

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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## Scrofula, or King's Evil.

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the  
blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,  
weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it  
permeates the whole body, and may burst out  
in disease on any part of it. No organ is free  
from its attacks, nor is there one which it may  
not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously  
caused by mercurial disease, low living, dis-  
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth  
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and,  
above all, by the most active infection. What-  
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-  
stitution, descending from parents to children  
until the third and fourth generation; indeed,  
it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I  
will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon  
their children."  
Its effects commence by deposition from the  
blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in  
the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed  
tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on  
the surface, eruptions, or sores. This taint  
which, when in the blood, depresses  
the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitu-  
tions not only suffer from scrofulous constitu-  
tions, but they have far less power to with-  
stand the attacks of other diseases. Conse-  
quently, vast numbers perish by disorders  
which, although not scrofulous in their nature,  
are still rendered fatal by this taint in the  
system. Most of the consumption which de-  
clines the human family has its origin directly  
in this scrofulous contamination; and many  
destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain,  
and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or  
are aggravated by the same cause.  
One quarter of all our people are scrofulous;  
their persons are emaciated, their health is  
infection, and their health is undermined by it.  
To cleanse it from the system we must renovate  
the blood by an alternative medicine, and in-  
vigorate it by healthy food and exercise.  
Such a medicine we supply in

## AYER'S

## Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical  
skill of our time can devise for this every-  
where prevailing and fatal malady. It is com-  
bined from the most delicate and healthful  
ingredients for the expurgation of this foul  
disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the  
system from its destructive consequences.  
Hence it should be employed for the cure of  
not only scrofula, but also those other affec-  
tions which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA  
AND SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE,  
ROSCS, OR KAYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES,  
BLOTCHES, BRUISES AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER  
OR SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, HEMORRHOIDS,  
RHEUMATISM, STY, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE  
EYES, DROPPY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, AND,  
INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-  
TED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief  
in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth,  
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The  
particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsapa-  
rilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid,  
without which sound health is impossible in  
contaminated constitutions.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,  
as a compound that disease within the range of  
their action can rarely withstand or evade them.  
Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse,  
and invigorate every portion of the human organ-  
ism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring  
its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these  
properties, the invalid who is bowed down with  
pain or physical debility is astonished to find his  
health or energy restored by a remedy at once so  
simple and inviting.  
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints  
of every body, but also those chronic and dan-  
gerous diseases. The agent below named is  
pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac,  
containing certificates of their cures and directions  
for their use, the following complaints: Catarrhs,  
Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered  
Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid  
Infection of the Throat, Flatulency, Loss of Ap-  
petite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints,  
arising from a low state of the body or obstruction  
of its functions.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF  
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Whooping  
Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption,  
and for the relief of Consumptive  
Patients in advanced stages of the  
disease.  
So wide is the field of its usefulness and so nu-  
merous are the cases of its cures, that almost  
every section of country abounds in persons pub-  
licly known, who have been restored from slat-  
ing and even desperate diseases of the lungs by  
its use. When once tried, its superiority over every  
other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape  
observation, and where its virtues are known, the  
public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ  
for the distressing and often fatal pulmonary  
complaints that are incident to our climate.  
While many inferior remedies thrust upon the  
community have failed, and caused the patient  
to gain friends by every trial, conferred benefits  
on the afflicted that can never forget, and pro-  
duced cures too numerous and too remarkable to  
be forgotten.

## PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.  
LOWELL, MASS.  
JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.  
Nov. 16, 1858—17.

## SELECT POETRY.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there—  
The gates of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.  
Over the river, the boatman pale,  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls moved in the gentle gale—  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam from yearning hearts,  
And lo! they have passed on yonder side,  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;  
We may not under the veil appear,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their bark no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon and wait for me.  
And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit-land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

### A SELECT STORY.

#### A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

Henri Du Barre, a young French artist,  
became enamored of the only daughter  
of a well-to-do bourgeois in the town of  
Circassone, in the South of France.—  
Lucille Montague had beauty and money,  
and Henri Du Barre had wit and talent;  
but these latter were no fair equivalent  
for the former in the eyes of the pre-  
sident father, who declared that no daugh-  
ter of his should marry a poor man, though  
he were blessed with the wisdom of Solon.

Now Lucille loved Henri—at least she  
told him so—but she was too prudent to  
clope with him and risk dishonor; for,  
after all, what was love without money?—  
poverty, coming in at the door would send  
it flying through the window.  
Poor Henri was in despair. He really  
did love Lucille, whether she did him or  
not—loved her madly; and his was one of  
those dark, fiery natures which makes love  
a wild terrible passion.

How much money was necessary to  
make him her equal in the eyes of her  
worldly father? The bourgeois named the  
sum. It was large and Henri sighed,  
and felt more despair at his heart than ever.  
Suddenly he brightened up with the  
recollection that he had youth and genius  
and that in some large city, Paris, per-  
haps, where the latter would be appreciated,  
he might acquire both fortune and fame.

But would Lucille await—just then,  
she was willing to wait awhile—but just then,  
as she admitted to herself, she could think  
of no one she liked better than the poor  
artist; but everything earthly must have  
a limit, and the fair coquette thought her  
patience ought not to extend beyond a year.

A year is a very short time for a man  
to acquire fame and fortune, with the lat-  
ter depending on the former; but Henri  
was young, and youth is sanguine, and at  
all events he would make a trial, hoping  
great things, and knowing that he could do  
no worse than fail.

So he finished his engagements hur-  
riedly, declined any new ones, sold a few  
pictures on hand, for a moderate sum,  
gathered together his scanty effects, bade  
his friends and Lucille adieu, with a hope-  
ful but heavy heart, set off for the great  
metropolis of France.  
It was a long, long journey from Cir-  
cassone to Paris in the slow conveyances  
of the period when Henri Du Barre made  
his way; and it was nearly two weeks before  
he reached the gay capital. And then began  
his struggles with poverty, which clung to  
him in spite of his hopes, his exertions and  
his prayers, for six weary months; when  
he gave up in despair, and secretly left  
the city, to beg his way back to Circassone  
see his Lucille once more, bid her an eter-  
nal adieu, and end a life no longer of any  
value to its possessor.

Henri Du Barre set out from Paris foot  
and alone, depending solely upon charity  
of French peasants for food and lodging.  
He had six sous in his pocket when he  
started, and these he invested in a deadly  
poison, which he carried as a dernier re-  
sort, determined not to suffer beyond what  
nature might reasonably bear, but which  
it was his hope to retain till he had again  
seen Lucille.

In this manner he reached and passed  
through Lyons, foot sore, ragged and dis-  
heartened—an object indeed for commiseration.  
Twenty leagues beyond Lyons, in  
passing through a long, dark, lonely wood,  
he met a Jew, carrying a heavy pack on  
his back. The poor artist asked the Isra-  
elite for charity, his appeal was answered  
by a few coins, for which he thanked the  
giver and then offered to carry his pack.

"Oh, no—it is nothing—it is nothing—a  
few old clothes only!" returned the Jew  
hurriedly, and with such evident uneasiness,  
in fact as to awaken suspicion in the  
mind of the young artist that it contained  
something of great value.

Then it was that a wild, vague, un-  
defined desire to possess it first took posses-  
sion of the man who was now going home  
to the wretchedly, but when two thousand  
francs might yet bless with life and hap-  
piness. When the mind of man takes a  
highly criminal bent, it seems as if some  
evil demon whispers in his ear the most  
plausible reason for a wicked course to  
happiness.

Henri Du Barre, who had never before  
thought of harming a human being, now  
glared furtively and almost shudderingly  
around him, with the dark and wicked  
thought in his brain, that if this man were  
dead, and he, the possessor of his pack, he  
might have a bright and glorious future.  
It was a dreary, dismal spot, in the thick  
wood where they both stood, and no hu-  
man eye, save theirs, was looking upon the  
scene. Why should this old man be cum-  
bered with wealth, which could not bring  
him one tithe of the joy that it might him  
whenever he possessed? He could not  
live many years, that old man, at the most,  
and he might die any minute, and his val-  
uable effects become the inheritance of  
strangers! What mattered a few years  
more or less, to him—a wandering despised  
old Jew? And why should he, the poor,  
miserable artist, begrudge the Jew's  
life and his own? Were not all living  
creatures bound by the inner law of their  
being to act in self defense, even to the  
taking of life when necessary to sustain  
their own? And would he not die should  
the Jew live and would he not live, should  
the Jew then and there die? And even  
should the secret be discovered, would it  
be anything than death at last? He had  
lought poison for himself, and why should  
not another take it for his salvation?—in  
which event he would have the means to  
procure more, and could always, as now,  
carry his life in his hands.

The Jew had bidden him good day and  
was trudging onward at a slow, steady  
pace, while these wild, wicked thoughts  
were coursing through the brain of the  
latter, with all the plausibility of truth.  
Suddenly the Jew stopped, produced a  
little flask, and raised it to his lips. Ah!  
that flask! The devil was tempting young  
Du Barre to crime, and here was the op-  
portunity.  
"My good friend," called the artist to  
the Jew, "I am very faint; will you give  
me a few drops of that wine?"  
"I will give you half," said the Jew,  
halting.

The artist advanced tremulously, pro-  
duced the poison, and conceded it in his  
hand as he approached his victim, and, un-  
der pretence of wiping the mouth of the  
flask, dropped it in. Then he pretended  
to drink, and handed it back with thanks,  
begging the Jew to drink his health at  
their final parting. Isaac complied and  
they now separated, each going different  
ways.

As soon as Henri was out of sight of the  
Israelite, he entered the wood, and re-  
turned in an oblique direction until he  
came in sight of his victim, who was now  
writhing in the agonies of death, and  
groaning for mercy. A few minutes more  
and he was still—the dread work was  
done.

Dragging the body from the road, and  
concealing it, the murderer next carried  
the pack far back into the forest, tore it  
open, and found it indeed did contain old  
clothes. He was nearly frantic; he had  
murdered a harmless old man, and got  
nothing for it. He threw the garments from  
him with the wild action of remorse  
and despair.

Suddenly he heard the clink of money.  
Then he began to examine the old gar-  
ments, and found to his almost mad joy,  
that they contained immense treasures in  
gold and jewels—diamonds, sapphires,  
pearls and rubies, to the value, as he thought,  
of ten thousand francs, but in reality more  
than a hundred thousand.

Far in the depths of that dark wood,  
the murderer hid his most precious stones,  
to be brought forth in after time. There  
were two thousand five hundred francs in  
money, and with this amount he started  
home no longer a poor man, but also even  
farther than ever from being a happy one.

He travelled in his ragged clothes as  
far as Nismes, fearful of spending one of  
his ill-acquired coins sooner; but at Nismes  
he ventured to purchase a new and gen-  
teel suit, and in this shortly after ap-  
peared before Lucille, showed her father  
the required sum, which he represented as  
having been honestly obtained in his pro-  
fession, and claimed her hand.

In due time Henri Du Barre married  
Lucille Montague, and happy were all at  
the wedding but the guilty groom, who  
was never to know happiness again. He  
kept his secret, and profited by it, making  
an occasional journey to the dismal spot of  
his crime, under pretence of travelling on  
business. He took away and disposed of  
the jewels one by one, and gradually grew  
opulent, and was regarded by all who  
knew him as an honest man of mark.

But the remembrance of his crime had a  
strange fascination for him, and much of  
his time was spent in trodding over it in  
secret.  
Being an artist, he at once naturally con-  
ceived the idea of putting the scene of  
the murder, and he finally drew in a  
miniature of ivory, picturing himself in  
the act of dragging the dead body of the  
Jew into the forest, from memory only, he  
delimited with wonderful fidelity. And  
as if this was not enough to satisfy his  
morbid infatuation, he wrote underneath:  
"Isaac, a Jew, murdered by Henri Du

Barre, artist, September tenth, in a dark  
wood, about twenty leagues South from  
Lyons."

It was a strange, insane idea, that of  
preserving a memory of the horrible deed  
in this manner, but this miniature of the  
scene he had set in a neat little frame, and  
carried it in a belt around his waist.  
But the strangest part of this horrible  
affair is yet to be told. On his last visit to  
the forest, for the last jewel that yet re-  
mained of the proceeds of his awful crime,  
he was shot down by a highwayman, who,  
on searching his person, found the miniature,  
and recognized in the features of the  
murdered Jew—his own father!

This produced so strange an impression  
upon the second murderer, that he carried  
it to the authorities, and made a full con-  
fession of his own crime. A full and thor-  
ough investigation took place; and among  
the papers of Du Barre, was found one  
containing the statement of the whole trans-  
action, as we have here recorded it.  
The second murderer, the son of the  
Jew, was subsequently executed, and so  
ended the chain of dark and bloody events.  
Truly the ways of Providence are won-  
derful and mysterious.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### For Ladies Only—Is this Becoming?

Mons. Chevreul, the Gallic Owen Jones,  
has recently published a work entitled  
"The Laws of Contrast of Color." Among  
the subjects treated is one of universal  
interest—female clothing. M. Chevreul  
discusses this with all the care it demands.  
And first, he establishes certain distinc-  
tions; that of the two types known as  
brunette and blonde, that of the juxtaposi-  
tion of the articles of toilet, whether per-  
taining to the hair or to the complexion;  
and that of modifications of the complexion;  
by colored rays emanating from the head  
skin, and which being reflected on the  
skin, imparts to it their peculiar color.—  
He says:

"The color of light hair being essentially  
the result of a mixture of red, yellow and  
brown, we must consider it as a very  
pale, subdued orange brown; the color of  
the skin, although a lower tone, is analog-  
ous, and especially in the red parts. Blue  
eyes are really the only parts of the fair  
type which form a contrast of color with  
the whole; for the red parts produce, with  
the rest of the skin, only a harmony of  
analogy of hues, or at most a contrast of  
tone, and not of color; and by parts of  
the skin contiguous to the face, the eye-  
brows and eyelashes, give rise only to a  
harmony of analogy, either of tone or of  
hue. The harmonies of analogy, then,  
evidently predominate in the fair type over  
the harmonies of contrast.

"The type with black hair shows the  
harmonies of contrast predominating over  
the harmonies of analogy. The hair, eye-  
brows, eyelashes, and eyes, contrast in  
tone and color, not only with the white  
of the skin, but also with the red parts  
which in this part are really redder or less  
rosy than in the blonde type; and we must  
not forget that a decided red, associated  
with black, gives to the latter the charac-  
ter of an expressively deep color, either  
blue or green."

"Of the colors of the hair and head dress  
we are told:

"The colors which are usually consid-  
ered as asserting best with light or black  
hair, are precisely those which produce  
great contrasts; thus, sky blue, known to  
accord well with blondes, is the color that  
approaches nearest to the complementary  
of orange, which is the basis of the tint  
of their hair and complexion. The colors  
long esteemed to accord favorably with  
black hair—yellow, and red more or less  
orange—contrast in the same manner with  
them. Yellow and orange, contrasting  
by color and brilliancy with black,  
and their complementaries, violet and blue  
green, in mixing with the tint of the hair,  
are far from producing a bad result."

"The following, on the colors of the com-  
plexion and the contiguous drapery, affords  
several valuable hints:

"The juxtaposition of drapery with the  
different tints of women, offers to por-  
trait painters a host of remarks, which are  
all the results of the principles already  
laid down. We shall state the most gen-  
eral of them:

"Rose red cannot be placed in contrast  
with even the rosiest complexions, without  
causing them to lose some of their fresh-  
ness. Rose red, maroon and light crimson  
have the serious disadvantage of rendering  
the complexion more or less green. This  
is shown in the following experiments:

"Place two sheets of either of the colors  
beside two sheets of flesh colored paper,  
when it will be seen how much they will  
to a greater or less degree, be mutually  
injured, the lighter becoming greenish,  
and the darker rather of a violet hue.—  
By substituting light green for the red, we  
shall find them mutually brightened and  
improved. The height of tone of the  
green, acting by contrast of tone, so en-  
feebles the complexion, that the slight  
contrast of its colors will be unappreciable;  
a deep red by contrast of analogy, blan-  
ches the complexion. It is necessary, then,  
to separate the rose from the skin, in some  
manner; and the simplest manner of do-  
ing this is to edge the draperies with a  
border of tulle, which produces the effect  
of gray, by the mixture of white threads,  
which reflect light, and the mixture of  
light and shade, which results in the effect  
of a misty window, viewed at a great dis-  
tance. Dark red is less objectionable for  
certain complexions than rose red, because  
being higher than the latter, it imparts  
whiteness to them in consequence  
of contrast of tone.

Delicate green is, on the contrary, favor-  
able to all fair complexions which are defi-  
cient in rose, and which may have more  
impaired favorable to complexions that  
are more red than them without disadvan-  
tage. But it is not as rosy; nor to those  
that have tint of orange mixed with brown,  
because the red they add to this will be of  
a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark  
green will be less objectionable than a  
delicate green.

Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin,  
and in this view it is less favorable than  
the delicate green. To those skins which  
are more yellow than orange it imparts  
white, but this combination is very dull  
and heavy for a fair complexion. When  
the skin is tinted more with orange than  
yellow, we can make it rosy by neutral-  
izing the yellow. It produces this effect  
upon the black haired type, and it is thus  
that suits brunettes.

Violet, the complementary of yellow,  
produces contrary effects; thus it imparts  
some greenish yellow to fair complexions.  
It imparts the yellow tint of yellow and  
orange skins. The little blue tints may  
in complexion it makes green violet.—  
This, then is one of the least favorable  
colors to the skin at least when it is not  
sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by  
contrast of tone.

Blue imparts orange, which combines  
favorably with white, and the light blue  
tints of fair complexions, which have al-  
ready a more or less determined tint of this  
color. Blue is thus suitable to most blon-  
des, and in this case justifies its reputa-  
tion. It will not suit brunettes, since they  
have already too much of orange.

Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it  
makes fair complexions blue, whitens those  
which have an orange tint, and gives a  
green hue to those of a yellow tint.

Lustrous white, such as cambric muslin,  
silk, assort with a fresh complexion,  
of which it relieves the rose color; but is  
unsuitable to complexions which have a  
disagreeable tint, because white always  
exalts all colors by raising their tone; con-  
sequently it is unsuitable to those skins  
which, without having this disagreeable  
tint very nearly approach it.

Very light white draperies, such as  
moulin de soie, appear more gray than white.  
We must thus regard every white drapery  
which allows the light to pass through its  
interstices, and which is only apparent to  
the eyes by the surface opposed to that  
which receives incident light.

Black draperies, by lowering the tone  
of the colors with which they are in juxta-  
position, whiten the skin; but if the ver-  
million or rosy parts are somewhat distant  
from the drapery, it will follow that, al-  
though lowered in tone, they appear rela-  
tively to the white parts of the skin con-  
trastive to the same drapery, redder than  
if not contiguous to the black."

### Rare Curiosities from the Isthmus.

We insert elsewhere an account of rich  
discoveries of gold at Panama. The fol-  
lowing, from the New York Express, de-  
scribes some of these treasures and their lo-  
cations.—It seems that about the first of  
this month some parties exploring in an  
Indian burial ground at David, Chiriqui,  
found an earthen pot at the left hand side  
of a grave. The pot contained several  
small images of gold, roughly cast, and  
about 20 carats fine. Further explora-  
tions showed that a similar pot was in place  
at the left side of each grave, and in five  
days over one hundred thousand dollars  
of gold images were taken from one huaso or  
tomb. The new spread like wildfire.  
A thousand persons were seen on the ground  
and it is expected that millions of dollars  
will be dug out of these Indian burial  
places, as there are hundreds of huasos at  
Chiriqui. The images on exhibition at  
Ball & Black's are small, rude imitations  
of animals and birds, and probably were  
originally made for idols. One is a human  
figure about three inches high, with the  
head of a monster. Another a spread eagle.  
Another a frog, and there are a va-  
riety of non-descripts that will make a high-  
ly interesting study for the lovers of Indi-  
an antiquities. Some of the images are  
gold mixed with copper alloy, but the great  
part of 20 carat gold. There was consid-  
erable excitement on the subject at  
Panama, and on the 15th of July, three  
copper schooners were advertised to sail  
for the diggings with passengers and freight.

These gold discoveries at Chiriqui are  
among the wonders of the day. The dis-  
coveries make no more hesitation in seiz-  
ing upon such plunder than if it was the  
product of one of their own corn or wheat  
fields. The auriferous veins opens the  
graves of the Incas as they would a coal  
mine in Pennsylvania or a gold mine in  
California. Fortunately for the memory  
of the dead—if such dead have any mem-  
ories that the living take any interest in—  
these gold deposits of anacondas, rattles-  
nakes, frogs, butterflies, &c., &c., are in  
earthen vessels by themselves and not at-  
tached as ornaments to the dead. They  
are pure idols and unadorned objects of  
worship among the natives. We are sur-  
prised, however, supposing them to have  
been buried long before the conquest of  
Mexico, with the artistic attainment ac-  
quired by those who moulded those ob-  
jects of worship—for, although very far  
behind the workmanship of our own time,  
they certainly show a knowledge of the  
arts which, among so rude and uncultiva-  
ted a people, we did not suppose had been  
reached in works of handicraft.

Whatever you do, do it willingly.  
A boy that is whipped at school never  
loses his lessons well. A man that is  
compelled to work, cares not how badly it  
is performed. He that pulls off his coat  
cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest,  
and sings while he works, is the true man.

THE ELECTION IN MISSOURI.—The friends of  
freedom have done well in Missouri. They  
have broken the ranks of the slave party, and  
opened a door of hope for the future and early  
triumph of Republican principles in that State.  
The battle has been gallantly fought and a  
cheering victory won, although the sweep may  
not be as clean as was hoped for by the more  
sanguine of the free Democracy. The St.  
Louis Democrat of the 3d, says:

"We publish this morning returns of the  
election, as far as received, and if they disap-  
point our most sanguine hopes, they at the  
same time give undoubted assurance of a sub-  
stantial victory to the free Democracy and their  
allies. Out of fourteen candidates, we have  
elected ten, including a majority of the Board  
of Commissioners. The four candidates elect-  
ed on the other side are not indebted for their  
success to the strength of the National democ-  
racy. These candidates were on three or four  
regularly formed tickets, exclusive of the Na-  
tional democratic ticket. They were on the  
American ticket, on the Independent ticket, on  
the Citizen's ticket and on the Workingman's  
ticket. We thoroughly appreciated the motive  
which gave rise to the formation of these tick-  
ets, and we warmly commend the public repeatedly  
their effect would be to give aid to the Na-  
tional Democratic ticket. The results prove we  
were not mistaken. The so-called non-party,  
independent movements, have produced, as  
their net result, the election of four National  
Democrats. We need mention no further on  
this fact."

ARTHEMUS WARD OF THE PITTSBURGH EDITORS.  
—The Pittsburgh Dispatch has been pleased to  
favor us with its laudations about the editors in  
Philadelphia. Artemus Ward, the great show-  
man and actor, has performed the same kind office  
for the paper staffers of the Iron City. He  
says:—

"I'm moving down slowly down your way I  
want you should get up an awful excitement  
in the columns of your valuable paper about  
my show. It nox the socks off from all other  
shows in the us, my wax work is the delight of  
all the reporters set my wax work perfect. I  
want the editors to come to my show. I'm  
the Flowers of May, but I don't want them to  
ride a Free Hoss to death, the editors in pit-  
sburgh are the snaykest cusses I ever did see,  
they turn to the show in crowds and they ask  
me ten cents alike for puffs. They sed if they  
could not get no disturbance about it they would  
all the time get my wax work perfect. I'll  
—The editor of the Journal sed he would tip over  
my ap cart in double quick time if I blowed  
about his prices. I put up to the extorsians  
long enuff and left in Diggout. Now which pa-  
per is the most respectful for your city I shall  
get my handbills printed at your office—I want  
you just to understand that I must keep the  
clubs in good humor. Now my sed tell me  
frankly with no conceit of all kind of  
displese; also get up an excitement in the  
Pious Dealer, since I rote you will add a Can-  
gero to my collection of Living Wild Beasts,  
it would make you last to see the little cuss  
jump and squeal. If you say anything please  
state my snakes are under perfect judgements,  
yours truly."

STATE FAIRS FOR 1859.—The following ex-  
hibits the time and place for holding State  
Fairs: Illinois at Freeport, from September 5th  
to the 9th; United States Agricultural Society  
at Chicago, from September 12th to the 17th;  
Kentucky at Lexington, from September 13th  
to the 17th; Vermont at Burlington, from Sep-  
tember 13th to the 15th; Western Virginia at  
Wheeling Island, from September 13th to the  
19th; New Jersey at Elizabeth, from Septem-  
ber 13th to the 16th; Maine at Augusta, from  
September 20th to the 23d; California at Sac-  
ramento, from September 18th to the 22d;  
Ohio at Zanesville, from September 20th to  
the 23d; Nebraska at Nebraska city, from Sep-  
tember 1st to the 23d; Indiana at New Albany,  
from September 25th to the 30th; St. Louis  
(Mo.) County Fair, from September 27th to the  
30th; Wisconsin at Milwaukee, from Septem-  
ber 26th to the 30th; Pennsylvania at Philadel-  
phia, from September 27th to the 30th; Iowa  
at Ottumwa, from September 27th to the 30th;  
Maryland at Frederick city, from October 2nd  
to the 28th; Alabama at Montgomery, from  
November 15th to the 18th.

FINE FOR UNLAWFUL COMMUNICATION WITH  
A JURY.—On Monday last, in Charleston, S.  
C. Thomas M. Hume was fined five hundred  
dollars for conversing with a juror in regard to  
an appeal case he was sitting on, and Charles E.  
Kavanaugh, Deputy Sheriff, who called the  
juror out to see Hume, was fined one hundred  
dollars. These penal proceedings were under  
a rule for contempt of Court. Hume stated to  
Kavanaugh that he wanted to see the juror, Ad-  
am E. Gibbon, for the purpose of ascertaining  
for the information of his wife, whether he  
would be kept out all night.—Kavanaugh there-  
upon ordered the juror to be called out, and  
Hume after speaking to Gibbon about family  
affairs began to talk about the case the juror  
was deliberating on. He told Gibbon that he  
understood that the juror stood six to six, and that  
he (Gibbon) was in favor of hanging Mitchell,  
the prisoner on trial. He also said why don't  
you find the prisoner guilty