



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence, &c.

J. S. & J. J. BRISBIN,

WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

MALLISTER & BEAVER ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Allegheny Street. Feb. 10/59

E. M. BLANCHARD—ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office formerly occupied by the Hon. James Burdette. Jan. 19, '60—16.

W. W. BROWN—ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will attend to all legal business entrusted to him, with promptness. May, 5, '59.

W. M. P. WILSON—ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office three doors North of the diamond. Jan. 12/60

E. J. HOCKMAN, SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will attend to and correctly execute all business entrusted to him. [June 14, '60—16.

GEO. L. POTTER, M. D. OFFICE on High Street, (old office), Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his professional services his friends and the public. Oct. 26/58

F. FAIRBANKS, M. D. J. S. A. DORRIS, M. D. FAIRBANKS & DORRIS, D. R. J. H. DOBBS, in the practice of medicine since as heretofore on "shop street" opposite the Pennsylvania Hotel. March 19, 57.

W. M. REBER, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, permanently located offers his professional services to the citizens of Pine Grove Mills and vicinity, and respectfully solicits a liberal portion of the public patronage. Feb. 16, '60—17.

J. J. LINGLE, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, will practice all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner. Office and residence on Spring St. Bellefonte, Pa. [March 6, '60—17.

JAMES RIDGELY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Refer to Gov. Pollock, Milton Pa. and Hon. A. G. Curtin, Bellefonte Pa. Office with John H. Stover. Jan. 5, '60.

CYRUS ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bellefonte, Pa. Will faithfully attend to all business entrusted to him. Office on Northwest corner of the Diamond. Apr. 12, '60.

IRAC MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will faithfully attend to all business entrusted to him. Office in the Arcade. Jan. 5, '60.

J. R. MUFFLY, AGENT FOR THE WEST-BRAND INSURANCE COMPANY. Persons wishing to secure themselves from losses by fire, will do well to call upon him at the store of R. Muffly & Co., N. E. corner of the Diamond, three doors above Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa. Mar. 15, '60.

W. W. WHITE, DENTIST, has permanently located in Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa. Office on main street, next door to the store of Johnston & Kirtz, where he purpues practicing his profession in the most scientific manner and at moderate charges. Mar. 15/60

CONVEYANCING. DEEDS, BONDS, MORTGAGES, AND ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT neatly and correctly executed. Also, attention will be given to the adjustment of Book Accounts, and accounts of Administrators and Executors prepared for filing. Office next door to the Post Office. Oct. 19th, '58. W. J. KEALS.

J. D. WINGATE, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office and residence on the North Eastern corner of the Public Square, near the Court House. Will be found at his office, except two weeks in each month, commencing on the first Monday of each month, when he will be filling professional engagements elsewhere. Oct. 22, '57 & 58.

JOHN H. STOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA., will practice his profession in the several courts of Centre county. All business entrusted to him will be carefully attended to. Collections made and all monies promptly remitted. Office, on High St. formerly occupied by Judge Burdette, and D. C. Boal, Esq. where can be consulted both in the English and the German language. May 6, '58—22 ly.

JAS. MACANUS, M. D. & W. M. P. MACANUS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson, Allegheny street. Jas. Macanus has associated with W. M. P. Macanus, Esq., in the practice of law. Professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. They will attend the several Courts in the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield. Jan. 21, '60.

HALE & HOY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon. Jas. T. Hale. A CARD. Messrs. Hale & Hoy will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by me in the trial of all causes entrusted to them in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties. All collections placed in their hands, will receive their prompt attention. Office in Blanchard's new building on Allegheny street. Nov. 30 '58. CURTIN & BLANCHARD.

BANKING HOUSE OF W. M. REYNOLDS & CO. BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN. Bills of Exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and Funds promptly remitted. Interest paid on Special Deposits, Exchange on the Eastern cities constantly on hand and for sale. Deposits received. April 7, '58.

W. M. HARDING, FASHIONABLE HATTER AND HAIR DRESSER, BELLEFONTE, PA. Has opened a Barber Shop on door above the Franklin House, where he can be found at all times. Good Razors, keen and sharp, kept constantly on hand. Hair Dressing, Shampooing, &c., attended to in the most workman-like manner. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Bellefonte, June 28, 1859—17.

NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP AND DIRECTORY OF CENTRE CO. PENNSYLVANIA.

From actual Measurements by Instrumental Survey throughout the Co. By H. F. WALLING, Civil Engineer.

The undersigned proposes to publish by order of a large and accurate Topographical Map of Centre county, from thorough and careful surveys. Every road has been carefully surveyed by course and distance, and the location noted of all the public roads, Dwellings, Churches, Post Offices, Hotels, Stores, School Houses, Factories, Mills, Shops, Mountains, Ponds, Streams, &c.—The names of Property holders generally—carefully including those who order the work—will be engraved upon the Map, showing the exact location of each. Extra Maps of the Principal Villages will be engraved upon the margin of the Map; also a Table of Distances, showing the number of miles from each Post office to every other throughout the county, together with the latest statistical information. An ornamental border will surround the Map.

The Map will be engraved by the most skillful Artists in the country, handsomely colored and mounted, and will be delivered to those who order for Five dollars per copy.

We are now engaged in forwarding the work, and shall endeavor to give every property holder an opportunity of ordering a copy, and also of examining the work before its final completion, in order to make it entirely satisfactory as to accuracy, &c.

The map will contain all the information usually found in Town maps, for each of the townships in the county, and it is obvious that the most liberal patronage is needed to sustain us in producing a work of so great magnitude and expense. As it is evidently of such practical utility and interest to business men and citizens generally, presenting so minute and distinct a representation of the county, that even the child may readily acquire a correct idea of each town, village, and their true directions, distances from each other, we confidently solicit and expect the hearty co-operation of the intelligent and enterprising citizens of Centre county.

S. D. TILDEN, Publisher. These maps are sold exclusively by the Publisher, and no variation in price. No more maps are printed than what are actually ordered.

We the undersigned, having examined the recent surveys and drafts of Centre county, also Topographical Maps of other counties, published by Mr. S. D. Tilden, take pleasure in recommending a Topographical Map of this county, which is very much needed, being of great practical value to business men and citizens generally, and from the united testimonials and recommendations they have from distinguished gentlemen where they have made surveys and published maps. We feel confident they will furnish an accurate, reliable and useful Map and Directory well worthy of liberal patronage.

We hope the citizens of this county will interest themselves sufficiently in this enterprise, so that the Publisher may engrave upon the margin of the map, extra plans of the villages in the county upon a larger scale.

Considering the expense of such a survey of the whole county, and being entirely a local work, we think it is offered to the citizens on very reasonable terms.

Wm. F. Reynolds, James T. Hale, John Hoffer, Adam Hoy, Wm. A. Thomas, R. C. James Ira C. Mitchell, H. N. McAllister, J. S. Barnhart, Jas. A. Beavers, Cyrus T. Alexander, Ed. Bismarck, H. Broeckerhoff, Wm. P. Wilson, Geo. L. Potter, Geo. Livingston, Jacob V. Thomas, Geo. A. Fairbank, Jas. H. Rankin, Jonathan L. Jones, Turner, Jesse L. Test, George W. Tate, John T. Hoover, P. E. Wilson, James Linn, J. B. Mitchell, E. Greene, J. H. Stover, R. G. Durban, Sam'l Linn, H. P. Harris, A. S. Valentine. Aug. 23, 1859—17.

BERHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS



THE CELEBRATED HOLLAND REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER COMPLAINT, WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND, FEVER AND AGUE, AND THE VARIOUS AFFECTIONS consequent upon a disordered STOMACH OR LIVER.

Such as Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Oedema, Palms, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, &c. In all Nervous, Rheumatic, and Venereal Affections, it is a powerful, safe, and purely scientific principle, and in other effects a decided cure.

It is particularly recommended to those persons whose constitutions have been injured by the continued use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Generally it is introduced into the system by the continued use of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising up the flagging spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health and vigor into the system.

NOTICE—Whoever expects to find this a beverage will be disappointed, but to the sick weak and low spirited, it will prove a grateful aromatic cordial, composed of singularly remedial properties.

READ CAREFULLY! The Genuine high concentrated Berhave's Holland Bitters is put up in half-pint bottles only, and retailed at ONE DOLLAR per bottle, or six bottles for FIVE DOLLARS. The great demand for this truly celebrated Medicine has induced many imitations, which the public should guard against purchasing.

Beware of Imposition. See that our name is on the label of every bottle you buy. Sold by Druggists generally. It can be forwarded by Express to distant points.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, BENJAMIN PAGE, JR. & CO. Manufacturers and Chemists, PITTSBURGH, PA. Sept. 6, '60.

JOHN W. WILSON, W. A. ARNOLD, W. A. ARNOLD & WILSON, WARMING & VENTILATING WAREHOUSE, No. 1010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EMERALD STATE MANTELS, Common and Low Dore's Patent Registers, Warm Air Registers and Ventilating and Venti-lating Buildings of every description. DEPT. J. J. FLETCHER, Sep 4, 1860—17.

MOTHERS OF HISTORY.

It is a noticeable fact in history that the mothers of all the truly great men, were women of uncommon talent, or great energy, thus proving conclusively, that the character of man takes its cast from that of the mother. First impressions are the strongest, and no matter what causes are brought to bear in after life, the lessons learned in childhood are sure to leave their indelible impress on the mind of man. Few mothers realize the responsibility of rearing a family of children. They are conscious of the trouble, the vexations, the sorrows they have to undergo, but how often do they reflect that they are forming the characters, for good or evil, of men who will, perhaps, distinguish themselves in the world? Mothers will do well to think deeply on this important subject.

It is said of Sir Walter Scott's mother, that she was a small, plain, well-educated woman, of excellent sense, very charitable, and a great lover of poetry and painting—and on the whole a superior woman. This evident, from the writings of Sir Walter that he had an uncommon gift in word-painting.

It is said of Byron's mother, that she was a proud woman, hasty, violent and unreason-able, with not principle sufficient to restrain her temper. Unhappily, Byron inherited his mother's inflammable temper, and instead of being subdued and softened by the harshness with which she often treated him, he was rendered more passionate by it.

Thus we see that this infirmity, which was greatly checked, if not cured, was suffered to enslave one of the most talented, brilliant, poetical minds which has ever shone among men, entailing a life of misery upon its possessor, and an early termination to his career!

The mother of Bonapart was a woman of great beauty and energy of character. This last trait has been strikingly exemplified throughout his whole life.

The mother of Robert Burns was a woman of moderate personal attractions—but in every other respect a remarkable woman. She was blessed with a singular equanimity of temper, and her religious feelings were constant and deep. They used to give wings to the weary hours of her chequered life by chanting old songs and ballads, of which she had a large store. Her preception of character was very quick and keen, and she lived to a good old age, rejoicing in the fame of her poet son, and partaking of the fruits of his genius.

Lord Bacon's mother is said to have been a woman of superior mind, of great learning, and deep piety.

Little is said of the mother of Nero, except that she murdered her second husband, the Emperor Claudius, about four years after her marriage. Do you wonder that Nero was a cruel Emperor, if his mother was a murderer? How strongly does the mother of Nero, an ancient tyrant, contrast with the mothers of our modern philanthropists and statesmen—the mother of Washington, whose history is familiar to every reader of history; the mother of John Jay, who deserves a place by the side of Washington. Mrs. Jay is said to have had a cultivated mind, a fine imagination, and affectionate temper.

The mother of Patrick Henry was a woman of great excellence of character, and marked by superior conversational powers. Hence, doubtless, the oratorical gift of her son. With the mother of the Adamses all are acquainted. Where will we find more real practical common sense than Jno. Quincy's mother possessed? The mother's impress was truly stamped upon her son.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

It being one of the delights of Daniel Webster to annually visit the Granite hills of his native State to rusticate for a few days, he usually favored Conway with his presence, where resided the famous Billy Abbot, both small of stature and old of his age. For his humorous wit and wonderful knowledge of every little incident that made this or that place particularly charming and interesting to the historian and the antiquarian which he was very fond of imparting, he so ingratiated himself into the good favor of the great expounder of the constitution, that he always gave him a seat in his carriage when he rode out to view the beauties of nature. Billy's associates, feeling envious on account of the honor conferred upon him by this distinguished man, one day after Webster's departure sarcastically asked Billy, in the crowded bar-room; what he did his friend Webster found to converse about as they rode about the country? Billy replied: "We usually talk about horticulture and agriculture, and the different breeds of cattle and horses, and upon these subjects I derive from him a great deal of information; and upon such topics I find him a little more than my match—but the moment"—enthusiastically with a gesture, and a tone of voice becoming the orator himself—"but the moment he alludes to the constitution, I can floor him in a minute;" which was received with applause, and the Banquo of Eury never again affronted Daniel's rustic favorite.

"Now, then, hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone, then—run!" I'm a little lame and I'll start now!"

LINCOLN AMONG CHILDREN.

Probably no attribute of our candidate will, after all, endear him so much to the popular heart, as the conviction that he is emphatically "one of the people." His manhood has not been compressed into the artificial track of society; but his great heart and vigorous intellect have been allowed a general development amid his solitary struggles in the forest and prairie. With vision unobscured by the mists of sophistry, he distinguishes at once between what is true and what is false, and with will and courage fortified by his life of hardships, he is not a man to shrink any responsibility, or to shrink from any opposition. Moreover, he is peculiarly one to win our confidence and affection. To know "Honest Abe," is to love him; and his neighbors in the west, although voting for him to a man, will mourn the victory which deprives them of his presence.

The following instance will exhibit Lincoln in one of those unobtrusive acts of goodness which adorn his life. The circumstance was related by a teacher in the Five Points House of Industry, in New York. "Our Sunday School the morning of a few months since; I noticed a tall and remarkable looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance manifested such genuine interest, that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and coming forward he began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces around would drop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of "Go on! O go on!" would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the quaint and sinewy form of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impression of the moment, I felt an irresistible curiosity to know more about him, and he was quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He replied, courteously, 'It is Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois!'

A Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man who didn't take the papers was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was president, and wanted to know if the "Kankakeians" had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for thirty cents—the price being fifty-five—but on going to deposit the money, they told him that it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three-cent pieces, and these some sharper had "run on him" for half a dime.

One of the boys went to the blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market-house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat-hook, he piously took a seat on the butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left before the "meeting" was out, and had no great opinion of the "sermon."

One of the girls took a lot of "seed onions" to the Post Office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the sidewalk. When it cried she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sung "Barbara Allen."

The oldest boy had sold two "good skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of soda water, and stood soaking his gingerbread and making wry faces. The shop-keeper mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd hearn tell of soda an' water, an' he was bound to give it a fair trial." Some "town feller" came in and called for a lemonade with a "fly in it," whereupon our soap friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he wouldn't listen to it. He was opposed to "internal improvements," and he thought "larnin' was a wicked invention and vexation." None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he "tached school for a while and then went to studying divinity!"

GARBALDI.

Garibaldi washes his own shirts when occasion requires. After the battle of Melazzo, finding his shirt dirty and soiled from his personal struggles, he took it off, washed it in the brook hard by, and hung it on the bushes, and ate his lunch of bread, fruit and water, smoked his cigar, barbequed, and, wrapped in thought, sat apparently contemplating the drying of his garment; thus in the field of bivouac, sharing danger and hardship with the humblest of his followers. Directly his shirt was dry; he went on board the Tukei, formerly Veloce, lying in the bay on the Western side of the Peninsula, and personally directed her fire on the fortress and retiring masses.

A WEDDING.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming color, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled around the altar. "I will," was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name was written—and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more; and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Soketon was still dearer and prettier than ever Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriage were entered, and the house was reached. Sophy walked into her father's home—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the traveling took its place, and all crowded around her to say good-by—to look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and fond embraces, and a father's mingled tear and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sobs; and Sophy Grey left her father's house—left with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment, the carriage door was closed, the last good-by uttered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all had been interest and hurry.

LIFE IN A RAILROAD CAR.

Long before the train arrives we hear the roar of wheels—we see the glimmering of a glowing light. Brighter and broader it opens; like the Cyclopean unswinking eye, it is the head-light of the train. Then, in a steady jar, then the mingled clank as of a thousand shaken chains, and the cars are here. "All aboard!" and "all right!" follow each other in quick succession, and we are breathing the close and heavy air of a crowded dormitory. The car lamps had gone out disgusted; the little wakefulness of the sleepers has subsided, and the dim snoring outline of cloaks and shawls and frightened-looking heads—flocked here and there like a troubled sea, with white, compose the landscape; while over all, like pendulums, swing plethoric carpet-bags slowly to and fro; and little satchels, brisk as mantled cloaks, and bonnets made of nothing, dance up and down like blossoms in a rain, all timed to the motion of a train. But the dim gray train to an old eye white, and breathing bundles begin to stir. Out of an egg-shaped package is hatched a woman, with locks dishevelled, like Venus from the sea. A three or two and a rougher form emerges from cloak and shawl and shakes itself awake. A shapeless heap turns out a man, bearded like a pard. A pair of boots thrust out like bowsprits, dip out of sight as the owner comes in view. One soothing an irritated but with gentle touches of his elbow; another pulling at his wilted collar. Disordered tresses are smoothed with hasty touches of the hand, and crumpled sleeves persuaded into shape. One lady has learned her lesson from Grimaldin, and makes her toilet precisely like a cat.

DANCED WITH THE PRINCE.

What an event among crinolinedoms—have danced with the Prince of Wales! We are afraid he will have much to answer for. Young men who were formerly considered paragons of perfection by young ladies, will doubtless be snubbed incontinently. A hand that has been grasped by a live Prince will not be bestowed on every chance comer, depend upon it. Have a care, girls! Don't carry your heads too high, or at least not so high that you may not have the pleasure of telling to your children "all about the Prince." In short, don't be so puffed up that one of these days somebody will point out a withered old maid, and somebody else will exclaim, incredulously, in your hearing—"What! the Prince dance with her?" Well, truly, there is no accounting for taste!" Not the consoling "Oh, but she was very pretty once," will take the sting from the rejoinder—"is it possible?"—Ranney Fern.

A Complimenting pastor gave three reasons for refusing an increase of salary. First that the parish could not afford to pay more; second, that his preaching was not worth more; and third, because I have to collect my salary which heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me.

Why is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Ans.—Because he lies first on one side, and then turns ever and lies on the other.

The Exodus of the Fosterites.

Now it came to pass in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, which was the fourth year of James the Fourth, that there arose in the Keystone State a man named Foster, who in his conceit aspired to be ruler of that State.

Now Foster was a babbling and foolish of speech, and his words were like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Nevertheless, as he was a Douglasite, and a prophet in his own country, (albeit he was a prophet) he drew many people after him.

And Foster went about from place to place exhorting the people to the end that he might become a ruler over them.

Now there was a man of Centre, whose name was Curtin—a Lincolnite, and a man of mighty power; and the Lincolnites said, among themselves: This man shall rule over us, and we will have him for our Governor.

And Curtin also exhorted the people.

And it came to pass that the Douglasites and the Lincolnites met together to hear their chosen leaders speak to the people, and exhort them to remain firm in the faith.

And Foster spoke for the space of an hour and forty minutes.

And when he had made an end of speaking Curtin arose and spoke with great power, and moreover read and expounded the epistle of———, the Collector.

And when Foster heard it he was sore afraid and was troubled within him.

And it came to pass that Curtin obtained favor in the eyes of the people but Foster went away discomfited.

And there were giants in those days—(albeit there were little giants.)

And they waxed fat and presumptuous and did boast that Foster should prevail over Curtin.

And the Fosterites and Douglasites did bring offerings of gold and silver and musical instruments from afar off, yea, even a mock sun, to give light by night, that they might tempt to follow after Foster.

And many false prophets went about the country, exhorting to the same end.

And it came to pass in the tenth month and the ninth day of the month, that the Douglasites and the Fosterites gathered themselves together for battle.

And about the eighth hour the Lincolnites fell upon them and smote them, hip and thigh, the Douglasites, the Fosterites, the Bellites and the Clear Greeks.

And they fled before the face of Curtin and his hosts, and took ship up the river, yea, even that river of Salt.

And it came to pass, when Foster saw and heard those things he lifted up his voice and wept.

And as they journeyed on the river, they chanted in the heaviness of their hearts: Oh Foster's heart is broke, Oh Foster don't you cry, &c.

[Philadelphia News.]

TO ATTAIN LONG LIFE.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life, must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings.

Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and cares can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, yes, excess of joy becomes deadly. They who are naturally cool, and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression—who are not want to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner.

Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune can too much disturb. Love nothing violently—hate nothing to passion—fear nothing too strongly. For still, lesson from Grimaldin, and makes her toilet precisely like a cat.

What an event among crinolinedoms—have danced with the Prince of Wales! We are afraid he will have much to answer for. Young men who were formerly considered paragons of perfection by young ladies, will doubtless be snubbed incontinently. A hand that has been grasped by a live Prince will not be bestowed on every chance comer, depend upon it. Have a care, girls! Don't carry your heads too high, or at least not so high that you may not have the pleasure of telling to your children "all about the Prince." In short, don't be so puffed up that one of these days somebody will point out a withered old maid, and somebody else will exclaim, incredulously, in your hearing—"What! the Prince dance with her?" Well, truly, there is no accounting for taste!" Not the consoling "Oh, but she was very pretty once," will take the sting from the rejoinder—"is it possible?"—Ranney Fern.

DEWDROPS.

Liberality is the best way to gain affection for whom we are obliged.

The greater the man is, the more he hath need of a friend; and the more difficultly there is in finding and knowing him.

Worthy minds deny themselves many advantages to satisfy a generous beneficence, which they bear friends in distress.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Choose thy wife wisely; open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy, and folly, and vanity.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.

He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him. So it is in travelling; a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.

If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

A CUTE IRISHMAN.

Not long since, in one of our interior towns a green specimen of Emerald Isle made his appearance, with a large family—ten children and a wife—very poor wretch. Pat, after cogitating for some time, hit upon a novel plan of raising the wind, which we will endeavor to develop for the benefit of any one who may be placed in similar circumstances.

He proceeded to the house of the wealthiest man in town, (who, by the way, was a tight-fisted old codger, and had often passed by the miserable but wretched man and his family stayed, and knew they were suffering from cold and hunger, yet never offered to relieve Pat, or his children who were crying for bread,) one cold morning in December, and, ringing at the door, inquired for Mr. R——, who soon made his appearance.

Pat, with a knowing look, requested of Mr. R—— the loan of a sum of money sufficient to get a letter from the Post Office, sent to him from the "ould country," and, as he said, containing something valuable. Old Skinfint, for the first time in his life, was generous, and gave away a sixpence; our Irish friend took the money and "went on his way rejoicing."

The next morning, early, Pat returned, and was received with a cold nod, and "How d'ye do, Pat?" He drew an ominous looking document from his pocket, which he said he had received from old Ireland in the letter, and requested Old Skinfint to examine it.

Upon inspection, it proved to be a paper purporting to be "the last will and testament" of a wealthy uncle of Pat's bequest, leg to his nephew, Mr. Patrick M——, the sum of £250,000.

Mr. R—— at all once discovered that our Irish friend was a remarkably good-looking man, and, throwing off his usual reserve of manner, extended his hand, and