

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 26.

"EXCELSIOR."

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1859.

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The Republican.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

ESSEX'S CARDS

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.
Sept. 14th, 1858. 1y.

DR. R. V. WILSON.

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

JAS. H. LARRIMER, I. TEST
LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30.—y

JOHN TROUTMAN

STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Lutz's Foundry.
June 19, 1859.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & N. CO.

Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order.
Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.
June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,

Physician, may be found either at his office at Scofield's hotel, Curwensville, when professionally absent.
Dec. 29, 1851

FREDERICK ARNOLD,

Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg Clearfield county, Pa.
April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS.

At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber,
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,

Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville.
Dec. 29, 1853.

DR. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, Esq.
my : 146.

P. W. BARRETT,

MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield.
March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa.
Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville.
May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,

CARRIAGE on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 5, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office.
dec. 1, 1848.—1f.

JOSEPH PETERS,

Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.
ONE door east of Montelius & Tan Eyok's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice.
March 31, 1858.—y.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms.
EDWIN COOPER.
Clearfield, April 17, 1857. 1y.

YOUR TEETH.

TAKE CARE OF THEM!

DR. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now doing all of his time to operations in Dentistry, desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence at nearly all times, always on Fridays and Saturdays, unless notice to the contrary be given in the town paper or the week previous.

All work warranted to be satisfactory.
Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

Select Poetry.

LINES.

[In memory of Margaret B. Carlisle, of Chambersburg, Pa. who died August 12th, 1845.]

BY HARRIET J. MEEK.

I do not, cannot think thee dead,
My cousin, young and fair;
How could the dew of earth be shed
Upon thy sunny hair?
By memory's light I see thee still,
And Life with all its joys,
Is sparkling in thine eye the while
I mark the sweetness of thy smile,
The kindness of thy voice—
They say that voice and smile are dead,
And yet I cannot feel thee dead.

We parted when the April's showers
Had roused her infant train,
With many a promise to pass the hours
When we would meet again;
How we would hear the echoes ring,
And call the forest's wraith,
While for our wreaths the blossoms bring,
And the glad wind would o'er us sing,
And fan thy brow to health—
In skies so bright, what eye could see
The shadows o'er our destiny?

Little dream'd, ere summer wreaths
Had bent the forest bough,
A hand, "far mightier than the breeze,"
Would rest upon thy brow—
And flowers that withered not, nor smiled
In thy pale grasp or mine,
Would shed their leaves and fragrance wild
Above a heart as young and mild,
As young and true as thine—
Would bloom above thy quiet clay,
Pass'd with the beautiful away.

I feel, beneath the starlight pale
Of yon unclouded blue,
As though a breath might part the veil
That hides her from my view—
The glories of that City bright
I fain would hear her tell—
Ah, would she look on earth to-night,
Whose eyes have caught their flaming light
From the Invisible!
Or proffer an undying hand
To guide us to the spirit land.

Sweet is the thought of human love,
Whose precious chain is riven,
Then every link unites above,
To draw our hearts to heaven—
Our voyage soon will end—our night,
A few short years at most,
When day has put the shades to flight,
We too shall bathe the land in sight,
And moor upon the coast,
Which her frail bark and lighter ear
Had gain'd a little time before.

The Princess Clotilde of Savoy.

The names of the bride of his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon are as follows: Clotilde Marie Therese Louise. She is the daughter of the King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel II, and the Archduchess Adele of Austria.
The Princess is only sixteen years old, having been born on the 2d of March, 1843, not remarkably beautiful, but graceful and animated. Her Royal Highness is tall. She bears a resemblance to the most flattered portraits of Maria Theresa, whose descendant she is. The mother of the Princess was considered the most beautiful Princess in Europe.

How THE PRINCESS WAS WEDD AND WON.—The first proposals of marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde came last year from the Tuilleries, but were not received altogether with favor; but this year the gravity of circumstances—a seriousness that is at present extreme—clearly away every intervening obstacle. The sole condition imposed by King Victor Emanuel has been, that the future bridegroom and bride should first see and become acquainted with each other. Hence the coming of the Prince to Turin.

A Paris letter says: "Notwithstanding the hopes of some future aggrandizement in Italy, the influence of the Emperor of the French, and the attractions of his intended son-in-law, it is affirmed that the King of Sardinia did not give his consent to the marriage of his daughter with out much hesitation and some difficulty.—When the matter was first broken to him, Victor Emanuel was as much taken by surprise as the public has been on learning that it was concluded. The ancient lineage of the one and the recent rise of the other may have had some weight with the descendant of the old and glorious house of Savoy, all liberal as he is in politics, and free and easy as he may be in familiar intercourse, for the prejudices of race never are really eradicated. The objections, however, are said not to have been confined exclusively to that. The uncertainty of affairs in France, the possibility of future changes—for nothing is impossible—and the convenience that might arise to Sardinia, owing to a variety of causes too numerous to be detailed, were urged. I supposed the parties to whom they were offered did their best to remove them—not successfully, however, as it would seem, for it required the direct intervention of a third party to induce Victor Emanuel to give his consent. When the grand Duke Constantine was last here this alliance was talked over. His Highness' influence was won in favor of the Prince, and in compliance with the wishes expressed at Turin his action was brought to bear on the King.

It is the opinion of a western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

The Coolie Trade.

Mr. William Breck, a resident of Bangkok, Siam, has published a document illustrating the Coolie trade, from facts gained from the officers and crew of a Dutch bark, which had been taken from that vessel and carried to Singapore. This bark was employed in the Coolie trade, and among the papers found on board was the original contract between the Coolies and the Spanish agents at Macao. This paper shows the Coolie contract scheme to be fully on a par with the African slave trade in all particulars, for not one out of a thousand of the poor fellows who are swindled into this contract will ever live to see the end of it, while their servitude in the meantime will be of the most abject and degrading character. The Coolies agree to work on the island of Cuba, for the term of eight years, at every description of labor, the working hours to be fixed by their masters, no restriction as to the length of the laboring hours, they agree to submit to such corrections as their masters or their agents may see proper to inflict, and in no case nor under any circumstances to attempt to escape from control, no matter how tyrannical and oppressive that control may be. The consideration is to be \$4 per month, and daily rations of eight ounces of salt meat and two and a half pounds of bonitos, or any other kind of flesh. The apparel stipulated for in the agreement consists of one suit of clothing, a woollen shirt and a blanket each year. These are the main features of the Coolie contract system, which the hypocritical pretenders of Europe are engaged in, while, at the same time, protesting most vehemently against the system of domestic servitude in the United States, which at least has the merit of being under the control of law, and subject to the discipline of wise, just and impartial judges. But what protection has the Coolies when they are landed upon the soil of Cuba or any other island? They are entitled to the mercy of their masters, who may, with impunity, decline or refuse to keep their part of the contract, while exacting from their servants the letter of the bond, the pound of flesh. The whole traffic in Coolies is a mere trick to obtain the labor of these men at the same, if not lower rates than slave labor can be procured, yet leave room for Exeter Hall orations and kindred exhibitions of moral sentimentality. But such facts as those set forth by Mr. Breck, will show the true state of feeling in Europe upon the question of obtaining cheap labor, and exhibit the self-constituted reformers in their true light.—Daily Pennsylvanian.

A RUNAWAY STEAMBOAT.—GOING IT ON WOODEN CYLINDER HEADS.—The steamboat Wenona being in trouble at Pittsburgh, some of the owners seized her and she was laid up. But the captain and crew, not liking to be idle, got a pair of wooden cylinder heads, (to replace the iron ones, which had been taken away to prevent her slipping off to another State,) and took advantage of a dark night to glide silently down the Ohio. The Pittsburgh Dispatch thus recounts the rest of her adventures:

On Friday last, as we have stated, the Wenona was hard aground at White's rapids, Capt. Florer on board, apparently rattling things easy. We have also stated the fact of the chartering of the steam tug Hawkeye, Capt. Jake Hill, by the three-four owners, for the purpose of bringing her back to the city. Previous to starting, however, two legal gentlemen called upon the Mayor, their object being to get that functionary to detail his police to prevent bloodshed in the anticipated grand onslaught upon the Wenona. The Mayor, however, declined to "put his foot in it," but stated the probability of his interference in case the peace was broken by either party. The conference with the Mayor was not satisfactory, and the legal gentlemen left. They were joined by two gentlemen connected with the Central road, noted for the "pluck," and "some on the muscle," backed by at least thirty men, consisting of draymen, truckmen, porters, &c., bearing handspikes, dray pins, &c. All being in readiness, the Hawkeye proceeded on her journey.

Old Capt. Florer, happening out on the guards of the Wenona, observed the Hawkeye approaching, and anticipating her arrival, had not been idle. He drummed up some twenty-five men, among the greater portion of them with old flint muskets, some of them with no locks; others were armed with old rusty sabres. Capt. F. gave orders for every man to take a state-room and not to show himself until the signal was given.

The Hawkeye came up close, and the leader of the formidable party on board sung out, "We have come to pull this boat off and take her back to Pittsburgh." Capt. F.—"All right; what assistance I can give will be at your disposal." The Wenona was soon afloat, lines were attached, and all was in readiness for a trip back to the city. Capt. F. stepped down to the boiler deck, and with two strokes of the hatchet severed the line. Simultaneous with this, the men rushed from the state-rooms of the Wenona, and with pointed guns and drawn sabres overawed the Hawkeye party, who took refuge in the hold, cook-house and water-closets, each seeming extremely anxious to put himself out of sight.

The Wenona dropped quietly down the Ohio, and met with no further molestation. The last heard from her, she was at Wellsville, and having been provided with cylinder heads of boiler iron, was making her way to Cincinnati, which port she has probably reached ere this.

A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road not two miles from here so narrow, that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass.

Hints to Episcopalians.

Bishop De Lancy, now on a visit to Europe, says in one of his letters: "I have attended five or six services in England, and am struck with the following particulars:
1st. The general and audible responses.
2d. The congregational singing.
3d. The reading of the lessons by the members of the congregation in their Bibles in the pews.
4th. The pause after the benediction.
5th. The very little looking round and staring at each other by the congregation, and the apparent devout attention exhibited."

In another letter (Dec. 20th) Bishop DeL., speaks thus of the weekly service held the night before in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: "It was a most impressive service; more than three thousand present, notwithstanding the rain. A choir of more than five hundred volunteer singers chanted and sung. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Hook—extemporaneous, animated and impressive, and fixed the attention of the great multitude for forty minutes. The voices of the people almost overpowered the immense organ. It was a majestic sound. Such an amen I never heard. It was the Fall of Niagara reverberating the praises of God. It carried me forward to what St. John says: 'A voice came out of the Throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great; and I heard as it were, the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'"

All about us, so far as we could see or hear, responded and sung, but no individual voice, male or female, could be distinguished in the overpowering and harmonious mass of sound. There were no long preludes or interludes by the organ. "When the hymn after the sermon was finished, all bent down and the preacher pronounced the benediction, to which the organ, choir and congregation responded a most solemn and impressive amen; and all was silent as the grave, for private prayer to God for his blessing on the service—a silence overpowering—silence that could be felt. The immense flock then quietly dispersed."

Murder of a Missionary in Oregon.

Among the documents sent to the Senate by the War Department, on Tuesday, was one purporting to be an authentic account of the murder of the Methodist Missionary, Dr. Kittman, who crossed the plains in the year 1833, and settled in the valley of the Walla-Walla, where he soon had around him all the comforts of rural life, and where, with his interesting family, he commenced his efforts to instruct and enlighten the savages of that region. The small pox having broken out among the Indians, spread with great rapidity, hundreds of their number falling victims to the disease. The family of the missionary did all in their power to mitigate and assuage the sufferings of these savages by nursing and distributing medicines.—The family of the missionary not being afflicted with the pestilence created a suspicion in the minds of the Indians that the pestilence had been brought for the purpose of destroying the red race and obtaining their lands. With a view to test practically the truth two Indians were sent over to the mission farm that had not been afflicted with the malady, in order that the missionary might prescribe for them, which was kindly done, and the red patients returned to their friends to await the issue. By some strange fatality both of those Indians died, which confirmed in the minds of those savages the truth of the suspicion, and the next step was revenge. A stalwart savage was selected for the bloody deed, who stole into the chamber of the sleeping family, and buried his tomahawk in the brain of the missionary and that of his wife, and then other Indians rushed in, and helpless children, male and female employees, were butchered, the house razed to the ground, fences destroyed, and every vestige of a once happy home disappeared.

YANKEE LOCOMOTIVES IN EGYPT.—On the railroad between Alexandria (Egypt) and Suez, recently finished, there are four locomotives—two of them of English manufacture, and the other two were built at the Taunton Works, in Massachusetts. It seems that the Pasha's cars are open to flattery, and the English engineers, through their consul, use every means to get rid of the American engineers. They were told by the railroad company that the engines would not be used, and their services would not be needed. The excuse for hauling them up was that they were not strong enough to haul the heavy trains.

One of the American engineers, getting an opportunity to speak with the Pasha, told him he would haul as many loaded cars as would reach from one end of the road to the other. Accordingly, seventy-five heavily loaded cars (which was all they could muster,) were put in a train, the Pasha's own car attached, and the whole were taken through to Suez, a distance of 200 miles, in twelve hours, making stoppages for fuel and water. The Pasha exclaimed, in Egyptian, "God is great, but a Yankee is very near perfection!" On his return, he discharged the English engine drivers, and now uses the Taunton engines altogether.

THE "WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE" DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Petersburg, Va., Feb. 8.—The William and Mary College building, at Williamsburg, including the library and laboratory, was destroyed by fire at three o'clock this morning. This is one of the oldest institutions in this country. The students all escaped. There is an insurance of \$22,000 on the property.

A Gang of Forgers.

The Huntsville (Texas) Item, of the 5th inst., relates the swindling deeds there of four felons—a ling themselves Alfred, Albert and Augustus Wilson, and Samuel Morton, who settled down there, commenced business, passed drafts on New York to some amount, and then suddenly left. The drafts came back from New York protested, and it was discovered that the "four" were forgers. They had before swindled the people of Indianola out of \$1000, and various other property; at Hempstead, out of a horse and buggy; at Waco, out of saddles and horses, besides passing more forged notes.

Alfred was accidentally recognized in his true character, by a person who happened to be present, just as articles of agreement were about to be signed between Alfred and Mr. Edmond, a hotel-keeper at Paris, Lamar county, and Edmond was on the point of paying over \$2,000 to his new partner in the soap business.

Alfred confessed to all his rascalities, and was put in jail. Albert and Augustus were overhauled at Montgomery, Ala., where they await the requisition of the Governor of Texas.

Samuel Morton is still at large, and \$2,000 offered for his arrest by New York, on whom he had forged to the amount of \$80,000. He is suspected to be the same fellow who recently passed off on Mr. W. E. Snoddy, of Louisville, a forged check for \$10,000 on the Citizens' Bank of New Orleans.

A MODEL BRIDGE.—The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette contains a translation from the Temesvar (Hungary) Gazette, which gives a description of one of the finest bridges in the world. The translation is by Mr. Clemens Mirschl, of Davenport, and a student of the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge. We take from the description the following paragraphs: "Eight iron arches, each 130 feet span, rest on seven cast iron piers and two stone abutments, constitute this in its present completion, majestic appearing structure. The abutment on the Stegedin, viz: the right side of the Theisz is continued by a stone viaduct of seven arches; six of these have each sixteen feet, and the seventh thirty feet span, because the road to the old depot goes through it. The lowest and middle portion of the viaduct is composed of white freestone, whilst the arches are built of calcined and variegated stones. The eight iron arches as well as the cast iron piers, are painted with a silver grey oil color, which gives the whole a very solid appearance, and at the same time protect the iron from the effects of weather. The rail is thirty five feet above the highest water mark, which leaves twenty one feet below the middle of the arches for steamboats to go under; the present water mark is about 45 feet below them.

Each pier consists of two iron cylinders, each ten feet in diameter, which were driven forty two feet below low water mark into the bed of the river by means of compressed air. Piles were driven down in the inside of these cylinders, whose points reach sixty feet below low water mark, and whose tops cut off several fathoms below the river bed, support the concrete and masonry with which the inside of the cylinders are filled."

Exports of Fish to Foreign Ports.

In early days of New England the exports of the products of her fisheries to Spain, France, Portugal, and West Indies, were a very important portion of her trade, and gave to this colony of Massachusetts its early leading position in commerce. But our fisheries relied now upon the foreign demand, its products would be laid of sale. The town of Gloucester alone, could nearly supply every quintal of fish that is shipped abroad from the United States each year, and every barrel of mackerel and pickled fish, and there have 30,000 barrels for home market. Last year 161,000 quintals of domestic fish were shipped from the United States to foreign ports, and 30,000 barrels mackerel, and other pickled fish, such as salmon, herring, alewives, shad, &c. The great markets are Cuba, Hayti, Guiana and Porto Rico—Cuba and Hayti being the largest. These places take five-sixths of the total exports. Boston is the great exporting port, shipping more than two-thirds of the whole amount. New York ranks next, with over one-third the shipments of Boston, then comes Gloucester, with generally one-third of the exports of Boston.—Of pickled fish, Boston ships from one-third to one-half of the whole amount, Hayti taking the largest number of barrels, about 10,000 annually. By these statements it will be seen that our home market is the greatest for the fisheries, and this demand is constantly increasing.—The sources of supply for this immense demand are almost declining in extent with each succeeding year, and concentrating more at several leading places, such as Gloucester, which the last year furnished alone one-half of the mackerel for home and foreign consumption. We see nothing to hinder the constant rise of fish in the markets of the United States.

AFTER Mr. Prescott had finished his first great work, so little he was inspired with a fervid ambition, or anything like an inordinate distinction, that he said to his father that he had had the gratification of writing the work, and that he should place it on his shelf and leave it for those who should come after him. He was dissuaded from so doing, and was encouraged to give it to the world by his father.

If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

A Cunning Device.

The Chattanooga, Ala., Advertiser relates the following:—A nice, respected lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worse half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back, she would not be lonely; she wanted her ducky to enjoy himself, &c. Benedict felt a veritable "nice" under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged.—About eight o'clock, an "individual" about his size might have been seen cautiously creeping along to the door, and noiselessly. Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the black chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stooped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow.—Miserable villain—his time has come.—"Say your prayers villain, your time is short"—and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.—"Help! murder! watch!—oh, is that you?" and madame popped her little head up from the foot of the bed. Benedict seized the body as it was—a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, hankchiefs and old hats, made up for the occasion. "I say, dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sleepish look. "Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely, after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure I didn't think you'd suspect—" "There, there," said the clagined husband, "say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you."—Benedict repeated "Now I lay me," etc., and went to bed resolved not to watch any more at present.

A Romance in Politics.

One of Texas' distinguished citizens, name not given, who has figured largely in public life, first as a lawyer, then as a soldier in the Mexican and Indian wars, and then as a leading politician, has the following related of him in a sketch of his life by the New Orleans Christian Advocate. He had been put up by his party in 1857 to succeed Gen. Houston in the United States Senate; but feeling called to the ministry, and distrusting his own ability to resist the temptations of Washington life, was unwilling to accept the nomination. He laid the case before his wife, leaving to her the choice between the United States Senate and destruction to his morals, and the pulpit and salvation:—

"Taking the letters and papers from all parts of the State, giving him assurance of election, he went to his wife and said: 'I can go to the United States Senate. Here are the evidences. If you wish it, I will go. But if I go, hell is my doom. I shall die a drunkard as certain as I go to Washington. I can yet escape. If I pass this point, I never can. I can enter the ministry, which I ought to have done long ago, and save myself from a drunkard's grave, and my soul from hell. But you shall decide.' His poor wife, unwilling to relinquish the glittering prize in view, replied, weeping, that she could not see why he could not be a great man and a Christian too. But after prayerful reflection, she would not incur the fearful responsibility of deciding against his conscience, and told him to go into the itinerancy and she would go with him. To the astonishment of the whole State, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the Legislature, declining the office, and announcing his retirement from political life. The next thing that was heard of him was that he was preaching."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VISIT TO THE TESTED FIELD.—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington," asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century? (said she smiling.) I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could dole an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into his tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself. "This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" (said she.) Oh what a hard lot a soldier is objected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for, (asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear.) I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me, (said she,) how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the tainted field.—Boston Post.

Gentleman and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."