Bellefonte Democratic Watchman

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The Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink-Slings.

—The faith of Congress is *punica fides*—plighted by punics and pukes.

—An exchange says that Judge UNDERWOOD is a self-made man. Yes, and badly made at that!

—The Inauguration ball, by reason of what is resolved upon, ought now to be written, "In-nigger-ation bawl."

—The fish-law of this State has been decided by Judge PIERSON to be unconstitutional and *fishy*. So is the decision

—An exchange asks if a law should not be enacted to prevent the killing of 'insectivorous birds?" Why not; and to punish "bird-ivorous" hunters!

—That the country is most admirably loyal, is discernible from the fact that the 22d, the birthday of a great rebel, was not generally or even decently observed.

—They are assassinating people with air guns in New York. People, by this means, die from too much air; whereas, formerly, they died from the want of more!

—A chap by the name of CLIFT is an M. C. for Georgia *from* New England

The time's coming, Mister CLIFT,
When such as you'll be sent adrift!

—An exchange asserts that thirty years ago a man started a newspaper in Iowa, with a capital of fifteen cents, and now makes a living out of it. What did the poor cuss do for something to eat in all that time?

—The Georgia *Constitution* administers a large dose of gall to carpet-bagger MORGAN, and then informs him that if he doesn't like it, the editor can be found at his office, ready to entertain such visitors. "Let us have peace!"

—It is said that BROWNLOW has resigned the Governorship of Tennessee. If he has resigned, the people certainly are. But it will not be very long before BROWNLOW gets to a place where "resignations" are not accepted!

—The obstructions which have so long existed in the Hell-Gate channel, have been removed by the British Government. There is no reason now why the retiring Jacobin Congressmen of America should not have a clear journey home!

—Gen GEO. B. WAGNER died at Indianapolis, the other day, from an over-dose of medicine administered "to quiet his nervousness." Snakes in his boots—*via no potation*. It was a bad case of "loyalty" to JOHN BARLEYCORN and the Republican party.

—An original seceshonist and "Minute Man" named Bard, is "loil" State printer of Georgia. The Jacobins may reply to any charge of want of consistency on their part in electing him, that, if in 1861 he was a "minute" man he is now (h) our man.

—The swine of Georgia are thinning out. They have been attacked with a peculiar sickness, called *Africanis stealum*. It is said that a pig squeals terribly on sight of a nigger. They have learned to travel rapidly, when the black savage haunts their haunts.

—HENRY WARD SCHITCHER is reported to be seriously ill—to use his own mode of expression, "d—d ill!" And if HENRY isn't a little careful with his precious soul, he'll land it in a place that he knows of, where the weather, according to him is as "hot as h—l!"

—It is asserted that when BEN WADE presented a petition the other day, he introduced it with this: "A petition praying the recognition of Almighty God, Jesus Christ, *and-so forth*." The wicked old sinner will some day pray the Lord ... to recognize him!

—The Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era*, a Mayflower transplant from a New England onion bed says it won't write an annoying local cotemporary into notoriety. Hadn't the *New Era* better [illegible] itself of that goal of Jacobin newspaperdom? Said the ant to the flea, etc.

—The Legislature has passed a "powerful local bill for Lancaster, regulating apprentices among "cobblers." If we know the Legislators aright, we think them better qualified to swallow the boss cobblers in a liquid state. But, such an act! about the measure of "loil" Legislative ability.

—Prominent Georgians are endeavoring to have Georgia remanded back to a provisional territoryship, with Hill for Governor, in order to rid it of the leprous "loil" white niggers from the North, who are stealing the Commonwealth to death by piece-meal! What a comment on the beauties of rip-uplican government!

—Some enthusiast proclaims the world as christianizing, polishing and refining to the extent of making the prospect of an approaching millenium hopeful. Bah! We have seen something of mankind—we have studied them in city and country. In the woodlands, we find boors—in the cities, villains. This is the world all over!

—Some crazy sentimentalist writes an essay on "The Advantage of Being Knocked About by the World." That is all stuff!—generally indulged in by those whose greatest sufferings, and disappointments, and heart-crushings, have been to sit lazily at home during life-time, to pick their finger-nails and to pare their toe-nails.

—A practical joker climbed up a peach tree in a Michigan farmer's yard, and imitated the hoot of an owl so well, that the old gentleman came forth and landed ten buckshot in his sitting-down place. The practical joker is now exceedingly patient, and as grave as an owl, though less inclined to hoot from a perch in a peach-tree!

—The Philadelphia *News* calls GEARY the "present vain, ignorant and imbecile Executive of Pennsylvania." Was he not, permit us to ask, the "hero of Snickersville," and did he not "fight, bleed and die" for his country, when the howlers were only in the "mechish?" Did he not ride a fine hoss, and have a fancy saddle, and lots of blazing red straps and belts, and fancy belly-bands!

—The Virginia papers pronounce the convention which selected the immortal "Committee of Nine," to visit Washington and assure their enemies of the happiness with which the people of Virginia accepted their degradation, "The Forty Thieves." At Washington, there is a "fellow-feeling" for these chaps. Forty times "forty thieves" are the source of the "powers that be."

—There is much written by satin-skin and money-flush authors about the "dignity and happiness of poverty," "love among the toilers," and similar rose-watered nonsense. The whole is a lie! There is neither "dignity" nor "happiness" to a starving man to puddle iron, to grope into mines, to daub paint, to drive cart, and to do other exactious labor with pittance returns therefor, and those who write about it know it is false. The chief end of mankind is to live with as *little* hard labor and as *much* ease and so-called "dignity" as possible! Body and soul crushing labor was palpably intended by God to be done by machinery and brutes!

Democrats, Organize!

At no time in the history of American institutions, has there been so great a necessity for preparation, organization, and unanimity among Democrats as at present. At no epoch since 1776 has there been such a need of fraternity, counsel, and purpose among all the friends of popular liberty, as now. At no time have the crowding events of mighty revolution called for clearer, bolder, braver leadership than at this time.

American institutions—the people's liberties—Constitutional Government—are openly, defiantly and contemptuously assailed, overridden, trampled, crushed. The chart of State sovereignty and personal liberty is being publicly burned by incendiaries in the capital of the nation. The landmarks of our fathers are set at naught, and the whole fabric reared in wisdom is tottering and ready to fall.

In this hour of peril no Democrat must falter. There is work to be done; serious, earnest work! In the grave of nations, to which the government of these States is hurrying, the enemies of the people will bury our liberties, if the strong arms and stout hearts of the Democracy are not interposed. Up and be doing! Organize! Unite all the power of the people for the preservation of their heritage!

Robbers are battering down the old landmarks of vaunted freedom; thieves are noiselessly entering by every door to out cherished temples; incendiaries are applying the torch; the grip of the night-prowling bandit is upon the throat of the nation! Democratic institutions are being mercilessly strangled! Are there no arms to save? Are there no worthy sons of the wise architects to arrest the catastrophe which is threatening the very destruction of the temple of popular Government?

Arise, ye legions of the law and champions of the Constitution and Union—organize!—consult!—prepare!

Stand by your wronged country as your fathers stood by it! Lift it up from its fallen estate! Hurl from their places those who desecrate them!

Stand ready to hurl them with the power of men who know their strength!

Stand ready to crush usurpation with the bayonet, as your fathers crushed their enemies! Stand ready to resist usurpation, dictation, and the contemners of the common weal, with power!

Democrats! organize everywhere! Organize in the towns and the country! Stand ready to do for your country, what your fathers have done—what jealous care! freemen often have to do—battle for your liberties!

The State—your State—is invaded! Its liberties—your liberties—are jeered at, and ridiculed, and mocked, and trampled! A power greater than the Constitution has risen up to wrest the with and to overthrow the Constitution, and to put its rough hoof upon your necks—to invade each domicile, and to be with you and over you for evermore! It is the power of unrestrained usurpation—that power which has ever held its grasp, till overthrown in a sea of blood and sorrow!

It is now a question of life or death to State and personal liberty. Shall we have the creature of the State usurp the rights of the States? Shall we permit our State institutions to be overthrown to make way for the institutions of arrogant Hamiltonian Federalism?

Pennsylvania is free! Shall Pennsylvanians surrender their blood bought heritage of *inherent* sovereignty to the Federal robber and usurper? Never!

Then let the spirit of '76 again light up the mountains and vallies of the old Keystone Commonwealth, with its unquenched fires of patriotism and Liberty, one and inseparable!

To accomplish anything of value, the Democracy must organize—consult, counsel, and prepare!—prepare for whatever Fate has in store for them, their homes and their native land!

Pennsylvania first, and the Union to follow. Liberty first, and slavery never! A. S. K.

—The Hon. ASA PACKER and suit have been to Georgia buying lands. PACKER and PARDEE are about able to buy Georgia in toto, being together worth $45,000,000.

—No day has been yet set by the Legislature for its adjournment.

The Effect of Tariffs.

We find the following paragraph in an exchange:

WEALTHY.—Asa Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Carbon County, owns real and personal property to the amount of $20,000,000, and A. H. Pardee, of Hazleton, in the same county, is estimated to be worth $25,000,000.

This forty-five millions, the reader will observe, is owned by only two gentlemen of Pennsylvania. How many hundreds who possess princely fortunes of from fifty thousand to half a million or more, we are unable to say; but there are few localities which some such do not honor with their residence. If there was no more to be said upon this subject, we might congratulate the people of the State on the possession of the great wealth which these few hundreds of gentlemen aggregate, but we cannot stop here. We come to look upon the cause of the acquisition of such princely fortunes by a few, and to ask the question, how the few have possessed themselves of these overgrown fortunes, while the masses of the people,—the consuming and producing classes,—are constantly and continually pinched by "hard times."

This brings us to inquire into the workings of that great popular delusion—that ebont of the age, otherwise termed a Protective Tariff—and to again call the attention of the farmer of Pennsylvania to the fact that the overgrown wealth of the Messrs. PACKER and PARDEE, and the rest of the protected Lords and Iron masters and speculators of the State, has been drawn, *pro rata, per cap ta*, from their own pockets, in the shape of taxes and the enhanced prices which follow a system of exception and multiform taxation. These two men alone have amassed the enormous sum of forty-five millions under the action of a tariff which virtually prohibits the importation of the foreign article. Who are the gainers by this prohibitory tariff? It would be of no use then to enumerate each [illegible] ... that the [illegible] and the part of the people, while the enrichment of this faction is an indirect tax upon the other 999-1000ths. In other words, we hold that the overgrown wealth of the Messrs. PACKER and PARDEE, forty five millions, is drawn, indirectly, but as surely, as one and ninety nine are a hundred, drawn from the pockets of the consumers of Pennsylvania—every dollar of it!

It is possible for us to go on and show ... we have so often done before, the prosecutive dissemination devices upon the many for the benefit of the few. The Government requires a certain amount of revenue from imports and other sources to sustain itself. If a tariff prohibits the importation of a certain article, as iron, for instance, other articles must necessarily be increased to make up the deficit. This comes out of the pockets of the consumers of this other article; and if American iron masters are protected to the extent of prohibiting foreign competition, who are the gainers—those thousands who consume the article, or those hundreds who, by the tariff, are favored with it monopoly? The farmer and consumer pays the difference between foreign iron and the home protected article indirectly but surely *who knows? ... the window*? He pays it in the higher price of his plows shears; in his wagon-tires and springs and axles, and screws, and nuts, and bars, etc.; and so on, in all the various articles which enter into his occupation wholly or partially made of iron; in the nails in his dwelling, barn and fence; in the blades, and scythes, and hoes, and the shoes on his horses' hoofs—on the cutlery on his table, in his kitchen, and in his pocket—out doors, indoors, everywhere—on all things he pays his tribute to the iron lord through the protective tariff!

Then again, as we have stated, where the tariff, as in the case of iron, is prohibitory of its foreign competitor, the revenue lost to the Government by its prohibition, must be made up on other articles, and often falls more heavily on the necessary articles, than on luxuries; and here, again, the consumer adds his mite to building up monstrous fortunes for the PACKERS and PARDEES. If he buys a ton of coal, it, too, levies tribute on its purchaser and consumer, for under the iron protective tariff, coal is enhanced more than two fold its intrinsic value.

The truth is, either the masses of the people of Pennsylvania are exceedingly magnanimous and desire to build up an aristocracy of wealth, or are simple-minded or ignorant. In either case, they cannot fail to see, if they do not *feel*, the effect of this delusive protective tariff, which they have had fasten ed upon them for years past. We do not see wherein it has benefitted the people, or any considerable portion of them; on the contrary, it is apparent that a few hundred men in the iron interest are absorbing the *commonwealth*, in more than one sense. They are growing fat, while the consumer is growing proportionately lean. It would seem that a people professedly, (and really intelligent, as they are), ought to be able to see the folly of this legalized robbery of the many for the benefit of the few—this legalized extortion from the masses for the enrichment of the few—the favored, pampered, and aristocratic few—lords of the domain, iron masters now, slave-drivers in time!

Scared--Throwing Jonah Overboard.

We observe that the Pennsylvania Legislature has come to reflect seriously upon the proposition of one of the Republican papers, "Shall the Legislature kill the Republican party?" In the House, the other day, a resolution with a preamble very wordy, intended to explain some things and to defend that body from the charge of needless extravagance, to the effect that the necessity for the employment of the twenty seven extra folders and pasters did not longer exist, was passed. It informs its victims publicly that they, that, under the circumstances, they must be cast overboard to save the sinking Republican ship—that they can not pay only for the time they have been for the country as paste slingers and paper-doublers. Privately, it may be, the members have explained to the disappointed P.'s and F.'s of the Legislature—the twenty seven discharged ZIBA FOOTES—that policy demanded the heart rending sacrifice on the altar of the Republican party. The victims were probably informed that, like Jonah, they must be thrown overboard to appease the angry waters and save the sinking ship.

But the effort to justify the appointment of this army of pasting and folding soldiers, by the assertion that a "necessity" for their employment had ever existed, is as flimsy as false. What necessity could be found at any time for the employment of fellows, who were not, and never intended, or were ever expected to be, at Harrisburg? What was the nature of the necessity which occasioned the employment of pasters and folders, with nothing to paste and fold, hundreds of miles away? Bah! Be candid, gentlemen. Tell the people that you tried to give honorable employment, *sinecures*, to a class of hungry party vagrants, who might do worse for as much money. Let the party of grand moral ideas set up a defense on moral grounds, but for decency's sake, don't add falsehood to attempted burglary of the people's money, so shabby as to be detected at first sight!

In the whole matter, we observe conspicuous "the power of the press." A Northern Legislature bows before it humbly!

OLD MAIDS.—If ever the inner history of old maids is written, says the Millersburg (Ohio) *Farmer*, it will be seen that many a flower has bloomed, breathed out its fragrance, and passed away without the tribute of appreciation on the record of conspicuous merit. As a class old maids represent the best of their sex; and the fact of their going through life singly and alone is to their infinite credit. But not so to men. It is to their infinite discredit that any such thing occurs. Men—or many men—fail to see the best parts of women. Like babies they—the men—are tickled with a straw, and snap at the commonest baits, while the luxurious tit bits go untasted.

—There was an explosion in the carpet-bag and nigger convention of Texas a short time since. The majority were in favor of dividing the State up into many "loil" principalities and senatorships, and expelled a white carpet-bagger who opposed the project; whereupon a lot of the niggers seceded and set up a new convention. The secession convention is the one recognized by Gen. Canby.

The Slave of the Dismal Scamp.

The intelligent reader is familiar with LONGFELLOW'S poem of the "Slave of the Dismal Swamp." In that picture, LONGFELLOW has set a runaway slave in the South, who has sought liberty by "crouching in the rank and tangled grass, like a wild beast in his lair," "where hardly a human foot could pass," etc. It was a gush of sympathetic pain from the bursting heart of New England, which bleeds for the negro as naturally as it closes against all other sufferers. Below, however, we have a parody on the above, which is a bitter sarcasm on New England white slavery—the slavery of the white women in New England's cotton mills. It is by Dr. FRANK TICKNOR, of Georgia, and was first published in the Columbus (Ga.) *Sun*. It is entitled:

THE SLAVE OF THE DISMAL SCAMP.

Under the rattling whirligig,
Which a Yankee had taught to spin,
A maiden sat, with bosom flat,
And fingers long and thin,
And she was the slave of a dismal scamp,
A man with a soul of tin.

And hers was a chest like a coffin lid,
And cheeks like the church-yard clay,
And pulses that fell like the click of steel
Picking a life away.
Daily dying and toiling still,
For the dismal scamp in his dismal mill,
Under the shadow of Bunker Hill—
What does she sing or say?

"Oh! why are my eyes so large and bright,
And my fingers so long and thin?"
"The better, my dear, for the spindles' flight,
The faster, my love, to spin"—
Spoke the maiden whose lungs were lint,
And the man with the soul of—tin

Would God that my skin were not so white,
And my brain of a lesser size!
And would that my hair was kinked so tight
That I couldn't shut my eyes!
And oh! for an hour in the sunny fields,
Where the snow white cotton grows,
For the heaviest, hardest task that yields
Free breath and sweet repose!
For a night that never knew a lamp,
And a day that *has* a close!

Sung to the rattle and roar and tramp,
In the heart of a merciless mill,
Under the ligh of a dismal lamp,
And the shadow of Bunker Hill

Poets of doodledom! true and sweet,
What sensitive plants ye are,
Ready to faint at a cry from Crete,
Or Boorioboolah-Gha!
You have rhym'd the slave from his happy cave
And bloodhound in the swamp,
Give us a stave for the maiden slave,
With the black wolf's bite, and her living grave
In the den of the dismal scamp

Heavy on Geary.

The Philadelphia *Daily News*, which belongs to the Republican side of the house, inveighs against Gov. GEARY in a style by no means complimentary to that loyal gentleman. As between either of the gentlemen named by the Democracy and the "present vain, ignorant and imbecile executive," as the *News* terms GEARY, it prophesies a Waterloo defeat for the Republican party before the people of Pennsylvania. But we let the *News* speak for itself:

The period for selecting a candidate for the two political parties in the field, whether it be in March or June, is rapidly approaching, and it is a matter of considerable surprise, and not a little regret, that more attention is not paid to the subject by the mass of the people. Judging from present appearances, it seems to be taken for granted that Governor Geary is again to be the candidate of the Republicans whilst on the other hand there is much of really wholesome difference of opinion as to the proper person to be chosen by the Democratic party. Generals McCandless and Cass, and Hon. Asa Packer, being the prominent persons named. Occasionally we hear the name of Senator White mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination, and we understand that Winthrop W. Ketchum, of Luzerne county, would not refuse the use of his name. Leaving out the present incumbent, either of the gentlemen named is entitled to the confidence and support of any man in the State who desires to promote the credit or add to the fame of our glorious Commonwealth, but if the Republican party permits the present vain, ignorant, and imbecile Executive to again *force* himself upon it, as he did three years ago, those who manage its affairs must expect nothing but defeat. The time for elevating brainless or unprincipled men, because by chicanery and fraud they were able to gain military titles but not distinction, has passed, and the cry of "loyalty" will no longer suffice to bolster up a fraud, or put down an honest and competent man. With Ketchum, or even White, as the standard bearer of the Republican party in the next canvass, it may be reinstated; but with Cass, Packer, or McCandless bearing the flag of the opposition, and the Republican banner in the feeble hands of Geary, the result must be a certain Waterloo.

The *News* then adds the following good advice to its party, the truth of which every Republican must feel, who is not lost to every sense of political honor and decency and State pride:

The truth is that the resources of our great State are so splendid, and in the aggregate her people are so true, that, as things now stand, the government of the Commonwealth will well-nigh run itself, especially would the Legislature be confined to a session of thirty days, and thus rendered in a measure harmless; but it is not worth while to have the greatest State in the Union humiliated, if not disgraced, by such mediocrity as is now allowed to fill the Gubernatorial chair. If there is no other incentive that will induce political leaders to protect their organization against such frauds, State pride alone should cause them to insist upon the selection of men to be nominated against whom charges of prevarication or falsehood cannot be fairly made. The time for ignoring partisan tyranny is auspicious, and the people should take advantage of it to shake off the despotism of corrupt rings, and demand the selection of intelligent, honest, and truthful men for office. It may be that the persons who shall compose the nominating conventions of the two parties will pay but little attention to these suggestions, but we can promise them that the people will, and that if they blunder in their work the voters of the State will make the correction at the ballot box. Who shall be the next Governor? We shall see.

State News.

—The sugar-making season is about at hand.

—Petroleum is increasing in price in the oil regions.

—The Pittsburg *Commercial* favors a modification of the law of libel.

—The State Agricultural Convention meets at Harrisburg on the 7th of March.

—A conference of the United Brethren will meet in Lebanon on the 20th of May next.

—Philip Umberger, aged 97 years, the oldest citizen of Lebanon county, died last week.

—The Bedford *Gazette* records the death of Frederick Bortz, by being crushed by a rolling log.

—The Harrisburg *State Guard* (Republican) comes out strong against the libel law; demands its repeal.

—They have got a genuine "poor man's party" in Mifflin county, it is said. They'll never "corrupt" anything!

—A correspondent of the Milford *Herald* urges Hon. Richard Vaux as the next Democratic candidate for Governor.

—Dr W. M. Jennings, a prominent citizen of Titusville, died the other day from the effects of poison accidentaly taken.

—An Irish girl of Easton has fallen heir to $50,000. She is believed to be much handsomer now than she was a week or so ago!

—An old citizen of York, says the *Press*, by the name of Wm. Kramer, as he was walking along the street last week, fell dead suddenly.

—David Furey was horribly mangled on the W. C. & P. railroad, between Clifton and Spring Hill last week. He was about 70 years of age.

—P. S. Liggett, of Juniata county—a super-abundant loyalist—has been arrested on suspicion of having fired the Carlisle Spring buildings.

—Amanda Matthews, a maiden basely betrayed, committed suicide in Allegheny county last week. Her betrayer ought now to be "jayhawked."

—A young man named Grayhill, residing in Wheatfield township, Perry county, cut his ankle with an ax and bled to death before assistance came.

—There is a libel suit to be tried between two Pittsburg papers—the *Dispatch* and the *Leader*, growing out of personalities indulged about two years ago.

—Joe W. Furey has dissolved his editorial connection with the Clinton *Democrat*—Hollidaysburg *Standard*.] And connected himself with BELLEFONTE WATCHMAN.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says that a fellow out in Westmoreland county isn't considered of much account unless it is "horse high, bull strong, and pig tight."

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* asserts that the reason of establishing a metropolitan police for this city, is to provide an asylum for defeated members of the Legislature! Good.

—Mr. John Gilbert, of North Codorus, near Stewartstown, jumped from a hay loft accidently upon a pitchfork, which entered his "posterior" ten inches. He died shortly after ... in great agony.

—A deer wandered into Tyrone. Great excitement—everybody shooting at it—finally killed it, when a constable arrested the parties under a warrant for killing deer out of season. Oh! ... most valiant huntsmen!

—The Hanover *Citizen* has an account of the singular death of John Bollinger, who was found upon the roadside in a dying condition. He had been robbed of $40, but there were no marks of violence on his person.

—The "colored cuss from Africa" and some white men from the "basin" near Hollidaysburg, had a free fight the other night. Brickbats are said to have circulated with "fearful rapidity and violence." "And the colored troops fought nobly."

—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* contains the revelation of a Williamsport scandal. The wife of a wealthy gentleman of the latter place fled to a house of prostitution in Philadelphia, before forging her husband's name for $200. He was apprised of her movements and let her go.

—A man named Flegal, of Clearfield county, shot and killed himself a short time since. He was on his way to shoot some dogs that were killing his sheep, when he stopped to assist his brother to get a stalled team out of the mud, and the gun was in some way discharged. The ball entered his eye, killing him instantly.

—Americus Bender died a few days ago at his residence in Carroll township, Cambria county, in his 85th year of his age. He was one of three who settled in that neighborhood as early as 1807, a native of Germany but came to this country in 1789, where he learned a trade. He published a sketch of his life a year or so ago, in which he gave an accurate description of Washington, whose funeral he attended.

—The Indiana *Messenger* gives the following recipe to Pennsylvania girls as a solution to bathe the hair with, before "papering" it to produce that charming style, called "frizzled." Take borax, two ounces, gum arabic, one drachm, add hot water (not boiling) one quart, stir, and as soon as the ingredients dissolve, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On retiring to rest wet the hair with the above liquid, and roll it in twists of paper as usual.

—The West Chester *Jeffersonian* describes a luminous body in the character of a mammoth meteor, which "swathed" the heavens in that neighborhood last week. "The light was a bright orange, approaching to a red color, and it grew brighter as long as it remained visible, which was until it was obscured from view by the clouds that soon after overspread the sky. Some unscientific observers were sure it was a comet, and some others thought it a freak of the aurora borealis. After the clouds hid it from view, pulsations of light, like feeble flashes of lightning, were seen for an hour after."

—The Carlisle *Volunteer* contains an account of the arrest of one Dr. Paul Schoeppe, for the murder of Miss Maria M. Steinnecke, on the decision of a Baltimore chemist, who had examined the stomach of the deceased, that she had been poisoned. The circumstances are revolting. For some time dame rumor had filled the neighborhood with her ominous surmises. The lady possessed wealth. By her will, she had given her property to charitable institutions. But the accused produced another and later one, by which he became possessed of the property. That will is ascertained to be a forgery. Hang the villain!

—The following lines explain the love of Congressmen for Sambo:

I know not, I ask not,
How much you can tote;
I know that I love you,
Because you can "vote"

To which might be added:

I know not, I ask not,
How loudly you smell;
I think that I'll love it
When I meet you in h—eaven!