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Poetry.



THE HYPOCRITE.

The following description of the Hypocrite in the Day of Judgment, from Pellico's "Course of Time." What a faithful daguerrotype it is of thousands who will appear in that "congregation vast."

"Great day of revelation! in the grave
The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the liver of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase, transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feasts, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things;
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver contrition,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob. In sermon style he bo't,
And sold, and lied, and salutations made
In Scripture terms. He prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary. With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists,—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sound—
—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewn! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues bowed over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently and out of time
With serious phraseology,—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him;
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed
As in the all-piercing light he stood, exposed.
No longer herding with the holy ones,
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but, meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose balked. The righteous smiled, and
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness delled.
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,
None seemed madder for the flames of hell,
Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears
A holy air that says to all that pass
Him by, 'I was a hypocrite on earth.'"

"LOCAL."

Mr. Editor:—I have been looking for some production from your Middle Woodberry correspondent, "Satter," for a long time, but not a line appeared. He "Satter" don't or has he absconded? Well, if he is no more among the "local" scribblers, I will give you a few pen-scrapes of our "by the way" interesting "local" community.
The "Pittstonville Lyceum" met according to the usual appointment on Saturday evening, the 23d inst., and the following question was discussed with much interest, and decided in the affirmative. "Resolved, That Politics have been the cause of more blood-shed than Religion." Aff. Messrs. Hays, Boner and Eschelman, Neg. Messrs. Prince, Bare and Satterfield. Among the speeches that attracted unusual interest by the Audience and the Society, was the speech of D. D. Eschelman, who displayed his oratorical eloquence in a manner creditable to him and the society, and whose presence is always greeted with applause by the members of our Lyceum. Mr. Eschelman is a great champion of Literary Societies and is always ready to lend an assisting hand in promoting the cause of education; and is the largest stock-holder in the Waterstreet Library.
The Lyceum meets once a week and mostly on Saturday evening. Mr. Eschelman is a great champion of Literary Societies and is always ready to lend an assisting hand in promoting the cause of education; and is the largest stock-holder in the Waterstreet Library.
It is now one year since the Waterstreet Library has sprung into existence, and by its increase in number of members and accession of books, has proved to be of such a beneficial medium of resource to our young, ambitious and aspiring readers; that we intend getting it chartered by next Court, which will place it on a footing that will give it more life and vigor, and that eventually it will become the great treasure for the diffusion of useful knowledge among our rising generation.
Middle Woodberry is turning up strange freaks in this trying crisis, by trying to secede from Bedford County, and no doubt, in a few days we will see them popping around with blue cockades on their hats, and palmetto flags in their hands, and plant "pop guns" about Woodberry to defend her beleaguered cause. We will never let her go in such a manner to all one of her extreme secessionists remarked that Middle Woodberry was getting so dull that they could scarcely get up a respectable funeral any more. It is no wonder after acting the part of a runaway cub of a comet tipped in fashion with rebellious South Carolina. Ha! Messrs. Woodberry, you have not absconded yet and will show you fight before we will let you go. To doubt your correspondent "U. G." is playing a conspicuous game in the programme, but he is not quite sharp enough, to draw the wool over our eyes. My advice to those troubled secessionists would be, to draw in their horns, and ease their fantastical notions, and cultivate their belligerent spirits to a more loyal feeling towards Bedford County, and on next 4th of July we will drink bumper with you as a token of our friendly alliance and sing songs written with a quill, picked from the tail of the American Eagle, in honor of our Union, harmony and the ever-lasting prosperity of our noble Bedford County. TYRO.
Pittstonville, Pa., Feb. 27, 1861.

AFRICAN LIFE.

From Dr. David Livingstone's Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.

Missionary zeal, trading, enterprise, and love of sport, together with the native restlessness and spirit of adventure animating the Anglo-Saxon race, will soon bring us acquainted with the whole habitable surface of our globe, and with all the varied forms of human society—savage, semi-civilized, and civilized. We are gradually mapping the whole earth; and our children may live to see railroads across the desert, unless some new method of locomotion, as superior to railroads as railroads are to coaches and caravans, should arise meanwhile. Africa, in the last few years, has been explored with great energy and great success, by missionaries, geographers, and hunters. Besides opening new prospects for commercial and missionary enterprise, these explorations have furnished a mass of precise information which materially modifies our previous conceptions of the African race; and conspicuous among all these works stand the admirable narrative of Dr. Livingstone, the missionary, who is an honor to our country.

THE LION.

Of all the stories we have read of encounters with lions, it is by many degrees the most valuable. An alarm of lions had called him out with his men, and on returning unsuccessful to the village he saw a lion sitting on a rock behind a bush, at a distance of about thirty yards. He aimed deliberately, and sent the contents of both barrels into the animal's body.

"The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him.' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout.—Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height, he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of drowsiness, in which there seems no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivores, and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebawe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebawe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebawe.—He left Mebawe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatia, on the following day, made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."—pp. 12, 13.

CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Livingstone attached himself to the tribe of Bakwatis. Their chief, Sechele, embraced Christianity, and became an assiduous reader of the Bible, the eloquence of Isaiah being peculiarly acceptable to him, and he was wont to say, "He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak." But his people were not so ready for conversion, although he calmly proposed to have them flogged into faith. "Do you imagine," he said, "these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our litpas (whips of ribber-noceros hide) we will soon make them believe altogether." As this was declined, conversion did not extend.
"In the hope that others would be induced to join him in his attachment to Christianity, he asked me to begin family worship with him in his house. I did so; and by-and-by was surprised to hear how well he conducted the prayer in his own simple and beautiful style, for he was quite a master of his own language. At this time we were suffering from the effect of a drought, which will be described further on, and none except his family, whom he ordered to attend, came near his meeting. "In former times," said he, when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me."—One reason why he had no volunteer hypocrites was the hunger from drought, which was associated in their minds with the presence of Christian instruction; and hypocrisy is not prone to profess a creed which seems to enure to an empty stomach.

THE BUSHMAN.

The inhabitants of the desert are Bushmen

and Bakalari. Respecting the Bushmen, Livingstone dissipates many an error current in Europe. They have not the striking affinity with the baboon which we have been taught to believe; nor are those specimens which have been brought to Europe to be considered as representing the race more accurately than the Koglish race would be represented by the squalidest and ugliest specimens a Barnum might pick up for exhibition. They are often small, but not dwarfish; are exceedingly enduring, and their thin, wiry frames are capable of great exertion. An unconquerable love of independence makes them a nomadic hunting race, feared by their neighbors on account of their warlike character. They are dreaded by lions as well as by men. When they observe evidence of the lion's having made a full meal, they follow up his spoor so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed.

"One discharges a poisoned arrow from a distance of only a few feet, while his companion simultaneously throws his skin cloak on the beast's head. The sudden surprise makes the lion lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in the greatest confusion and terror. Our friends here showed me the poison which they use on these occasions. It is the excreta of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow the poison to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after working with it, as a small portion introduced into a scratch acts like morbid matter in dissection wounds. The agony is so great that the person who cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitation in a raging mania. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and becomes furious, biting the trees and ground in rage.

"As the Bushmen have the reputation of curing the wounds of this poison, I asked how this was effected. They said that they administered the caterpillar in combination with fat; they also rub fat into the wound, saying that 'the N'gwa wants fat, and when it does not find it in the body, kills the man: we give it what it wants, and it is content'—a reason which would commend itself to the enlightened among ourselves."—p. 171.

COLOR.

"The people who inhabit the central region are not all quite black in color. Many incline to that of bronze, and others are as light in hue as the Bushman, who, it may be remembered, afford a proof that heat alone does not cause blackness, but that heat and moisture combined do very materially deepen the color. Whenever we find people who have continued for ages in a hot humid district, they are deep black; but in this apparent law there are exceptions, caused by the migrations of both tribes and individuals; the Makololo for instance, among the tribes of the humid central basin, appear of a sickly sallow hue, when compared with the aboriginal inhabitants; the Bakata, also, who live in an elevated region, are, when seen in company with the Bakata of the rivers, so much lighter in color, they may be taken for any tribe; but their language, and the very marked custom of knocking out the upper front teeth, leave no room for doubt that they are one people."—pp. 338, 339.

WITCHES—WITCH-DOCTOR.

"When a man suspects that any of his wives have bewitched him, he sends for the witch-doctor, and all the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant. They all drink it, each holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. Those who vomit it are considered innocent, while those whom it purges are considered guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and laughter a cook as a thank-offering to their guardian spirits. The practice of this ordeal is common among all the nations north of the Zambesi. This summary procedure excited my surprise, for my intercourse with the natives here had led me to believe that the women were held in so much estimation that the men would not dare to get rid of them thus. But the explanation received was this. The slightest imputation makes them eagerly desire the test; they are conscious of being innocent, and have the fullest faith in the maavi detecting the guilt alone; hence they go willingly, and even eagerly, to drink it. When in Angola, a half caste was pointed out to me, who is one of the most successful merchants in that country, and the mother of this gentleman, who was perfectly free, went, of her own accord, all the way from Ambova to Cassange, to be killed by the ordeal, her rich son making no objection.—The same custom prevails among the Barotse, Babubia, and Bakata, but with slight variations. The Barotse, for instance, poke the medicine down the throat of a cook or a dog, and judge of the innocence or guilt of the person accused according to the vomiting or purging of the animal. I happened to mention to my own men the water test for witches formerly in use in Scotland; the supposed witch, being bound hand and foot, was thrown into a pond; if she floated, she was considered guilty, taken out and burned; but if she sank, and was drowned, she was pronounced innocent. This wisdom of my ancestors excited as much wonder in their minds as their custom did in mine."—pp. 621, 622.

"Dora, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?"
"Please ma'am, I greased the griddle with it."
"You did! That was right—I was afraid you had wasted it!"

PHILADELPHIA IN 1730.

The November number of the *Historical Magazine*, which Mr. Zieher has handed to us, contains a poetical description of Philadelphia in 1730, from "Titan's Almanac," which we here subjoin:

Goddess of Numbers, who art wont to rove
O'er the Gay Landship, or the smiling Grove;
Who taught me first to sing in humble strains,
Of murm'ring Fountains, and of flow'ry Plains,
Assist me now: while I in Verse repeat
The heavenly Beauties of thy Fav'rite Seat.
Teach me, O Goddess, in harmonious Lays,
To sing thy much-lov'd Pennsylvania's Praises;
Thy Philadelphia's Beauties to indite,
In Verse as tuncful as her sons can write.
Such as from B****'s pen are wont to flow,
Or more judicious T****'s used to show.
Stretch'd on the Bank of Delaware's rapid Stream
Stands Philadelphia, not unknown to Fame:
Here the tall Yessels safe at Anchor ride,
And Europe's wealth flows in with every Tide:
Thro' each wide Ope the distant Prospects clear;
The well built Streets are regularly fair:
The Plan by these contriv'd, O Penn, the scheme,
A Work immortal as the Founder's Name.
Thy here Apollo does erect his Throne,
Thy his Parnassus, this his Helicon:
Here solid sense does every Bosom warm,
Here Noise and Nonsense have forgot to charm.
Thy seers how cautious! and how Gravely wise!
Thy hopeful Youth in Emulation rise:
Who (if the wishing Muse inspir'd does sing)
Shall Liberal Arts to such Perfection bring,
Europe shall mourn her ancient Fame doctin'd,
And Philadelphia be the Athens of Mankind.
Thy lovely Daughters unadorned shine,
In each Perfection, every Grace divine:
Beauty triumphant sits in every Eye,
And Wit shines forth but check'd with Modesty:
Decently Grave, which shows a sober Sense,
And cheerful too, a sign of Innocence.
But what, O Pennsylvania, dost declare
Thy Bliss, speake thee profusely happy; here
Sweet Liberty her gentle influence sheds,
And Peace her downy Wings about us spreads:
While War and Desolation widely reigns,
And Captive Nations groan beneath their chains,
While half the World implicitly obey
Some lawless Tyrant's most imperious Sway,
No threatening Trumpet warns us from afar
Of bast'ning Misery or approaching War;
Fearless the Hind pursues his wretched Toil,
And bids the Product of his grateful Soil,
No arbitrary laws here cause to fear.
No military Monarch rules us here.
Our Lives, our Properties, and all that's ours,
Our Happy Constitution here secures,
What Praise and Thanks, O Penn! are due to thee.
For this first perfect Scheme of Liberty!
How shall the Muse thy just Applauses sing
Or in what strains due Acclamations bring?
Who can thy Charter read, but with surprise
Must strain to proclaim thee Generous, Just, and Wise?
Thro' every Page, thro' every careful Line,
How does the Friend, the Nursing Father shine!
The *Historical Magazine* annotates this curious effusion as follows:
It is probable that Titan himself was the author of the above poetical effusion. The B**** alluded to as a poet, was doubtless Joseph Brinkley, a friend of Benjamin Franklin's. He was a copier of deeds for scrivners. He is represented as being a good-natured friendly man, very fond of reading poetry, and writing some that was considered very ingenious. The "more judicious T****" referred to, was probably Jacob Taylor, a schoolmaster and physician. He was at one time surgeon-general of the province. He enjoyed a good reputation as an almanac-maker. He wrote the poetical effusions for his own almanacs. He was also author of "Pennsylvania," a poem published in 1728.—Mr. Taylor died in 1785.

Scene in a Police Office.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dickon Swiven, alias, "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar and questioned by the Judge to the following effect:
Judge—Bring the prisoner into court.
Pete—Here I am, bound to blame, as the spirits of turpentine said, when he was all a fire.
We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?
I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he would be roasted or fried.
We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirit of turpentine either. What do you follow?
Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he ran over a little nigger.
Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?
That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table.
If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.
I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.
Now, sir, your punishment will depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?
No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none.
Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?
Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat 'taters.
No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?
Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a cheer.
How do you keep yourself alive?
By breathing, sir.
I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?
Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you you?
I shall have to sommit you.
Well, yo've committed yourself first, that's some consolation.
The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

Indian Juggling.

The fort of Calcutta, commonly known as Fort William, is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and somewhat resembles the Tower of London, in that it consists of various streets and squares, adapted for different military purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded in its turn by a broad and deep fosse, over which are placed draw-bridges, leading to the principal gateways. Arrived in Calcutta, a raw griffin, of course I went to inspect the lions, and among others the fort.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these strange people have been so often described, that I shall only make mention of a few, for otherwise I might tire the reader. One of them struck me as being curious from its having a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history, as having been performed by the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, and in the presence of Pharaoh. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindu tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity can exist. The particular trick alluded to, is the apparent conversion of a brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me, on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin I held firmly in my hand, but crossing that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my double fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words, Kam, Summu, during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and still keeping his seat made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or something equally soft, nasty and disagreeable, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and opening my hands, found there no coin, but to my horror, and alarm (for of all created things I detest and loathe the genus) I saw a young snake, all alive, and of all snakes in the world, a cobra-di-capello, folded, or rather coiled, roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, trembling with rage and fear, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the alarm and amazement of every one present. The juggler now got up for the first time since he set down, and catching hold of the snake displayed its length, which was nearly two feet—two feet all to an inch and a half. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his mouth to its widest extent, let the head of the snake drop into it, and deliberately commenced to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this, he came up to the spectators and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat, but no snake or snake's tail was visible; it was seemingly down his throat altogether. During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the man profess his ability to make it re-appear; but he performed another snake trick, which surprised us very much. He took from a bag another cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands in a folded state. He waved or shook it for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, hey presto!—the snake was gone, and in its place appeared several small ones, which he suffered to fall from his hands, when they glided, with their peculiar undulating movement, almost like the waves of the sea, about the floor.

F. SWANWICK.

WOMEN BORN TO DO THE LOVING.—That nature has ordained love as woman's task, more than man's, is thus declared, by a late moralist:

"With man, love is never a passion of such intensity as with woman. She is a being of sensibility, existing only in the outpourings and sympathies of her emotions. Every earthly blessing, nay, every heavenly hope will be sacrificed for her affections. She will leave the sunny home of her childhood—the protesting bosom of her kindred—forget the counsels of her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother on whose bosom her head had been pillowed—do all that woman can do consistently with honor—forsake all that she has clung to in her girlish simplicity for years, and throw herself into the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would forsake a woman after these testimonies of affection, is too gross a villain to be called a man.

Among the letters lying in the New York post office, is one addressed to John Ouleubaugen-pensterners-hobbeniecker.

That gentleman must be a relative of the famous Chronobotanologos, and also of the renowned Adidibronthopocophero. He is a literary man, in the sense of being a man of letters.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

A Gold Watch in a Rag Bag.

A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Ct. was in the habit of putting out shirts to make for a large clothing establishment to a number of women in the neighborhood. In the cutting of these, there were a great many little odds and ends of cloth left over—pieces too small to be of use, and the first thought was, of course, to toss them into the fire. "No," she reflected, "I will save them as they accumulate, and perhaps I may get enough to exchange with the tinner for some kitchen article or other." So she let them lie, housewife-like, and in a few weeks there was quite a pile.

One day a neighbor came in, and on hearing of the destination of the scraps, advised that they should be sent to a paper mill, at some little distance. "They will give you three or four cents a pound for them," said he, "and that is better than exchanging them for tin."

She asked her husband's advice. To him a few rags more or less seemed a trivial affair.

"Do as you like," said he laughingly—you may have all the money you can make out of the rags.

She took him at his word, and in two or three months, some half a dozen barrels of rags were sent by some one who was going in the direction of the paper mill. To her surprise and pleasure, a new rustling five dollar bill came back.

Again the impulse to spend it for some little ornament was checked. "No," she resolved; all my rag money shall go into the saving bank.

And into the saving bank it went accordingly. Years rolled by—more rags were saved and sold—interest and principal accumulated. At length an unusual opportunity presented itself for the purchase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty dollars was the price.

"I will not ask my husband to withdraw any necessary funds from his business," she thought, "but now is the time to make my rag money useful!"

The gold watch was purchased—literally with rags.

Yet this was not the end of it. The bank fund, of which the bundle of rags was the origin, now amounts to over twenty-five hundred dollars.

"I do not know how it accumulated," said the lady to us. "A few outtings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut out shirts—a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—it has grown up, almost without any care on my part."

INCREDIBLE NEWS FROM MEXICO.—The Corpus Christi (Texas) *Ranchero* of January 12th, has the following singular statement:

Great excitement exists at the present time among the Mexicans in Western Texas, and indeed, among many Americans, occasioned by a report that a Saint has mysteriously appeared in Mexico, at some point near Camargo, who possesses the power to feed thousands of people with two or three tortillas, (little cakes,) each getting all he can eat; cures all diseases flesh is heir to, restores sight to the blind; in fact, performs all kinds of miracles. No one can tell his name or where he came from. He says that he will be killed in Mexico, and requests that his murderer may not be punished. He claims to be sent on an especial mission to the Mexican people, and that he shall perform many wonderful things and make many disclosures before he closes his career. Apparently but sixteen or seventeen years of age, he has a great beard of patriarchal length; and as an evidence that he is no impostor, it is reported that Gen. Vidaurri had him cleanly shaven, and then told him if he was really a man of God; as he professed, to cause his beard to reappear upon his face. The saint requested his interrogator to turn his back for a few moments, which he did, and after making a prayer and going through some mysterious ceremony, presto! his face was covered with beard the same as before.

Thus the story goes, and if not true, certain it is that the Mexicans of this and the adjoining counties are swarming thither in large numbers, and some Americans are preparing to go.

Trace the Traitors Back.

Parson Brownlow prints a long list of names of the South Carolina Tories of the Revolution. He says:

We print the names of those infamous Tories, because their descendants are spread all over the South, and a portion of them are now figuring in this secession movement, and some of them even in their late Convention. They have a hereditary title to the contempt of all honest and patriotic men. Did not a man by the name of R. Barnwell Smith, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, have his name changed to that of Rielt, by the Legislature, and if so, what was the motive? Was he not prominent in the late Convention, in declaring out of this Union? We ask for information where there have been more names changed in South Carolina, by the act of General Assembly, than in any State in the Union!

In the spring of 1780, Sir Henry Clinton and Vice Admiral Arbuthnot, appeared before Charleston, and demanded a surrender to His British Majesty's forces. The gallant General Lincoln, in command of the American forces, repulsed this arrogant demand, with the scorn and contempt of a brave officer. They have hated the name of Lincoln ever since! The people of Charleston, and nearly all South Carolina, being Tories, of the basest character, took the matter into their own hands, and threatened the gallant Lincoln with betraying him into the hands of the British forces, if he did not come to such terms as pleased them.