Democratic Watchman.

J. S. BARNHART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. | BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1861. | TERMS: $1.50 IN ADVANCE. VOLUME 6—NUMBER 13

Terms of Publication.

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

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

JOB PRINTING

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

Business Directory.

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

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

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

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

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

EVAN M. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Office formally occupied by the Hon James Burnside

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

ANDREW KIDD WILLIAM P. WILSON
LINN & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Office on Allegheny street in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co

AMBROTYPES,
PHOTOGRAPHS & DAGUERREOTYPES
Taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. BY J. S. BARNHART
In his splendid Rooms in the Arcade Building Bellefonte, Penna

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

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

DAVID C. MITCHELL ROBERT ALEXANDER
MITCHELL & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Office in Reynolds Arcade on the 1st floor.
Hon C. Mitchell has associated C. T. Alexander with him in the practice of Law, and they will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in Centre, Mifflin Clinton and Clearfield counties

J. D. WINGATE,
RESIDENT DENTIST
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
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 the month when he will be away attending professional duties

BANKING HOUSE,
OF
WM. F. REYNOLDS & CO.
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
Bills of exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest paid on special deposits. Exchange on the eastern cities constantly on hand for sale. Deposits received

H. D. HUMES H. N. M'ALLISTER J. T. HALE A. G. CURTIN
DEPOSIT BANK,
OF
HUMES, M'ALLISTER, HALE & CO.
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
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
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business intrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. Particular attention given to Collections, and all monies promptly remitted. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language
Office on High st., formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and Dr. Boal, Esq

A. H. HALE ADAM HOY
HALE & HOY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon Jas T Hale

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

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

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
608 & 608 Market Street, above sixth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA
G. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.
TERMS—$1 25 PER DAY

J. & W. P. MACMANUS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
James Macmanus has associated with Wm. P. Macmanus, Esq., in the practice of Law. Professional business intrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. They will attend the several Courts in the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield
Office on Allegheny street in the building formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson

The Law of Newspapers.

1 Subscribers who do not give express notice to the *cotrary*, are considered as wishing to continue the subscription

2 If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, *the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid*

3 If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered them *to be* discontinued

4 If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to their former direction, they are held responsible.

5 The courts have decided that refusing to take papers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud

A Short Sketch.

MARY ELLERTON;
OR
CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP

BY GULA MEREDITH

"They say he is perfectly invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid, do they?" questioned Mary Ellerton of her friend, Anne Milnor, as they were promenading Chestnut street, one fine afternoon last autumn.

"Yes, indeed? Mrs. Mercer told me that he has been jilted by a lady whom he deeply loved, and ever since then he has shunned female society. Of course he appears in society; but you know how very distant and cold he is to ladies."

"The latter part of your assertion is true; but I must say, I doubt what Mrs. Mercer says about his being jilted. He is much too desirable, in every respect, for any woman to trifle with him—much less refuse him."

"Why, Mary! I believe you're in love with him," said Anne, with an astonished look in her friend's face.

"No, I am not!" answered Mary, with a slight color spreading over her pretty face. "If he were not so very different from all the men I know, I would try to get up a flirtation with him, just to see if he is as marble hearted as report makes him."

"You needn't try, Mary; you're very skillful, I admit, in the art of coquetry, yet Mr Harry Grover is beyond your reach."

Mary's eyes flashed, and her color deepened. This was an implied suspicion of her powers of attraction. Why was Mr. Harry Grover, indeed, to remain insensible to her fascinations, if she chose to exert them? She turned to her companion.

"Anne, in one month's time, I'll bring him to my feet, marble hearted and woman hater as he is. this very Harry Grover!" and—

"Ho! ho!" interrupted Anne, for at that very interesting moment, Mr Harry Grover, marble heart and all passed them, never evincing the slightest sign of recognition; but a quiet smile played around his handsome mouth, which had the young ladies seen it, would have caused one of them at least, to feel somewhat embarrassed.

"Do you think he heard you?" asked Anne after he passed.

"No!" asserted Mary, confidently. "Just before I spoke I turned to look in that window, and there was no one near us then."

The girls continued up Chestnut street a few squares; and then separating at the corner of one of the intersecting streets, each continued on her way home, one wondering if her friend were really in earnest, and the other busily weaving a plot in her pretty little head, to conquer, subjugate, and bring to peaceful submission a man whose greatest crime was in refusing to bow to the caprices of the little tyrant.

Mary Ellerton was a spoiled beauty, and, I am sorry to say, a consummate coquette, and I do not intend to make any apology for her, on that score, because she does not need any. She was a good girl, and beloved by all her friends. Even her disappointed suitors liked her; for although she did flirt desperately sometimes, she had never set herself out deliberately to gain a man's affection, and then laugh at him, and hold him up to ridicule.

I must acknowledge, however, that this last enterprise, in which she is about to engage, is not altogether right; but then, if his heart is made of marble, it will not hurt him, so we will be quiet and watch the state of affairs, and "we shall see what we shall see."

And now we change the scene.

A brilliantly lighted room, filled with gayly dressed ladies and their attendant gentlemen, proclaims that Mrs. Mercer receives her friends to night. Enamored couples promenade the spacious rooms, or tread the mazes of the dance, reveling in the delights of the hour. Light, music, youth, beauty, make the intoxicating mixture, which the votaries of pleasure sip with eager lips.—There is no such thing as sorrow here. Her dark presence would not be tolerated for a moment. Who knows that that beautiful woman, with smiling lip and brow, bears in her bosom a "heart bowed down with a weight of woe?" Who knows that yonder calm, self possessed, and agreeable man is on the very brink of ruin? Ah! we might go from heart to heart in this gay and brilliant assemblage, and with but very few exceptions, find the touch of sorrow or of guilt on all of them. But away with such gloomy thoughts! "Let joy be unconfined."

Miss Mary Ellerton is present, looking more charming than ever; and beside her, with an air of devoted attention most edifying to the numerous circle whom Anne Milnor has initiated in the secret, stands Mr. Harry Grover.

He certainly is very devoted, and Mary cannot refrain from casting glances of triumph over at her friend, every now and then. All her other admirers have retired from the field discomfited and chagrined—comforting themselves with the reflection that it will not be long before Harry Grover will also be the victim of her coquetry. It is undeniably true that "misery loves company;" and it is also equally true, that men are like the dog in the manger—if they cannot possess a certain object, they do not want any one else to.

Well, affairs seemed to progress rapidly toward the desired consummation between Mary Ellerton and the "victim." At parties, balls, the opera, at church—wherever, in fact, Miss Mary appeared, there also was her devoted admirer, Harry Grover.

Just one month has now passed since Mary made her boast of bringing him to her feet, and all her friends, with Anne at their head, are on the the tiptoe of expectation for Harry's dismissal. Mary, however, appears to be in no hurry to lose her attentive admirer. "What is she going to do?" asked every body. They do not for a moment take into consideration the important fact, that young ladies have hearts, and susceptible ones, too, sometimes. Although I have heard it said, that a woman never knows she has a heart until she has irrevocably lost it. Perhaps that is the case with Mary. We will pay her a visit, and try and find out something for ourselves.

In a small, prettily furnished room, sits Mary Ellerton. It is twilight; and as she sits by the window, the first mild star of evening shines out in the heavens. It is a holy and tender hour, and her heart feels its influence. She sighs, and leaving the window, turns and paces the room with uneven steps. Presently she returns to the window, and, looking up to the bending arch of blue, again sighs heavily. "Ah! now she speaks.

"What is to be the end of all this? Ah! how very, very foolish I have been! And I can blame no one but myself for all this sorrow and anguish, for, disguise it as I may to others, I cannot conceal it from myself that I love Harry Grover deeply, truly. How little do people know of the true state of affairs! They think he is my dupe, my victim! They think I could at any moment dismiss him with scorn and contempt. And how vain and trifling he must think me! I know he despises me: for attentive and devoted as he is in public, in private he treats me with the most studied coldness and politeness. Whilst I—oh, how I love him and yet!"

"Miss Mary," said a servant, opening the door, "Mr Grover is in the parlor."

"Very well," I will be down in a few moments, said Mary, composing her voice as well as she could, for her heart beat tumultuously at the mention of that name.

When she entered the parlor, she was as smiling and self possessed as usual, though her eyes sunk beneath his; for there was an expression there she could not meet.

His manner was unusually cold and formal.

"I have called," he said, "to bid you good bye, Miss Ellerton. In a few days, I am going to leave this city, and very probably will never see you again."

Mary turned pale, and with a great effort managed to say:

"Is not this very unexpected?"

"It is," he replied, "but circumstances make it necessary for me to do so. Before I go, I wish to say a few words to you, Miss Ellerton. During the past month, I suppose you have been congratulating yourself on the new victim that you have entangled by your machinations; but allow me to tell you that I am very glad that my marble heart has saved me from the snares of a flirt; for you have not yet 'brought Harry Grover to your feet.'"

While speaking these cutting words, he had risen to his feet, and he now advanced to the door. He seemed to be striving against some strong feeling, for his features worked, and his face was deathly pale. Mary, too, had risen, and stood there, crushed, overwhelmed with despair. To be thus scorned, despised, by the man she so widly loved.—Oh! it was terrible. His hand was on the knob of the door. A moment more, and he would be gone, forever perhaps. Her pride was gone. She only saw the man she loved about to leave her forever. She felt she had done wrong. She would tell him how bitterly she was punished, and then die. She spoke:

"Listen to me a moment," she said, in a strange, hollow voice, that made him look wonderingly at her. "It is true what you say. I did make that boast in a hasty moment. But God knows I am amply rewarded for my folly. It was begun in jest, but it has ended in earnest for me, for I love you O, Harry, I love you. You will at least pity and forgive me?" At these words, her voice faltered, her white face grew paler still, and she would have fallen, had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms. A strange light filled his eyes, and he pressed her inanimate form passionately to his breast. He did more. He kissed her lips again and again, calling her all the fond names he could think of. She opened her eyes but was not yet fully conscious.

"He has gone! he has left me to die!" she murmured.

"No, my darling, I will never—never leave you. I love you, oh! so much. I thought you were trifling with me, and was determined to give you a lesson. I did not think I would fall in love with you, being 'forwarned,' and still less did I think you would really love me. I thought you were a heartless coquette, and when I found I was becoming attached to you, I determined to leave this place, for I would not stay to be the dupe of any woman. There, darling, do not weep, I do not mean to reproach you, for all is now well between us, and Mary Ellerton's flirting days are over. Are they not?"

Mary raised her head from where it had been nestling on his shoulder, and looked in his face. I suppose in that look he saw "confirmation strong" of future good behaviour, for he kissed her again, and altogether behaved very extravagantly for a man with a "marble heart."

And this is all I'm going to tell about them, for I think when affairs come to such an "impending crisis," it is time for me to make my exit.

Miscellaneous.

The Force of Habit;
OR
LOCAL ITEMS IN THE COUNTRY.

If a true lover of Nature can see
——'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,'

So, from force of habit, can the quick eye of a local reporter—wherever he may be placed, *in town or country*, detect something worthy of "an item," and upon which his ever ready, ever adroit pencil can dilate, to the fullness of an interesting paragraph at least. For has he not, numberless times, when there seemed a pause in the march of great events, made an otherwise stagnant paper pregnant with readable matter, furnished by objects which the mass would have regarded as barren of interest, till his illuminating power surrounded it with attractions? It is the soul of his peculiar sphere to be able to make the dull delightful; and he comes admirably to the rescue when journalism turns pale at the dearth of important news.

John Stylus, a veteran reporter of local news, when he retired to his little homestead, in an obscure village, one summer, felt the time wear heavily with him, as he had nothing to do there in a professional way. He longed for local items to report; and finally he sat down at his front window, which commanded a view of the whole dozen houses of the village, determined to take notes as was his custom, however insignificant the incidents might be. He would have found his matters to report, if he had been shut up in a barn. He never intended his reports to be printed, but the following paragraphs were the result of one day's observations.

"Mrs. James' Cat.—I see Mrs. James' cat about to cross Mr Jenkins' field toward his corn barn. Is she in search of rats or birds? She is a black cat, plump, with a long tail, in full bloom. Was the cat a separate and distinct animal from the first? or is she a degenerate descendant of the lion—the largest of the cat kind? Or did the lion, tiger, and leopard, cet, spring from her?—The cat has the grace and treachery of the devil. When most in earnest, she creeps, like the serpent, the devil entered into; and her hair is phosphoric! She delights in darkness. Why should an animal which possesses such fiendish attributes be petted, or even tolerated in the civilized household? She proves herself the fiend she is, by her inveterate animosity to the dog, who possesses most of the highest attributes of human nature. I deny the justice of using the word *dog* as an opprobrious epithet; but confess that when the word *cat* is thus used, it is singularly felicitous. Mrs. James' cat is in danger. Mr. Jenkins' dog sees her. She curls her back. He seizes her. Mrs. James' cat is dead! She has given her last kick by the cow barn. The affair will, doubtless, create a sensation in Mrs. James' bosom, and perhaps it may lead to a rupture of the friendly relations between Mrs. James and Mr. Jenkins. Kill a widow's cat, and you touch her dearly. The dog is of no breed; but generally of very good breeding. But I cannot say the same of his master, else he would pay an old reporter like me the compliment of loaning me yesterday's daily paper.

"Hens Foraging — Trespasses.—Mr Hampor's hens, over the way, have stopped scratching in his yard. They are gathering together about the rooster. What's up? Their heads are. He crows. They are meditating a foray into Mrs. Peck's garden.—I know they are; for, see! chanticleer leads, and they follow—eleven in number, with a few chickens. What will Mrs. Peck say if she sees them? She is a high tempered woman, and, though she likes eggs, hates the hens that lay them. She was never known to have a hen. They have passed through the fence. Now they are among the flowers. There goes the twelfth hen, cackling as she goes. She must have laid an egg. Hen like is suggestive. A hen is like a reporter—she scratches for a living, and sometimes gets corned. What does she mean by standing on one leg when she is in doubt? A hen can look two ways at once—a great advantage, denied to human beings. She can likewise look with a 'single eye' to every business. Her looking two ways at once is doubtless intended as a compensation for having such a small head. She can always provide herself with an oiled umbrella. When it rains, unlike man, who might take a lesson from her, she observes a suitable posture, to let it run off, unless she runs off herself. Man should copy, and bend over in a shower. Mrs. Peck has killed one of the tresspassers! Mrs Peck has killed two more! O Mrs. Peck! Won't Mr. Hamper be in your hair? She has killed one black hen, one white, and one speckled. And now she is throwing the rake at the rooster!—Time and place—quarter past two, near the crooked apple tree.

"Apple Trees. Intoxication.—All apple trees are crooked. That's the rule.—The apple tree is crooked from 'stem to stern,' as the sailors say. Few of them seem to know how to stand strait; and it would puzzle anybody to find a strait limb among them. Every twig seems contrary. From my youth upward—or rather downward—I have often watched the apple tree with melancholy fondness—fondness for the fruit, and melancholy for the form. It is the ugliest looking tree in Adam's vineyard. My theory is, that this crookedness is a judgment upon the tree for bearing the apple which furnishes one of the means of intoxication—cider—stone fence! Hence, also, the drunken look of an apple orchard. The pear tree is strait enough, but then not much perry is made.

"Cows—Moral Obliquity.—Mrs. James, unconscious of the death of her cat, is milking her cow. She is a brindled cow—not Mrs James—and has knobs on her horns. What do they make the horns so knobby for? For ornament, to keep them from piercing you, or to prevent them from breaking the points off? Mrs James is a pretty woman, and a good milker. She has nearly filled her pail full; for I see the froth. Mrs James' little girl is watching the process with great interest. She is evidently thinking of her supper. Now she has got it.—The cow has whisked her tail into her eye. She bawls. Now Mrs James shrieks. The cow has given a good pail of milk, and then kicked it over! This animal has been called "the saint of the barnyard." If this is true, then the devil sometimes gets into the saints. Thus we often see a woman, who is a good wife a good housekeeper, a good everything else, get into one of her unaccountable tantrums, and upset all the good she has done.

"Clandestine Visit—Mysterious Burial.—There's Mrs. Bangs—a good looking woman, if she didn't turn her nose up so much—going over the pasture to see Mrs Small. What's that for? Wonder what's she's going to tell her? Must be something.—She has gone in. Now they both come out. How sly they look! Now they have gone behind the house. They have been there five minutes. Here they come, at last, with a hoe. Mrs Small has got something in her apron. They are digging a hole near the barn. Gracious Heaven! they are burying something secretly. Now they separate. Mrs Bangs is going home; and Mrs Small goes into the house, crying. Or, was it only her nose that she was wiping? What have they been doing, and burying? Stolen treasures? Perhaps so. If anything is lost 'the girl' will be blamed! It wouldn't be the first time, when landladies have stolen, and charged it to the hired girl they were jealous of, and wanted to turn away. Mrs. Small has a very pretty servant girl. She gave me a bunch of flowers no longer ago than the other day; and I gave her something—appears to me it was a kiss—in return!

"P. S.—Evening.—I have been over and dug up the place. It was nothing but a canary bird!

"Thunder Storm—Damages.—A thunder storm has just passed over this devoted village. It lasted twenty minutes. The lightning struck a rail-fence, and destroyed one of the rails. Damage, about a shilling. No insurance.

"Railroad Intelligence—Thoughts on the Future.—The cars on the Nannywonk road have just gone by. *Only* just gone by. I feel it my duty, as a professional grumbler against all railroads, to protest against the tardiness of the Nannywonk Railroad. The cars were five minutes behind time! Is this to be borne? Because we are only a village, are we to be insulted by a scornful locomotive and cars, that come by five minutes behind time? I suppose we are. But though my voice may not be heard, I shall have the satisfaction to know that I *protested* against the Nannywonk Railroad, in these my private reports. Five minutes! A great deal might be done in five minutes!—Somebody might give me fifty thousand dollars in less than half that time. How long shall the locomotive Juggernaut dictate?—Last week they killed an ox. Must life yield to machinery? But the future must answer.

"Probable Elopement—Probable Excitement.—I recollect seeing Mr. Sweetser going over to the depot across the meadow with Miss Brown, just before the cars left. What has he to do with Miss Brown at this time of day—and at his time of day? He is forty and she is only eighteen, as nigh as I can guess. Mr. Brown, her father, a very respectable gentleman, with no wife, comes out to this little collection of lonesome houses only once a week. He has been gone three days, and here Sweetser has gone off with his daughter. It looks very much like an elopement. If I was in the city I'd make a rich case of this. I should enlarge upon the duty of parents to keep a strict watch over their daughters till they had arrived at the goal of matrimony, no matter how old they were. There is no telling by the looks of a cat how far she will jump; and my experience as a reporter tells me, that as far as certainty goes, woman is a far more dubious creature than a cat. A cat won't scratch if you stroke her back the right way. But woman, often, the more she is caressed, the less she cares for the caresser. I am sorry to say such things about women, here in my private reports in this village, but it does seem to me now-a-days, as if the very deuce had got into the women, and the newspapers of the day confirm the judgment. The local items of the country are constantly showing how the women are eloping, galloping, walloping and trolloping; married or single, it don't make any difference, and no exception in favor of widows. But I can't waste any more time upon this subject, tho' I must say, that when Mr. Brown comes back, and finds that his daughter has eloped—as she probably has—with Sweetser, there will be a row in the village, a great excitement, and perhaps an indictment against the Nannywonk Railroad. I should like to see an excitement here, and am just the one to get it up. I long for a good local item.

"Flock of Birds—An Early Winter.—A flock of birds—I don't know what kind, not being much of an ornithologist, and not being able to tell a goose from a swan—has just passed over this village on a southward voyage through the azure fields of circumambient air. If I had been an ornithologist, I could not have told what they were without the aid of my reportorial specs, which I unfortunately left in my reportorial desk, and I suppose are cribbed by the devil by this time. But as the birds flew southward in summer time, I consider it an indication of an early, perhaps rigorous winter. I shall therefore get in my coal or wood as soon as I feel able to pay for it, and advise my fellow-villagers to mark the signs of the times and the heavens.

"Hog in Pound.—Mr. Henry's hog is in pound at last. I saw the field-driver steering him along by the tail. Well, that hog deserves it, and this is the most refreshing local item I have had to record for a long time. That hog—I have it from the owner himself—has been the most troublesome piece of pork in the village—as Lord Bacon, according to Pope, was the meanest. He has rooted up more flower gardens, mine included, than any other animal that wears bristles, and has got under more cart wheels and tripped up more horses, and made himself a general eye sore. But he bears it well without being killed. The question arises, if such pork is profitable? And again are hogs philosophers? They grunt a good deal and, like women, to me they are an enigma. They are very patient and obstinate. They stand the sty well, but they are hard to drive. What a power of voice they have! I should say that even a lion's couldn't be more than three-hog power. I have sometimes thought, when engaged in musical reflections, that in the golden era, when science shall have reached her heavenly zenith and all the brute creation shall come under the enlightening tuition of man, that as fleas are taught to jump by rule, and seals are learnt to shoulder guns, bears to dance, and canary-birds to march in uniform, the hog's great voice might be brought under musical subjection, and when well modulated, that he might speak by note, and produce a wonderful volume of not unpleasing sounds. But I shall not live to see that day.

"Old Game-Legged Horse.—There goes Old Limping Bob, as they call him, all skin and bone, sickness and weakness, turned out to die on the road-side, now that he is past the power to work—shuffling along, friendless and alone, and none to speak a kind word to him, or give him a shelter or a feed of oats. His day of rendering service is over, and who shall render a service to *him*? Yet he takes some comfort, nibbling as he hobbles; he hears the birds sing, snuffs the flowers, enjoys the shade, and drinks the sweet waters of the brooks; and may hay is not so miserable after all, as the poor reporter who pities him. For my part, I think there should be a public asylum instituted, as a last refuge on earth, for poor, game-legged old horses and broken down reporters. Then we could ride into the other world together, and proclaim the benefactions of mankind.

"Grand Bull Fight.—Talk of the Holiday Sports of Old Spain! Here is one of their chief features, right before me, in Jim Harrisor's pasture—or going to be—for here comes Mrs. Peck's white bull-dog, and I have noticed his savage looks lately, and something strikes me he is 'spiling' for a fight, as the saying is; and he has been staring at Harrison's bull for the last five minutes, and I think he will dare to tackle him. He enters the pasture; good! Go up, little bully, and pay your respects to the big bully. And, ha! he sees you and is coming to meet you half way. Just as I expected.—Here is entertainment, and only one spectator. Here is food for a thrilling local item. The dog barks. He is fearless. The bull makes no noise, but he is careless, and evidently thinks he shall soon make mince meat of his natural foe. Now, which will fare the worst? What a chance for betting men! Why should they instinctively hate each other? *Does the dog want beef?*—Does a bull know that dogs are *so fond of* that article of diet? It must be so. Stylus thou reasonest well. Or whence the ferocity with which the dog, failing in his nip at the bull's nose, whisks round and seizes him by the tail? There he has him. Hold hard! The bull bellows. He runs madly across the pasture. He kicks up. He falls and rolls over. Where's the dog? Is he smashed? No. There he is, up again, but no longer an *attache*. Now the bull rises and rushes at him. That charge was a grand one, and, oh! the dog is tossed on those inevitable horns. He falls. He struggles.—He is dead. Time—five minutes. How proudly now the lordly bull marches up the hill. I think I could hear him snort if I was near enough. But yet, proud bull, thy time shall come! Thou shalt be knocked in the head, thy hide trodden on, and thy flesh roasted, fried and stewed, and then devoured ignominiously. I wonder if eating the beef of the bull has a tendency to make folks toss their heads?"

And such were the fruits of Stylus's one day's local itemizing in the country.

Dry Nuts.

Why is a gun like a jack mule? Because it goes off after you have loaded it

When is a pugilist's eye like a cider keg? When it is bunged up

When does a bell know everything?—When it is tolled.

Why are our fingers particularly reliable in case of breakage? Because they are always on hand with nails

What town should tobacco chewers live in? Spithead

Why cannot high currents run away? Because they are tide waters

Who was the first woman mentioned in the Bible? Jenny, Sir

What National body is like 78? The Senate

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? At the point of the bayonet.

What indicates a house of mourning? The chimney's weep. (Chimney sweep.)

Why can no quadruped enter a garden? Because there can never be more than three feet in a *yard*.

What must always be calculated upon when we paint our houses? Have a brush with the painter.

Flag of Louisiana—Origin of the Pelican.—In the Louisiana Convention on the 4th inst., Mr Flegee offered a resolution that a committee of three be appointed to report upon the adoption of a flag for the State of Louisiana

Mr. Flegee stated that the Pelican flag at present in use to represent the State, and adopted by the Governor in 1818, had no legal or legislative sanction, and that, in fact, Louisiana never had a flag of her own. He had read the meaning of the symbol when adopted by the Governor who designed it, was this: That the mother pelican represented the maternal care and fostering aid of the United States Government, whilst the little pelicans represented the States.—It was true that Louisiana made the symbol good, by the ample manner in which she had always fed her young; but if it were true, as he had read, that the big pelican represented the United States Government, the sooner we abolish the pelican the better. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Lincoln Don't Like to Talk of His Flight from Harrisburg.—The Washington Star, of last evening, says

On Saturday afternoon the Oregon delegation waited upon President Lincoln for the purpose of paying him their respects.

A gentleman of the party remarked that Oregon was a large State, and would soon wield a powerful influence upon the affairs of Government.

"Oh yes," said Mr Lincoln, "its rather larger than Maryland and Rhode Island, which a man can hurry across in a few hours."

Some one remarked that they "had heard of a man who was not long in getting across one of those States."

Mr Lincoln, with a comical twist of his face, responded: "Gentlemen, if you please we won't say anything more on the subject"—and it was "dropped."

☞ In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey, and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head, without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed

"Struck away, white man—this nigger don't mind dem pebbles, no how! yah! yah!"

When you see a gentleman at midnight on the step in front of his house, combing his hair with the door scraper, you may judge he has been out to an evening party.

That was a wise nigger who, in speaking of the happiness of married folks, said:—"Dat ar' 'pends altogeder how dey enjoy themselves."

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—"Buy, buy."

Tom—"What ails your eye, Joe?"
Joe—"I told Smith he lied."

The easiest thing for a negro to do—Keep dark.