Democratic Watchman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. S. SEELY & J. S. BARNHART. | BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1860. | TERMS, $1 50 IN ADVANCE. VOLUME 5—NUMBER 19.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS.—$1,50 cts if paid within three months $2,00 if dlayed six months, and $2,50 if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

Business Directory.

E. J. HOCKMAN,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA
Office in the Arcade, second floor

M'ALLISTER. JAMES A BEAVER
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

L. J. CRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT
CLEARFIELD, CLEARFIELD CO., PA

JAMES H. RANKIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Office, on the Diamond, one door west of the Post Office

EVEN M. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PEN'NA.
Office formally occupied by the Hon. James Burnside

J. J. LINGLE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
Is now prepared to wait upon all who may desire professional services
Rooms at his residence on Spring street

SAMUEL LINN. WILLIAM P. WILSON
LINN & WILSON,
ATTORNEY'S AT LAW
Office on Allegany street, in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co., bankers

AMBROTYPES,
PHOTOGRAPHS & DAGUERREOTYPES, taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A.M to 5 P.M
BY J. S. BARNHART.
In his splendid Saloon, in the Arcade Building Bellefonte Penn'a

J. ALEX'DR. RANKIN,
AGENT OF THE
WYOMING COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
ROCK SPRING, CENTRE CO., PA.
September 5 '59 tf

IRA C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A,
Will continue the practice of his profession, in the office heretofore occupied by him, and will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to him

MARTIN STONE,
AUCTIONEER,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
Will attend to all business in his line with punctuality Office at his Store on Allegheny street

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

DR. J. H. MITCHELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, he respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public Office next door to his residence on Spring street Oct 28-58-tf

J. D. WINGATE,
RESIDENT DENTIST
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.
Mr. Will be found at his office except two weeks each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be away filling professional duties

WM P MACMANUS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Professional business will receive prompt attention Collections made in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties
Office on Allegheny street in the building formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson

BANKING HOUSE,
—OF—
WM. F REYNOLDS & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA,
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

C HUMES H N M'ALLISTER J J HALE A G. CURTIN
DEPOSIT BANK,
—OF—
HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA.
Deposits Received—Bills of Exchange and Notes discounted—Interest Paid on Special Deposits—Collections Made, and Proceeds Remitted Prompt—Exchange on the East constantly on hand

J. H. STOVER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County, All business intrusted to him will be faithfully attended to Particular attention paid to collections, and all monies promptly remitted. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language
Office on High st., formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D C Beal, Esq

F. P. GREEN,
DRUGGIST.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces Garden Seeds.
Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
Farmers and Physicians com the country are invited to examine my stock

CHARLES H HALE ADAM HOY.
HALE & HOY,
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

A CARD.
Messrs HALE & HOY will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by me in the trial of all causes entrusted to them. JAMES T HALE
December 15, 1859

Miscellaneous.

The Dollar.

BY GEO. LIPPARD.

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bedpost and then gazed at it long and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with bank book in his hand, when Death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of Avarice. As he sat up in his bed with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost And there was life in his leaden eyes: all that life was centered on the Dollar, which he held in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant faced matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table pen in hand, and spectacles on his nose. There was a large parchment spread before him

"Do you think he'll make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *fixed* after a while"

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind His eye was upon the dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets and lovely courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this State, copper mines on the lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks: he owned stock of all kinds; he had a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime—*to be in debt without the power to pay.*

He knew but one virtue—*to get money*

That crime he had never forgiven this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was up on a silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars that he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found in him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see! he sits upon the bed of death, with the Dollar in his clenched hand.

O! holy Dollar, object of his life long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him, now in his pain of death?

At length the dead man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering and—sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the Testator clutched the Dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin.

He came and said his prayer—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the Dollar.

"Can't you read me something, say—quick, don't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table. And he read:

"And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God"

"Who said those words—who—who—who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clenched the Dollar, at the preacher's head

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—*why?*"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted.

"And it is harder for a camel to go thro' the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, is it? Then what is to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel. Not a word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion, came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust upon them shall be a witness against, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them ~~which have reaped are entered~~ into the ears of the lord of Sabaoth."

"And yet you never preached *that* to me!" shrieked the dying man

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say He was perchance terrified by the very look of his dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will, at it) added a word of consolation

But with the Dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips

Thus he died.

When he was cold the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church

And the wife closed the eyes and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand but in vain. He clutched it as though it was the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands that were now his own.

Next day there was a procession followed by a team of carriages, nearly a mile in length There was crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher There was fluttering of crape badges and the rolling of carriages, and it was over. They left the dead man and returned to the place where sorrow died even as the crape was taken off the door knob

And in the grave the dead hand still clenched the Dollar

NAMES.—The habit of burthening our children with three or four names has often caused us to smile with contempt and ridicule. What can sound so foolish and stupid as to call a dirty little urchin, "come here, Alexander Joseph Washington Johnson, and get your supper," or, "Caroline Matilda Sophronia Smith, it is time for you to be at the factory." It reminds us of a tale we once read, of a man in Spain, who accidentally fell into a bog. The fellow bawled out lustily, and a peasant within hearing opened his window—it was a dark night—and inquired what was the matter? "Pray, help," said the sufferer. "Joseph Francisco Dominico Ferdinando Sebastium is in the quagmire." "Is that all?" said the peasant, "if you are such a lazy set of rascals that you won't help one another out, you may lie there and rot, for aught I care."

A Yankee from Maine, being at Buena Vista the night before the battle, and somewhat doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer:

"O Lord, here we are, about four thousand of us, and twenty-four thousand Mexicans—enough to swallow us without greasing. Now, if you can help us, do it—if you can't, for heaven's sake don't help the Mexicans—and just hold on until to-morrow, and you'll see the gaul darndest fight you ever saw in your life. Yours, respectfully, amen."

EXTENSIVE SWINDLING.—A member of the Kansas Legislature on board the South Western, bound for the Missouri river, was diddled out of $1,100 by a set of gamblers, shortly after the boat left St. Louis, on Thursday. A committee of the passengers were about to compel the return of the money,—when the principal operator jumped overboard and escaped to the shore.

As gold is found but here and there upon earth, so is it with love in human life. We meet it a little in the hearts of children, and in our households; but it is here and there a scale of gold and a whole continent of dirt.

The Humboldt Bay Massacre.

The California papers contain further particulars of the fiendish massacre of Indians at Humboldt bay, by some of the white residents of Humboldt county, California. A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin says:

"For the last two or three years there have been large settlements or lodges of Indians on what is called Indian Island and Scott Beach, both of which are within a short distance of this place—say a mile. These Indians—a great many of them at least—have learned to speak the English language so as to be understood; and a great many have earned an honest living, by working in town and among the settlers. There were not less than ten or fifteen half breed infants among the squaws, and all were living on the most friendly and intimate terms with the whites: and all had been assured of the protection of the United States garrison of this place, commanded by Major Raines — In the midst of this fancied security the two camps were rushed upon early in the morning of Saturday, 25th February, and literally and completely wiped out. Yes, sir, my pen almost refuses to record it. Nearly two hundred human beings were put out of existence in the short space of one hour from the commencement of the butchery: and though you will hardly believe me, I assure you that every squaw and child was killed that could be found. One man alone, captain of the band, boasted, next day that he had killed thirty women and children with his own hand, or rather hatchet! Fire arms were used to a very limited extent; but the work was chiefly done with hatchets, iron bludgeons, knives, etc.

"Next morning, I visited the camp and I assure you that the scene was harrowing and sickening in the extreme. Old squaws, decrepid and gray haired; young squaws, the mother of two or three children, were lying in a pile. Sometimes, and frequently, the infant would be mortally wounded and clinging to the dead mother's breast. The stalwart bucks lay scattered around, quietly despatched with a few blows from a hatchet, and a thrust or two about the heart with a bowie knife. Infants were crawling out and hiding among the rubbish, etc. Altogether, it was the most sickening spectacle that I ever beheld And all this was done within stone throw of the United States barracks. But let me assure you that a United States barracks and United States troops are as perfectly useless here as they are any where Notwithstanding there is a petition, signed by all the families on the Eel river, praying Major Raines to protect the friendly Indians, yet he lets things rip.

"It does seem that we are advancing backwards in civilization and morality—for since the first war carried on against women and children that I have known History fails to record anything like it; and I blush when I know that these things have been done by beings calling themselves *Americans*. I am credibly informed that the captain of this gang of outlaws openly boasts of having killed, with his own hands, sixty infants."

A Suicidal Bray

The *Evening Journal* says that the strength of the Republican party has been in its hypocrisy it keeps the ears and hoofs well concealed, but like the unfortunate quadruped in the fable, it cannot refrain, now and then, in its regard for the Biblical precept which forbid the uttering of uncertain sounds, from betraying its real character. Such discordant noises were heard a few days ago in the House of Representatives. Mr Blake of Ohio, offered a preamble and resolutions, which are as remarkable for the elegance of their diction as for their political wisdom The preamble asserts that "the *chattleing* of mankind and the holding of persons as property is contrary to natural justice," and "is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout the civilized world," and as a conclusion from these propositions, Mr Blake suggests that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to "inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill giving freedom to every human being."

As this valiant member had a few hours previously introduced a bill to repeal the "Fugitive Slave Law," his uneasiness in reference to such matters must be considerable. We may imagine him sitting in the House with a pleasant little volcano of Abolitionism raging underneath his gentle waistcoat, till moisten fury, burning its way through, finally exploded in the two resolutions which proved fatal to the prospect of his party. For among those who were willing to accept John Brown as their exemplar we find the names of Messrs. Burlingame, Colfax, Sherman, Washburne, of Illinois, and Washburne, of Wisconsin.

The candidate for Speakership, whose conservatism, we are assured, was irreproachable, and who is now the leader of his party in the House, could not conceal his true character, and by his single vote ensures the defeat of the Chicago nominee. Surely this was a good day's business.

With more than half of their representatives in Congress pledged to such doctrines, how can the People's Party dare to talk of Conservatism and the Union?

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw

The Man Who Lost His Pants.

A VERY AMUSING SKETCH

The following is a passage from the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of Willis Gaylord Clark It is necessary to presume that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who after a stolen fortnight among the gayeties of a Washington "season" finds himself (through the remissness of a chum) at Baltimore on his way home, without a cent in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two he finally, at the bell of a grand dinner, *ourus solus* in his private apartment flanked with abundance of champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he says.

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill"

He clattered down stairs, giggling, and shortly after his master appeared

He entered with a generous smile, which made me hope for the best that his house a 'credit, and that just then, was *credit*.

"How much do I owe you?" said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of polite expectancy.

"Let me see, seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But my dear sir, the most disagreeable part is now to be disclosed I grieve to inform you that I am at present out of money: but I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that *if I had it*, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see by not having the change with me is the reason I do not do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me as easy as can be"

The landlord turned all colors "Where do you live, anyhow?"

"In Wash——— I should say Philadelphia"

His eye flashed with angry disappointment.

"I see how it is mister; my opinion is you are a blackleg You don't know where your home is. You begin with Washington, and then drop it for Philadelphia You must pay the bill"

"But I can't"

"Then I'll take your clothes, if I don't blow me tight"

"Scoundrel!" said I, rising half upright, 'do it if you dare! do it! and leave the rest to me'

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my *only* inexpressibles, and walked down stairs

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in the system External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window The snow was descending, as I drummed on the pane What was I to do. An unhappy wight, *sans culotte*, in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated A thought struck me I had a large full cloak, which with my other apportionments, save those he took, the landlord had spared me. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat vest and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my lodgings, I entered, recorded my name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat; every servant was attentive; all argued well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar and retired to bed to mature my plot.

* * * * *

'Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow,' said I in the morning, as he entered the room, 'mind the pantaloons—don't spill anything from the pockets; there is money in both'

'I don't see any pantaloons.'

'The devil you don't. Where are they?'

'Can't tell I am sure. I do not know, so help me God.'

'Go down, sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately.' The publican was with me in a moment.

I had risen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion. 'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a brief gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house; robbed sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse containing three hundred and fifty dollar notes. This is a pretty hotel! Is this the way you fulfill the injunctions of the scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself *taken in* with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray, keep your temper,' said the agitated publican, 'I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run;—would you *ruin its reputation* for an accident. I will send for a tailor to measure you for the missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your temper is useless?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness, I did not mean to reproach you. If these trowsers can be done to-day I shall be satisfied, for time is more precious to me than money You may keep the others if you find them, in exchange for the hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours'

The next evening with new inexpressibles and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars He gave me a lecture on collegiate desertion that I shall not soon forget I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my my trunk by mail.

Enough to Produce Trauma

At a recent examination before a coroner's jury, in Auburn, New York, the physician testified to the contents of the deceased lady's stomach as follows:—"The stomach was cut open and found filled with food in weight something over ten ounces: this food was nearly all solid; only slightly masticated and wholly undigested; I made a careful examination as to the nature of the food; I found that among other articles eaten were baked beans, the larger portion of which were unbroken; portions of potato in large masses, some pieces of the skin of which had an area of about two square inches each; a large quantity of pickles in considerable masses, a good number of these being three-fourths of an inch long, also one piece more than an inch long; besides these particles I noticed a number of pieces of apple; also the core and skin of apples: the whole had an unpleasant odor as from a fermented mass"

The suspicion was that the woman died of poison administered by her husband, but we should suppose this Anaconda method of swallowing food without masticating it, would be sufficient to give a woman "fits," to say the least.

Henry Ward Beecher on Interest.

How many people in the country have found out the truth of the following by Henry Ward Beecher

"No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and in foul It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It grasps a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long legged interest devours him There is no crop that can afford to pay interest on money on a farm.

There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canadian thistle, which swarms new plants every time you bleed its roots, whose blossoms are prolific and every one the father of a million seeds Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every single plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host The whole plant is like a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canadian thistles, than attempt to lie at ease upon *interest*."

A Fighting Country.

A citizen of Memphis, Tenn., has just returned from a trip to Arkansas, and tells the following, which will convey an idea of how they do up matters in that State:

Having occasion to stop at a small town on the river, he was compelled to remain over Sunday After the usual cogitations incident to a Sabbath morning, he strolled through the only street in the place, and halted at the "grocery," around which a crowd of a dozen people were congregated. He remained there three hours, and in that time one man was shot and fatally wounded, and two others seriously stabbed, in three seperate fights.

From a fighting country himself, our friend's equanimity was not seriously disturbed, but he was rather surprised that, after the affrays were over, the perpetrators of the shooting and stabbing should resume their previous occupation with seeming unconcern. Turning to an acquaintance, he inquired: "Don't you arrest anybody here?" "Oh, no," was the answer, "we *aint incorporated yet*."

A young man wrote to Horace Greely asking his advice whether one of the professions would not be preferable to tilling the soil, to which the philosopher of the white tile made the following sensible and characteristic reply. Young men who have a "hankering" after "one of the professions," should make a note on't:—

DEAR SIR: I judge that there are three times as many lawyers and doctors in the country as are needed, and, judging from the price of flour and beef, not half enough farmers. Of course, I judge that you could better look toward growing grain than making pills or pleas. Yours,

HORACE GREELY.

SUICIDE OF A WOMAN.—In Georgetown Ohio, a few days since, Mrs. Matilda Armstrong, wife of Mr. A. Armstrong, killed herself with a shot gun, the load taking effect over the right eye. Preparatory to the act she took her infant child to a neighbors, and sent away the other children, together with her father and servant girl, on different errands.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begins with the letter H, viz:—Heart, hope, home, happiness, and heaven

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

☞ Upwards of 1000 rails have been passed down the West and North branches since the season opened.

☞ Green The Court House yard and folks who expect to prosper in business without advertising.

☞ Some author tells us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in every body's mouth.

☞ Richard Taylor, son of the late President Taylor, is one of the delegates to the Charleston Convention from Louisiana.

☞ If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.

☞ There are a hundred and sixty soldiers of the Revolution still living. The youngest of them is eighty-nine years old.

☞ If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead Remember the duller the razor the more you cut your face.

☞ The new fashioned bonnets now worn by the *bon tons* of the cities is said to be a cross between a coal scuttle and a buggy top.

☞ The printers of New Jersey boast that there is not a single printer in the State Prison of the State, and but one in the Legislature.

☞ The grain and grass crops, which now look fine, it is said have been less injured this season, by freezing out, than for many years past.

☞ To converse with spirits—lay a five cent piece on the table at grog shop and they'll show themselves quicker than you can say beans

☞ Tom Sayers lately said that he would either whip Heenan or be carried dead out of the ring. It is generally thought that he will be the victor.

☞ Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was "still in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

☞ The time when young men generally entertain notions of marriage is exactly when they have no more need of wives than a dog has of a spare tail

☞ It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have a grain in it.

☞ A man in Bangor, Maine, has a telescope of such power, that he can see a wart on the nose of the man in the moon, and a hole in his trowsers.

☞ Mr Ton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in different languages. His reply was "No sir, one tongue is enough for a woman."

☞ A pretty woman is like great truths, and has no more right to hand herself under a green veil or any other abomination, than the sun has to put on green spectacles

☞ A hotel in New York has a car by which the boarders are raised by steam to the different floors. It must prove valuable to some men particularly late in the evening

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

☞ Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples" Prentice says "a good many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting-houses.

☞ We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror—he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we should like to know what is.

☞ The records of life run thus: Man creeps into childhood—bounds into youth—sobers into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood—slumbers into the cradle prepared for him.

☞ Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, all aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

☞ An exchange paper speaking of the chances of Hon. Simon Cameron for the Presidency, says "Simon may be struck by lightning, but Simon will never be President." The same may be said of any other Chicago nominee.

☞ A BLACK MALITIA.—On the 13th ult., the House of Representatives of Massachusetts voted to amend the malitia laws of that State by striking out the word "white" wherever it occurs. This is done to place negroes upon an equality with white men, and allow them to bear arms. This is practical Abolitionism.

☞ ABOLITIONIST "DUCKED."—An amateur artist, named John Allen, who had freely expressed and advocated abolition sentiments, was lately taken by the citizens of Lexington, Ala., to a creek near by and given a gentle "immersion," after which he left that place in double quick time