly eight years ago. It originates in homely topics and proceeds from those to others of more general import and interest—the duties of a patriot under the Constitution and the Union. The great practical sense of the Constitutional expounder is not more evident in the mode of illustration than it is in the patriotism which inspires every word and the true national sentiment which it seeks to inculcate. Mr. Webster had grown up with the Union; he had seen it daily grow in strength and power to the nation. His comprehensive mind saw that the liberties and security of the people and the prosperity of the country rest upon the foundation of the equality of the States, with the faithful observance of the obligations that each State owes to the other—hence the earnestness with which he seeks to impress this fact in the familiar illustration which his letter contains. Nothing probably has been written upon our constitutional obligations which comes home so practically, so forcibly, and so strikingly. It is a valuable lesson, such as can come only from a patriot and statesman, and as an illustration of political duty is worth volumes of exposition. Its frankness, its generous sentiments and conscientious sense of duty must commend it to every reader.

LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.
WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.
"JOHN TAYLOR:—Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the 1st day of April all your land may be plowed. Buy the oxen of Capt. Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for \$100, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fitted. You have a good horse team, and I think, in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them and send them to pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as gunpowder, for instance, write to Joseph Beck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you."
"Whatever ground you sow, sow it as if it is in a good condition. Do not sow any royal crop. 'A little farm well tilled' is to a farmer the next best thing to a 'little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep your mother's garden in good order, even if it costs you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves Whigs—no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its constitutional rights is an enemy to the whole country."
"John Taylor:—If one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them should be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics; our talk is of oxen; but remember this; that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the States together, we must learn to every State this power of deciding for itself."
"I think I never wrote you a word before on politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of your State, tell them that you mean to mind your own business; and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government which does not oppress you; which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern window upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world."
DANIEL WEBSTER.

A Female Horse-Thief.

The Pittsburg True Press gives a long account of the adventures of a Mrs. Killian, a famous female horse-thief. She stole a horse and buggy near Rochester, N. Y., while the owner was attending church; she was arrested on the lake shore, and the horse was locked up. She, however, managed to steal the horse over again, and another horse with him. The new horse gave out, and she left him, and made her way to Pittsburg, where the Rochester horse and buggy. The stolen horse gave out, and she traded him off on the road. She put up at Neely's hotel, at Pittsburg, stayed a few days, and then told the landlord that she wanted to sell her horse and buggy, and return home by the Pennsylvania railroad. She behaved so well at the tavern that no one suspected her of being a thief, and besides, her good character was testified to by a Mr. Savage, who had known her nine years ago in Ireland. So the landlord sold the property for one hundred dollars, gave her the money, and she left. A few days after, a claimant came for the Rochester horse; he was found on the farm of Mr. Burnside, in Mercer county, and Mrs. Killian had traded him, and Mr. Burnside came into Pittsburg and recovered his horse from the purchaser. Mrs. Killian is about thirty-five years old, nearly five feet high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy five pounds. She has long black hair, very smooth face, and soft tender hands. A rumor was circulated after she left, that she was a man in disguise, which greatly annoyed a lady who had slept with her during her stay at Neely's hotel.

Delirium.

"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap once in my hearing "and I never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my feet at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making revolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment of the like of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill; and what made it worse was, that it seemed all the time to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least it shall't head me—I turned round to go down and get at the bottom, tell me! if the town didn't turn right round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting the high bluff in front of me. Well sure enough the ground flew up and struck me on the forehead; and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw, was a big brick house coming full split round a corner, and I believe it run right over me, for I did not remember any more."

Abolitionist Hanged in Kentucky.

The New York Day Book has received information from a private source that a few days ago an Ohio Abolitionist named Day, was arrested by the Vigilance Committee in a certain county in Kentucky. He had incendiary papers on his person. As he had been caught in the attempt to circulate these documents previously, and warned that he should be hanged if caught at it again, he was this time swung up without further ado.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, recommends the Legislature of that State, to prohibit by law, under severe penalties, the marriage of cousins. He says that the imbeciles, insane, deaf mutes and blind in the different asylums of that State are the offspring of cousins, in 10 to 20 per cent. of the whole number; and he claims that it is the right and duty of the State to protect herself against the evil and expense by forbidding such unions, which he naturally forbids by the natural penalty she uniformly inflicts.

Helper's Book.

The work of this renegade North Carolina Abolitionist, recently published in New York will undoubtedly be extensively circulated by leading Republican and Abolition agitators for the purpose of inflaming the public mind and instigating armed forays into the border slave states. This work is full of devilish sentiments, which should be unhesitatingly condemned by every sound patriot in the country. Addressing himself to the South, Helper says: "No man can be a true patriot without first becoming an Abolitionist."

"Henceforth, sirs, we are demandants, not supplicants. We demand our rights—nothing less. It is for you to decide whether we are to have justice peacefully or by violence; for, whatever consequences may follow, we are determined to have it one way or the other."

"The diabolical institution (slavery) subsists on its own flesh. At one time children are sold to procure food for the parents; at another, parents are sold to procure food for the children. Within its pestiferous atmosphere nothing succeeds; progress and prosperity are unknown; manhood and slothfulness ensue; everything becomes dull and unprofitable; wretchedness and desolation stand or lie in bold relief throughout the land; an aspect of most melancholy inactivity and dissipation broods over every city and town; ignorance and prejudice, un-cultured despots wield the sceptre of power;—everywhere, and in everything, between Delaware Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, are the multitudinous evils of slavery apparent."

"Inscribed on the banner which we herewith unfurl to the world, with the full and fixed determination to stand by it or die by it, unless one of more virtuous efficacy shall be presented, are the mottoes which, in sub-stance, embody the principles, as we conceive, that should govern us in our patriotic warfare against the most subtle and insidious foe that ever menaced (the inalienable rights and liberties) and dearest interests of America."

Exaltation of the Gallows.

There seems to be no limit to the moral obliquity with which Republicanism is disposed to regard Brown's Virginia massacre. From Greeley to Fred Douglas—black scribbles and gray, "all are in full scribble, trying to prove an assassin better fitted for Heaven than any man who has died in 'eighteen centuries."

According to their interpretation, the Christian world has been wrong for a very long time; and recent discoveries warrant the belief, that the shortest and surest way to eternal happiness, is to commit murder, and step from the gallows into "the embrace of angels."

Let the argument be backed by quotations from the columns of the New York Tribunes: "While the responsive heart of the North has been substantially sympathizing with the one whom they admire, and revere, and love, the great soul itself has passed away into eternal heavens. During the eighteen centuries which have passed, no such character has appeared among men. The galleries of the resounding ages echo with no foot-fall mightier than the martyr of to-day. He has gone. Efforts to save him were fruitless. Prayers were unavailing. He stood before his murderers defiantly, asking no mercy."

"Bewildered not, and daunted not, the shifting scenes of his life's drama, at the last, brought to him neither regrets nor forebodings. Having finished the work which God had given him to do, this apostle of a new dispensation, in imitation of the Divine, received with fortitude his baptism of blood. And thus, beholding the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of the throne of God, this last of Christian Martyrs stepped proudly and calmly upon the scaffold, and thence upward into the embrace of Angels, and into the general assemblage and church of the first born, whose name are written in the heaven."

How delightful the vision of Immortality when tinged with the blood of a score of victims! And the gallows! what a fine idea is conveyed—encouraging to minor culprits, in making that a stepping-stone to future rewards! Charming! It is to be hoped that competition for death on the gallows will not make that article "higher" in the market, notwithstanding its merits are so widely advertised in Republican papers.—*Albany Atlas.*

Joshua R. Giddings was in Hartford last week, and while there wrote a letter, and fixed a stamp thereto, the first time, he remarked, that he had paid postage in twenty-one years. His franking privilege expired Monday noon.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold of the government lands granted to them the amount of \$16,022,115.

Prenticoana.

The following are a few specimens of the contents of the work by the editor of the Louisville Journal, entitled "Prenticoana," just published by Derby and Jackson, New York:

"A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio Penitentiary for marrying three wives. 'Insatiate Archer! Could not one suffice!'"

"A Pittsburg paper says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that 'she bore her husband twenty children and never gave him a cross word.' She must have obeyed the good old precept—'bear and forbear.'"

"A Buffalo paper announced that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a bill into the Legislature. Is the editor sure that he minded his p's in the announcement."

"The editor of the Boston Liberator calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expect so old a friend from their bosoms."

"The common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide."

"W. H. Hoop, Postmaster in Virginia, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public fund are missing from his office, and he asks 'who has got the money?' Possibly echo may answer—Hoop."

"The editor of an Indiana paper says: 'more uttany is on foot.' We suppose the editor has lost his horse."

"The New York Post says, a man 'cannot be active and quiescent at the same time. There may be some doubt of that.'—Some fellows bustle about terribly and yet be still."

"A Rocky Mountain correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who writes himself 'Henry E. Land,' describes Oregon as the most delightful country in the world. Our citizens, if they choose, can go out there and see how the Land lies."

"Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th inst. The Orleans says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but he has no doubt that he was a Baptist."

"The Ohio river is getting lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed but a great deal of bottom."

"Mrs. Lucy Hill, complains in an Arkansas paper, that her nephew has trampled upon her rights and feelings. The graceless young scamp shouldn't be allowed to trample upon his aunt's Hill."

"A woman in Florida, named Cross, lately gave birth to an infant which weighed only one pound. That Cross wasn't hard to bear."

"Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a band of shoulder hitters. Flint was knocked down, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint Sparks flew."

"We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men upon the ground and six misses."

"A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A smack would have been more appropriate."

"Mr. Henry A. Rhule says, in a Mississippi paper, that he has 'worked zealously for the administration.' Now let him turn and work faithfully against it. 'Tis a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"Mr. J. S. Fall, a Mississippi editor asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly before Fall, if ever."

A NEW HALF DOLLAR.—A new half dollar has been got up at the United States Mint, to be submitted to the Government for its approval. The new coin, although of the same diameter as that now in circulation, is much thicker at the rim in consequence of the deeper sinking of the die, and hence much more durable. On one side is a medallion portrait of Washington, with the head wreathed with laurel; the word Liberty upon a scroll over the bust; at the bottom the date 1859; and around the whole the words United States of America, in plain well adapted raised letters. On the reverse side, a wreath of grain envelops the words Half Dollar, in the same beautiful letters. The coin is very handsome.

A member of the Mississippi Legislature at one of its late sessions, introduced a bill to change the name of a certain county in that State to Cass county. One of the opposition moved as an amendment, that the letter O be stricken out of the proposed name. This motion created some laughter at the expense of the member offering.—Nothing daunted, however, he arose in reply and said, "Mr. Speaker, this is the first instance that has come to my knowledge in which a member has had the assurance, upon the floor of any Legislature, to propose to name a county after himself."

A villain has been arrested at Brighton, O. W., for selling beef and pork which had been killed after being bitten by a mad dog.

A Haunted Preacher.

In the volume of Dr. Sprague, on the Baptist pulpit, Gov. Briggs communicates a very interesting letter on John Leland, which contains a full account of his personal habits and manner of preaching them we have never seen before.

He was little inclined to superstition, says Gov. Briggs; indeed, his practical sagacity and starting common sense kept him from any tendency in that direction, but he had some peculiar experience of the supernatural as the following anecdote testifies:

While I was at his home I enquired of him about a remarkable noise, which I had, when a boy, heard that he and his family had been annoyed by when they lived in Virginia. He gave his account of it:

His family, at the time, consisted of himself, wife, and four children. One evening, all the family being together, their attention was attracted by a noise, which very much resembled the faint groans of a person in pain. It was distinct, and repeated at intervals of a few seconds. It seemed to be under the sill of the window, and between the clapboards and the ceiling. They paid very little attention to it, and in a short time it ceased. But afterwards it returned in the same way—sometimes every night, sometimes not so frequently, and always in the same place, and of the same character. It continued for some months. He said it excited their curiosity and annoyed them, but they were not alarmed by it. During its continuance they had the siding and casing removed from the place where it appeared to be, but found nothing to account for it, and the sound continued the same.

He consulted his friends, especially some of his ministerial brethren, about it. I think he said it was never heard by any one except himself and family; but it was heard by them when he was absent from home—Mrs. Leland said, that often when she was alone with the children, and while they were playing about the room, and nothing being said, it would come, and they would hear their play and come and gather round her person. They had a piece fifty or sixty rods from the house, by the side of a brook, where the family did their washing. One day, while she was at that place, it met her there precisely as it had done in the house.

After the noise had been heard at brief intervals for, I think, six or eight months, they removed their lodgings to quite an opposite and distant part of the house, but it continued as usual for some time in its old locality. One night, after they had retired, they observed by the sounds, that it had left the spot from which it had previously proceeded, and seemed to be advancing in a direct line toward their bed, and was becoming constantly louder and more distinct.

At each interval it advanced toward them, and gathered strength and fulness until it entered the room where they were, and approached the bed, when the groan became deep and appalling. "Then," said he, "for the first time since it began, I felt the emotion of fear; I turned upon my face, and if I ever prayed in my life, I prayed then. I asked the Lord to deliver me and my family from that annoyance, and that if it were a message from Heaven, it might be explained to us, and depart; that if it were an evil spirit, permitted to disturb and disquiet me and my family, it might be rebuked and sent away; or, if there was anything for me to do to make it depart, I might be instructed what it was, so that I could do it." This exercise restored his tranquility of mind, and he resumed his usual position in the bed. Then, he said, it uttered a groan too loud and startling to be imitated by the human voice. The next groan was not so loud, and it receded a step or two from the front of the bed, near his face. It continued to recede in the direction from which it came, and grew less and less, until it reached its old station, when it died away to the faintest sound, and entirely and forever ceased.

No explanation was ever found. "I have given you," said he, "a simple and true history of the facts, and you can form your own opinion. I have none." His wife confirmed all he said. I think I can say I never knew a person less given to the marvellous than Elder Leland.

PARSON BROWNLOW AND HIS COFFIN.—Among the notables present at the late mass meeting at Lynchburg, Va., called to express the opinion of the people of that section in relation to the Harper's Ferry raid, was the well known Parson Brownlow. His remarks on the occasion were characteristic. A reporter, in noticing the speech, says it was "intensely Southern," and represents the parson as saying "he would rather be with the South in Pandemonium than with the Abolitionists in Heaven." The parson also remarked that he intended to give his family instructions not to bury him in a Yankee coffin; but if, in case of an emergency, they should be forced to do so, that they must have both ends open, so that when the devil or abolitionists come in at one end he could crawl out at the other.

During the Revolutionary War, Washington visited and met at the meeting-house to which an Orderly Sergeant with the Major's. This fact led Benjamin Franklin, who was a Great Master in Masonry, to unite himself with the Masons of the

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