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BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

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G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

[For the Republican.]

SWEET NELL.

BY J. C. MAC.

Sweet Nell was fair, and her eyes so blue
Seemed to let a gleam of her soul-light through.
Her motions were grace, and her voice a melody;
Oh! many a heart was captivated there.

And her merry laugh, O, 'twas joy to hear—
For it seemed like the revel of angels fair.

And to bask in the light of her sunny smile
Was to dwell in Elysian fields the while.

But Nell was of earth; for no angel bright,
Could wreath the lips with such lovely light.

And glow with such order, and seem so true
While loving others as well as you.

For Nell was a flirt, if the truth must be told,
And with eyes so burning, her heart was cold.

She was conscious and proud of her magic power
And she watched and waited the triumph hour.

She had lovers in plenty—and true hearts came
And laid on her altar their vestal flame.

And the true and the false, as each went his way
Felt he had won a heart that day.

But little he thought, though he knew ere long
That his heart was light and his love a wrong.

That the next who should woo, would hear the vow
In the low sweet tones he had heard but now.

This moment by moment, hour by hour,
Flung Nell's days with a silent power—

Till years had passed, and the vision flown,
And youth and beauty, and hope, were gone;

And no true heart won—no strong arm hers
From all the crowd of her worshippers.

Lovers all vanished, and passion fled,
The joys of life, and its promise dead.

Lonely she went toward that mighty sea
Where rolls the dark tide of eternity.

But oft, when the sun's lingering ray
Gilded the clouds at close of day—

When the stars glanced out from the dusky skies,
Like gleams of light from fat Paradise,

The thoughts of the past oft waked in her soul
Sorrowful notes she could not control.

Food memory led her o'er fields of light
Where life was joyous and hope was bright;

But the broken vows, and the wasted years,
Brought hours of anguish, and floods of tears.

Then she took up her burden of life again
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas, Alas! that the bright and the fair
Should sink by folly to such despair.

Miscellaneous.

The End of a Woman's Caprices.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings designated lovers are miserable bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then when occasions make it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backward and forward before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant arm chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say so some," she continued, with a running laugh, "after one has waltzed and danced, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me, and proposed, and I swore if I didn't take pity on him he would die. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me after-

wards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccupped in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before the mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool, fresh air might fan away the extra rosinose from her complexion.

Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over the features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased, or not please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentation of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune, (though the latter, by the way was nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Capt. Morris' and Dr. Wilkins' had been before them.

"The first man I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way in which he uses his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her head meaningly, holding the fan before her for a screen. Did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquized, "and wouldn't it be fun and wouldn't it please Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three breathings and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—theatricality done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of laughter.

"O—o little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the reviled Harry as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream, "you deserve a shaking for your behaviour." Then lowering his voice he added gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me can you not be generous enough to tell me so; and if you do not, am I not worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, for the whole depth of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her rallery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length as he paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections? I have loved you because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice?—

When she turned her countenance, towards him again, the same coquetish light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie,

"there is Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our doweries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce current over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation, his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again in twenty-four hours, and as important as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds with such a wistful look as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mariana began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa bought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile or abstracted "thank you" was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any way connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry: "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheek and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard one approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched—you don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up dear, and I'll tell you," Sophie did look up with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but of Harry Ainslee.

Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee two years.

—Dead—Hon John Schwartz, representative in Congress from Berks county.

Tornadoes.

These freaks of nature are generally preceded by a peculiarly sultry and electric state of the atmosphere, when thunder is apt to be expected. A black cloud is generally formed some distance above the ground and travels with the tornado, its shape in many cases resembling an inverted cone. The storm is found to rage beneath this cloud. Occasionally it appears to revolve on an axis. There is a rushing toward it of the air from North and South, both currents gradually bending to the East as they approach the track of the tornado. This has been abundantly shown by the manner in which trees, grain, grass, buildings &c., have been torn down. The breadth of the track usually varies from 60 to 150 rods, seldom exceeding 100. The speed of the tornado often exceeds 100 miles per hour. In many cases, especially in one which took place at Natchez in 1840, such a vacuum is created in the centre of the tornado, that the strongest walls have been known to fall outward, sometimes in the face of a blast travelling over one hundred and fifty feet per second. Bricks have been carried in every direction, and portions of tin roofing hundreds of yards. Even men and women have been lifted from the ground in the sudden rushing upward of the current, and safely dropped at the distance of several rods. The locks of desks have been broken open by the sudden expansion of air within. In other cases buildings have been saved by having trap doors on their roofs opening upward. Plants growing on the line of the tornado, if not destroyed are so seared and crisped that they never finally recover. Some have been damaged on one side only. Little or no wind is felt outside of the track; so persons assert who have stood close by, and common observations confirm these statements. These visitors are also found to indulge in some strange freaks, as stripping fowls of their feathers; carrying articles of clothing up chimneys; dragging ploughs, carts and the like for a considerable distance; emptying ponds of water and fish, and even scooping out the mud; taking frames of looking glasses without further injury to either; drawing nails out of roofs, without disturbing the roof, stripping horses of their harness, and burying objects thus carried off, deeply in the earth. Unfortunate these tricks are too costly to make a repetition of them desirable. But they show that, like the elephant with his trunk, the monster can pick up a pin from the ground as well as rend an oak. Some years ago a tornado occurred in central New York and cut a clean path through the woods of about one eighth of a mile in length, leaving the trees and shrubbery standing on each side like a vast wall of masonry, and from a distance presenting the same rules of regularity and order.—The parallel lines were regular almost to the measurement of a foot.

THE WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.—In a few weeks the proclamation reached the colonies at several ports. Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at the time in her home near the foot of Penn Hill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the noiseless and giving with a good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied now at the spinning-wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion; she herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing; her own mother had been taken away, and her mother-in-law, in the same manner, buried without a prayer. She followed weak, and one affliction trod on the heels of another. Winter was hurrying on; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonely and melancholy. Ever in the silent night ruminating on the love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when, in November, she read the King's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties, and sent him the cheering message: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one; I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to nought all their devices."

SWEARING.—I think a man that swears is like a man that fires a gun in the street without seeing where the charge is going to strike. When a person uses profane language he does not know what or whom it is going to injure. It is a habit which comes upon a man gradually, but grows rapidly. It demoralizes a man's conscience, wounds his honor, injures his own soul, and hurts the feelings of others. It is profitable in nothing, and mischievous in almost everything. I scarcely know of anything for which there is so little excuse. If you say that you indulge in it only when you are angry, I reply that it is worse then than at any other time.

The Number Three.

When the world was created we find there was land, water and sky; sun, moon and stars. Noah had but three sons, Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; Our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice.—There were three patriarchs—Abraham Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were secured from the flames of a furnace. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity—those three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson discovered Deliah three times before she discovered the secret of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto, IN HOC SIGNO. There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven and hell. There is also a Holy Trinity. In mythology, there is three Graces; Cerberus, with three heads; Neptune holding his three toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three.—In nature we have morning, noon and night. Trees grow their leaves in three, there is the three leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge and in logic three promises are indispensable.

AFFECTION AND INTELLIGENCE OF THE BRUTE CREATION.—Every one has heard the sympathies of animals toward each other. Cries of distress will often call them forth. When the dam of a newborn lamb has died, some affectionate sheep, although she may have one of her own, has been known to foster and suckle the helpless one. In my own immediate neighborhood, the youngest of a large litter of pigs—a poor little helpless creature—who was not able to get at its mother for nourishment, was warmed under the wings of a good natured hen. It was fed by hand, but when turned down the hen was always ready to take charge of it, and thus it was reared. These instances might be multiplied to a considerable extent, showing the active benevolence of some animals; but the following fact will prove the existence of a combined intelligence in creatures which I have reason to believe has been hitherto unnoticed by naturalists as existing amongst the feathered creation. The accuracy of the anecdote may be vouched for. In the island of Ceylon there is to be found a very cunning and sensible crow, somewhat smaller than our own native one, having a glossy back, and altogether rather an engaging, pretty bird. Now, in the yard of the governor of Ceylon, a dog was on one day amusing himself by gnawing a bone, the scraps of meat upon which attracted the attention of one of these crows. It alighted on the ground, hopped around the dog and bone, and evidently waited an opportunity for seizing the latter.—The dog, however, was on his guard, and by certain growls and probably angry looks, which the bird understood, protected his property. The crow was too cunning and too hungry to be baffled. He flew away, but soon returned with a companion. They hopped up to the dog, when the fresh arrival watched his opportunity, and gave a sudden pull at the dog's tail. Not being used to such an insult, he suddenly turned round in order to see who had taken the liberty with him. The bone was for a moment left unprotected, and was immediately seized by the first cunning crow, who flew away with it, joined his companion, and they doubtless had a merry feast upon it.—Once a Week.

KIND WORDS.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.—There is such a rush of other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and lusty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—Pascal.

A LITTLE GIRL BLOWN INTO A TREE.—At Farmington, Iowa, last Sunday, a little girl four years old, was carried by a sudden gust of wind and lodged in a cherry tree, a few rods distant, her clothes having caught in the branches of the tree, where she remained unharmed. The anxious father ran to and fro, seeking her, when the little innocent, Crippling with rain, peeped through the branches of the cherry tree, exclaiming—"I'm here, I am!"

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim disdainfully.

Mrs. Partington looked over her spectacles mildly before she replied:

"Perhaps, if you could, you would like them better."

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we heard nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one family; we are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same beauty, and shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is unbecoming then that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow, he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from your eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe a spirit of charity to your hearts; let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the islands of the blessed bloom in more than "Hyperborean beauty."

GEN. HENRY D. FOSTER.—In all our political experience we have never seen so much enthusiasm evinced for any candidate in this State as greets the nomination of Gen. Henry D. Foster for Governor. From the Delaware to Lake Erie, the Democratic newspapers come to us filled with exultations at the course pursued by the Convention at Reading, and every member of our party whom we meet is sanguine of triumph, now that the Keystone Democracy is united. Hundreds who had grown lukewarm on account of the dissection and personal differences which for the last two years have weakened our organization and caused its defeat are now ardent in support of our principles and nominee. Every Democrat is prepared to do his duty, and that our State will be most gloriously redeemed from the disgrace of Republican fanaticism cannot be doubted.—Potterville Record.

KEN SATCHEL.—At a ball one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along persuaded the lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The plain yeoman, overhearing all that had passed, with a rigid indifference moved toward a card table and sat down to play a game of whist. The captain, in a few minutes afterwards, stepped up to the lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist table, in hopes to secure her first partner, and said: "I believe Mr. B., it is time to take our positions." The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing a pack for the next dealer, courteously replied, "No, madam, I mean to keep my position, when ladies shuffle, I cut."

SUICIDE ABOUT A LEGACY.—A man named Perry Johnson hung himself in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md., on last Tuesday two weeks. He became dissatisfied about a distribution of a legacy between him and his brothers, supposing partiality had been shown his younger brother. He had a key suspended on a belt, tied round his waist, which unlocked a chest that contained \$3,000, which it seemed he was also troubled how to dispose of.

To be hated by her friends is the lot of every good looking girl; but to be secretly cursed by the whole neighborhood, is a joy reserved for the transcendently beautiful only. Without even seeing a young woman, you can tell her appearance by just carefully analyzing the scandal in circulation against her.

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the Lamb had it not been for the fleece.

Mr. Harris "was never more miserable in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "w-w-wait till one came round!"

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage conduct of an unforgiving spirit.

Important decision.—The N. Y. Court of Appeals has affirmed the power of the Governor to sign bills after the adjournment of the Legislature. The Court below decided the other way.

Both the candidates for Governor of this State, were stopping at the Girard House, Philadelphia, on Saturday last. A few lively looks were exchanged, of course.

It is said that the Pope is very poor at the present time. Material aid will be sent him from this country. His expenses have been very heavy of late.

The returns already show a decrease in the population of Ohio. Emigration to the western Territories has affected that State.

Mrs. Swissheim says she wore a \$2.50 bonnet seven winters without altering it. What do you think of it, young ladies?

Sorrows come soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.