Democratic Watchman.

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Office on High Street (old office) Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public

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Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond near the Court House
☞ Will be found at his office except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday in each month, when he will be away filling professional duties

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—OF—
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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
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
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Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices
☞ Farmers and Physicians om the country are invited to examine my stock

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Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon. Jas T Hale.

A CARD.
Messrs HALE & HOY will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by me in the trial of all causes entrusted to them. JAMES T. HALE.
December 26, 1859.

BELLEFONTE DISPENSARY.
J. & J. HARRIS HAVE NOW 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,) Varnish Oils, Paints, Dye stuffs, White Lead, Florence white, and Liquid.
Burning fluid, pine oil, fluid and pine oil lamps paint and varnish brushes, hair, cloth, tooth and flesh brushes
Portemonnias, pocket books and wallets, segars and tobacco a large assortment of Pocket Knives a variety of Fancy Articles and Perfumery, Hair Dye and Restorative
Patent Medicines—All of Ayer's Dr John Bull's Louden's, Jayne's Mayson's, McLane's, Hembold's, Holloway's Shepherd's Trask's Sanford'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 Brokerhoff's Row, Bellefonte
Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with correctness and dispatch
For medical purposes Lyons Catawba Brandy has no rival, and has long been needed to supercede the poisonous compounds sold under the name of Brandy As a beverage the pure article is altogether superior, and a sovereign and sure remedy for Dyspepsia Flatulency, Low Spirits Languor General Debility, &c. &c Price $1 25 per bottle.
Sole agent for Centre Co J & J HARRIS
Humphrey's Journal of Specific Homeopathy for gratuitous distribution at the Drug Store of J & J Harris
March '56

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 ready and prepared to accommodate travelers in a style, which he flatters himself will meet with public approbation and patronage People from the County during their sojourn at Bellefonte on weeks of Court, will find the Pennsylvania Hotel an agreeable resting place The House is spacious and furnished in superior
THE TABLE of the subscriber will be supplied with all the substantial provisions delicacies and luxuries, which a productive Country can furnish or industry vigilance and exertion can procure
HIS BAR, will always contain a general assortment of the very best liquors that the Eastern market affords adapted to suit the most capricious
THE STABLE, will be attended by an attentive and obliging Ostler well qualified to discharge the duties pertaining to this important department of a public establishment designed for the accommodation of travelers generally
Accommodating servants will always be in attendance to supply the wants and contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of those who may be disposed to patronize the Hotel of the subscriber, by whom nothing will be omitted which will render his customers comfortable and happy
From the attention and time which the undersigned has devoted to this branch of business, and his experience he hopes to merit and receive a reasonable share of the patronage of the public
April 12 1860 PHILIP KEPHART

CLOCK, WATCH, JEWELRY
AND FANCY STORE
NO 4 Brokerhoff's Row, on Allegheny street where he has just received from the eastern cities, and is now offering for sale a well selected and beautiful assortment of
CLOCKS WATCHES, AND JEWELRY,
And an excellent assortment of *FANCY ARTICLES* of all kinds and qualities, *SILVERWARE*, &c
Notwithstanding the "panic" his stock is fully as large and complete as ever and as his goods are selected with great care from the manufacturers of the eastern cities of the latest styles, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all
His stock consists of fine Gold and Silver open face and hunter case full jeweled English patent and detached Lever Watches also Lepines and Quartiers Jewelry of every style which can be found in a good Jewelry Store and Fancy articles of every description He has also *SPECTACLES* 600 assortment always on hand to suit all ages Also Pocket Books Pocket Knives, Pistols &c
☞ Particular attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches and Jewelry at short notice
WM J STEIN
Bellefonte April 7-'59 1y

JOHN MORAN,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
Having purchased the Stock of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry lately owned by Bible & Moran, and having made large additions to the same, respectfully invites the attention of the public to his stock consisting now in part of Gold and Silver Watches Gold Guard and Fob Chains, Gold & silver Spectacles Bracelets Gents Gold studs Watch Keys Card Cases Silver Pencils Finger Rings Ear Rings Breast Pins Gold Pencils and Pens Goggles Steel Bags Silver Plated Ware &c Also Eight day and thirty hour Clocks, at the very lowest prices John Moran offers these goods to the public convinced that they will meet with satisfaction He is determined not to be undersold by any house in the trade, and does not intend to keep an inferior article or offer for sale anything in his line but what he can warrant Considerable experience in business and a desire to please the public will give him an advantage which he intends to use to the utmost
He particularly invites the attention of the ladies to his stock of Gold Rings and Bracelets which are of the latest styles And he also invites the gentlemen to examine a very fine lot of Watches now offered for sale
☞ Repairing and cleaning promptly attended to
Bellefonte Jan 5 1860—tf

CONRAD HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
J. H. BUTTS
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 and manner commensurate with the progressive spirit of the times
He is in possession of all the modern improvements and conveniences, as to sleeping apartments and has supplied his larder with the choicest the markets afford, and his Bar with the purest Wines
With the most extensive stabling accommodations and attentive and skilful ostlers together with assiduous attention to business he feels justified in soliciting a share of patronage and the support his friends
Bellefonte Oct 8-'57-42-tf

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

LIME! LIME!! LIME!!!
The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a Lime Kiln near the Borough of Bellefonte, where he is making Lime of a superior quality—which is acknowledged to be as white and pure as the Vermont lime All he asks is to give it a trial, and he is satisfied the purchaser will come back again
Apl 12-'60-tf. LEON MACKALL.

Miscellaneous,

He is so Amiable.

A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was wedded to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and a stupid physiognomy. A kind friend said to her one day—"My dear Julia, how came you to marry that man?"

"The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess is not graceful in his appearance nor attractive in his conversation But he is amiable! And *goodness*, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and it is certainly more durable We often see objects, which appear repulsive at first but if we see them every day, we become accustomed to them, and at length not only, view them without aversion but with feelings of attachment.—The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual, but it remains for ever Listen and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband

"I was quite young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance and my companions used often to ridicule him and I confess I was frequently tempted to join them but was restrained by my mother who used to say to me in a low voice "He is *so* amiable" And then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging, and when ever our villagers assembled together at our fetes and dances he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was profuse in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected—Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself "He is *so* amiable!"

"One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me that the young man who is now my husband had made application for my hand I was not surprised at this for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection I was now placed in a dilemma and hardly knew how to act When I recollected his ill favored looks and his awkwardness, I was on the point of [illegible] which is strong for me that I even then felt interested in him; but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, "He is so amiable!"

"He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles My other admirers one by one left me, but I did not regret their absence I repeated the expression "He is so amiable," so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning, as "He is so handsome" I loved him, and took him as my husband

"Since then, I have not only been resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him, "He is so amiable,'"

There is something extremely touching in this love which beauty entertains for goodness and there is no longer a doubt that some women love from a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. Such an affection will know no change It has a firm basis, and will endure through life

A Joke of the Oil Regions.

The following story is current in Titusville: In a neighborhood on the creek lived and labored a son of Vulcan, who, with his limited means had barely enough to secure a small piece of land and to obtain a scanty living for his rising family The ideas of his children had been taught to shoot but little in any direction towards knowledge or refinement, and he little expected to be more than the village blacksmith But when the oil fever broke out, learning of the success of his neighbors in finding oil, he thought that he might while away his spare hours in drilling a hole upon his homestead lot: and having tools convenient, he went to work, and after a few weeks of patient industry, was successful in obtaining a good show of oil

It was soon noised about the village, and the blacksmith was somebody at once He had a daughter also, who had blossomed into maidenhood almost unnoticed and unknown but who now became more an object of interest to the few young men in that small community. It at once become a question how to break the ice of former indifference, and to secure a favorable acquaintance with the heiress of the oil well. For a while the natural timidity of the boys kept them aloof; but at last one of the boldest and best favored among them determined to try his luck, and on Sunday evening attired in his best, resolutely marched forward and offered to escort the maiden home. Imagine his chagrin when she, turning upon him a look of lofty independence that would have done honor to a Broadway belle, replied in language more severe than chaste: "Nonsense! you can't come that! Dad has struck ile!"—*Buffalo Courier.*

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

Visit to the Tomb of Daniel Webster.

HIS CONFESSION OF FAITH.

A correspondent of an Eastern journal writes from Marshfield, in a late letter:

For some fourteen years I have been accustomed to spend a portion of each summer by the sea side at Marshfield Here I learned more fully to love and honor the great Webster, as I think all right minded men would have done, if they had known him as well. For the past week I have been looking upon the Webster mansion and farm and revisiting those scenes by land and water that were so dear to the great statesman.

It is now nearly eight years since the greatest statesman then living saw the last of earth. He fell asleep, at his residence here on the Sabbath morning October 24 1852 Between the hours of two and three o'clock: and as the tidings spread through the land the heart of the nation was as deeply moved as it ever has been since the death of the Father of his country Even on that day the event was noticed in every pulpit which had a knowledge of it: and on several of the following days various cities and towns legislative judicial, literary and other bodies, publicly recognized the mournful dispensation

The funeral of Mr Webster was attended at his residence, in this town, on the following Friday, the 29th of October, and doubtless by a larger number of persons than were ever in Marshfield at one time before—larger than ever attended the funeral of any man who had previously died in New England. It was one of the most beautiful days ever witnessed in October: and none who were privileged to be here will ever forget the day or the occasion,

A little after mid-day, the body of Webster was committed to his new tomb, that he had prepared for himself and family, in the oldest burying ground in this town, and that began to be peopled very soon after the Pilgrims of the Mayflower stepped upon the rock at Plymouth The graveyard containing the tomb is not over a fourth of a mile from his former residence, and bordering upon the northwestern portion of his farm It only contains a single acre of land: and in the midst of it stood formerly the first church of the town for several months [illegible] first wife, to his several children that passed before him to the [illegible] to him self

A fortnight before his death, Mr Webster dictated the following inscription, which may now be read on his monument.

"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief"

Philosophical
Argument especially
that drawn from the vastness of
the Universe in comparison with the
apparent insignificance of this globe has
sometimes shaken my reason for the faith
which is in me; but my heart has always assured and re assured me that the gospel of
Jesus Christ must be a Divine Reality
The Sermon on the Mount can not be a
merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my
conscience The whole history
of man proves it
DANIEL WEBSTER

The above was in brief, Mr Webster's confession of faith, or *testimony in favor of* Christianity

Terrible Railroad Accident.

The Tyrone *Star* of the 3d inst gives the following particulars of the terrible Railroad accident at Huntingdon on Thursday of last week, which we briefly noticed at the time:

Owing to the Military Encampment and County Fair, which were at that time taking place, the town was full of strangers, and an immense crowd was collected at the depot, attracted in part by the novelty of a Wide-Awake procession which was marching along the railroad street with a band of music As the fast line from the east came in, the procession was passing along on the side walk, and forced the great crowd of people upon the railroad track The band of music prevented the whistling of the engine from being heard, and the attention of the people was attracted by the torches and transparencies. Most unfortunately, the patent brakes, which are now used upon most of the passenger trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad, became deranged by the breaking of a chain, and the engineer losing, in consequence, all control of his train, it ran past the usual stopping place more than the length of itself, right into the dense crowd of people which had been forced upon the track by the procession, killing one man instantly, mortally wounding two others, and severely injuring a boy. The names of the injured are as follows: Peter McCarty, of Alexandria, killed instantly. He was completely cut to pieces and his remains were scattered along the track for a considerable distance Patrick Kane, of Petersburg, died in a few hours after the accident. The third person is from Shaver's Creek, and is, we understand, still living, but with little if any hopes of his recovery. His name we could not learn. The boy lives below Huntingdon, and walked home after the accident.

"Col. W. is a fine looking man, isn't he?" said an old friend of ours the other day.

"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."

"You! why you are as ugly as sin."

"I don't care for that; I indorsed his note and I was taken for him by the sheriff."

The Dungeons of Naples.

NAPLES, Sept 11.—One of our greatest objects of interest is now the easily won Castle St. Elmo. The whole population of Naples, male and female seem bent on performing a pilgrimage to that shrine of their patriot martyrs, yesterday I went up myself with a party of friends. We first walked through St. Martin's marble church and monastery where our Garibaldian red shirts, I dare say boded little good to the white colored monks, who stood at us as we passed, tall stately and motionless so that we at first mistook them for statues,—good Carthusian monks doing penance in a mar ble paradise, bound by a vow to a perpetual silence and effecting an easy unconcerned air though in their heart of hearts probably trembling not a little for the visible and invisable treasurs of which their sanctuary has been time out of mind the repository.

From the marble cells of the monks to the iron dungeons of the victims of Castle St. Elmo the transition is but short but the contrast is appalling The stone steps wound down six floors and at every floor room was made for about half a score of victims. Some of the miserable cells had windows; but as the view from the hill over the loveliest panorama of land and sea would have been too great a solace to the lonely captive, the window was latticed over by thick wood en bars not intended to prevent escape,—for from that height only a bird could attempt it—but simply to rob the poor recluse of the distant view of his familiar scenes—In the lowest floor there are no window to the dungeons—only a little wicket in the door opening outwardly for the gaoler to communicate with the prisoner if he has a mind That wicket would be opened one morning in the morning to let in a little bread and water then the wicket would fall to, and for twenty four hours all would be darkness inside

I do not like to witness horrors much less to dwell upon them, else I could tell you of the loop holes we were shown,—through which the sentries could shoot the prisoners in their cells and their beds I could repeat the instances of wholesale executions of Swiss and Sicilian mutineers of which St. Elmo has been the theatre [illegible] who were but yesterday in the King's pay are eager to promulgate abroad the infamy of his doings; and I have no doubt St Elmo will soon become the subject of books and phamphlets yielding but little in interest to the stories of La Bastile, of which it will soon share the fate

Yes the good people of Naples are bent upon demolishing St Elmo and are only awaiting the Dictator's bidding to lay hand to the work.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The steamship Orizaba, Capt Place, which arrived last evening from Galveston, brings to us intelligence of a dreadful disaster. The steamer Bayou City, Capt Forrest, one of the regular packets which ply between Galveston and Houston, exploded her boilers on Thursday evening last, when near Lynchburg, Texas, causing a fearful loss of life, though how great was not known.

The Galveston *News* furnishes to us the following particulars of this fearful disaster, brought down by the steamers Mary Hill and Neptune, both of which were instrumental in relieving the sufferers

On the upper deck of the Hill sat a quiet-looking gentleman, Mr Galloway, of Georgia, with his foot bandaged up in white linen. He seemed to take it calmly and philosophically His friends presently removed him to more comfortable quarters

In the upper cabin was the body of Mr John Coolidge, a fine young man, second clerk of the boat, who, when the explosion took place, was in the office making out bills of lading and other papers, preparatory to the landing of freight at Lynchburg He was badly scalded, and died just as the Mary Hill reached the wharf

In one of the berths near him was a colored man named Milton, belonging to Mr. W. R Baker His face was much disfigured and swollen, and his hands severely hurt, but he conversed with much intelligence and clearness, and took matters very coolly He was one of the eight cabin boys, and was on duty at the time of the accident, the other seven being in bed in Texas. On the lower deck of the Mary Hill were three bodies, Mr Westrope's included, and a number of the wounded, who were all taken to the hospital or their several homes as rapidly as possible.

The Galveston *Civilian*, of the 29th, says:

Capt J. E. Haviland, one of the U. S. inspectors of steamers has revisited the steamer Bayou City, for the purpose of investigating the cause of the explosion of the boilers. He found an incrustation of salt, nearly a fourth of an inch thick, on the under interior surface of the boilers, and has no doubt the explosion was produced by it. The fracture occurred in the under side, putting out the fires, and the damage to the upper portion of the boat, and passengers in it, was produced by the reaction of the steam.—Capt. H. has not yet prepared a report of the case, but will do so in a day or two. The boilers had been cleaned out at the usual time, but had been kept heated during the day, as it was neccessary to move the boat from place to place in taking in freight here.

Narrow Escape of the American Vice Consul at Damascus.

Among the narratives I have collected, I select one which will throw light upon the conduct of a Turkish police officer recently executed, On the morning of the insurrection, Monday, July 9 the city of Damascus was perfectly quiet, and the Emir Abd el-Kader set out for a neighboring village, El Iachrafih where he has some property. At about half past two in the afternoon the rising took place, in consequence of the authorities having arrested the individuals who had grossly insulted Christians. At that time Dr Michael Meconaker American Vice Consul, was in his house alone having sent his cavass and servants to the Serai on business. Shortly after the cavass arrived just as the rebels were approaching the house, and he, the Doctor, sent, not being able to go out alone, to the Emir to beg of him to send some of his Algerian followers to protect him When the cavass got there he found the Emir had only just returned to find no more than six of his followers at home, of whom he immediately dispatched four, who were, however, unarmed.

From this circumstance, the Algerians were unable to make their way to Dr Meconaker's residence his cavass alone having the courage to go thither On his arrival the doors were instantly closed, when some armed Damascus Moslems came up and began to break open the doors with axes.—Scarcely knowing what to do, the Doctor put a little money in his pocket just as the door was broke open A number of men chiefly Bashi Bazouks, rushed into the court yard and fired several shots, while the Doctor managed to escape with his two young children and cavass, by another private door The rebels began forthwith to plunder the house. The Doctor thought to conceal himself in the house of some of his neighbors, but not one of them would receive him, and he set out for the abode of the Emir On his way thither he was met by a party of rebels who fired upon him, to whom he threw handsful of money to divert their attention from his person, while he turned aside into the street leading to Bab Tuma [illegible] he was met by another party of rebels, who fired upon him, and to whom as before he threw money, and took a third road

While proceeding on his way he suddenly came upon a party of Moslems, among whom were several of his acquaintance Since then their names have been given to the government and six of them arrested Some of them fired upon the Doctor and his party; others attacked them with swords axes, and clubs The doctor's two children were behind him, and they cried, amid their tears to their assailants, "Slay us, but let our father remain alive for without him we cannot live" upon which one of the monsters lifted up his sword and cut the little girl in two—The doctor resorted to his former stratagem and threw down money, by which means he then escaped without injury although he was twice fired at from a distance of about three yards off But subsequently he was wounded by a hatchet on the head by a club over the eye by a sabre on the right side and on his right arm in consequence of which he is still prevented from holding a pen Upon the left hand he was struck by a club and was bruised all over the body.

A Journey Under Paris.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to the depth of about forty five feet The boat, a flat bottomed affair was lighted by four lamp The sewers are archway fifteen feet high and of equal breadth with a ditch or canal about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away On the sides are sidewalks which together, are about four feet wide The whole is built of white sandstone and is kept remarkably neat and clean No stench or bad smell was perceptible The denser portion of the filth is carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent and exhibit no signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway are kept white washed and are at all times as white as the driven snow.

The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of two miles from each other The echo is very lasting and strong. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome aided by all the latest improvements. On both sides, at about two hundred yards' distance from one another, are openings through which workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron ladders, in case a sudden rainstorm should cause the water to rise over the sidewalks, which is, however, of rare occurrence.

The contents of the sewer flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boats used along with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time, in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a little while. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal, there are many minor ones constructed under the the principle streets, all of which can be made to communicate with one another.—These admirable underground works are accessable from the Louvre, the Tuileries, and from all the barracks, and should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city the Imperial Government might, at short notice and without any person being aware of it, transport troops and if there is time to make use of the reservoirs, so can cavalry be transported in the same way There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only be remembered among the things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine, without attracting attention and thence sent off by railway, which is near at hand The splendid system of sewering was one of the pet schemes of the first Napoleon.

The News From Europe.

A great if not a general European war seems to be imminent and scarcely avoidable. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is completely in the hands of Garibaldi and the Sardinians, and the States of the Church are fast following in the footsteps of their Southern neighbor. The City of Rome and two or three outposts are still held for the Pope by a French army; but the Papal host, under Lamoriciere, has been utterly routed, and is no longer available for any military purpose. The flight of the Pope to Spain or Austria is believed to be close at hand, upon which it is supposed that the French will quietly abandon the Eternal City itself to the victorious army, which will then be master of all Italy, but the north-eastern corner, strongly held by Austria, studded with fortresses and bristling with bayonets. Against this iron wall, it may fairly be presumed that Victor Emanual and Cavour will hesitate to precipitate their legions, but can Garibaldi and his fleshed companions be likewise restrained by the dictates of prudence? Having liberated Southern Italy by what every one would have branded as sheer madness had [illegible] difficulties and calculate chances? When the thousands so nobly yet so rashly responded to the appeal of Sicily are swelled to one hundred thousand, are they likely to turn a deaf ear to the frantic cries of Venetia? We believe they will rush straightway upon her oppressors—that Austria will thereupon declare war against Sardinia—that the fleet of Young Italy will forthwith transport a revolutionary expedition to the coast of Dalmatia, and that Kossuth will once more arouse Hungary to a struggle for liberty and nationality. Then if the Czar should once more cast the heavy sword of Russia into the Austrian scale, Louis Napoleon will be compelled to march to the defense of Italy, and thus the flames of war will sweep from Etna to the Caucasus

Such is the prospect opened by the thrilling events which successive arrivals have disclosed so rapidly that they seemed rather like the incidents of some extravagant romance than like those of sober history. The Italy of a few years since was but (as Metternich said) "a geographical expression," the Italy of to-day is a nation of Twenty Millions, who ask only of the rest of mankind to be allowed to incorporate with themselves the Five Millions still held in chains by Austria, while frantically desirous of becoming an integral part of the Italian nation. The Austrians and the Czar may have power to defeat their ardent wishes, but not without a fearful effusion of blood Manifestly the events of 1861 will be more momentous than those of 1859 or of 1860. The elder Napoleon's prediction that "Within half a century, Europe will have become Republican or Cossack," extravagant though it was, seems again in a fair way towards realization. Should Louis Napoleon permit the Austrians to re-establish the absolute sway of the Pope and the King of Naples over the fairer half of Italy, his prestige is gone forever, and his throne will crumble at the first breath of popular discontent. But he cannot be so short sighted as to permit this.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Soul Engravings.

Everybody is an artist. We have not the gifted hand and genius hand which can make the cold marble seem almost to breathe with life. We are "Soul Engravers." And the chisel of the artist wears not more effectively upon the marble block than the little chisel of our influence upon the souls which surround us. How careful the artist is that each touch shall perfect and not deface his work! Shall we not desire the impression of our chisel to be for "good and not for evil?" When the labor of the sculptor is rewarded, his beautiful statue is placed in the great "Temple of Arts;" here an admiring world gazes upon it, until the destroying hand of time crumbles it to dust. But the souls which our chisels are helping to mould, have a higher destiny to fulfil.—Their life is immortal, and is given them to prepare to dwell in mansions "eternal in the Heavens."

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization.