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## Select Poetry.

**Deeds of Kindness.**  
Suppose the little cowlip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up,  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell?  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell?"

Suppose the lutescent dew-drops  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away."  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way,  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they make a great mistake  
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too!  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by its love.

**Beauty, Wit, and Gold.**  
In a tower a widow dwelt;  
At her feet three lovers knelt;  
Each adored the widow much,  
Each coveted her heart to touch;  
One had wit, one had gold,  
One was cast in beauty's mould;  
Queen which was it won the prize,  
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man,  
Pleasantly o'er her fan  
Had she heard him while his chin—  
Could such beauty fail to win?  
Then stepped forth the man of gold,  
Cash he counted, coin he told,  
With the burden of his life—  
Could such golden prospects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense,  
Wooed her with his eloquence,  
Now she heard him with a sigh,  
Then she blushed, scarce knowing why;  
Then she smiled to hear him speak,  
Then a tear was on her cheek;  
Beauty, wealth, gold, depart?  
Will she win the widow's heart?

## Miscellaneous.

**CONSEQUENCES OF GAMBLING.**  
The Marquis Angelo Foscarini was the last of his name and title—one of the oldest families in Naples. He had been traveling for his health for the last three years, when his physicians recommended Dieppe to him as all other places had failed in restoring his strength. This occurred in the month of July some few years since.

His daughter accompanied him: the most beautiful of Italy's daughters, where there are so many competitors for the prize of loveliness.

Olympia was an only child; yet the marquis had been married four times.

Devoured by ambition and pride, he could not even from her conceal his annoyance about her sex; for now his name, which had been handed down in the direct line for four centuries, would perish with himself. He would freely have given his immense fortune twice over, his life, his child's life all, to have possessed a son who would hand down his name to posterity.

At sixty he was the widower of two Roman ladies of high descent, and of a German princess, and all three had died without his wish being accomplished. He was old now, and worn by the intrigues of place and ambition. He felt himself going; death stood before him every moment more visibly, and to try to conceal the painful fact from his view, this last of the Foscarini endeavored, by gaieties and pleasures to crown himself with the semblance of youth. He raised around him a rampant of debaucheries, orgies, and gambling; he flung millions away and when, by accident, a thought of his child came across him, it was in bitterness of spirit.

"A woman! a woman!" he exclaimed.—  
"There will always remain a sufficient fortune for her, a child of eighteen! She would be frightened by the heap of gold which I had accumulated for a son! On, on, let us amuse ourselves while we may—I shall, perhaps, die to-morrow!"

Olympia knew why her father lived thus. He did not spare her the knowledge of why he was so reckless. Without pity towards her, he was constantly reproaching her as the cause of all. Cursing her and her dead mother, he cared not how much she who tenderly loved him, beheld the unnumbered wounds of his ambitious heart; and when he saw her in tears, his only resource was to leave her alone, to weep in the bitterest sorrow a child might know, arising from a father's cruelty. And yet Foscarini loved his daughter, not as a father should have done, but as something belonging to himself—something beautiful, the most exquisite of his possession, a handsome piece of furniture—his own. That was the reason he always kept her with him, made her travel everywhere he went, and refused her hand in marriage to the wealthiest nobles of Austria and Italy.

"Stay with me," he said. "I want to have you near me. You can marry when I am dead."

When his feverish nights of excitement had passed, broken down and trembling from a debauch of wine and gambling, he was in the habit of going to the baths, or seeking in the wave a renewal of vigor to pursue an existence capable of killing a strong man of twenty, and yet he was too unhappy to relinquish the excitement.

One day he endeavored to bathe alone, without his attendant, when the tide was coming in; but weaker than usual, he was carried away, and then flung in a fainting state upon the beach. The next was taking him away to destruction, when a young man, who was bathing, swam to his senseless form, and bore him to land in safety.

When Foscarini opened his eyes, he turned to thank the one who had saved him, and to his annoyance, recognized an officer from Trébans, whom he had met at the baths of Pyrmont and at Vienna, and whose assiduous attentions towards Olympia had given him such uneasiness.

A few words of cold thanks and politeness were exchanged, and the young German asked permission to call on some one at the marquis's hotel.

He was frigidly told he could do so. At the end of a month, the marquis and Stephen had become inseparable.

Still madly in love with Olympia, the latter was, however, too clever this time to manifest it so openly as he had done at Pyrmont. He allowed Foscarini to think that he was cured of his passion. He spoke to Olympia without trembling or turning pale, and with perfect ease of manner, addressed a few common place compliments to her, to which she replied in the same indifferent tone.

Quite blinded, the old man unreservedly yielded himself into the other's hands. He made him his companion and confidant, and raised the curtain before him which had concealed all his past life, and revealed the horrors which had been hidden beneath the splendor and garlands of his festes. Stephen however, knew it already; Olympia had concealed nothing from him. For two whole years he had followed in the track of Foscarini and his daughter. Thus Stephen passed almost every night at the Marquis's, and to meet his tastes, and, at the same time, if possible, keep him from going among strangers, he became a seeming gambler, to refrain the real one.

During a month he had played away all the money he possessed about him and all he could borrow, and the more he lost the better Foscarini loved him for the marquis knew no happiness but in dice, no pleasure save in winning.

But luck changed.

The marquis had a passion for a sort of loo called boulotte, which Stephen effected to like equally well. If he had already cost him ten thousand louis; when one evening he arrived at the marquis's half an hour earlier than usual, with the fifty louis he could then command in the world, and firmly resolved that if he lost them, he would no longer carry on the fearful game he had been playing, but at once throw off the mask of hypocrisy and demand Olympia again in marriage from her father, endeavoring by other means to win him from his love of gambling.

If she were refused to him, he felt the desperation would seize upon him which was natural to a young man like himself, who had vainly sought the one he loved so long. Stephen's motive throughout had been a good one. If he won all from the marquis, he hoped by a marriage with the daughter, then more than probable, to win the ruined gambler from his propensities; to peace in the bosom of his family.

Foscarini and Stephen were seated opposite to each other. At their low table there was a Parisian banker, an English naval officer, and two planters from Havana—Stak a were immense. Stephen commenced by ten louis, then ten more, again the same and the same. All were lost. He trembled, Foscarini laughed at the smallness of his stakes. With a hand which appeared instinctively to draw back, Stephen placed his last ten louis before him; he held three dozens in his hand, and gained a hundred louis from the Parisian banker.

At five in the morning he had won two hundred thousand pistons, the banker eighty-four thousand, the naval officer twenty thousand, and the other two more than thirty thousand.

It was Foscarini who had lost all that. The gamblers drank a glass of punch, and amicably gave each other rendezvous for the evening.

Evening came, and the play of the one preceding had been that of a child in comparison with it. Angelo Marquis of Foscarini lost all that he possessed—all his palaces at Naples and Florence; all his villas at the foot of Mount Vesuvius; and his property in the Campagna at Rome; his gold, diamonds, horses—all.

The day broke through the crevices of the shutters; through the double curtains the daylight cast its pale light, which made that of the expiring wax lights of the red glare which we fancy an emanation of the infernal regions.

Two men there found words or movement.— These were Foscarini and Stephen. The former was searching in all his pockets for something more wherewith to gamble, and he found nothing. Never before had a man in this world such a physiognomy as that one.

At last he advanced two flaming eyes close to the other's face, and in a low voice, which seemed to roll in his bosom like distant and threatening thunder, he said—  
"Monsieur, all that I possess is yours; what those other gentlemen have won is a trifle but you—at this present moment, you might say to me, 'Old man, leave my house!'"

"Marquis!" exclaimed Stephen.  
"Let me continue?" the other cried, interrupting him—"We met at the waters of Pyrmont; at the casino of Naples also. Young man, do you recollect that twice I told you that your attentions to my daughter were displeasing to me?"

"But, marquis—"  
"You loved my daughter then, and I had the right of showing you the door. But you loved her, did you not?"  
"Yes."  
"Do you love her still? Say, do you?"  
"I do, with my whole heart and soul!"  
"Well, then, I'll stake her!"

At these horrible words all the other gamblers started up, electrified and speechless; but with clasped hands upraised towards Stephen, and by the expression of their faces imploring him to refuse. But he! A flash of heavenly joy lit up his countenance. He endeavored to clasp the hand of the marquis, but he was coldly pushed back, and seeing that play had made a mortal enemy of that man, he drew himself up with a nobility of feeling, to which his antagonist was a stranger, and said in a solemn tone—  
"Marquis, if you will accept me for your son-in-law, here, before these gentlemen, on my knees I implore you to take back all you have lost. But I fear it will be useless hoping."

"Perfectly!" replied the marquis in a tone of rage.  
"Well, then," answered Stephen coldly, "I accept your proposal; 'tis for you to fix what I shall lose if you win."  
The spectators uttered a cry of horror. Foscarini looked at them, from one to the other with a smile of content, and replied to Stephen's last words with—  
"Whatever you please."  
There was a terrible pause.

"I play for your daughter," said the officer of Trébans, "against all that I possess both here and at home against my paternal inheritance, my name, my position, honor—all!"

"Tis well," replied the marquis, and he flung three cards on the table.  
They were three aces.  
Stephen, without looking at his own, turned them up.  
They were three tens, and the fourth of that number also.  
"Four tens!" exclaimed the naval officer in terror.  
"Four tens?" responded the two planters and Parisian banker. And as all foresaw some fearful catastrophe, they picked up their hats, collected their winnings, and prepared to depart; but as they were saying good-by to the marquis the ruthless gambler even were affected by the countenance of the father who had lost his child, whose face was bathed in tears, that millionaire who was reduced to beggary, seemed to pity the young man who had won all.

"Marquis Foscarini," exclaimed Stephen, advancing towards him, and speaking in a trembling voice, "this is a horrible dream, you have lost nothing, I have gained nothing."  
"I have lost nothing," cried the old man with bitterness; "ask those who have gone away laden with my gold if I have lost nothing; if my countenance and my tears say that, my face and tears lie!"

Thus saying he disappeared before any one could stop him. Shortly afterwards Stephen found himself alone in the apartment.  
It was eleven in the morning.

The young officer looked up the passage, the engagements, and the IOUs scattered about, and flung them into the fire. He wrote to tell Olympia what had passed, and he quitted the hotel.

Fifty steps from it he saw a crowd of people advancing. On a litter they were carrying a man who had just been taken out of the water.

It was Foscarini. He had just been saved in time to preserve life.

Eight days afterwards Stephen, at midnight, entered his own apartment, and was informed that two persons were awaiting his return upstairs. They were Foscarini and his daughter.

"My visit at this hour surprises you, doubtless, monsieur," said the marquis slowly; nevertheless, soon or late, it was necessary that I should come. I am here to redeem my engagement. You have won my daughter; here she is. I bring her to you. I have used no force to accomplish it; she has followed me willingly. Is it not so, Olympia?"

"He asked this with a bitter smile, and then continued—  
"I have now no daughter, but you have not a wife yet, Monsieur Stephen. I will never acknowledge you as my son-in-law."

You are not noble enough for that. Olympia cannot be your wife until after my death; nevertheless, she is yours. You see, then, monsieur, whether there remains anything to play for!"

And while these gloomy words left the two lovers petrified, with the feeling of impending evil, in the room, he quietly shut the door and placed the key in his pocket.

"My revenge, then!" he cried in a low voice, taking two pistols from his bosom—"See, they are both unloaded, and pairs. I will charge one, and you shall have the first choice. If I kill you, my daughter will be mine; if you kill me, Olympia will be free, and then she can best judge whether her father's assassin can become her husband."

Stephen endeavored to expostulate.  
"If you take a step forward if you utter a cry," exclaimed the exasperated old man, "I will discharge the pistol at her!"

And as he spoke, he pointed the weapon he had charged, while speaking, at her head. Stephen, in terror and agony for one he loved dropped into a seat, Foscarini, without paying the slightest attention to his child, who fell senseless on the floor, presented two pistols to Stephen, which he had placed together for an instant, changing them behind his back.

"Fire, or she shall fall the victim!" cried Foscarini, holding the corner of a handkerchief to his antagonist.

Ignorant of whose weapon contained the ball, Stephen grasped his. The two went off at the same moment. It was Stephen again who was victorious.

**The Liberator of New York.**  
In one of the little villages in Westchester county lived an old fellow, somewhat fond of his glass of toddy and lingering around the bar-rooms of the village taverns, to hear the gossip, and occasionally "indulge," and sometimes to an excess of which he was afterwards very much ashamed. He went by the name of "Old Sam," and was really a very entertaining personage. He had seen Gen. Washington and was according to his own story the cause of the British evacuating the city. "Come Sam," some village tavern bouncer would say, "tell us about your driving the British out of New York?" "Well now, 'Squire, I don't exactly say that I did do it, but I'll give you the facts, and you can draw your own conclusions. You see, the fact was I knew the British was in New York; and I knew, and we all felt that they had been there long enough, and for one I was determined they shouldn't be there any longer. One night after we had been talking about it for some time before going to bed I said to our folks, 'I shall ride to the city to-morrow morning and be there before day break; and I shall go armed.' I went right out to the stable with a lantern, three hours before day break, saddled our old white mare, put two loaded pistols in the holster of the saddle, and took my father's sword, that he carried at Bunker Hill, and I got into New York early in the morning, and—the British had left!"

"They had evacuated the city, do you mean to say?" "I mean to say they had retreated—gone—run away! Now, I don't mean to say that the British knew that I was coming, but I do say that it looked very much like it."

A BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote.

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died, from time to time, into the sea. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man, who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.  
"Going to throw him overboard, massa."

"Dead I you scoundrel," said the captain, "don't you see that he moves and speaks?"  
"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him."

**DEODORIZING THE THAMES.**—In 1850, during three months very dry weather, old Father Thames—that once classic stream famous in historic verses of English poets of the last century—became a huge sewer, sending forth foetid odors over all the British metropolis. A report recently presented on the subject contains the statement that £17,000 (\$88,000) worth of deodorizing material was thrown into the Thames during the months of June, July and August.

The deodorizing agents employed were chiefly chloride of lime, of which 478 tons were used, and of chalk lime, 4,280 tons were used. These were chiefly thrown into the sewers, and while the temperature of the river remained high—from 69 to 74 degrees, the river retained proof against all efforts of deodorization. Great preparations have been made this year to provide a sufficient supply of the perchloride of iron to modify the pungent odors of Father Thames's stink box.

## Fact, Fun and Fancy.

☞ The wheat harvest has commenced in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Lynchburg.

☞ "What's in a dress?" asks a popular writer. Sometimes a great deal and sometimes a precious little.

☞ Slanders issuing from Fed and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

☞ Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremost of a ship? Because it is a little far ahead of the main batch.

☞ "I must leave in *dis gust*," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good night" during a thunder-storm.

☞ Heenan has issued a peremptory challenge to John Morrissey, to fight him for any sum from 5 cents to \$5000.

☞ Sayers' right arm is said to be injured beyond cure, the tendons having been snapped by Heenan's terrible blows.

☞ Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy (infancy) too much.

☞ There are three kinds of friends:—friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

☞ Some Clergyman says that your wife, your stomach and your conscience, are three companions with whom you should always be on good terms.

☞ An old toper was heard advising a young man to marry. "Because, then, my boy," said he, "you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you come home drunk."

☞ Honey from Buckwheat.—It has been ascertained by an experiment in Germany so says a writer, that an acre of buckwheat in full bloom will yield fourteen pounds of honey per day.

☞ The Japanese princes desire to obtain American weapons, and tools for making them. When shown a musket or a cannon they say, "Very good. Keep Englishmen off. Very good."

☞ If the head of a fish is 12 inches long, and three times the length of his head, plus 15 inches, equals the length of his body, how long is the tail of a Thomas cat 9 years and 6 months old?

☞ We see it stated that some of the doors leading to the Senate chamber of the Capitol at Washington, cost twelve thousand dollars a piece, enough to buy a good sized farm and stock it well.

☞ Japanese never "pocket a blow." They blow their noses on square pieces of soft paper, which are thrown away with one using. Our system of pocket-handkerchiefs is, to them, very uncleanly.

☞ The first hive of bees ever seen in the Wabash Valley, was taken there in 1815, by Mr. Sturges. The Indians, who had never seen one before, after being atung a few minutes called them the white man's fly.

☞ The American Photographic Society in New York are taking steps to send a Photographer with the proposed Arctic Expedition of Dr. Hayes, to take perfect impressions of the scenes through which they may pass.

## Something to Fall Back Upon.

If there is any one thing in the earth below calculated to make the angels in the heavens above look down and smile at, we think it must be the sight of the man who lives to get good enough together for his children to spend when he's dead and gone to grass.— Many a man thinks money-making has its curses extracted if there is a son or two to be blessed by the goodly heritage. So he works on, eating the bread of carefulness, living up yellow dollars and warrant deeds, till old age writes his face all over with wrinkled record of care and privations, and death gives him his last land title to a dozen square feet in the grave yard. The boys generally feel sorry that the old fellow didn't last longer, but console themselves that the fashion of making pockets in shrouds has gone by, and that the bank account still survives. We have always noticed that the paper currency makes excellent blotting paper for the tears of grief. We have made close calculation of the time it takes a young man, who inherits a fortune, to make pro rata distribution of it between his horses, his harlots, and his heart's delights of fare and French brandy. The larger the fortune the quicker pace the man goes. You may be sure of nine out of ten fine fellows going to the devil with such a provocation. Nor has the old gentleman, who turns out into the world a bright lad, with all that "our best society," and our "best schools" can do for him, done quite the fair thing for him in our opinion, till he gives him something "to fall back on" in case he should find, on experiment, that a man can't always live on his wit, or "go on his grave," when the money and the old man are both gone.

Now there was an old Frenchman, Stephen Girard, who preached a very good sermon on this subject. It has a great deal more wisdom than his will had. Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said "the always intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty one, he expected to hear the *Gur* say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox (carefully avoided the subject) Ben ministered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, Yes, I know you're," said the millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the Cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest," and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room.— Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben. "Is as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill!"

The bill was made out, and old Steve settled it with a check, for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will at all times afford you a good living." We should like to see all the old fellow fellows trying that experiment. It might spoil a barrel or two, but it wouldn't spoil the boys.

**A Grim Specter in the Forest.**  
On the 6th ult., near Valparaiso, in the skeleton of an unknown man was found hanging in the woods by a hunting party, suspended to a small black oak by a black silk neck handkerchief. The skull, part of the spinal column and ribs, were hanging, the remainder of the bones were scattered about, as they would naturally be by dogs. The bones were perfectly bleached, the hair, a fair Auburn, which had fallen off, the teeth, except three which were absent, were but slightly worn, showing that he was not more than 25 or 30 years of age. His clothes with the exception of his neck handkerchief, were decayed fragments of a jeans coat, summer pants, a woollen shirt, and a chip hat, were scattered around. In one of his boots—a thick pair of stogies little worn—were part of the bones of the foot, the other was empty. One pocket contained his wallet, containing one gold dollar, one Spanish quarter, and small change enough to make \$1.44 in all. The other pocket contained a pipe, knife, plug of tobacco, and a piece of paper, supposed to be a wrapper from some patent medicine. No one in that vicinity has yet been able to discover who the suicide was.

**New Denomination of Postage Stamps.**  
—In order to facilitate the payment of postage on letters addressed to foreign countries, and to avoid the necessity of affixing thereto a large number of stamps, which would in some instances increase the weight so as to subject the letters to additional postage, the Department has ordered the issuing of new stamps of the denominations of 24, 30, and 36 cents respectively. The 24 cent stamp will be ready for distribution next week. The 30 cent stamp goes hereafter, and the 36 cent stamp of which they can be procured.