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Select Poetry.

From the Columbian Crisis.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

Trump! rattle! crash and rattle!
 Booming thunder! battle! battle!
 North and South and West and East
 Carve at Death's infernal feast!
 Powder! powder everywhere!
 Clouds of powder in the air!
 Dead and dying strewn the earth,
 Men of every land and birth—
 Father, brother, son and friend,
 In the ghastly conflict blend.
 Age and beauty, youth and mind,
 Crushed by war and left behind!
 Trump! rattle! crash and rattle!
 Boom like thunder! battle! battle!
 Battle backward night and main;
 Plumes all nodding in the smoke—
 Cannon carriage crushed and broken—
 Furious steeds and furious men
 Crush and wheel and crush again.
 Hoarse-voiced captives in "advance" cry,
 Rider wheel soldiers and die.
 Horses and men together bleed!
 Here another war-horse, free,
 Sinks, contumacious, how to flee—
 Flings thro' the air his mane,
 Plunging thro' the air his mane,
 Soldier, dying, prays to God,
 Wild steed tramples him in the sod.
 Nothing left but mangled remains.
 Last prayer scattered with his brains.
 Headless youth, with smoking gun,
 From the ranks attempts to run;
 Vile can soldier, riding on,
 Crushes down his only son—
 Father! father! shouts the child,
 But the father, battle wild,
 Hears no sound but rattle! rattle!
 Boom and thunder! battle! battle!
 Crushing, shocking, surging on,
 Victory is his only son—
 Crying, "Victory! I see him cry,
 See it glitter in his eye—
 See his gray hair, by the side,
 That kills his fellow with a crash—
 See it streaming as he flies
 On to victory—see him die—
 Thundering cannon kills his horse;
 He gets trampled in the course,
 Of the legion, late his foe—
 Struggles! struggles! dying! dead!
 Dead and trampled in the sod—
 By the tree, the rocks and bushes,
 Where the wounded lie, their yield—
 In the hollow—on the side-hill—
 In the church, shed and stable—
 In the dwellings, barns and granaries,
 Stretched on floors and boards and tables,
 Where the surgeon, faint and weak,
 Where the brothers, once fraternal,
 Write beneath the battle's heel;
 Or stiffen into statues,
 Bond of love forevermore,
 Signed and sealed in death eternal—
 Stamped in red—and all is o'er.
 While all the devils, in their revels,
 Laugh till Hell is a sea of fire,
 Laugh and shout—the joyous devil,
 "Hail Columbia!"

Thus, when freedom grapple freedom,
 In the glow of battle's heart,
 Death stalks quickly like a demon,
 Hunting of his prey the poor
 Down beside the bloody river,
 All along the mountain stream,
 Here they sleep and sleep forever,
 Far from home and all its dreams—
 Or they writhe in agonizing pain,
 Parched with thirst and stiff with gore,
 Hoping, waiting for tomorrow,
 On the right of a plantation shore—
 In the fogs and fogs and brush,
 In the night, hot and hot and hot,
 By the tree, the rocks and bushes,
 Where the wounded lie, their yield—
 In the hollow—on the side-hill—
 In the church, shed and stable—
 In the dwellings, barns and granaries,
 Stretched on floors and boards and tables,
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Miscellaneous.

Lost.

Mary Atwill was a young lady of an amiable disposition, but of little stability of mind. In many respects she was worthy of imitation and praise—not in all. She was so apt to recede from her engagements and therefore, too little reliable as a companion or friend. Now she was of this mind—now of that—to-day one thing, to-morrow another. At one time she would accede to this or that proposal, at another she would fly from it.

Such was the character of Mary Atwill, and yet she had many admirers. Sometimes they admired, indeed only to exonerate afterwards—but whilst she captivated with her charms she neglected her victims—she conquered to kill not to save the captive. Broken hearts were never a source of unhappiness to her, for she considered the loss of others rather their own loss than hers. They admired on their own responsibility, and were of course answerable for the consequences. She did indeed encourage the attention of her admirers, still it was not with a fixed design, or, if so, with one only for a transient period. She was willing to be engaged, with the tacit privilege however of annulling the engagement. She didn't think that matrimonial promises were binding, though she was willing that they should regard them in this light if they thought proper.

"But why," she said, "should one adhere to what he despises? why, if he has made a rash promise, break it. A lady, at least, should have the privilege of being free to act in these matters as inclination may prompt. A gentleman, too, should never marry if averse to the union." So Mary reasoned, whether rationally or not, her future shall decide.

But such were the principles of Mary's conduct in matrimonial anticipations, and these principles originated from her fickleness of mind. Had she duly reflected on her relation to others, the sensibilities of her admirers, the obligations which each individual of the same class in society sus-

tain to the other, and the advantages arising from a proper observance of the mutual claims which all persons have upon each other, she would unquestionably have rendered justice to all, and secured her own ultimate good, but she was too reckless to be under any very frigid moral restraints that is, to make reason and conscience the arbiters of her conduct. Of necessity, intention to another, one engagement to a succeeding one.

Still Mary Atwill had so many redeeming qualities that her want of stability was overlooked. She was lively and witty in conversation, polite and affable in her deportment, kind in her feelings, at least for the moment, and always ready to meet her friends and acquaintances with a smile. In her personal appearance, too, she was a charm—fascinating even the most phlegmatic. Not to know her was to love her, for at first sight, rather than after a more intimate acquaintance, the eye was greatly pleased. The stranger, even was taken with her beauty—such an image was she to fancy—such an idol to adore.

Accordingly, Mary never felt the want of admirers, she always had them at command. Still, on no one of them could she fix her eye, and retain it there. All pleased her more or less—none absolutely. To make a selection, therefore, was quite impossible for her; or if for time she made one, she could not adhere to it, even in her own mind. If this one urged his suit, she required delay; if that one, she did not like to commit herself to accept for a time—Many a hope, all were disappointed; and yet Mary was not a coquette; she did not encourage her suitors wantonly; she had no desire to disappoint them; her objections seemed to her to be real, and for the time insurmountable; she longed to marry, if she married at all, to please herself; if her admirers did not suit her on inspection, she set them aside. Perfection was her model fancy her guide!

For a few years she thus continued to encourage and to disappoint the expectations of her suitors.

At length, having become more mature in judgment, she concluded to listen with a willing ear to the solicitations of a young gentleman living in an adjoining village—This young man was highly esteemed by all that knew him. As to property, too, he was in comfortable circumstances, and could easily maintain a family and live in genteel style. No reasonable objection could be made against him as a proper candidate for matrimony. Many a young lady, indeed would have thought herself highly honored to have received his attentions.

In point of education, too, he was superior to many of his associates, having prosecuted his studies, in his youthful days, beyond his peers. Already had he taken a commanding position in the community in which he lived, and he bid fair to become a man of superior influence. In person he was likewise dignified and prepossessing.

With William Randall a young man possessed of so much to commend him to her favor, Mary, a short acquaintance, was decidedly pleased. True, indeed, she had one objection to him—he was a mechanic; but this circumstance she resolved to overlook. No one had ever pleased her so much and to every one there had always been something objectionable.

More accident, it is true, had caused him to become acquainted with Mary. Still these two persons seemed to have been designed for each other, so easily and so naturally did they take a fancy to the one to the other.

Some few months pass away, each congratulating the other on their happy anticipations, and each becoming more and still more interested in the other's future welfare.

The world around, it is true, always incredulous, and frequently a little too much so, had no great confidence in these workings for they had known Mary Atwill before, at least so they said. Of course they did not expect anything else than a rupture between these two devoted ones. Mary had not constancy of purpose enough to adhere to any engagement. She looks, too, they added, a little higher than a mechanic.

But William Randall had no fears; he was sure of the result. Mary had, it was true, disappointed others, him she would not, she could not.

Thus hope spreads her brightest bow before him, and he believed her promises—Among the special on this point, Mary had a particular friend who, to confirm her into resolution to adhere to William, thus addressed her.

"Mary do you think that you really love William Randall?"

"Most certainly I do," Mary replied.

"Your friends imagine otherwise."

"They do well, they are greatly mistaken."

"But he is a mechanic, Mary."

"I know that, but he has many redeeming qualities to make up for that evil."

"Do you think an evil?"

"Why, I think it is a misfortune at least."

"Now, Mary, what is mechanism? Is it the result of genius?"

"Certainly it is, and so I regard it."

"Well why should any one object to a mechanic?"

"Why, the world, you know, apt to look down upon mechanics, and to say of this or that one, 'he is a mechanic.'"

"But some of our greatest men were mechanics, Mary."

"That is true; but I do imagine that it would be my good fortune to marry a great man."

"You do not think that William Randall may one day become a great man?"

"No, indeed."

"And why not, Mary?"

"Oh! I couldn't expect any such good luck as that."

"Others have had such good luck, Mary, and why should not you have?"

"Others have had the good luck, too, to draw a prize in a lottery, but I never had."

"You have never tried the matrimonial lottery."

"No; but we judge of the future from the past, and as I never had any good luck in any one thing, so I expect none in any other."

"Mary, let me tell you that William Randall will one day be a great man!"

"Ah my dear friend you flatter me too much! He may be, but it will only be by a miracle."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because a mechanic has no one to elevate him in the world. An eagle needs wings to soar, and a man needs friends to rise."

"That is true but there is another way of rising."

"What is it?"

"By one's own genius: talent will carry one any where!"

"And do you think William Randall so talented?"

"Indeed I do and his future life will show it."

The friends parted, but Mary was still sorry that William was a mechanic. She would much have preferred that he were a merchant or a lawyer or even a gentleman at large. Still, as she was then engaged, and, as all the world said she wouldn't adhere to her engagement, she only resolved the more determinedly to do so.

Time passed away and the wedding day approached. William Randall was delighted that the world was this time to be disappointed in Mary, and that she was hereafter to be regarded as possessed of a fine female mind. She was now to re-establish her character for stability. He, too, was to enter upon a new scene of enjoyment.

Matrimony had been in his eye for years. All his plans had been rendered subservient to this one great end. He had accumulated some money—the cards of invitation had been scattered in his mode of living—he had concentrated all his thoughts and wishes on this one most desirable and most delightful result. The day had come in which he was to realize his most ardent expectations—The knot was not indeed yet tied, but what could intervene now at this late hour to prevent this last act in the scenery? Mary was still of the same mind—her wedding dress was made—the cards of invitation were sent out—the preacher had been notified, and things were ready. Only the appointed hour had not yet come—it was just at hand.

William now called for his Mary to enter the consecrated room. Alas! as she stepped in, to the adjoining room he overheard the words:

"Oh! I cannot marry a mechanic, indeed I cannot."

William cried out, "Mary," not another word was heard—silence reigned supreme. He repeated, "Mary" all was silent, still. He took his hat and retired.

The next day he received a note from Mary, that she desired a few more days for consideration. William consented to it, yet not without the utmost chagrin and disappointment. Nor did he escape the taunts and jeers of many a one who had before prophesied this result, nor worst of all, the pity of the kind-hearted and sympathetic.

The few days passed away, and with it Williams entire anticipations of nuptial bliss. He was like a dismantled vessel cast ashore and left to the mercy of the winds and the waves!

But Mary Atwill was not forgotten. He did, so far as he was able, eject her from his mind and his memory; but the world would at length be rewarded, in what they did not dare to conjecture; still such abuse of confidence, such trifling with one's affections—such blighting of his dearest hopes and anticipations, they did not believe would escape punishment.

After a time William Randall recovered to some extent from the shock, he entered again into the scenes of the world and became still more successful in his business, and in a short time quite a wealthy man—His early education, in connection with other favorable circumstances, rendered him the associate of the most elevated in society—He was at home anywhere. As a politician he became extremely popular and was soon sent to the State Legislature as a representative. This served only as an introduction to still higher offices. By regular graduations in political life, he was, after a few years, raised to the dignity of United States Senator. The mechanic was now a great man, and perhaps, if the circumstances would have admitted of it, Mary Atwill would have been extremely happy to have received the offer of his hand. But no, the scene was now entirely changed; she herself was no longer Mary Atwill. To her history, therefore, we must again revert.

Two or three years after her rejection of William Randall she was again solicited to enter into the Eden of matrimonial life. Her suitor was a young gentleman from the city of New York; he of course was no mechanic, his father was a millionaire—the son of a young gentleman at large. He drove a fast horse—he spent money as if directly from the mines! In his personal appearance was more than ordinary fascinating; at least, he was so in the eye of Mary Randall. Now, to be courted by such a distinguished young gentleman was a great honor; what prospects must await one who should be his bride—how happy—how highly favored of fortune should she be!

To a young lady in the country, so great a change was of course enough to concern a fickle mind. Mary now began to think, too, that her time had come to settle the matter; that dubiousness would incur an immense risk; to live a maiden lady was never her ambition, whatever else might have been. She therefore concluded this time to be true to her engagement. Samuel Hoppin, too, intended to be to his. The village was also agog at the new scene now enacting—Another grand event was about to transpire, and there was to be a face about it. Some, too, thought that Mary had been amazing wise in rejecting all her former suitors and taking up with this one, so grand, so rich, so handsome. Others were of a different opinion. "All is not gold that glitters," they said.

"There is some coin that is bogus!"

Things however moved forward—the wedding day was hastened—the young gentleman was urged to get back to the city, for his affairs required it (of course); he was a young man of business, and his business allowed no delay, even though a short time since he was a young man at large; his vacation had expired!

As Mary was reputed to be wealthy and as the transferring of property to his prospective owner would cause some little delay young Hoppin suggested that this business should be transacted prior to their marriage, that event being now no longer a contingency. To this she readily consented.

On looking into the state of her affairs, however, the young gentleman was informed of his great surprise, there was a mortgage on his estate that would swallow up the whole!

"What!" the fortune seeker cried—"a mortgage, a mortgage, faith! that gives a different hue to the scene!"

His countenance fell—his love died within him—his beautiful Mary lost all her charms—the flower faded away, no longer did it emit any fragrance.

And what was to be done! The wedding was hourly expected—the delay was occasioned only by the negligence of the preacher.

But! the telegraphic wires relieve our young hero. He receives a dispatch that his mother is dying, and that he must hasten home instantly, if he would see her alive.

As for Mary; her beau ideal flies—he must go—the flies! And who can pity her now? the neighbors? no! her friends? not one says she mechanic. Indeed her sympathy was that of only a friend that stooped closer than a brother. She pitied her much, but condemned her more—condemned her for losing the golden opportunity of marrying to her advantage—marrying the only one who could have rendered her happy through life, and perhaps prospectively so beyond the grave.

Of course young Hoppin was never heard of again. He was disappointed in his expectation of a fortune. He had heard that Mary Atwill was very rich—when he found that she was not, his love ceased, and he had no motive to return.

In the meantime Wm. Randall had become quite a distinguished man. His sphere in life consequently, was greatly enlarged, and included men of influence and talent. As a politician he was very popular, and rose from one office to another until he reached the United States Senate.

Nor did he remain unmarried—he sought a partner of intelligence and influence, and forgetting the history of his first love, and devoted his affections to the more recent object of his choice, and is now passing this life happily in her society; being favored with a lovely and interesting train of sons and daughters worthy of their parental name.

As to the unfortunate Mary, we have only to add that she afterwards married—if indeed that is marriage where the hand is given without the heart—and that she confesses with bitter tears of regret, that she lost the golden opportunity in the rejection of the only one that truly loved her, the fortunate mechanic.

And in conclusion, we hope the reader may not think it mal apropos that we express the wish that he may not lose his golden opportunity, and especially, that more important one which, if lost involves not only his happiness in the life to come.

"Kings play at war unfaithfully with republics; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves."

Generally the office seeker who gets nothing, gets what is good for him and exactly what he is good for.

GEN. FREMONT ON HIMSELF.—Fremont has been making an egotistical little speech at St. Louis, in which he compares himself to the builders of the walls of Troy; to the Trojan "whoso spear against the treacherous horse made the clang of arms resound; to Laocoon attacked by serpents, and to Anteus, who rose refreshed every time he touched the earth during his struggle with Hercules. These classic allusions are most unfortunately apropos of Fremont's fate. The work of the builders of Troy was all in vain and ended in ruins. The Trojan only invoked punishment upon himself by striking the Grecian horse. Laocoon was killed by the serpents. Hercules perceiving whence Anteus derived his strength held him aloft and strangled him to death. Fremont therefore is not successful in classical comparisons than in his military campaigns. In attempting to eulogize himself he metaphorically admits that he is a doomed general.

THE American Agriculturist takes up the cudgel in defense of the poor, despised but seldom kicked drunk, and gives him a good notice. Our contemporary says:

"All summer long he roams your pastures at night, picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose potato hills where many worms are at work. He is after grubs, not tubers. He takes possession of the apartment of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon your clover field or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of that unmitigated nuisance. With this white backed sentinel around you can grow clover in peace, and the young turnips will flourish. Your tubers will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden suds will be safe from other vermin. The most careless observation of his habits shows that he lives most exclusively upon insects. While you sleep he is busy doing your work, helping to destroy your enemies. In any fair account kept with him the balance must be struck in his favor."

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.—To make a nice jam—lay your head under a descending pile driver.

To see if a man is your friend—make love to his wife!

To get the frost out of your fingers—put them in hot water.

To see if a girl is amiable—tear her dress in a ball room.

To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on fire.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you!

To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies!

To keep poor relatives from troubling you—commit suicide.

To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain.

To do away with spectacles—patch your eyes out.

The National Tax law reaches about everything that one can eat, drink, wear or use. There is hardly an article of the simplest every day use but comes under its wide spreading provisions.

ADVANTAGES OF WOMEN.—A woman says what she chooses without being knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work!

She can go into the street without being asked to "stand treat" at every saloon.

She can pain her face if it be too pale and powder it if it be red.

She can stay at home in the time of war, and get married again if her husband be killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fashions if to thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. That's sum.

A Useful Dope.—"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin to a peddler, "Don't whistle that dog away."

"Why, he ain't no use, no how; he's too homely."

"Oh, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why, he cleans the plates and dishes, so they never want washing, and mother says she wouldn't part with him no how; or our new dog ain't got used to mustard yet."

A young lady in one of our rural districts was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave he remarked—

"I guess I'll come and see you again next Sunday night."

"Well, Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a fellow."

"Don't put your watch under your pillow; a man should never 'sleep upon his watch.'"

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and not a few between the first kiss and the ring."

Peaches are very plenty this year in every part of Pennsylvania.

Talking to boys in public meetings getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross is a great Temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now boys when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers owns them all, do they not?"

"Yes sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?"

"Dead!"

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!"

"Right. Now tell me did you ever in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunder struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

Drops of Wisdom.

Too much company is worse than none.

To set up for a critic is bullying mankind.

The modest man is seldom the object of envy.

Don't judge by one view of person or thing.

Truth endures man's purpose with some what of immutability.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind is the vessel.

Fortune may favor fools; but that's a poor reason why you should make a fool of yourself.

Some women are born to scheme and some to love, and I wish some respected schooler that reads this may take the sort that best suits him.

Women never truly command until they have given their promise to obey.

Death, to a good man, is the coming of the year of his blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the buds burst into flowers?

There are some points on which no man can be contented to follow the advice of another, some points on which he can consult his own conscience only.

To have tart for tea—let your wife see you kiss the waiting maid. A sure thing.

To prevent a headache when getting sober—keep drunk.

To tell if you love a girl—have some talow headed chap go to see her.

To see if a girl loves you ask her like a man.

"ABOUT THIRTY.—Madam, at what age shall I put you down?"

No direct answer.

"How old is your husband?"

"Sixty one."

"And your oldest son?"

"Twenty five."

"And the next?"

"Twenty one."

"And how old do you call yourself?"

"I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty?"

"Did I understand you madam, that your oldest son was twenty seven?"

"Yes."

You must be surely, then, be more than thirty.

"Well sir, (quick and snappily,) I told you about thirty. I can't tell exactly; it may be thirty one or two, but I'm positive it's not over that."

It is the degenerate love for taking short cuts and little fallaciousascalities that has in so many parts of the world created governments with arbitrary powers.

The fight at Baton Rouge extended over an area of about one mile square, and the centre was a graveyard, where lie the remains of Zachariah Taylor, once President of the United States.

Adam was fond of his joke, and when he gave his sons and daughters marry one another, he dryly remarked to Eve, that if there had been no apple, there would have been no pairing.

The gate of a gentleman's doorway is always neat and tasteful. In more senses than one you may know a gentleman by his gate.

The Irish definition of an open countenance is not a bad one; "A mouth from ear to ear."

Surly that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper and sleep without a grunt.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one fair sex hatched in her crinoline.

Why are chicken's necks like door bells? Because they are often wrung for company.

The most valuable help a man ever gets is when he helps himself.

A HORRID PICTURE.—The Continental Monthly for October in an article on "London fogs and London poor," has the following on the heart situation of the poor and afflicted in the great Babel of the British Kingdom. It is strange that such heathen neglect should occur right under the noses of the guardians of civilization, while they snuff up far less crimes to cant and whine over, three thousand miles away from the loathsome scene we now refer to.

"In the streets of London I have seen women and children contending for the possession of a bone drawn from the slush of the kennel. I have saw boys fight and bruise each other for a crust of bread dropped upon the pavement, and covered with wet mud, or even unwholesome filth. I have entered the abode of this desperate poverty led thither by children, who clanked at my my side for alms and found such misery as I am incompetent to express in words—I have seen the living unable to rise from sickness, in the same bed with the dying and the dead. I have known an instance where a living man in strong health, bating the exhausting effect of privation and sorrow has been compelled to seek repose in the straw beside the body of his dead wife, his children occupying the floor, and there being in the room neither chair upon which he could seat himself, nor table upon which he could seat himself for rest. I have seen an infant crawl for nourishment to its dead mother's breast and there was not in all the house the value of a cent to buy it food—I have seen a wife in following her husband's body to the grave, drop in the road and die before medical attendance could be procured. A post mortem examination, proved that she had died from hunger."

IT PAYS TO TAKE THE PAPERS.

A capital story is told of an old farmer in the northern part of this county, who had been saving up to take a mortgage of \$2,000 laid against him by a man near the sea shore. The farmer had saved up all the money he could, fearing to trust the banks, in these war times. Week before last he lugged down the money and paid it over, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Why you don't mean to give the \$2,000 in gold do you?" said the lender.

"Yes certainly said the farmer. 'I was afraid of the pesky banks, so I've been saving up the money in yellow boys for you this long time.'"

"All right," responded the lender, "only I thought you didn't take the papers, that's all!"

"Take the papers! no sir not I. They've gone on so since the war's been a going that I won't have one of the devilish things about. But the money is all right isn't it?"

"Yes, all right, \$2,000 in gold. All right; here is your note and mortgage."

And well might he have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 22 percent, and the gold was not only worth the face of the bond, but 40 dollars beside, enough to have paid for his village newspaper for himself and prosperity for at least three centuries. It pays to take the papers.—Norwalk Gazette.

The law for the Abolition of slavery in the Dutch West India States passed the States General of Holland by a majority of 45 to 7. The following are regulations adopted respecting the Abolition at Surinam: "1. The abolition of slavery on the 1st of July, 1863; 2. The owners to receive a compensation of 300 guilders (120 dollars) for each slave; 3. The supervision of the State not to continue for more than ten years; 4. The government encourages immigration, and offers for that purpose for a period of five years premiums not to exceed a million of guilders (400,000 dollars); 5. Fixed labor to be obligatory on all the emancipated."

RECOGNITION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—At a dinner of the Worcestershire Agricultural Society, Sir John Packington said he thought the time was come when not England alone, but England in conjunction with France, and possibly with Russia, ought to offer mediation in America, on the basis of separation, and on the clear understanding that, if mediation was not accepted recognition must follow. The right Hon. gentleman referred to Mr. Gladstone's speech at Newcastle on the success of the South, and said the words, as coming from a cabinet minister were of great significance. He hoped that the present feeling of her Majesty's government did not differ widely from the feeling he had taken the liberty of expressing.

"Heaven sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a conqueror for the chastisement of mankind—none of them surely for our admiration."

"A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it."

"Drafted men have the right to become volunteers for the three years or during the war."

"Man leads woman to the altar, in that act his leadership begins and ends."

"If a lawyer is in danger of starving in a market town or village, he invites another that will thrive."