BY S. B. ROW.

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I LIKE AN OPEN, HONEST HEART.

I like an open, honest heart, Where frankness loves to dwell, Which has no place for base deceit, Nor hollow words can tell; But in whose throbbings plain are seen

The import of the mind, Whose gentle breathings utter nought

But accents true and kind. I seem that one whose empty act And honied words of art,

Betray the feelings of the soul. With perfidy's keen dart; No more kind friends in such confide,

Nor in their kindness trust, For black ingratitude but turns Pure friendship to disgust. Contempt is but a gentle word,

A feeling far too mild, For one who confidence betrays

And guilt has sore beguiled; That hate which hellish fiends evince, When in dark torments toss'd. Is not more loathsome to the soul, Than one to honor lost

Then give me one with heart as free And gen'rous as the air. Whose ready hand and greeting kind Give proof that Truth is there.

Whose smiling countenance well shows Affection warm is found, And springs, pure as saints, whose notes

Through Heaven's vaults resound.

BACHELOR'S LOVE-MAKING.

You would have known it for a bachelor's den, the minute you put your head in the door! Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke circling up to the ceiling-newspapers under the table -slippers on the mantle piece, and confusion everywhere. And yet Mr. Thornebroke-poer room was in the most perfect order! For hadn't he poked the empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood-box to bear | and find it all a blissful dream !" them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ashsprinkled hearth with his best silk handkerthan that-guessed he would! And now he calling, to call on the very prettiest girl in New York. Not that he was particularly fond goes through a hole in the north-east toe of shirt, it's time to repair damages.

wax, an enormous pair of scissors and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly. His way of managing the button question, too, necessarily involved delay; he had to cut all these useful little appendages from another he, and was content. shirt and sew them on, and next week when the bachelor of genius! it never occurred to him to

buy a few buttons extra! "Buttons are not much trouble," said Mr. Thornebroke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but when it comes to coat sleeves, what the duce is a fellow to do? I havn't any black thread either," and he looked dolorously at a small tear just in his elbow, broadcloth. "A black pin may do for to-night,

fact is I ought to be married; and so I would, if I only dared to ask Lillian. Oh! dear, I ble, and all the nice little work table accessoknow she wouldn't have me-and yet I'm not | ries. so certain either-if I could only muster the courage boldly to put the question! But just as sure as I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me! And then that puppy, Jones, with his curled mustache, and hair have the privilege of kicking him across the and Esthers there. street, I'd die happy! He isn't bashful, not he! If somebody would only invent some

Our hero gave his black glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lillian Raymond, revolving, as he had a thousand times before, that if-perhaps-may be-

that wasn't quite so embarrassing !"

Oh! the bashfulness of bachelors. When Mr. Thornebroke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlors, velvet carpeted, chandeliered with gold and ormolu, crowded to the very doors, with those charming knick-nacks that only a woman's taste provides, Miss Lily was "at home" in a bewildering pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the pearly shoulders and a crimson moss twisted in among the rippling waves of her soft brown hair. She never looked half so pretty; and, thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand, for once in his life. But what was almost as bad, Lily's cousin was there-a tall slender, black-eyed girl, with apple. O how Thornebroke wished that Miss Esther Allen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere except in that particular parlor. And then her eyes were so sharp-he

hadn't been doing the "agreeable" more than four minutes and a half before she exclaimed: "Dear me, Mr. Thornebroke-pray excuse me-but what on earth is the matter with your

Mark turned scarlet-the traitorous black pin had deserted its post. "Only a compound fracture in my coat, Miss

Allen," said he feeling as though his face both, put together, "you know we bachelors are not expected to be exempt from such

"Hold your arm, sir, and I'll make it all

"There now, consider yourself whole." "How skillful you are," said Mark, admiingly, after he had thanked her most sincerely, "But then you have so many nice little concerns to work with. I have only a needle and thoroughly plowed and made fine, and and some wax, besides my seissors! "You ought to have a house-wife, Mr.

Thornebroke," said Miss Lily, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lily never could look at Thornebroke without a soft, little rosy shadow on her cheek.

"A housewife."

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's awkward hesitation, "my—my—friends have told me so very often—and I really think so myself, you know. But what sort of a one would you business. A much better business than being you know. But what sort of a one would you business. A much better business than being knowledge, have been made by himself and hearted.

"Oh, any pretty little concern. I'll send you one in the morning if you'll accept of it," she added, with a rosy light on her cheeks Thomas A. Morris, of Cincinnati, elected in

cloth, on either side. And just as he was opening his lips to assure Miss Lily that he the door opened and in walked Jones.

Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his propensities, but just then he could have eaten Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long moustaches and talking the most insipid twaddle-sat and sat until Mark rose in despair to go. Even then

"You-you'll not forget-"Oh, I'll be sure to remember," said she smilingly, and half wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often do provide their bachelor friends so !"

Mark went home, the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed, so great was his telicity that he indulged in various gymnastic capers indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who probably had forgotten his own courting days-"Come, young man, what are you about ?"

"Was there ever a more delicate way of assuring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiment? Of course, she will come Castile soap in the tiny bronze card-receiver herself-an angel breathing airs from Paradise -and I shall tell her of my love. A house-wife, oh! the delicious words! Wonder in deluded mortal-solemnly believed that his what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence-how soon it would be best to name the day ! Oh! if I should awake,

Early next morning, Mr. Thornebroke set briskly to work, "righting up things." How he swept and dusted and scoured-the room chief! He'd like to see a room in better trim | was sired, to get rid of the tobacco smoke, and sprinkled with cologne, and beautified generwas mending himself up, preparatory to going ally. And at length, when the dust was all swept in one corner, and covered by a carelessly disposed newspaper, he found the winof the needle, but when a fellow's whole foot dow glass murky, and polished it with such a vengeance that his fist, handkerchief and all, his stocking, and there ins't a button on his went through, sorely damaging the hand, and necessitating the ungraceful accessory of an Now, as Mr. Thornebroke's whole stock of old hat to keep out the wintery blast for the industrial implements consisted of a lump of | time being. However even this mishap didn't long damp his spirits, for was not Lily coming.

Long and wearily he waited, yet no tinkle at the bell gave warning of her approach. "It's all her sweet feminine modesty," thought

At length there was an appeal below, and shirt was wanted, why it was easy enough to Mark's heart jumped up into his mouth, beatmake a transfer again! See what it is to be a | ing like a reveille drum. He rushed to the door, but there was no one but a little grinning black boy, with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's de housewife, sir."

"The housewife, you little imp of Erebus?" "Yes, sir, in the box, all right." Mark slunk back into his room and opened the box, half expecting to see a full-dressed where some vicious nail had caught in the young lady issue from it, a la Arabian Nights; but no-it was only a little blue velvet book, and to-morrow I'll send it to the tailor. The and full of odd compartments in azure silk, containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, thim-

> "And she calls this a housewife!" groaned Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the down-fall of his bright visions. "But I won't be put off so."

Desperation gave him courage, and off he parted in the middle-always hanging around | hied to the Raymond mansion, determined to Lillian, and quoting poetry to her-if I could settle the matter if there were forty Joneses

But Lillian was alone, singing at her embroidery in the sunshiny window casement. new way of popping the question-something Dearme, Mr. Thornebroke, is anything the

matter ?" Perhaps it was the shadow from the splendid crimson cactus plumes in the window that gave her cheek such a delicate glow-perhaps

-but we have no right to speculate. "Yes." And Mark sat down by her side, and took the trembling, fluttering hand. "You sent me a housewife this morning !"

"Wasn't it right ?" faltered Lilian. "It wasn't the kind I wanted at all!"

"Not the kind you wanted?" "No; I prefer a living one, and I came to see if I could change it. 1 want one with brown hair and eyes-something, in short, Miss Lilian, just your pattern. Can't I have it?" Lily turned white, and then red, smiled, then burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, no, dear Lily; first tell me can I have the treasure I ask for."

"Yes," she said, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then, instead of releasing arch lips, and cheeks as red as a Spintzberg the captive hand, the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other, too. But as

Lily did not object we suppose it was all right. And that was the odd path by which Mark Thornebroke diverged from the walk of old bachelorhood, and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

RAISE CARROTS .- We have so often urged upon farmers the value of root crops, that we hope they will awake to the real value of the same. Among the many valuable and profitable roots we may name the carrot. Every farmer that keeps milch cows and horses, might do the duty of Raymond's chandeliers should surely raise carrots. This fine root is also excellent for milch cows; it not only induces a greater quantity of milk, but much richer. And it is also very beneficial for the cow, giving her a fine glossy appearance and right in one mement," said Esther, instantly materially benefits her in flesh and in general producing from some secret recess in the health. For horses there can be nothing betfolds of her dress, a thimble and needle, ter; and all who want to see their horses im-threaded with black silk, and setting expertly prove and look well, as also to give them vigor of muscle and a lively and cheerful action, let them have carrots, at least a peck three times a week. Carrots will pay the farmer well. Twenty to thirty tons can be raised on an acre. The land for this crop should be well planted in rows by a seed-sower.

> THE muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four While yet a young man he was appointed prepounds. This is only what science tells us; siding elder in Indiana, contributing largely to ed directory. but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers | the ascendency of Methodism in that State,

SKETCHES OF METHODIST BISHOPS.

At present there are six Bishops :- Rev. he were in an atmosphere of gold and pearl, with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth, on either side. And the side of 1836; Rev. E. S. Janes, in 1844; and Rev.

apolis, Ind., all elected in 1852. Bishop Morris is a native of Kentucky, where was ready to take the precious gift in his arms then and there, without any unnecessary delay, ministry. His education was good, though not liberal, but by diligence and good natural parts, he soon attained to eminence. Having served as circuit preacher and presiding elder, he was made Book Agent at Cincinnati in 1828, Editor in 1832, and Bishop in 1836. He is now nearly seventy years old, the senior Bishop, a portly and well-to-do old gentleman, taciturn, he had no opportunity to exchange a private but genial, a good but not brilliant preacher, and a decidedly respectable rather than great man. His Southern proclivities are supposed to be pretty strong, and he has a son who is a preacher in the Southern Methodist Church.

Bishop Janes is a native of Connecticut, but his early life was passed in New Jersey, where he first entered the Methodist ministry. He continued the regular pastoral work only a few years, relinquishing it to act as an agent for Dickinson College. About 1836, he was transferred to New York, where he remained in the pastoral work for four years. He was afterwards made one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, in furtherance of a plan, inaugurated some years before, to bring the Methodist denomination fully to the support of the American Bible Society, which previously had not been the case. This work he successfully accomplished. He is about fifty-four years of age, a man of medium height, a little inclined to corpulency, and generally of a good physique. His voice is peculiar—a kind of double falsetto, which, however, becomes deeper and more sonorous as he grows warm and animated in his disconrse. As a preacher, he is earnest and zealous, yet not eloquent. His sermons are distinguished for their hortatory style. As an administrative officer he is diligent and pains-taking-" in labors abundant." He is constitutionally careful, and on all stirring questions is generally found on the conserva-

Bishop Simpson, a native of Western Pennsylvania, was a student in Allegheny College. In 1835 he entered the Pittsburgh Conference, and was stationed successively at Pittsburgh ng. In 1839 he was chosen Presi- He rode with spurs, which the ox considered dent of Asbury University, in Indiana, where | disagreeable; so much so that he always belhe remained till 1848, when he was appointed lowed when they were applied to his sides. editor of the Western Christian Advocate at Cincinnati. Four years later he was chosen Bishop. He is rather above the medium size, with heavy shoulders, and stooping, brown the beginning of his discourses, is flat and whining, but it soon deepens and becomes musical. His elocution, though violating all the rules of the masters, is both pleasant and vigorous, and he exerts that peculiar magnetic power, by means of which other minds willingly yield to his influence. As a preacher, he ranks in the first class, both as to matter and | that the ox had a right to run, and was entermanner. Bishop Simpson, [accompanied by Dr. McClintock,] visited Europe in 1857, as official visitors to the English Wesleyan Conference. They attended the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, at Berlin, and with Rev. Dr. Nast, of Cincinnati, [a native German,] and Governor Wright, the American Minister at Berlin, (who is a Methodist,) gave quite a Methodistic character to the American delegation to that body. He then extended his travels through Greece and Palestine, returning by way of Constantinople, the Black Sea, and turn he was prostrated by sickness. He is constitutionally a "progressive," but the Episcopal office holds him in check. In 1850-51, when the Fugitive Slave Law was first promulgated, as editor of The Western Christian Adanti-slavery man. In private he is genial and communicative, and as a presiding officer he is

Episcopal bench of Bishops. Bishop Scott was born near Wilmington, Del., about the beginning of the present century. The field of his ministerial labors has been chiefly in the city of Philadelphia and the surrounding region. He is a man of medium size, with sandy hair and beard, pale complexion, and a calm and dignified expression. He is a good speaker, and an able minister. Though usually in rather delicate health, he performs a great amount of labor, for besides a fair share of the duties of attending annual money staked. conference at home, he has in the eight years of his Episcopate, visited Africa once, and the

spontaneous disposition. Bishop Baker is a native of New Hampshire. He is about fifty years old, five feet ten inches in height, slightly corpulent, with dark hair, florid countenance, an acquiline nose, gold sorships, from the chair of which in 1852, he was called to the office of Bishop. As a preacher, Bishop Baker is rather scholarly than ductions, often delivered from the manuscript, got the whiskey. or memoriter, clear and pointed in style. As a presiding officer he excels in his knowledge of Methodist law and precedents, and his ready

recollections of passages. Bishop Ames is a native of Ohio, but of the old Massachusetts stock; aged a few years over fifty; of medium height and thick set; dark, ruddy complexion, and a fine, robust physique. He was educated at one of the Western Colleges, and was for a short time Professor at Augusta College, in Kentucky. red. is equal to a good many thousand pounds a and becoming personally acquainted with its year to them.

ISAAC V. FOWLER.—It is said that Fowler law and becoming personally acquainted with its has fled to South America. If this be true love me, tell me so; but don't dirty my stock-territory and people. Rumor has it that his he is destined to add another to the list of men ings and hurt my shins.

his friends. And so generally have these operations proved safe and profitable, that it has become, in certain circles, a proverb in Indiana, that "a scheme in which the Bishop has the State, when society was assuming its shape | Historical Society last week :and character, he entered zealously into all its social, and, to some extent, into its political affairs; and it has been said that in more than one instance his personal influence controlled the State election. In 1846 he was appointed one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the "punishing with death, sorcery, blasphemy Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal and idolatry." In 1641, the Massachusetts Church, with the special oversight of the missions on the frontier, both among whites and Incraft should be punished with death. Rhode dians. In this capacity he traversed the whole frontier from Lake Superior to Texas, visiting | about that time, Delaware in 1700, South Carthe outposts of civilization, and the Indian tribes. At the first session of the Choctaw Legislative Council in the West he was chosen their Chaplain, and aided them by his counsels in forming their form of government. From 1844 to 1852, he exercised the office of presiding elder in Indiana, still further molding the to 1604-5. The Hebrew motto was, "the character of Methodism in that State, especially in the department of education. In 1852, he was elected Bishop. As a preacher he is sound, earnest and argumentative, with a sharp and untunable voice, and but little ornamentation of style. As an administrative officer he has few superiors, while his natural powers of strategy, had he been a politician, would have made him a formidable antagonist. In his early life, his political affinities were with the old Democratic school, but on account of the mutations of that party he is no longer of it, nor in sympathy with its leading doctrine. His instincts are clearly with the progressive measures of the denomination, on slavery as well as other-but Methodist Bishops are compelled to be prudent.

RACE WITH AN OX.

Some forty years ago the managers of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of \$100, Free for anything with four legs and hair on. A man in the neighborhood named Hays, had an ox, that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but rode him around the track a number of times, on several moonlight nights, until the ox had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course.

On the morning of the race, Hays, came upon the ground on horseback-on his ox. Instead of a saddle he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he hair, and sallow complexion. His voice, at placed on the ox's rump. He rode to the Judge's stand, and offered to enter his ox for the race; but the owners of the horses objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his ox had "four legs, and hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide ed accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the ox and the horses took their places. The horseracers were out of humor at being bothered by the ox, and at the burlesque, which they supposed was intended, but thought it would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn and sunk his spurs into the sides of the ox, who bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down and ratthe Danube. For nearly a year after his re- tling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before.

The horses all flew the track, every one seemed to be seized with a determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone cocate, he uttered strong words against its ini- country, and not one of them could be brought quity, and generally has been recognized as an back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

A general row ensued; but the fun of the able, ready, and pleasing. He is by many cs- thing put the crowd all on the side of teemed the most able man on the Methodist of the ox. The horsemen contended they were swindled out of their purse, and that if it had not been for Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this Hays told them that his ox could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up a bundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the oxhide and leave his tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted, and the

They again took their place at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the Pacific States twice. Personally, he is not old ox another touch with the spur, and Taurus fogvish, and it is believed that on the subject | gave a tremendous bellow. The horses reof slavery his instincts and judgment are on the | membering the dreadful sound, thought all the side of freedom; though the latitude of his birth and residence, as well as his official position, exercise a constraint upon his naturally while Hays galloped his ox around the track and won the money.

A witty young rascal, passing through the town of A-, in Alabama, not long since, wanted some whiskey, and knowing it could only spectacled, and a small and closely shut be obtained by a physician, wrote himself an mouth. He was educated at the Wesleyan order, signing it with his own name, to which University, at Middletown, Ct., and during his a learned M. D. was attached. He presented earlier years was a teacher in Vermont and it at the drugstore of a gentleman, who though New Hampshire. He held the pastoral office one year, and that of presiding elder two years; and when the Theological School at Concord was organized, he accepted one of its profesfor, then ?" Frank saw he was caught; but, determined to make the best of it, put on a very innocent look, and meekly answered: oratorical. His sermons are all finished pre- "Oh! that's for Mighty Dry!" Of course he

ONE METHOD OF FIXING A PERSONAL IDEN-TITY .- Prentice, the incorrigible wag, suggests, in view of the notorious insecurity of life in New York, and the great difficulty in identitying bodies discovered in the rivers and elsewhere, that every New Yorker should have his name tattooed on his breast, or some other secure place. As to marking the place of residence, that would be impossible, for New Yorkers move every May day, so that a full-grown man or woman would look like a print-

some years and then died poor and broken-

THE FIRST AMERICAN WITCHES.

Salem has hitherto enjoyed the bad reputation of the mother of American witchcraft. But this is an historical error, as was shown by Mr. a hand is sure to succeed." Settling early in | Hopkins in a lecture before the New York "The first legal enactment on the subject of

witchcraft in this country, appears to have been made by the Maryland Assembly, in 1653, which adopted the English statutes on the subject. In 1639, Maryland directly provided for Island followed suit in 1637; New Jersey olina, in 1712, restoring the statute of James the First, and Pennsylvania soon after. The laws of South Carolina on the subject remained on the Statute Book until 1837. Delaware adopted the statute of James the First in 1719. He believed that witchcraft existed previous more women the more witchcraft," but his idea was, that "they were no longer old and wrinkled beldames," but young, and gay, and lovely creatures." Connecticut, he believed, had from 1641 to 1697, twenty-one trials for witchcraft, although a large quantity of the State archives containing the authentic details are destroyed. Massachusetts punished witchcraft in 1748. An anecdote is told of one John Bradstreet, who plead guilty, but the court knew him to be so notorious a liar that he was acquitted. In connection with Salem witchcraft, it should be remembered that in Geneva there were five hundred witches consumed by the flames within three months; that fourteen houses in England furnished fourteen victims to the flames, and that the Salem horrors have been greatly exaggerated. He discussed the Salem excitement at length, criticising the part of Cotton Mather, and of the witnesses whose testimony was given in one hundred and thirty cases, mostly against their individual obects of hatred. Up to 1665 there is no trace of any law in New York as to witchcraft, and when it did appear it was confined to the English settlements on Long Island out of our jurisdiction. The Indians said the devil would have nothing to do with the Dutch. In 1672 Sarah Dibdin was accused of withcraft in New Jersey, but fled to Connecticut. In 1683 William Penn presided over a Court in which a woman was tried and acquitted on a charge of and North Carolina in 1670. Altogether there were four hundred and sixty accusations of witchcraft in the colonies, thirty-two executions, and three more condemned who escaped. New York alone, or perhaps New Hampshire, never condemned a witch, or passed a law on the subject. Of the methods of discovering a witch, one Perkins gave eighteen tests, seventeen of which were insufficient, and eighteen were impracticable. In conclusion, the paper contrasted the horrible tortures, cruelties and barbarities of foreign punishment of witchcraft, and the comparatively mild form of the delusion in the American Colonies."

IMPROVING THE LANGUAGE. - The newspapers have greatly contributed to enrich the English language. We shall shortly have-thanks to the gentlemen of the press-a pretty, delicate, idiomatic turn of speech for all the principal affairs of life. Thus a widow is "a fair relict;" a young woman making her debut at a police office is "an interesting female." Formerly a criminal was to be hanged, but now he is "launched into eternity." A man was sometimes drowned in old times, but it oftener occurs that he was "immersed in the liquid element till the fire of life was extinguished.' When a man fell down in a fit, a surgeon used to be sent for; but now, "medical aid is said to be in immediate attendance," and should he die before the surgeon comes, the "vital spark has fled." In the time of our plain-spoken ancestors, horses and cattle were sometimes killed by lightning, but they are now "struck by the electric fluid," and nobody but rumsuckers get struck by "lightning." Again, a ship was formerly launched, but there is nothing of the kind now; she "glides majestically into her native element," in which native element, by the way, she never was before. In the old fashioned times, bridegrooms and brides used to be married. We are really quite ashamed to say there is no such thing as marriage now: the "bride is led to the hymenial altar." The wedding guests sometimes danced in the evening, but now there is no such thing; we 'trip on the light fantastic toe.'

IN CAPTIVITY THIRTEEN YEARS .- The Lancaster Express says that recently Mr. George Brubaker, a citizen of that county, returned home after an absence of some years. He was captured by a band of Camanches, while on his way to California, in 1847, thirteen years ago, and had just escaped from them. After becoming acquainted with the language and habits of the Indians he was made a medicine man, and in that capacity did a great deal of good among them, preaching to them, and has | without any inequalities to obstruct the sight. succeeded in converting over two hundred to the Christian religion. It was only after the most solemn promises that he would return that they would allow him to depart, and he will go back as soon as he has seen his family, who have mourned him for years as dead.

A diver who has returned to Halifax from Cape Sable, says he descended several times into the interior of the wrecked steamer Hungarian. The scene which presented itself was appalling in the extreme; for although there were no corpses in the interior of the ship, there were nearly twenty bodies discovered entangled in the wreck alongside, and in the the back of the animal for fifteen or twenty gullies close by. These frightful remnants of | minutes. Pour the water on from the weathpoor humanity exhibited all the stages of dis- ers to the loins, so as to run profusely over memberment of hands, heads, arms, legs, &c., and all more or less in a state of decomposition. Those seen appear to have been up and dressed, or partly so, as some of them were evidently in the act of putting on their shoes, stockings, or other clothing, when the king of terrors put a stop to their toilet for ever.

passion by shy looks, now and then touching be a Hercules in strength and an Apollo in The girl bore his advances a little while in offers to fight with any man in the world,

Samuel G. Goodrich, better known to millions as "Peter Parley," died suddenly, week before last. Age, about 65 years. instead of clinching it, and securing well the advantage, he hammers away till he breaks the head off, or splits the board."

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The response to the nominations of the Chicago Convention by the people and the press all over the country has been as cheering as the most sanguine friends of our cause could wish. The free west is in a perfect blaze of enthusiasm, and the satisfaction is general. Especially cheering are the indications that the ticket will form a rallying point for all sections of the Opposition to the party now in power. The evidence of this feeling is very apparent everywhere. A most impressive in-dication of what is to be looked for in this respect is the fact that the Buffalo Commercial Journal, the organ of Mr. Fillmore in 1856, responds heartily to the nominations, and gives them its support. We publish the last para-graph of a long and ably written article in that paper which indicates in an urmistakable

manner its position and purposes:
"With such views of the Chicago platform and nominations, with the knowledge that the little strength belonging to John Bell in this State is already diminished by a considerable secession to Sam Houston, and with old Whig hatred for Democracy, nursed in with our mother's milk, and strong to-day as in 1844, in our hearts, we conceive it to be our duty to place the names of Lincoln and Hamlin at the head of our columns, as a pledge that we will extend to them such bonorable and faithful support as may belong to our position and infinence."

-A gentleman who has travelled through some of the Western States since the adjournment of the Chicago convention writes that the nomination of Lincoln judging from the intense enthusiasm manifested by the people everywhere, will prove a popular one. He has in him all the elements of popularity. A man of the people, he has worked his way from the lowly position of a wood chopper to that of an eminent attorney, solely by his own energy and industry. He has educated himself and raised himself to his present available position. It is plain that we are to have a repitition of the enthusiasm of 1840. The old fence rails in Sangamon county, mauled by him 30 years ago, will find endless repetitions in this country of worm fences. We shall have rails in all possible shapes-rail bouses, rail rostrums, rails horizontal, rails perpendicular, rails in all possible positions; and the tRail Manler of 1830-the representative man of honest labor-is to be to us what the Log Cabin boy of 1840 was. It needs no prophetic vision witchcraft. Virginia had a like trial in 1705, to see the victory in store for us. Honest old Abe will be the next President, depend on it.

-"We venture to say," declares. The Cincinnati Gazette, "that there is not in the whole West a man who stands higher in popular confidence than Old Abe Lincoln. He is a man of the people. He has risen by the force of his own energy from the position of a flatboatman to the honored head of the Illinois bar. He is a man whom no obstacle could intimidate, no defeat check, no misfortune embitter. A man whose life is a synonym of honesty, capability, and energy, is Abe Lincoln."

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL .- HOW often you hear of such and such a person in society, the remark, "He or she is neither useful nor ornamental." Unfortunately, "nsefulness" is oftener wanting than "ornament." Few people to whom God entrusts wealth use it as a means of doing good; fewer still bring up their children with the one idea and principle always before them, that no day of lite is well spent which does not witness some act of worth chronicled against their names in the book of the Recording Angel, is a day lost, and made an offering to the flends that gloat on human folly and selfishness. It has always appeared to us that parents make the worst of all possible mistakes in attempting to force their children to be good. Goodness and force or restraint are antagonistic, always. Persuasion, love and confidence are the only weapons with which to war against the influence of the world upon a child. Such a child, from the moment he can begin to comprehend the idea. that he has something to do in the world-that he can't escape it; that every false step or blemish will only make his work harder; that to do good, to create semething, a book, a thought, a machine, whatever you please, so. it be something he originates for the benefit of society and the good of his species; possess him with the ambition to be great somehow, no matter how, and you plant a germ of self-respect in a young heart which, no matter though it be no larger than the smallest of all seeds-the mustard seed-will grow steadily up to a great tree, and shelter all his future life from the contempt of folly.

The Illinois Central Railroad, at a town called Mattoon, is crossed by the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad. Every day at about 2. P. M., are seen four trains coming from four different directions, arriving at this point at the same time to a second every day. They can be seen as they approach for ten miles in each direction, the prairies there being a smooth. broad expanse, stretching away to the horison As they arrive their cow-catchers approach to within twelve feet of each other, as though exchanging salutations, when gracefully backing, as though bowing an adieu, two of the trains go on to the switches, while the other two scream away over the iron-bound prairie.

CHOLIC IN HORSES .- A correspondent of the Southern Field and Fireside says :-I notice, in the last number of your paper, a cure for cholic in horses, contained in a letter from Thurmond, of Athens. Permit me, sir, to give you one much more simple and convenient. It is simply to pour cold water on sides and stomach. I have seen it tried in

fifty instances. It will give almost entire re-

lief in an hour.

A GEORGIA GIANT .- There is a man in Atlanta Georgia, who offers to fight the "Benecia Boy" for \$10,000, the match to come off this summer, South of Mason & Dixon's Line. A SENSIBLE GIRL.-A youth, smitten with He is six feet and one inch high, weighs 210 the charms of a beautiful maid, hinted his pounds, is in the prime of life, and is said to the fair one's feet with his toe, under the table. symmetry. If Heenan will not fight him, he

> Long Sermons .- Rev. William Taylor, in "The Model Preacher," says :- "Often when a preacher has driven a nail in a sure place,