

# The Bellocian

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1860.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office at his residence in the stone building formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnside, one door below Turner & Steel's Store.  
**PHILIP A. SURBER,**  
Office on High Street, one door west of the Post Office, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office on High Street, one door west of the Post Office, Oct. 25, 1859.

**DR. J. B. WINGATE,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.  
**BANKING HOUSE,**  
**W. P. REYNOLDS & CO.,**  
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.  
Bills of exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and promptly remitted. Interest paid on special deposits. Exchange on the Eastern cities constantly on hand for sale. Deposits received.

**DEPOSIT BANK,**  
**HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.,**  
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Deposits Received—Bills of Exchange and Notes Discounted—Interest Paid on Special Deposits—Collections Made, and Proceeds Remitted Promptly—Exchange on the East constantly on hand.

**J. H. STOVER,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
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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 Street, formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D. C. Boal, Esq.

**J. & W. P. MACMANNAN,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Bellefonte, Penna.  
James Macmannan has associated with Wm. P. Macmannan, Esq., in the practice of Law. Professional business intrusted to them will receive prompt attention. They will attend the several Courts in the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

**F. P. GREENE,**  
DRUGGIST,  
Bellefonte, Penna.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Var-nishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trussels and Shoulder Braces—Garden Seeds.  
Customers will be supplied complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.  
Farmers and Physicians on the country are invited to examine my stock.

**ADAM HOY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Bellefonte, Penna.  
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon. Jas. T. Hale.

**BELLEFONTE DISPENSARY.**  
J. HARRIS HAYNE AND ARE constantly receiving the following articles, which they will sell as cheap as the cheapest and warranted good.  
Drugs and Medicines, (wholesale or retail) Val-erian Oil, Pains, Dye-stuffs, White Lead, Florence White, and Liquid.  
Burling field, pen-ink, fluid and pipe oil lamps, paint and varnish brushes, hair, cloth, tooth and flesh brushes.  
Purses, pocket books and wallets, socks and stockings, and all other goods in general.  
Patent Medicines—All of Ayer's Dr. John Bull's Lotion, Jayne's Mayonnaise, McClure's Halloway's, Shepherd's, Trank's, San-ford's, &c., and in fact all the patent medicines of the day.  
All of which and a variety of others, you can get by calling at the Drug Store in Brooker's Row, Bellefonte, Penna.  
Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with care and neatness and dispatch.  
For medicinal purposes Lyons' Catawba Brandy has been analyzed and found to be superior to the poisonous compounds sold under the name of Henley. As a beverage the pure article is altogether superior, and a sovereign and sure remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Low Spirits, Jaundice, General Debility, &c. Price \$1.25 per bottle.  
Sole agent for Centre Co., J. & J. HARRIS, Humphreys' Journal of Specific Homoeopathy for Transients distributed at the Drug Store of J. & J. HARRIS.  
May 26, 1859.

**PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Centre County and the public in general, that he has leased this Hotel, and is now prepared to accommodate late travelers in a style, which he flatters himself will meet with public approbation and patronage. People from the County during their sojourn at Bellefonte, or who are passing through the Pennsylvania Hotel, an agreeable resting place. The Hotel is spacious and furnished in the superior style. The TABLE of the subscriber will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and luxuries, which a productive Country can furnish or industry and exertion can procure.  
His BAR, with every comfort, delicacy and refinement of the best liquors that the Eastern market affords, adapted to suit the most capricious and obliging taste, well qualified to discharge the duties pertaining to this important department of a public establishment, designed for the accommodation of travelers generally.  
Accommodations will always be in attendance to supply the wants and contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of those who may be distinguished by the patronage of the public.  
From the attention and time, which the subscriber has bestowed on the management of his business, and his experience, he hopes to merit and receive a reasonable share of the patronage of the public.  
April 12, 1860. P. H. HARRIS, Proprietor.

**CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND FANCY STORE.**  
The subscriber is still at his old stand at No. 4 Brooker's Row, on Allegany street, where he has just received from the eastern cities, a large and beautiful assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY, and an excellent assortment of FANCY GOODS, all kinds and qualities, SILVER WARE, &c.  
Notwithstanding the "panic" has struck fully as large and complete a stock, and as low prices as ever, and as low as any of the eastern cities, of the latest styles, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all.  
His stock consists of Gold and Silver watches and detached Watch Cases, also Leagues and Quarters. Jewelry of every style, and Fancy articles of every description. He has also SPECTACLES, eye-glasses, and all kinds of Gold and Silver Goods, and all kinds of Pocket Knives, Pocket Cases, &c.  
Particular attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of short notice.  
Bellefonte, April 7, 1859.

**WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!!!**  
SPRING CREEK WOOLMAN MANUFACTORY  
ROBERT KENDALL, in connection with Samuel J. Houser, has commenced business as at the old stand on Spring Creek, under the firm of Kendall & Houser, where our highest ambition will be to give satisfaction to all whom they favor with a bag of wool or otherwise. The public generally may rely on obtaining goods of a superior quality from our wagons, or at the old stand, where we will be as prompt to answer as any similar concern in the country. Our long connection and business transactions at this place has given us a name and a reputation, and we guarantee for the future. You will all please remember that our wagons will be around in due season to exchange your wool for goods, and to exchange your goods for wool. Roll Carding done well, and all marketable products.  
The same parties would embrace this opportunity and make arrangements to sell their wool to friends and former customers, know of no good reason why old friends should not meet again in a room of the same old.  
Banner township, March 3, 1859.

**CONRAD HOUSE,**  
Bellefonte, Penna.  
HAS THE PLEASURE OF ANNOUNCING to his friends and the public in general that he has taken charge of this well known hotel, lately under the supervision of J. H. Morrison, and is fully prepared to accommodate the traveling public in a style, which he flatters himself will meet with public approbation and patronage with the progressive spirit of the times.  
He is in possession of all the modern improvements and conveniences, as is sleeping apartments, and has supplied his larder with the choicest of the market, and his bar with the purest Wine.  
With the most extensive and comfortable accommodations and attentive and skillful attendants, together with assiduous attention to business, he feels justified in soliciting a share of patronage and the support of his friends.  
Bellefonte, Oct. 8, 1857-42-1f.

**JOHN MONTGOMERY**  
JOHN informs the citizens of Bellefonte that he has taken charge of the Tailoring and Clothing business at his old stand in Brooker's Row, on Main street, where he is prepared to make to order, all kinds of Clothing in the most and most fashionable style.  
He keeps on hand a general variety of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, of the latest and most approved patterns.  
Ready made Clothing of all kinds which he is selling at reduced prices. He feels thankful for the very liberal support heretofore extended, and still continues to receive the same.  
Bellefonte, Jan. 5th, 1860-1y

**NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.**  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity that he has commenced the Tailoring Business in the building formerly occupied by the Democrat Watchman. Having a long experience in the business he flatters himself that garments manufactured by him will compare favorably with those manufactured at any similar establishment either in Bellefonte or elsewhere. His prices are moderate. Cash or Country produce taken in exchange for work.  
May 17, 59. JOHN NOLAN

## Select Poetry.

**[From the North Alabama Times]**  
**A Fantasy.**  
BY A. W. FUREY.  
The days of my years will be few, my friend,  
The "days of my years" will be few;  
And soon on my grave, in the morning light,  
You will see the glittering dew, my friend,  
You will see the glittering dew.  
My hair will never be gray, my friend,  
My hair will never be gray,  
But my legs will be dark as ever they were  
In the joy of my youthful day, my friend,  
In the joy of my youthful day.  
For something whispers to me, my friend,  
In a voice all solemn and still,  
In a few short years I shall be in my grave,  
North of the end of the country hill,  
North of the end of the country hill.  
And when you hear that "one's gone," my friend,  
You'll think of what I have said,  
And drop perchance a tear for him  
Who's sleeping amongst the dead, my friend,  
Who's sleeping amongst the dead.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LITTLE BOUND BOY'S DREAM.

A little fair-haired child had its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.  
It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dark stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.  
It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; it had that was got so bad, for the beautiful round moon shined in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamingly.  
But after a while, as he lay there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half-fearing half-delighted look at the glorious spectacle.  
One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft, white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.  
The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little, frightened, and his heart beat quickly but he found breath to murmur—  
"Tell me who are you?"  
"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice that sounded like the harp of Heaven; "look up, darling—I am your brother Willie, he sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."  
"What, you are my brother Willie? Oh, no, no, that cannot be. My brother Willie was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips. But your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever seen before; and there is no ugly hump on your back— Besides my brother Willie is dead, long ago."  
"I am your brother Willie, your immortal brother; my body with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ashes; but just as that died I went up to the great heaven, and saw lights that I cannot tell you about now; they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy one of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so it is no wonder you do not know me."  
And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.  
"Oh!" he exclaimed, "If I, too, could go to heaven!"  
"You can go," replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; "you have learned to read?"  
"Yes a little."  
"Well to-morrow get your Bible, and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you.'"  
"Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."  
"Even if they heat me?" murmured the little bound boy with a quivering lip.  
"A ray of hope flashed across the angel's face as he replied, "the more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven."  
In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.  
As the little boy fell back upon the pillow, his face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them, even though they should beat me."  
Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting up in his miserable cot, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness

## Perils of Ballooning.

On Saturday last, Prof. Wilson made an ascent from Pittsburg, but not such an one as he contemplated. The balloon was inflated at the Gas works, and by means of stout ropes and a crowd of men to hold them, was being conveyed along Ohio street to the Park where the ascension was to take place. When in consequence of the ropes giving way, the balloon broke loose and ascended rapidly to a great height, taking Prof. Wilson with it, he having been at the time of the accident sitting in the netting. The balloon had in her nearly twenty thousand feet of gas, and was without ballast, basket or car, or anything save the netting, one large and a few smaller gas ropes dragging from her. The Professor had tied up the mouth of the balloon, the gas valve thus being confined, and all being so fastened as to throw the body of the balloon considerably out of a horizontal position. To steady it and prevent the ropes from being wrapped in a snarl and the balloon from being turned upside down, the Professor was seated in the netting, with nothing but the light suit of clothes which he had on. He remained in his place and coolly exerted his utmost to right her, until almost out of sight, ascending with great rapidity, and moving in a northwestern direction.  
The unexpected ascension was made about 12 o'clock on Saturday, and much anxiety was felt in Pittsburg as to the fate of Prof. Wilson. It was reported on Monday that the balloon had descended in Clarion county, and that Prof. Wilson was missing; but on Tuesday evening it was ascertained that he had descended in the balloon about 5 o'clock on Saturday, on the farm of Mr. Isaac Sutton, in Penn township, Butler county, four miles north of Glade Mills, and about 30 miles from Pittsburg. The basket caught in a white oak tree, and the aeronaut climbed down and secured it. Subsequently, for greater safety, he, with the help of Mr. Sutton, tied the unwieldy vessel to two sassafras bushes or trees, growing close together, in different directions, to prevent the rope from slipping. The Professor was suffering much from thirst, and while Mr. Sutton went to the house for water he remained to watch the balloon, a sudden gust of wind came up, and despite Mr. Wilson's efforts to hold it fast, the balloon broke loose and was blown to the westward. After taking some refreshment, he started in pursuit, and at last accounts was following in the direction taken by the balloon. The rumor that the balloon had descended near Clarion is probably true.

## Home Affections.

The heart has affections that never die—The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home—There is the old tree, under which the light hearted boy has swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—may there be the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by an old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship, and near the old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There are certain feelings of humanity and those, too, among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside.  
NOTHING BUT GARIBALDI.—The Florence correspondent of the Newark, N. J., Advertiser, writes:  
The hero of the day is Garibaldi! The news of the day is from Garibaldi; the welkin rings night and day with Garibaldi; the name a *la mode* in society is Garibaldi; the ladies dandle it, the liberals swear by it; the boys shout it, and the refrain of the war song is Garibaldi! Garibaldi! Even "notre Dieu" is for the moment lost sight of in the new glory which crowns Garibaldi, and comes looming up with his armed image from the South, whilst the flash of his red artillery outblazes the Pink and Vesuvius of the two Sicilies. His patriotism, courage, daring, are the dream by night and the theme by day. Empires, kingdoms, tremble at his name; crowns totter, and the royal troops scatter at the sound as if the Arch Fiend himself were in the field.  
A cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over; and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

## From the Gallows to a Fortune.

We saw yesterday, says the Chicago Express, a letter from Prussian Consul General resident in New York, addressed to the whereabouts of Heinrich Jumpertz, stating that a lady residing near the place of his nativity had died recently, leaving Henry, his brother Franz, and one or two others, heirs to a vast estate, consisting of lands, stocks and money, and requesting the Messrs. Greenbaum, bankers, to make out such documents as were necessary to secure to Henry his share in the legacy. The letter stated several circumstances which leave no doubt that Henry Jumpertz, so well known to the citizens of Chicago, in connection with the Sophia (tagely, or "barrel mystery," as it has been termed, is the legatee. Bon is given as his birth place, 1831 as the year of his birth, it is stated that he came to this country with his brother Franz, from whom he parted in New York city, and that he had been tried and acquitted on a charge, the nature of which was not stated; and other circumstances were mentioned which leave the identification complete.  
A romance which has almost been a tragedy, has this young man's history been. Saved from a fate which at one time seemed inevitable, by the eloquence, earnestness and untiring efforts of his counsel; thrown out upon the world again, his little all exhausted in the long trials through which he had passed; willing to earn a support, but denied the opportunity, for suspicion and distrust met him at every step—until, tired and again, he looked back with regret to the long days of suspense, but kindness and plenty he had spent in jail and almost repined at the fortune which had saved him from the gallows, but had given him instead hunger and cold contumely. A few friends, who believed him innocent, came to his assistance. Funds were supplied him and abandoning his original intention to live down the appropriation, which the greater part of the community had upon him, he went to St. Louis, under an assumed name—for the press had made the name of Jumpertz notorious—he followed his trade; not afterwards, we believe, was employed as a barber on one of the river steamboats—Where he is now we do not know. There are friends in the city, however, who, we believe are acquainted with his whereabouts, and we have no doubt his good fortune will find him out. It is to be hoped that the bitter lessons of the past will serve him in good stead in the future to which he is called.

## An Ingenious Cat.

Cats in general are said to die hard, but Dela Croix tells of one that escaped a wrench of death by outwitting a philosophical professor.  
"I once saw," he relates, "a lecture upon experimental philosophy, place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump for the purpose of demonstrating that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston in order to exhaust the receiver of air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus preventing any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let the air into the receiver, which as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture, but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat, that possessed less penetration, for the cruel and incredible experiment."

## The Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome arching towards the heavens, of which it is the most familiar and symbol. It floats around us like the grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so noble, that we have lived years in it before we were persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realized the truths that are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood man's iron cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunshine, the full brightness of midday, the chastening radiance of the gleaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun.

## An Amusing Offer of Marriage.

Paris correspondent of the New York Express has the following:  
Perhaps some of your readers who visited Paris two or three years ago, and who had an occasion to be in boulevard shops, may remember a hosiery establishment on the corner of the rue Drouot and the Boulevard. This shop was closed some time ago, and the "stand" is at present occupied by a dealer in Vichy water. Now, how came the hosiery to shut up his shop? You shall hear. One day, a gentleman between thirty and forty years of age, (which, in France, is considered the marriageable age) tall and handsome, well dressed, refined in appearance, but bearing a provincial look, entered the hosiery's boutique, to make a small purchase. While waiting to be served, he noticed at the further end of the shop, a rosy checked and graceful young girl partially concealed from view by a high desk. Upon interrogating the clerk, he was informed that the young girl in question was the shopkeeper's daughter, who has just returned home from one of the best seminaries in France, where she had received an excellent education. The clerk whose loquacity is unbounded, added that Mademoiselle Juliette was just turned of eighteen, and that her amiability, modesty and good sense rendered her the object of all who knew her. The stranger asked to speak with the hosiery and his wife, on an affair foreign to ordinary business—He was forthwith introduced into the back shop.  
"Sir and Madam," said he, after taking a seat, "I am the Count de F. I have a fortune of eighty thousand francs a year, in landed estates. I wish to marry—and do not care a farthing whether my wife be rich or poor. She will lead me an agreeable existence, will possess a mansion in the capital, a chateau in the country, horses and carriages; will pass six months in the year on my estate, three months in Paris, and three months at the watering places. I have the honor to ask the hand of your daughter."  
This extraordinary speech threw the hosiery and his wife into a state of stupefaction impossible to describe. Without at all noticing the effect he had produced, the stranger coolly replied:  
"As regards this offer, I have only one condition to impose. You will give up trade."

## Home Affections.

The heart has affections that never die—The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home—There is the old tree, under which the light hearted boy has swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—may there be the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by an old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship, and near the old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There are certain feelings of humanity and those, too, among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside.  
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## The Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome arching towards the heavens, of which it is the most familiar and symbol. It floats around us like the grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so noble, that we have lived years in it before we were persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realized the truths that are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood man's iron cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunshine, the full brightness of midday, the chastening radiance of the gleaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun.

## An Amusing Offer of Marriage.

Paris correspondent of the New York Express has the following:  
Perhaps some of your readers who visited Paris two or three years ago, and who had an occasion to be in boulevard shops, may remember a hosiery establishment on the corner of the rue Drouot and the Boulevard. This shop was closed some time ago, and the "stand" is at present occupied by a dealer in Vichy water. Now, how came the hosiery to shut up his shop? You shall hear. One day, a gentleman between thirty and forty years of age, (which, in France, is considered the marriageable age) tall and handsome, well dressed, refined in appearance, but bearing a provincial look, entered the hosiery's boutique, to make a small purchase. While waiting to be served, he noticed at the further end of the shop, a rosy checked and graceful young girl partially concealed from view by a high desk. Upon interrogating the clerk, he was informed that the young girl in question was the shopkeeper's daughter, who has just returned home from one of the best seminaries in France, where she had received an excellent education. The clerk whose loquacity is unbounded, added that Mademoiselle Juliette was just turned of eighteen, and that her amiability, modesty and good sense rendered her the object of all who knew her. The stranger asked to speak with the hosiery and his wife, on an affair foreign to ordinary business—He was forthwith introduced into the back shop.  
"Sir and Madam," said he, after taking a seat, "I am the Count de F. I have a fortune of eighty thousand francs a year, in landed estates. I wish to marry—and do not care a farthing whether my wife be rich or poor. She will lead me an agreeable existence, will possess a mansion in the capital, a chateau in the country, horses and carriages; will pass six months in the year on my estate, three months in Paris, and three months at the watering places. I have the honor to ask the hand of your daughter."  
This extraordinary speech threw the hosiery and his wife into a state of stupefaction impossible to describe. Without at all noticing the effect he had produced, the stranger coolly replied:  
"As regards this offer, I have only one condition to impose. You will give up trade."

## Home Affections.

The heart has affections that never die—The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home—There is the old tree, under which the light hearted boy has swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—may there be the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by an old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship, and near the old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There are certain feelings of humanity and those, too, among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside.  
NOTHING BUT GARIBALDI.—The Florence correspondent of the Newark, N. J., Advertiser, writes:  
The hero of the day is Garibaldi! The news of the day is from Garibaldi; the welkin rings night and day with Garibaldi; the name a *la mode* in society is Garibaldi; the ladies dandle it, the liberals swear by it; the boys shout it, and the refrain of the war song is Garibaldi! Garibaldi! Even "notre Dieu" is for the moment lost sight of in the new glory which crowns Garibaldi, and comes looming up with his armed image from the South, whilst the flash of his red artillery outblazes the Pink and Vesuvius of the two Sicilies. His patriotism, courage, daring, are the dream by night and the theme by day. Empires, kingdoms, tremble at his name; crowns totter, and the royal troops scatter at the sound as if the Arch Fiend himself were in the field.  
A cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over; and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

## An Ingenious Cat.

Cats in general are said to die hard, but Dela Croix tells of one that escaped a wrench of death by outwitting a philosophical professor.  
"I once saw," he relates, "a lecture upon experimental philosophy, place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump for the purpose of demonstrating that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston in order to exhaust the receiver of air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus preventing any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let the air into the receiver, which as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture, but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat, that possessed less penetration, for the cruel and incredible experiment."

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