



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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The Centre Democrat.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

M'ALLISTER & BEAVER ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Allegheny Street. Feb. 10 '59.

E. M. BLANCHARD-ATTORNEY AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENNA. Office formerly occupied by the Hon. J. H. Stover. Jan. 19, '60.

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

JAS. H. RANKIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Office next door to the Post Office. Sept. 20, '60.

W. M. WILSON-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office three doors North of the diamond. Jan. 27 '60.

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

GEORGE 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. 24 '58.

G. A. FAIRBANK, M. D., JAS. A. ROBBINS, M. D. FAIRLAMB & DOBBIN, M. D. FAIRLAMB & DOBBIN, M. D. Dr. J. H. DOBBIN, in the practice of medicine &c. as heretofore on Union street, opposite the Temperance Hotel. March 19, '57.

DR. JAS. P. GREGG, respectfully offers his professional services to the people of Mifflinburg and vicinity. Residence, Daniel B. Boileau's National Hotel. Refer to Dr. J. M. McCoy, Dr. G. L. Potter, Dr. J. B. Mitchell. [Nov. 5, 1860.]

WM. REIBER, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, having permanently located in Bellefonte, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Pine Grove Mills and vicinity, and respectfully solicits a liberal patronage of the public patronage. [Feb. 16, '60.]

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. [Mar. 2, '60.]

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

J. R. MUFFLY, AGENT FOR THE WEST BRANCH INSURANCE COMPANY. Persons wishing to secure themselves from losses by fire, will do well to call upon him at the store of J. 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 County Pa. Office on main st., next door to the store of Johnson & Keller, where he purposes practicing his profession in the most scientific manner and at moderate charges. mar.

IRA C. MITCHELL, CYRUS T. ALEXANDER, MITCHELL & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENNA. Having associated themselves in the practice of law, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Office in the Arcade. [Nov. 1, '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. WM. J. KEASLER.

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 Burnside, and D. C. Bond, Esq., where he can be consulted both in the English and in the German language. May 6, '58-22 ly.

JAS. MACMANN, W. P. MACMANN, J. & WM. P. MACMANN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson, Allegheny street. Jas. Macmann has associated with W. P. Macmann, Esq., in the practice of law. Professional business intrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. They will attend the several Courts in the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield. June 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.

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. J. T. HALE. Jan 5 1860

CURTIN & BLANCHARD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PENNA. The undersigned having associated themselves in the practice of law, will faithfully attend to all professional business 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 WM. F. REYNOLDS & CO. BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENNA. 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 BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER, BELLEFONTE, PA. Has opened a Barber Shop one 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 29, 1860.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WM. B. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. Apr. 5th '60.

HOWELL & BURKE, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF PAPER HANGINGS, N. E. Cor. of Fourth & Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA. [R. G. O. Oct. 4, '60, 3m.]

J. THORP FLAHERTY, Importer of Havana Segars, No. 837 CHESTNUT STREET, (Adjoining Girard House), And Opposite Continental Hotel, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA. Ar. 4.28, '60.—ly.

BOMGARDNER HOUSE CORNER OF SIXTH AND R. R. STREETS OPPOSITE L. V. AND PENNA. R. R. DEPOTS, HARRISBURG, PA.

J. W. STONE, PROPRIETOR. Mar. 15th, 1860.—ly.

MADAME SHWEND'S INFALLIBLE POWDERS, FOR THE SPEEDY AND EFFECTUAL CURE OF ALL Inflammations, Fevers, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Piles, Gleet, and all Acute and Chronic Diseases of Adults and Children.—Send 3 cent Stamp to her Agent, G. B. JONES, Hundreds of testimonials; 1 Box 2070 Phila., P. O. For Agency, S. W. cor. Third & Arch Sts. Oct. 4, 1860.—10c. J. Web.

J. PALMER & CO., MARKET ST., WHARF, PHILADELPHIA. Dealer in FISH CHEESE and Provisions. Have constantly on hand an assortment of DRIED & PICKLED FISH, &c., viz: Mackerel, Shad, Salmon, Blue Fish, Herrings, Codfish, Peas, Pork, Lard, Shoulders, Hams, Sides, Cheese, Beans, Rice, &c. et. '60.—3m. [J. Web.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, BY L. W. TENBYCK OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HARRISBURG PA. B. HARTSHORN Superintendent. No pains have been spared to make the above the first hotel in Harrisburg. The table is always spread with the best market affords and the accommodations are superior to any found elsewhere in the city. March 1st 1860.

HUGH B. BRISBIN, Druggist, MANUFACTURER OF EXTRA LIQUOR COLORING, N. W. Cor. Third & Poplar streets, Phila. Terms Cash. Oct. 5, 1860.—ly.

A. GUCKENHEIMER, S. WERTHEIMER, & WERTHEIMER. A. G. & BROS.' IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic Liquors. DISTILLERS OF MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKEY, Also, Rectifiers of the IRON CITY WHISKEY, And Manufacturers of the Celebrated GERMAN STOMACH BITTERS No. 25 Market Street, PITTSBURGH, PA. LOUIS GITTSBERG, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF FANCY FURS.

For Ladies, Gentlemen's and Children's Wear, No. 234 ARCH ST., PHILA. All kinds of Furs Dressed, Cleaned and Repaired. Furs made to order at the shortest notice. Full value paid for Shipping Furs. Furs taken care of during the Summer. Oct. 4, '60.—ly.

W. A. ARNOLD, JOHN W. WILSON. ARNOLD & WILSON WARMING & VENTILATING WAREHOUSE, No. 1010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. CHILSON'S Patent Cook and Ventilating FURNACES, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, ENAMELED STATE MANTELS Common and Low Down Parlor Grates, Warm Air Registers and Ventilating, &c. &c. Particular attention given to warming and Ventilating Buildings of every description. SEND ME PRICES, &c. Sep't. Apr. 26, 1860.—ly.

TOWNSEND & CO., (Successors to Sam'l Townsend & Son), No. 39 South Second Street, above Chestnut, PHILA. IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN Velvet, Brussels, Tapestries, Three ply, Ingrain and Venetian CARBETS of the best English & American make. MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, &c., &c. We solicit an inspection of our assortment before purchasing elsewhere. Oct. 4, '60.—3m. [R. G. O.]

HAINES & DOCK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 35 North Water Street, PHILADELPHIA. GROCERIES, GROCERIES, GROCERIES, GROCERIES, Merchants of Central Pennsylvania. LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!! If you wish to buy cheap go to Haines & Dock. They keep on hand the best articles to be had in the City, in their line of business. Call and examine their goods. Remember their firm is at No. 35 North Water Street, PHILADELPHIA. Apr. 28, '60.—ly.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT. January 1st 1861.

Oh! blast the memory Of the noble Patrick Henry, For the day When his eloquence loud fell, Like the pealing of a bell, On the sires;— Till their hearts Smarts, smarts, And their noble bosoms burned, Till with high resolve they spurned Tyranny; And they cried with one breath, "Give us liberty or death." Conquered they?

In their ragged regimentals Stood the roll of the continentals, Yielding not. While the grenadiers were lunging, And like hailstones fell the plunging Cannon shot; Where the files Of the Isle, From the smoky inn on campment, Bore the banner of the rampart Unicorn; And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer, Rolled the roll of the drummer, Through the morn.

Then with eyes in front of all, And with guns horizontal, Stood our sires, And the balls whistled deadly, And the flames flashed redly, Blazed the fires; As the swift Billiard drift Drove the dark bottle breakers O'er the green sanded acres Of the plain; And louder, louder, louder, Cracked the black gunpowder, All amain!

Then like smiths at their forges Labored the red St. George's Cannonier, And the villainous salspeter Ring a ring, discordant metro Around their ears, Like the roar, Rose the horse guard's clangor, As they rode in rearing anger, On our flanks; And higher, higher, higher, Burned the old-fashioned fire, Through the ranks.

Then the old-fashioned Colonel Galloped through the white, infernal Powder cloud; And his sword was swinging, And his brazen throat was ringing, Trumpet loud; And the blue Bullets flew, And the trooper jackets redder At the touch of the leaden Bullet's breath; And rounder, rounder, rounder, Roared the iron six pounder, Hurling death!

Like the falling drops of rain Fall the soldiers on the plain, Ne'er to rise, Denser, denser grows the air, And the reeking weapons glare In the flame— And the rattle Of the battle, Mingled with the clash of arms, Shake the hills with dread alarms Of the fray.

Oh, God, now my country save! Lo! behold the bold and brave Giving way!

Mally rushing on again, Came they o'er the bleeding slain Once more; Wilder, wilder rings the battle, And the cannon's fiercer rattle Than before. And the men, Dying then, Shout aloud to the crowd, Wrapped up in the battle cloud, "Strike again!"

Hand to hand with the foe Then they give and take the blow, On the plain. Proud the spangled banners wave, O'er the bow, but bold and brave, Where they stand. And the fresh, red legions, From the Scandinavian regions Of the strand, Swiftly pour To the right Of the fight.

Where they hope with forty-nine, To break down the feeble line In their way. But the sires, standing true, In their regimental blue, Win the day.

When at length the war was done, By the battles what was won? Liberty! They fought to be free;— And they fought that you and me, By their gallant victory, Might enjoy Quiet peace At our ease—

Worship God Almighty noon and night, As we thought alone was right, Bearing none. May God bless the Continentals, And their ragged regimentals, For this home.

For the Centre Democrat. Solitude.

Messrs. Editors:—A few evenings since, I called upon my friend Arthur —, with whom I had spent many happy hours, such as none but congenial spirits can enjoy. The elements of his nature demanded society, and he had always appeared to be at home when surrounded with a large circle of friends. But recently, he had manifested a disposition to court solitude, and whilst gladly receiving the attention of friends, to whom he was unable to hide from me the sorrow which was mingled with, and contrary to, his former habits and cheerfulness.

But upon this occasion I found him unusually cheerful, and his kind greeting was such as to convince me that he had enjoyed a mental triumph of no ordinary character. And I was left in suspense but a short time, till he related to me the following hallucination, which was quite sufficient to explain the singular phenomena which was beginning to perplex me.

And with your leave, I shall give it to your readers in his own language: "My family had retired for the night, and were wrapped in unmolested sleep, whilst I was reading Dr. Harris upon the benignity and wisdom of God, which is manifested in the harmonious relations which prevail in the mental, moral, and material world. The argument of a-priori, with the a-posteriori modes of reasoning, and also the mutual aid which the deductive and inductive modes of argument give to each other. The mind was directed by an easy transition to the danger which is believed to lurk under the doctrine of L'Place, when he teaches "that the further we advance in scientific investigations, the further we recede from the ultimate cause."

"The mind having been thus occupied until it became wearied, and being somewhat disposed to mingle sorrow with solitude, very naturally adverted to the past history of life. From the gambols of childhood up to the present hour, all rose up, and crowded the memory with mingled reminiscences of joys and sorrows. There was my former happy relation to society. There was the large circle of relatives in whose company I had enjoyed so much pleasure, nearly all of whom I had consigned to the silent tomb. And there was still the larger circle of friends, once endeared to me by the most sacred bonds of religion and every congenial sentiment which tends to sweeten society, and render the pathway of life tolerable, nearly all gone.

"And now being bereft of the equals in years and companions of my early life, who participated in all my joys and sorrows, and surrounded with a new generation, who had advanced so far in arts, science, and moral refinement, that I could not hope to overtake them, secure their sympathy, I was oppressed with the idea of solitude, and feared that very soon I should be left dreary as the lone hewlock, with the top gauged, limbs broken, and the trunk too feeble to withstand the first breath of the tempest. And when thus my foolish cogitations troubled and oppressed me with the idea of loneliness, my head fell upon the book and oblivion closed the scene.

But I soon awoke, or thought I awoke, in open day, and oh! what solitude addressed my sight. My family had disappeared. I wandered over my forsaken fields, where but a few hours previous the busy sound of jnyous industry prevailed. But no human being was to be seen.

"I went to town hoping to meet my former associates, and witness the joyful life and social pleasures which so lately prevailed; but alas! the silence of death reigned there.—The doors were shut in the streets, domestic animals were seeking their masters in vain; while the terrible idea struck me, that of all my race, I was left alone. I found myself lord and owner of this world in fee-simple, with all the accumulated wealth of four thousand years, for which so much anxiety, toil, and sweat, and blood had been expended by the millions of earth's inhabitants.—But how vain the pride of wealth under such circumstances! Or what was the ownership of a planet to me, bereft of all else congenial to my nature? no human being with whom to associate, nor any to whom I might bequeath it at the end of my miserable and lonely existence. In most melancholy broodings I returned to my residence without any alleviation, save that, my domestic animals surrounded me, with obvious signs of sympathy and condolence. I threw myself upon my couch and soon lost all consciousness of mental pain in sleep.

But soon awoke, to a consciousness of deeper solitude; all the animal creation, with which we were acquainted, were gone; there was no human habitation; no fields waving in rich abundance, in anticipation of harvest; nothing of that fair theatre upon which men had revelled with such great delight, and upon which ten thousand joys had chased and succeeded each other. Nothing was to be seen but tertiarian forests, howled with strange mammals, gigantic faunals wading in muddy, marshy pools, with discordant screams, in search of their prey, and the most disgusting reptiles, whilst all else was gloom and despair.

And whilst the fountain of tears was bro-

ken up, with sorrow and solitude beyond endurance, the physical energy yielded to oppression, and I sank to the earth, and, for a short time, lost all consciousness of the hated world. But I was soon deprived of the melancholy benefit of oblivion, and was again obliged to open my eyes upon a world still more hideous. The earth but half finished, but few rays of the sun were struggling through dark and malarious vapor. There was nothing to regale the senses, no domestic animals of former acquaintance; none of the sweet songsters which formerly had cheered the forest and the lawn with their melody; nor was the zephyrus sweetened with the floral kingdom. But on the contrary, there was everything to disgust, and to excite horror and despair.

There was the dark and putrid sea, now heaving its troubled breast mountain high; now oscillating with crossing tempests, every reverberating surge of which, made the foundation of earth to tremble, and again it sinks into the inertia and darkness of death.—There was the carboniferous forest of appalling size, surrounded with great trees, ferns, huge club moss, and tangled thickets of non-descript, all unknown to the world from which I had been banished. There were pre-mordial fish, and reptiles of disgusting form and frightful size, seeking their prey in stagnant lakes and murky pools. Here were yawning caverns emitting putrid vapor, thickened with miasma. Yonder was the Volcano, vomiting out great rivers of liquid fire, and there were others sending forth lurid flames, and heaving high in the air great red hot masses of igneous rocks. There appeared an island, hissing with steam and covered with slime, as if an internal sea of fire had been struggling for its domain, against the cooling and contracting crust of the earth. Aloft the air was darkened with strange and hideous fowls, whose screams made the very elements to trouble. Storm answering storm, with lightning, and thundering through, and shivering the mighty forest. Monster mammals prowled through the dark and tangled forest. There was one writhing screaming and bleeding in the jaws of a greater. Then was the huge mastodon, with enormous jaws distended wide betraying the most frightful tasks. Then was the still more frightful megalotherium of unmeasured but terrific dimensions, with jaws and feet, bristling with frightful tusks, and teeth and claws, ready to devour anything to glut its hunger. Here the highest flights of imagination were beguared by reality, and medieval legends of primitive monsters would have truly tamed in the shade. But the varying true form revealed to me the monster Dinosaurian rushing upon me with savage ferocity, and jaws distended to swallow me alive.

And whilst I stood trembling in despair, believing that the cup of sorrow was now full, I fell to the earth in a fit of catalepsy, and rested for a moment in unconscious oblivion. But as if the suspension of my powers for a moment was only intended to strengthen my exhausted nerves for the endurance of the consumption of inconceivable sorrow, I was reawakened, but not to see the light. The sun had gone out and there was neither moon nor stars to throw a single ray upon the primeval darkness in which I was emersed.—Here suspended from the lowest link of that chain which reaches from where life was ever impossible to the throne of God. Here with all the powers of soul and body in the highest vigor, subjectively, but objectively, nothing absolutely, nothing either to move them into exercise, or respond to their demands.—Here were all the external senses ready to take in ideas to impress upon the memory, to be deposited in that ample store house, for future use and pleasure. But nothing external, soon dark and dismal empty space. There was neither object for sight, sound, smell, taste, or touch.

But to complete my isolation, God was gone, or all that was gone by which he maketh himself known to his creatures. But could such a creature by the work of a benevolent Creator. Where in him, or round him, where there to be found a single manifestation of those attributes of God, by which alone we can have any conceptions of his nature, save that of power. Here there was no evidence that I was not a subject of diabolical power, flung into the midst of dark and empty space by a malevolent friend, to suffer in the dreary solitude for ever more.

But in order to arouse all my consciousness to the keenest sense of suffering by contrast, memory was permitted for a moment to ascend its high function, and unfold my view, the green earth, dropped all its gorgeous beauty, with all the social joys and sweet communions of a whole life upon it. Oh! horror of horrors, Oh! living death without the power of dying. Oh! solitude, dark and absolute solitude, from which the mind recoils but can not describe. The cup of sorrow had been full, but the absence of God, and felt consciousness that I must drink at it for evermore, was that which made it to overflow.

But now a soft and gentle light seemed to permeate the total darkness. It gradually encreased until it extend from the zenith to the nadir, and from horizon to horizon. Perfumed zephyrs and soft melodies addressed the senses, and infused into the soul a consciousness of objective benevolence. Suddenly the Heavens opened and unveiled the throne of the Eternal. And here, as if additional sentences had been given, in order to transmit new

ideas to a sensorium of wonderful capacity, in order that I might have a glimpse of the glory and magnificence of the Divinity, for a description of which earth has no language nor is there anything in the wide worlds graniture by which to compare or illustrate it; neither is there capacity in mortal man, if adequate ideas were presented of Heavens manifested glory and majesty of the Godhead to concur or appreciate it. There was his son, the Prince of peace, the God incarnate, into whose hands, for considerations of infinite worth, the father had given the whole government of the moral and natural world. And oh! what a princely person, his benevolent countenance partook of earth, and his soul beamed with Heavens glorious majesty. Had you collected all the mental powers, and all the moral virtues of all the sons and daughters of Adam, and concentrated them in one person, that person would have appeared mean in comparison with Emanuel.

And it would be vain, utterly vain, to exhaust all original energy, and all the rhetoric of the schools, in efforts to describe the person and character of the King of Glory at a glance of whose presence, hell, and death, and sorrow, and solitude, forever fled away. And as the millions of his poor pilgrim children arrived from Earth, weired with sin and sorrow, He was constantly employed in wiping away their tears, removing the last vestige of corruption, taking away their filthy garments, clothing them in immaculate robes of infinite grandeur, and in putting into each of their hands a title deed, sealed with his own blood, to an eternal inheritance, "where sorrowing and sighing is done away, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

And whilst listening in ecstasy to the hosannas, anthems, and songs of everlasting gladness, which pervaded the very atmosphere, I awoke, and on raising my head from the book upon which it had fallen, I found it saturated with tears, and great drops of perspiration rolling from every pore of my frame. My lamp was still flickering. But with what joy I hailed its dim light, though a striking emblem of the evening of life, and the end of our pilgrimage. Which, though solemn, and often sorrowful, is constantly surrounded with all the appliances necessary to render it tolerable, and to prepare us for a much higher and happier state of existence.

The joy of the Eastern Monarch, when permitted to return to his gorgeous palace, and the society of men, after long companionship with the unsocial oxen of the field, was tame, when compared with mine, upon finding that I was still surrounded with so much that was calculated to call forth the most profound gratitude.

I had learned better how to appreciate, and how to answer the question, "Why should a living man complain?" I had felt too intensely the effects of a morbid sensibility. I had learned something regarding the sophistry and insidiousness of skepticism.—And I had learned that I was still surrounded with society, to whom I was responsible, and to whom I was deeply, and still becoming more deeply indebted. And above all, I had learned more of my infinite indebtedness to my God, my Creator and Redeemer.

HOPE.

Things We are Tired Of.

We are tired of hearing the girls say they have "no time" to read Macaulay or Milton, when they will sit up half the night to find out whether the hero of a red pepper novel goes knocked on the head or escapes from the shipwreck, with his ladylove and her handboxes, on a board four inches square!

We are tired of hearing women complain that their husbands don't care so much for them as they used to, and setting it down to the score of heartlessness, when it is nothing on earth but the sour bread and burnt ham at the breakfast table. Knock at the doors of their affection with a frying-pan, and they will open it fast enough!

We are tired of listening to the outcry of "hard times" from business men, who wonder "where on earth the money slips to," when part of it is leaking out at the top of their head through a costly Panama hat, and part shut up in cigar cases in their coat pockets, and part going down their throats in a "brandy smash."

We are tired of being "brought up short" by a pair of heels planted on the trails of our silken raiment, and still more tired of being transfixed by the swool of a fashionable lady when we get swamped among her flounces. Won't the fair sex abbreviate their dresses?

We are tired of the men who chew tobacco in your face and pull out their pocket knives to trim their nails, while they are talking with you—we are tired of the obdurate who learn French and philosophy at five years old, and converse in four-syllabled words out of the dictionary, and don't know what buttercups mean; and we are tired of the old ladies who dress in the style of sweet sixteen!

Such are some of the things that the Editor of Life Illustrated complains of being tired of—and he concludes by asking, "does anybody blame us for being tired to death of all these things?" In any art or science to be first in eminence, is a great advantage; for those who come after will be counted but imitators of those who went before.

Prayer of Rev. Thos. H. Stockton.

The following is the prayer made by the Rev. H. Stockton, on the opening of Congress:

Oh Thou, who hearest prayer! unto Thee shall all flesh come. Unto Thee we come, trusting in the atonement of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and in the sanctifying influence of Thy holy Spirit.

This is the help of man. Oh! Thou art our refuge and our trust—a very present help in time of trouble! Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and earth. Happy is the people in such a case, yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord. We remember the past, and we are grateful for the past. We thank Thee for the discovery of this new world; we thank Thee for the colonization of our own part of it; we thank Thee for the establishment of our national independence; we thank Thee for the organization of our National Union; we thank Thee for all the blessings we have enjoyed within this Union—national blessings, civil blessings, social blessings, spiritual blessings, all kinds of blessings, unspeakably great and precious blessings, such blessings as were never enjoyed by any other people since the world began. And now, Oh Lord our God we offer unto Thee our humble prayer for the present, and for all the future. Will it please Thee, for Christ's sake, to grant Thy special aid. Thou art very high, and lifted up. Thou lookest down upon our whole land, from the lakes to the gulf, from sea to sea, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and Thou knowest all our interests, and Thou knowest all our dangers. Our good men are at fault—our wise men are at fault. In the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, everywhere they are at fault. We know not what it is best for us to do, and, with common consent, we come unto Thee, Oh! Lord our God! and we pray Thee to overrule unreasonable, wicked men, in all parts of our Confederacy. And we pray Thee to inspire, and to strengthen, and to assist all true patriots in every part of our Union.

And may Thy blessing rest upon all the departments of the Government. We remember with special solicitude the President of these United States and his immediate advisers. They lack wisdom. But if they call upon Thee, Thou wilt give them wisdom, for Thou givest to all men liberally and upbraiding none. While we trust they pray for themselves, we here also pray for them, that Thy holy spirit may be granted unto them, and that they may see exactly what they ought to do and have grace to do it, in the positions in which they are placed.

We thank Thee for this bright and beautiful morning for the assembling of the two houses of Congress; and we pray that Thy blessing may rest upon the Vice President and upon every Senator in his place, and upon the Speaker of this House and every member in his place. We rejoice to learn that they see their responsibility, that they feel their responsibility, and that many of them are looking to Thee for counsel and direction. Oh, Lord our God! let Thine own presence subdue every heart and every mind, and sanctify all action to Thy own glory and the good of our whole people. Oh! that we may still be happy in this blessed Union.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.—Amen.

Hope in a Dark Day.

At every period of doubt and perplexity in our annals, (says the National Intelligencer,) there has been statesmen who, rising above the spirit of party, and extricating themselves from the passions of the hour, have been able, with calm intelligence, to point a way of escape from the perils which threatened our civil existence. Can it be that the spirit of counsel and moderation has so far departed from the public men of the present day that no plan of accommodation can be concerted for the pacification of existing dissensions? Are the difficulties which beset a pacific adjustment of our present discontents greater than those which have been surmounted by the sages and patriots of our Government at successive periods in its history? Are they greater than those which were encountered by the men who framed the Articles of Confederation, or by those who brought symmetry and beauty out of civil dissolution in 1789, or by those who represented sectional animosities, and at the same time prosecuted a successful war against the first Power of the world in 1812, or by those who composed the agitations of 1850 in a pact of compromise which rallied to its adhesion the support of the people in all sections? We think not; and, believing, we should be loth to do so much discredit to the wisdom and patriotism of our contemporary statesmen as to doubt that they will prove equal to the emergencies of the present crisis.

Let there be above all things, no words of crimination or recrimination uttered on the floor of Congress. The time calls for calm and sober reflection, not for the language of hot debate. Let the Representatives of all parties of all sections blend their counsels and their labors in a hearty and earnest effort, which shall look to the restoration of peace, order and fraternity on an enduring basis.—Upon those who shall be first in this labors of love the whole country would delight to bestow its choicest honors, while the pen of history would record their names for the admiration and homage of unnumbered generations, not only among our posterity, but among the patrons of civil liberty throughout the world, and to the remotest ages.