

Democratic Watchman

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Business Directory.

J. S. BARNHART,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER,
BELLEVILLE, PEN'A.

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

W. H. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office at the Diamond, one door west of the Post Office.

J. J. CHANE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE
CLEARFIELD, CLEARFIELD CO. PA.

J. W. McNEILL,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office in the Arcade, second floor.

ANNIE L. WILSON,
LAWYER AT LAW,
Office on Allegany street, in the building formerly occupied by Hines, McCallister, Hale & Co., Bankers.

J. W. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office at his residence in the stone building formerly occupied by Hines, McCallister, Hale & Co., Bankers.

W. H. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office at his residence in the stone building formerly occupied by Hines, McCallister, Hale & Co., Bankers.

DR. G. L. POTTS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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. McNEILL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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J. S. BARNHART,
RESIDENT DRUGGIST,
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.
Will be found at his office except two weeks each month, commencing on the first Monday of the month, when he will be absent for professional duties.

W. H. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Allegany street in the building formerly occupied by Hines & Wilson.

W. H. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D. C. Hoel, Esq.

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Miscellaneous.

Jackson's Duel with Dickinson.

Mr. Parton, in the first volume of his Life of Jackson, just issued, gives the following graphic description of the duel in which Charles Dickinson, a young lawyer of Tennessee, was killed by General Jackson, in 1805:

Dickinson's second won the office of justice, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of importance, and he had already determined how he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politeness of such occasions was very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and the handsomer of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.
"I am ready," replied Dickinson.
The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old country pronunciation—
"FIRE!"

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no—he does not fall. Jackson, as fast as he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"
"Back to the mark, sir!" shouted Overton.
Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the post, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half cock. He drew it back to its place, and took aim a second time. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trowsers reddened. The surgeon pushed from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not be fatal.

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoicing his principal, he said: "He won't wait anything more of you, General," and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"My God, General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.
"O, I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it."—But saying nothing about it there, pointing to the house.

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body, and the looseness of his coat combined to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked his breast. It was a painful, had looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women, who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was coming. He asked her for some milk, she observed him fervently open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stoed gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of butter milk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught; then went in took off his coat, and had his wound carefully examined and dressed.

That done, he dispatched one of his retainers to Dr. Catlett, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr. Dickinson's relief. A polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlett for the use of his patient.

But there was one gratification which

Jackson could not even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson's writes to me thus: "Although the General was wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and he had therefore concealed it at first even from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification of knowing that he had touched him."

The Census of 1860.

The following excellent take-off on the questions proposed to be asked by the takers of the census of 1860, has been variously credited to the Buffalo Express and the Cleveland Plaindealer. Without attempting to settle the question of priority, we present it as we find it.

What is your age?
Where were you born?
Are you married, and if so, how do you like it?
How many children have you, and do they sufficiently resemble you as to preclude the possibility of their belonging to any of your neighbors?
Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?
Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?
Have you parents, and if so, how many of them?
Do you read the New Testament regularly?
What is your fighting weight?
How many times has your wife "winded" you, and did you reciprocate the visit?
Do you use bouillon to sauce?
Were you and your wife worth anything when married, and if not, what proportion of her things were yours and your things hers?
Were you ever in the penitentiary?
Are you troubled with ticks?
How many empty bottles have you in the house?
How does your meerschaum color?
Are there any articles of regular diet in your family, and if so, how do you like it?
State whether you are blind, deaf, idiotic or have the heaves?
How many chickens have you and are they on foot or in the shell? Also, how many succedaneums?
Is there a strawberry mark on your left arm?
Which food do you prefer, rum or mixed drinks?
State how much pork, Dutch cheese, unpeeling crisis, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, Geyete, super, slave code, catnip, red hannel, Constitution and Union, old junk, perfume, coal oil, liberty, hoop skirt, &c, you have on hand?
Persons liable to be "censused" will do well to cut the above out and put it up in a conspicuous place.

Shocking Balloon Accident.

DEATH OF MR. CONNOR, THE AERONAUT.

A vast crowd assembled at the Palace Garden, Fourteenth street, New York, on Thursday afternoon, to witness the second balloon ascent of Mr. Augustus M. Connor, a pupil of Prof. Wise, whose very successful ascent, a few weeks since, must be still fresh in the remembrance of our readers.

The second adventure, we regret to say, terminated disastrously to the balloon and fatally to Mr. Connor. The weather was exceedingly unfavorable, and violent gusts of wind were frequent, swaying the balloon about with great force while the process of inflation was proceeding.

Mr. Connor's wife and friends endeavored to persuade him to defer the ascension; but without avail. His wife then desired permission to go up with him, but he quietly said to her: "My dear, you must wait until the next time." When the inflation was completed, he gave the ropes that held the balloon, in charge of some gentlemen, and, having taken his seat in the car, ordered them to let go. They had hardly done so, however, before the balloon darted against a lamp-post, which it shivered to atoms. A gust of wind wrenched the car with much force against a sky-light on Concert Hall, which was destroyed with a great crash, and the balloon instantly collapsed, and buried Mr. Connor under the ruins.

The unfortunate aeronaut was, with some difficulty, extricated from his perilous position. He was found on the roof of the building, but so fearfully injured that the physicians, who were at once called, could give him no relief. He lingered insensibly during the evening and died in the arms of his wife, at 11 o'clock P. M. Mr. Connor was a promising young ballonist, and his untimely death will be much regretted and severely felt by those who took an interest in the navigation of the air.—N. Y. Express.

A gentleman, bragging of having killed a panther that had a tail three feet long. Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough not to be continued.

Conviction and Sentence of Rev. J. S. Harden the Murderer.

BELLEVILLE, Wednesday, May 2, 1860.
The charge of the Court occupied over two hours in its reading. It was exceedingly severe upon the prisoner, it entirely impartial. The circumstances of the case made it severe. During his long stay in the prison he was covered with his handkerchief, but there was no perceptible tremor about him; his nerves appeared to be made of iron. While several members of the jury wept moderately, in sympathy with the great responsibility, to be cut short by his verdict. If he is guilty, as nearly all believe him to be, it is what the Attorney General very appropriately termed him in addressing the jury, a moral monster."

He committed murder on his young and confiding wife, who loved him to distraction, as the evidence in this case abundantly shows; by the more diabolical means known to the murderer; he shot her dead, and saw her life wasting away by inches without affording her any relief when her piteous cries went up to heaven for water, on a glass of water, I was turning up," he fed her day by day with that which caused her mortal agony; he refused to send for her parents in her dying hour, to assure their parting blessing; he had committed the great crime of perjury, by swearing before the Coroner's jury that his wife, on her dying bed informed him that she had poisoned herself. Add to all this, his attempt to fasten upon the memory of his victim the crime of suicide, and well might the Attorney General characterize him a "moral monster."

The Court-room for the last three days has been filled to overflowing. Hundreds went away without being able to gain admittance. The town today presented an extraordinary spectacle. At an early hour of the day wagons and coaches of all kinds came flowing in from every direction and by noon there was a great jam. The people seemed wild with excitement. The Attorney General's speech today was a masterly exhibition of oratory and argument. His logic was crushing. After his delivery the prisoner seemed to see all hope.

The ladies of the town, who were admitted to the Court, in large numbers, had adopted to them is limited to a gallery of moderate extent, and such has been their anxiety to see and hear that many of them remained in their seats from 8 in the morning until the close of the day.

The trial of Connor and Harden consisted of the same old murder in the first degree. The jury first returned into court, after an absence of two hours, with a verdict of guilty on all four counts laid in the indictment. At the ringing of the Court House bell, a few minutes since, people rushed from every quarter, and soon the house was densely packed with eager spectators. The prisoner was brought in amid breathless silence. His aged father, who sat by his side the whole of the trial, was not present to hear that awful word. "Guilty," fell from the lips of the foreman of the jury, which consigns his unfortunate son to the gallows. When that word came to the ears of the prisoner his head fell upon the table, and he groined in great agony. His countenance, who sat by his side, were fixed to their seats, and some time elapsed, before they recovered their self-possession. It was an awful moment, and all present were impressed by the circumstances of the occasion.

FIFTEENTH DAY—THE SENTENCE.
Court opened at 10 o'clock. The Court House was filled as usual. The Court ordered the prisoner to be set at the bar. He came in leaning on the arm of the Sheriff, pale and haggard in appearance. Upon calling his name, he stood up without assistance, to hear the sentence of the Court, which is as follows:

Jacob S. Harden, I am about to proceed in the discharge of the most solemn duty which a mortal can perform. This trial, which, for the last two weeks, has been the object of so much interest, is closed. The humane maxim of the law that you were to be considered innocent until you were proven guilty, no longer applies to you, your jury of your country, selected by yourself, of unprejudiced, intelligent, conscientious men, after a full investigation of your case in all its length and breadth, after hearing all the arguments of your counsel, pressed upon them with untiring energy with an eloquence rarely equalled, with a pathos which drew tears from the stoutest heart, and with force and power which could not have failed to break the charm of the evidence of your guilt, had it not have been of adamantine strength, have passed that there was no doubt of your guilt; that the evidence could not be true and you be guiltless of the agony and blood of your wife; that she was guilty murdered by you in a manner almost too horrible for conception.

With the verdict of that jury, it is almost needless to say, this Court is entirely satisfied. It could have been no other without a disregard of the duties which they owe to the society of which they are members, without disregarding their oaths. If human testimony can demonstrate the perpetration of a murder, it has been demonstrated that you were the perpetrator of this.

Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you? If you have now is the time to say it!

The Court here paused for an answer.—The prisoner deliberately raised his hand and said: "I have nothing to say to you on that subject, I refer you to my counsel." Mr. Shipman arose in his place, and said: "I have nothing to say, may it please your honor."

The Judge resumed:
It remains for me to pronounce the sentence of the Court, which is hereby by the Court considered and adjudged, that you Jacob S. Harden, for the felony and murder, in the first degree, of Hannah Louise Harden, of which you have been convicted, in manner and form; as charged in the indictment be taken to the jail of this County of Warren, whence you have been brought, and there safely kept until Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of June, and at that time, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, within the prison of the County of Warren where you shall be confined, or in an enclosure, erected for that purpose, adjoining such prison, at the discretion of the Sheriff, you be hung by the neck until you be dead. And may God have mercy on your soul.

After the sentence was concluded, the prisoner sat down and wept. His counsel, also, and many others were bathed in tears. And thus is ended one of the most extraordinary criminal trials which have ever taken place in this or any other State.

Anecdote of a Noble Woman.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published at Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it, he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunroo, "Saddle my horse," and he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him." Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she thought she saw the devil in his eyes.

The General then rode to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds when the General rode up with the countenance of a man slain. He placed her before his horse, and cried out: "Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live!" "Let me alone," he replied, "how came you to know what I am going for?" She answered, "I saw it in his paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back." He replied indignantly, "But I will go—get out of my way!" Instead of doing this she grasped his bridle with both hands. He cried to her, "I say, let go my horse. I'll have his heart's blood; by the eternal will that reviles my wife shall not live!" She grasped the reins but the lighter, and begged to exhortation with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he had hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying, "O General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The iron nerve here gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and he replied, "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

Deprived of the Gospel by Foxes.

That was a novel but not so bad an argument which the mountain members urged in the Kentucky Legislature:

A few years ago, a bill proposing a premium on fox-scals, was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions, where foxes were scarce, and Mr. _____, from one of the mountain Counties, rose to reply. "I only give his peroration:—
"And are we, Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these vermin of the consolations of religion?"

This woke the house up, and set it agape for an explanation. He continued:—"You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopals—never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel on the circuit riders of the Methodist church; and, sir, everybody knows that they cannot be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound."

The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law.

The Prince of Wales and his royal suite have made arrangements to visit the Canadas sometime during the present month—Great preparations have been made for their reception. It is expected they will make a tour through the United States before they return to England.

(For the Watchman.)
Home, that lovely spot. There is no place on this wide-peopled earth dearer to the heart of man than where he was first sensible of his existence. At home it is where the dearly-loved hearth burns brightly, merrily animating the social breast. It is there the fond heart beats least oppressive, possessing its humblest hopes. It is there where the smile of sadness, born by meek-eyed patience, is worth more than those of joy, which decorate mirth-bright cheek.—There, to those who are constantly roaming, pleasure is marked by celerity. There, and only there, grief itself is sadness.

At home the bonds that strengthen our hearts in hours of grief, are invited. There gathered around the family circle joys visitations are lengthened when most consoled. There eyes in all their splendor are vocal to the heart; there glances, whether gay or feeble, impart fresh eloquence. There the aged mother, with hoary hair and vacillating limbs, which are the very characteristics of sorrow, is raising her feeble supplication to the throne of Grace, in behalf of some absent one perhaps given up to luxuries of this world. There also the innocent babe, constrained to its mother's breast, receives its first instruction from the lips of that venerable parent. It is while under the protection of a kind mother and at home, where true principles are inculcated, never to be obliterated from the mind. It is home, where the first religious impression is made—the first important lesson taught, serving to lay a substantial foundation to encounter all worldly contentions which naturally follow.

There, in that mean though lovely cottage are seen peace and joy nestling among the little ones, straying in their pathway laurels, to render the subsequent course of their lives the most tranquil. There the starting point of life begins; there the foundation of future happiness or misery is constructed. Many, however, lay their foundation of future happiness or misery in the face of her for the first time, they take leave of that much cherished spot.

But, sorry to say, all homes are not happily so. How many parents make that once containing indolence, permit their sons and daughters to engage in that which is sinful, while misery awaits them for their future destiny.

It is not always the grandest mansion decorated with costly fixtures—reared in the nicest habitation, surrounded with all the beauties both nature and art can afford, that are the most happy.

How often is the thought expressed, when beholding a beautiful house, "Oh how happy they must live!" But remember reader, not every thing that glitters in gold and silver is not unfrequently deceived. If there is no peace within, all the splendor on the outside render it the more miserable.

On its inhabitants a duty is incumbent, which if not performed can not make a home agreeable. The parents are endowed with governing faculties which it is their obligatory duty to put in practice, and train their children in the way they should go.—On the children is imposed the moral law of submissiveness, and to do that which they are bid by their parents. If the practice of these requisite qualities is wanting, no home can be truly happy. If, however, both parents and children perform their respective duties, the meagrest and humblest cottage is rendered a heaven below. Then is it that the ties of home draw tighter at the time of leaving, and then when distant lands send rare children from parents, brothers from sisters, that those abroad can ask themselves the question, "Do they miss me at home?" and with assurance receive the silent answer, as were it an echo, "Yes, we miss thee."

Centre Hill, Pa.

Marriage by Proxy.
Rev. Gregory pronounced, at De Vaux College, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., the marriage ceremony between parties who were not at the time, within 6000 miles of each other. It was done by proxy for the bridegroom. The affair took place on the opening of the new year, under the following circumstances: The bride, for seven years a resident of California, after the death of a former husband became engaged to a gentleman residing in that State, but having large landed property in Mexico. By some arrangements between the parties, the lady returned to her paternal home at St. Catharines, Canada West, where her intended was to meet her about this time and claim her as his bride.—The recent troubles in Mexico, however, being in the vicinity of his plantations demanded his immediate presence in that country, and forbade his coming North to fulfill his engagement. He, therefore, who detained him, and enclosed a regularly executed power of attorney, which authorized the lady's father to stand instead of the bridegroom, and for him enter matrimonial vows. The paper being executed in the United States, it was thought necessary to have the ceremony performed on this side of the Niagara, and father and daughter came over to De Vaux College, and became the legal wife of her California lord. She will sail for her Pacific home about the 5th of June next, and there she will have her husband, or seek him in the West Indian Archipelago.

A Difficult Question Answered.
"Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?"
"We can, early! Because Adam never came whiffing to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar-string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended—'right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself, yawning out, 'Ain't it super next ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea kettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did every thing else that he'd ought to! He milked the cows, and fed the chickens; and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve had't any fresh potatoes to eat: the mango season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a 'war' meeting,' hurrhaling for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolded because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying; and early about apple-gathering time, but that that don't deprive him of his general happiness about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor danced with his own girls. He never kissed any of his own girls, nor even his wife, but he was real little Cain's credit at home. In short, he didn't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that he was going to be a hired girl, and that she was to wait on him."

Old Adam's Menagerie.
J. C. Adams, the veteran California hunter, will commence his exhibition of California animals on Monday, at the corner of Thirteenth and Fourth Avenue. Within a large stout building in the centre of the tent were chained eleven species of bears of various sizes, while around the outside of the ring are arranged the cages containing his specimens. Old Adams himself is one of his own greatest curiosities. Having captured nearly all the animals himself, he delights in giving his audience a little scrap of the personal history of each. The bears in the ring claim the greatest share of attention, each one having some little trick of his own, which it performs at the bidding of his master. One big grizzly stands up or sits down, shows its teeth, growls, &c., while another dances, walks arm in arm with Adams and utters the loudest "howl" or "aah" at the word of command or crack of the whip.—Another, and a smaller one, is elected chairman of the meeting by the unanimous voice of old Adams, whereupon he climbs to the top of a tall post and sits down in a chair which is fastened there. Imitating the example of the distinguished chairman of human conventions, he delights to get his heels higher than his head, and, having made himself comfortable, quietly goes to sleep in his elevated position, only to be awakened when his services are needed. A very large grizzly, named "Lady Washington," has served Adams for many years in various capacities, acting now as a pack horse when leaving camp in the mountains, then standing sentinel upon the meater's neck, now lying beside a deer to keep him warm, and occasionally taking a small lunch out of the old man's provisions on the sly. She is also a very good saddle horse and is mounted by her master and ridden around the ring. He says that she has rendered him valuable assistance in some of his "scrimmages," always fighting only for him when danger threatened. He has a pack saddle which he whittled out for her with a jack knife, and he asserts that she has carried a load of 500 pounds for him day after day in the mountains. Among the other bears in the ring will be found those of the black, white and golden species all of whom are put through their paces, day after day, and shown to the spectators. In a little pen is a small specimen of the Rocky Mountain bawdy, all alive and anxious to use his horns. A cove of stuffed birds and small animals, all put up by the exhibitor himself, are also there. The stuffed skin of a large bear, formerly known as "Lady Franklin," calls for special eulogy from the old man. While traveling through the mountains with this bear and a hunting dog, he was attacked by a powerful grizzly. Before he could bring his rifle to his shoulder, the grizzly snatched it away with one paw, while she deliberately pulled the old man's scalp down over his eyes with the other. A clinch and hand to hand fight immediately followed, in which the hunter got the worst of it, having been most effectually "chewed up" by his bear-ship. At the critical moment "Lady Franklin" and the dog came up, drew off the snake's attack when Old Adams regained his feet, and between the three of them dispatched Mr. Grizzly. An examination of the bear had not only taken the scalp, but a portion of the skull, leaving the throbbing brain all exposed. The wound has never healed, but it is now deemed the venerable hunter from his pursuit of animals, and in five years which has intervened since that fight he has captured many of the animals now on exhibition.—Tribune.

Old Adam's Menagerie.
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A Difficult Question Answered.
"Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?"
"We can, early! Because Adam never came whiffing to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar-string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended—'right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself, yawning out, 'Ain't it super next ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea kettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did every thing else that he'd ought to! He milked the cows, and fed the chickens; and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve had't any fresh potatoes to eat: the mango season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a 'war' meeting,' hurrhaling for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolded because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying; and early about apple-gathering time, but that that don't deprive him of his general happiness about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor danced with his own girls. He never kissed any of his own girls, nor even his wife, but he was real little Cain's credit at home. In short, he didn't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that he was going to be a hired girl, and that she was to wait on him."

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