

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. I.

BELLEVILLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1856.

NO. 12.

The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.
HENRY HAYS, Editor.
WEN FORTNEY, Editor.
THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWS-PAPER IN CENTRAL COUNTY.
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN BELLEVILLE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY HENRY HAYS.

TERMS—\$1.00 in advance, or if paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged on all subscriptions running to the end of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS AND BUSINESS NOTICES inserted at the usual rates, and every description of JOB PRINTING, EXECUTED in the most manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

BELLEVILLE, PENNA.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1856.

Democratic County Standing Committee.

Bellefonte—H. MORRISON
Boyer—J. H. SHOOK
Burr—JOHN HOY
Ferguson—J. S. MCCORMICK
Gardner—J. D. FISHER
Haines—J. H. KILPATRICK
Howard—J. P. PACKER
Huffman—J. H. HUNTER
Hunt—WILLIAM GILLILAND
Hunt—WESLEY A. MARR
Lambert—JAMES GIBBELL
Lambert—JOHN LIPPON
Lambert—JAMES F. JOHNSON
Lambert—JOHN GARRICK
Lambert—THOMAS R. SELLERS
Lambert—LEWIS FISHER
Lambert—J. H. KILPATRICK
Lambert—J. S. BARNHART
Lambert—JOHN T. HUNTER
Lambert—WILLIAM MERRILL
Lambert—GEORGE PETERS
Lambert—WILLIAM WALKER
Lambert—JOHN SCHWARTZ

Democratic State Central Committee.

At a Meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held on the 14th day of March next, in Harrisburg, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
In pursuance of the above Resolution the Convention will assemble at Harrisburg for the purpose of electing Delegates to the Democratic National Convention, and nominating a candidate for Canal Commissioner, Auditor General and Revenue General.
Chairman—JAMES F. JOHNSON
Secretary—J. H. KILPATRICK

Lock Haven and Tyrone Railroad.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held at the Court House, in Hollidaysburg, says the *White*, commenced on Tuesday evening, February 5th. On motion, John Brotherton, Esq., was called to the Chair; Hon. James L. Gwynn, John Dougherty, Esq., James McQuade, Esq., and Robt. Campbell, Esq., were appointed Vice Presidents, and George Raymond, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated, J. M. McMin, Esq., of Centre co., being called upon, addressed it at considerable length, giving a plain, practical and common sense view of this important project, and proved conclusively that its construction would form an important link with the city of New York and the Great West, connecting with the Portage road at Hollidaysburg, &c.

Col. T. C. Macdowell followed Mr. McMin. His speech was listened to with marked attention, while he discussed the advantages of the construction of the road, and its connections. He made forcible and logical remarks. Mr. Campbell, of Centre county, made an explanation in regard to the amounts raised in the different counties, and what was expected of the citizens of Blair, their amount being fixed at \$50,000.

A committee of six were appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, to raise subscriptions, viz: T. C. Macdowell, Thaddeus Banks, James M. Bell, David Caldwell, A. L. Holliday, John C. Innes, and Anthony Shorb.

The following resolutions were offered by Geo. Raymond, and unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the citizens of Blair county feel a deep interest in the construction of the Tyrone, Bald Eagle and Lock Haven Railroad; and we earnestly recommend to all of her citizens to encourage and aid this grand projected improvement.

Resolved, That it is a project that needs encouragement, from its location, feasibility and utility, and we are glad that the citizens of Centre, Clinton, and other places, have so liberally contributed to its building, and believe that Blair should not be behind her neighbors in so good a work.

Resolved, That Col. Cresswell, our Senator, deserves the thanks of the people on the proposed line of road, for his efforts in its behalf, and particularly for his amendment to the original bill, authorizing its connection with the Portage Railroad at Hollidaysburg.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to Mr. McMin and Col. Macdowell for their able addresses in defence of the Lock Haven, Bald Eagle and Tyrone Railroad.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of Blair, Centre and Clinton counties.

LARGE TAX-PAYERS.—A good deal of notoriety, says the *St. Louis Republican*, has been given to the fact that N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, pays over \$21,000 of taxes annually. This is a large sum, and he is unlike all other tax-payers, large and small, if he does not think it a great hardship to have to appropriate so much of his income in this way. But one of our citizens pays a still greater tax than Mr. Longworth—no allude to James H. Lucas, Esq., of the banking-house of Lucas & Simonds. The amount of tax paid by him for the year 1855, was \$25,439.10.

State Military Convention.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Military Convention, held at Harrisburg, January 21, 1856:

Whereas, It is generally conceded, that in the absence of a standing army; which is at variance with the genius of a republican form of government, the citizen soldier is the natural bulwark of our national defence; and Whereas, the law that now exists in this State is inefficient, and calculated to depress and enervate, by making the duties of the volunteer onerous and expensive; and Whereas, the Legislature by the act of 1849, repealed the act of 1822, entitled an act relating to the militia of the Commonwealth, without providing any sufficient substitute, and recommended that the Legislature, at its next session, pass a law for the reorganization of the militia of the Commonwealth, which has never been carried into effect, and that therefore, in the opinion of this convention, the Legislature should, during the present session, pass a law regulating the militia of the Commonwealth, in accordance with said recommendation.

Resolved, That we recommend the re-organization of the military department of the State—to increase its efficiency, enlarge its powers, and provide reasonable pay for its officers. That in the opinion of this convention it should be made a separate and independent bureau of the executive branch of the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention, the military tax should not be less than one dollar for each citizen liable for military purposes. That a board of field officers, selected in each brigade, for that purpose, be empowered to make lists of persons taxable, and to collect and transmit the same to the proper authorities, and to discharge the duties of the expenses of the brigade, until that all collecting, receiving and disbursing officers be required to give security, to be approved by said board, for the faithful performance of their duties.

On motion of Col. Lee, Resolved, That a committee of six, in conjunction with the chairman of the convention, be constituted for the purpose of drawing and urging upon the attention of the Legislature, an act embodying the sense of this convention, and that they also be a permanent committee, with power to call subsequent conventions, whenever it may be deemed necessary. The convention appointed Col. Lee, General Cadwallader and Bowman, Major Hodgson, Col. Gregg, and Capt. Zeigler and Fryer, said committee.

On motion, That the thanks of this convention are hereby tendered to General Cadwallader, for the able manner in which he has presided over its deliberations. Resolved, That the different newspapers published throughout the State be requested to publish the proceedings of the convention.

—GEO. ASHLEY.—If farmers who reside in the coal regions have not tried the benefit of coal ashes on their cherry trees the sooner they do so the better. I recollect well when a boy, of carrying the coal ashes from the grate and piling them around a tree, which was known by all the family, as the "little orphan," on account of its sprouting from the roots of an old tree which had died, and the peculiar hard time it had in endeavoring to reach the stature of even a bush. The summer after the coal ashes were deposited around its base it put forth vigorously, and in three years was quite a thrifty tree, heavily laden with delicious fruit. My father seeing the good results of the ashes, a wagon load was thrown around the base of each tree on the farm, and the effect was astonishing. Old trees that were fast decaying were re-uscitated, and sent forth new branches, and bore fruit abundantly. Let those who have coal ashes test its virtues upon fruit trees.

AGRICULTURAL DIVISION OF THE PATENT OFFICE.—Production of New Varieties of Sweet Potatoes from Seed.—A gentleman of Ipswich, Mass., has written to the Commissioner of Patents, requesting to be furnished with seed of the common sweet potato, for the purpose of cultivating them in a greenhouse, and obtaining new varieties. It is difficult to get seed in this country, because so far as is ascertained, this plant will not flower here. The same is true with respect to the potato, although some species, such as the red or pink-colored from the East Indies and the islands of the Pacific, have been brought to perfect maturity in France, and new varieties have been obtained from their seed. Potatoes of this kind will flower in Cuba and in the Southern States. It is desirable to obtain the seeds of such species of the sweet potatoes as can be brought to maturity in southern latitudes.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH PEARS.—"A Farmer," in the *Country Gentleman*, offers the following remedy for prevailing grubs and mice from destroying young fruit trees:— "Take tin or sheet iron, bent round like a stove-pipe six or eight inches long, not soldered or fastened together—let the sides slip by each other or lap over, so as the tree grows it can expand; then spring apart and set it round the bottom of the tree, one end crowded a little into the ground; fill it up with powdered charcoal. Be sure to have no grubs in which the charcoal is applied. This I think will be a sure preventive."

IRISH AGRICULTURE.—A correspondent of the *London Times*, in commenting upon the progress of Irish agriculture, states that during the past fourteen years the value of farm stock in Ireland has increased from £22,000,000 to £35,000,000 sterling, and that the number of horned cattle have risen from 2,000,000 to 3,500,000, while the quality has correspondingly improved. Still, however, of the 2,000,000 of acres which Ireland comprises, only about one-fourth is under direct tillage; and fully one-third is pasture.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Some little spot of happy ground
Without the village tattle;
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gospel's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own.
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and for ever.

There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slight that might befall,
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.

They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our woes, and seen
They soon retail them all again,
Mix'd with poisonous measure.

And then they'll say a cunning way
Of telling their ill-meant tales, they say
"Don't mention what I say, I pray,
I would not tell another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
—Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were put to rest or ban,
That every one might know them!

Then would our villages forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degraded part
To make another bosom smart
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound
And angry feelings perish!

Although the primary object of his taking arms was thus accomplished, Elio showed no disposition to lay them down again. Like the young panther, a taste of blood had given him a relish for it, and he continued firing cartridges till the very end of the war. Innumerable wild and adventurous feats are recorded of him. The first by which he distinguished himself, subsequently to the death of the Chaplain, was the conveyance of a dispatch from Tolosa to Pampeluna, across a mountainous country overrun by Carlist soldiers, and by armed peasants equally disaffected and dangerous. He delivered his letters and was returning with a reply, when he was surprised by a party of Carlist custom officers. The foremost man, who first seized him, was his own uncle who immediately recognized him and called to his companions to hasten and help to secure the young Christian, in return for which unkinde conduct he was immediately knifed by his nephew. Elio escaped with the greatest difficulty, for the alarm was given all over the country, but favored by the darkness of the night, and ruggedness of the ground, he managed to reach Tolosa. In this instance, he showed small affection or forbearance to his uncle, he subsequently exhibited great self-devotion, and ran extraordinary risk, in behalf of a sister. The Carlists, enraged at the success of his stratagems, and at the damage he did them, seized her as a hostage, and kept her a close prisoner, requiring for her release a heavy ransom, and that her brother should give himself up to them. Elio had too much regard for his neck to accept this last condition, but resolved at the same time that his sister should be no loser by his obedience to the instinct of self-preservation. Seizing a tempestuous night in the spring of the year 1838, he left the lines of Hernani, passed unperceived through the hostile outposts, and as the head of a resolute little band of twelve men, struck boldly into the enemy's territory. At dawn the party halted, remained concealed the whole of that day, and when night returned descended from their mountain lurking-place, to Villabona, a small town between Andonia and Tolosa. Leaving nine of his men outside the place, and followed by the three others, Elio boldly entered the street, and made direct for the house of the Alcade, who had been mainly instrumental in capturing his sister. Here he found a party of Carlist officers at supper, and reported himself to them as corporal in a Carlist regiment then stationed near Opatzun, adding that he was taking a confidential dispatch from his colonel to Gen. Ituriza, then a Aspetua, which document was a forged passport he produced for their inspection. After some conversation, in which Elio played his part admirably, he requested a billet for himself and men. The Alcade, to avoid the trouble of writing an order, stepped out to allot him a lodging for the night. Scarcely had he passed his own threshold when a knife was at his throat, with a threat of instant death if he brooked silence. The terrified official held his peace and was sent out of the town in charge of Elio's followers. Elio himself then returned to the house, called out the Alcade's wife on pretence of her husband wanting her, and made her prisoner likewise. Then setting off at double quick time with his captives, the bold guerrilla made such good use of his time that at two in the morning he arrived at a point near Hernani, which he knew to be occupied by an officer and twelve men. These he carefully reconnoitred, and perceiving they were not very vigilant, he boldly approached them, answered their challenge, and accosted the officer, whom he told that he was escorting two criminals to a Carlist fort near the French frontier, and that he had orders to shoot them if they spoke to any one by the way. The officer listened unobtrusively to these tales, and was in the act of offering his interlocutor a dram, when he suddenly found himself disarmed and a prisoner. At the same time Elio's men

plunging themselves between the soldiers and their captives, resistance became impossible, and the whole picket were captured, bound and led away. Even the advanced sentries were taken, under pretence of relieving them. At daylight, Elio entered St. Sebastian, and a few days after he got back his sister in exchange for the Alcade's wife, the unlucky husband remaining in duress vile.

At different periods of the war Elio surprised and carried off every outpost around St. Sebastian and Hernani. His disguises were innumerable and most ingenious. The picket between Orreaga and Hernani he chartered by dressing himself and men as charcoal burners, concealing their short fuses between the sacks upon their jacksaws, and thus succeeded in his favorite manoeuvre of getting between the men and their muskets. The adroveros, or custom house officers, on the causeway across the marsh in front of Logariz, he surprised by disguising himself and the youngest of his band as market-women returning from St. Sebastian. The Carlists stopped them to demand toll, but were instantly collared, disarmed and carried off. In May, 1838, he took over a score of Chapelegorri, or White Caps (a crack Carlist regiment so called) in the following manner. Starting, as usual, at midnight he arrived at some fortified post, from which he had two leagues from Hernani. On the bridge he in person surprised a sentry, from whom he learned the force of the garrison; then leaving an officer who had accompanied him, at some distance in the rear, with a whole company of Chapelegorri, he himself, with ten or twelve men, attacked the building, firing at the windows, and uttering loud cries: "The Carlists, recovering from their first panic, and fancying they were attacked by a very small party, opened the gates and charged fiercely out. Elio and his men had to run for their lives, for the enemy having recognized him were ardent in pursuit of their old and implacable persecutor. Having led them on far enough, the fugitives halted and faced about. At the same moment the company of Chapelegorri poured in a deadly volley from their ambuscade, and then, rushing on with the bayonet, slew or captured the survivors.

Elio's band consisted of twelve men, increased when required by a draft from the Chapelegorri. They were all Basques, very young fellows, wonderfully active, courageous and enduring, and selected by himself on account of their knowledge of the country and distinguished valor. Except from all duty except these wild and hazardous expeditions, they were constantly to be seen lounging about the wine-shops of St. Sebastian, their great coats slung from their shoulders, their cigars between their teeth. They received ten dollars for every Carlist soldier they brought in alive, and a proportionate higher sum for officers, according to rank. Their leader always kept his plans a profound secret, which mainly contributed to the great success of his enterprises. He was repeatedly offered a commission, but invariably declined a promotion that would oblige him to exchange his favorite fuzee for the less useful sword. At last he accepted the brevet rank of ensign, entitling him to his customary implement of warfare. And with this humble rank and small means he managed to keep the enemy's outposts in a state of constant alarm, every now and then striking a blow when least expected, and doing more real service to the cause than many a pompous Spanish field-officer who embroidered aid-de-camp. The war over, he sank into his original insignificance, and at the period at which I saw him, was living a contented Basque yeoman, on the produce of his apple orchard and patch of maize, in daily and amicable intercourse with the very man whom he for years had relentlessly and bloodily persecuted.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POET.
BY G. C. SHIFFERDECKER, M. D.

Czar Nicholas has been always considered the archetype of absolutism, despotic power, which, acknowledging nothing above itself, fetters every free word, and restrains fantasy by heavy chains within strictly defined limits. Russian history, written in blood, and filled with tears and wails, justifies this assumption; and yet it is impossible to condemn Nicholas unconditionally, though he was the representative of a system which aims to change the world into a queer puppet-show, the figures of which a single mortal vested with the highest majesty, can move at pleasure, and which must have no other expression of life but what he sees to allow—had moments in which he seemed to be aware of the fact that all his immense power was incapable of restraining the dignity in man. In such moments he appears reconciliatory even to those who dared to make him aware of his weakness. It is easily understood why it was his policy (which shows everywhere the deeply calculating master) to gain over to his plans and ideas the most brilliant and free souls of his time. Alexander Pushkin, the youthful poet, filled with fiery hate against all tyranny, was sent by Czar Alexander to the ice-regions of Siberia. Nicholas recalled him, and offered him the situation of a courier. Pushkin hesitated to accept this proof of grace; and the Czar said to him: "Fear not the censure, for myself will be thy censor." How the imperial censor used this function, is proved by communications which were received about the life and works of this eminent poet. Pushkin retained his position at the Russian court to his death, (he fell in

1837, in a duel,) no matter what he wrote. But his works, at least the mightiest and most important, remained shut up, and only made rapid progress. He died in 1837.

Only with great difficulty could one of his friends find the body of poor Polejayev in a cellar, where he was thrown with other bodies, and rats had already gnawed off a leg. His poems were collected after his death, but the government forbade to print to the volume the poet's *Memories* in the uniform of a private. Polejayev received the epaulet on his death-bed, and his likeness appears in the uniform of an officer.

Czar Nicholas might have broken the young poet, but he only bent it. This is Russian grace. Poosy is a heavenly gift; it is not bound to zone and climate. But it wants tender care, wide sphere, the free air of heaven in order to develop itself. Confined, beguiled, threatened with chains its situation, and withers into an early grave. Despoiled Russia can never be the home of poesy; and the fate of a Russian poet with a fiery soul is the most pitiable of human miseries.

A GOOD SELL.—Old Dad, was the familiar title by which was generally known the eccentric landlord of the hotel in Lowell, New York. He had a good, easy soul, honest and unsuspecting, preferring to be cheated once in a while rather than to be always looking out for rogues. Hence it was not a very hard matter to impose upon him, and many were the bad bills which he was stuck in the way of trade by his traveling customers. Indeed he would take almost any thing that was offered him in the shape of a bill, saying that bad money was about as good as any, as somehow it wouldn't stay in his pocket. Once, however, he took a V which stuck to him like a plaster. The more he tried to get rid of it, the more he couldn't. He had paid it out several times, but it came back as often as he returned. At length a traveler stopped for dinner on his way to Utica, and it occurred to "Old Dad" that his bill might get down there, and stepping into the dining-room with it, handed it to his guest, asking him to put it off on the first old fool he met, as he would allow him one-half the amount. The guest took it, and promised to do so well with it as he could, and account for it on his return. On his way back from Utica he called, and "Old Dad" asked him where he had paid out the bill, as he had got it again, but could not, for the life of him, tell where it had come from. "Why," said the friend, "you told me to put it off on the first old fool I saw, and so I paid you for my dinner with it." The old fellow acknowledged himself sold, and after paying his guest the half, according to promise, and giving him his dinner besides, insisted that he had five dollars' worth of wisdom out of the operation.

"THESE" HALF DOLLARS.—The *Pewee Argus* relates that Capt. K., a shrewd steamboat captain from the State of Maine, caught a "Jai Jay Diddler" on board his boat one day, as he was making a passage from Boston to "down east," and passed him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traveler to get out of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid, but lost his ticket. "Whom did you pay?" asked the clerk. "He rather guessed it was the captain; so K. was summoned to the conference. "Oh, yes, yes," said Capt. K., "it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see; you gave me a five dollar bill." "Yes," said Diddler, "I did." "And I gave you your change in half dollars, didn't I?" (The fare was only half a dollar, competition was high.) "Yes," says Jeremy, "that's it—I recollect it perfectly."

"Very well," says Capt. K., "I won't dispute your word for anything—but if you please, I should like to see the halves!" The fellow was tripped when he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.

NOR LONG SINCE, three distinguished gentlemen, (know nothings) from New York were invited by a wealthy lady to dine with her should they ever visit Albany. The trio, being old schoolmasters, soon called, and were astonished to see a burly negro enter, and take the head of the table. The gentlemen were too well bred to notice the intruder, so kept up a political entertainment, by discussing the beauty and efficiency of "patting none but Americans on guard," until the negro left the room, when one of them asked the lady why she insulted them by bringing a nigger to the table? "Why gentlemen, he is my husband!" she replied.

"Your husband!" exclaimed the three astonished know nothings at once. "Yes! my sister first invited our family pride, and I resolved to quit her." "And who did your sister marry?" enquired one of the party. "Why, she married a Know-Nothing!" It is needless to add, that the gentlemen made a short visit.

ACORN WILL KILL CATTLE.—R. J. Lehigh, of Chester county, Pa., has written head of bullocks, worth a thousand dollars, as it was thought, from eating some of the tannic acid of which produced some of the disease resembling dry rot. Wild cherry leaves, which contain the same acid, will produce the same effect. Only mix a pint of molasses with a pint of tannic acid, and pour down the animal's throat. If the body is much bloated, add soapuds.

1837, in a duel,) no matter what he wrote. But his works, at least the mightiest and most important, remained shut up, and only made rapid progress. He died in 1837.

Only with great difficulty could one of his friends find the body of poor Polejayev in a cellar, where he was thrown with other bodies, and rats had already gnawed off a leg. His poems were collected after his death, but the government forbade to print to the volume the poet's *Memories* in the uniform of a private. Polejayev received the epaulet on his death-bed, and his likeness appears in the uniform of an officer.

Czar Nicholas might have broken the young poet, but he only bent it. This is Russian grace. Poosy is a heavenly gift; it is not bound to zone and climate. But it wants tender care, wide sphere, the free air of heaven in order to develop itself. Confined, beguiled, threatened with chains its situation, and withers into an early grave. Despoiled Russia can never be the home of poesy; and the fate of a Russian poet with a fiery soul is the most pitiable of human miseries.

A GOOD SELL.—Old Dad, was the familiar title by which was generally known the eccentric landlord of the hotel in Lowell, New York. He had a good, easy soul, honest and unsuspecting, preferring to be cheated once in a while rather than to be always looking out for rogues. Hence it was not a very hard matter to impose upon him, and many were the bad bills which he was stuck in the way of trade by his traveling customers. Indeed he would take almost any thing that was offered him in the shape of a bill, saying that bad money was about as good as any, as somehow it wouldn't stay in his pocket. Once, however, he took a V which stuck to him like a plaster. The more he tried to get rid of it, the more he couldn't. He had paid it out several times, but it came back as often as he returned. At length a traveler stopped for dinner on his way to Utica, and it occurred to "Old Dad" that his bill might get down there, and stepping into the dining-room with it, handed it to his guest, asking him to put it off on the first old fool he met, as he would allow him one-half the amount. The guest took it, and promised to do so well with it as he could, and account for it on his return. On his way back from Utica he called, and "Old Dad" asked him where he had paid out the bill, as he had got it again, but could not, for the life of him, tell where it had come from. "Why," said the friend, "you told me to put it off on the first old fool I saw, and so I paid you for my dinner with it." The old fellow acknowledged himself sold, and after paying his guest the half, according to promise, and giving him his dinner besides, insisted that he had five dollars' worth of wisdom out of the operation.

"THESE" HALF DOLLARS.—The *Pewee Argus* relates that Capt. K., a shrewd steamboat captain from the State of Maine, caught a "Jai Jay Diddler" on board his boat one day, as he was making a passage from Boston to "down east," and passed him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traveler to get out of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid, but lost his ticket. "Whom did you pay?" asked the clerk. "He rather guessed it was the captain; so K. was summoned to the conference. "Oh, yes, yes," said Capt. K., "it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see; you gave me a five dollar bill." "Yes," said Diddler, "I did." "And I gave you your change in half dollars, didn't I?" (The fare was only half a dollar, competition was high.) "Yes," says Jeremy, "that's it—I recollect it perfectly."

"Very well," says Capt. K., "I won't dispute your word for anything—but if you please, I should like to see the halves!" The fellow was tripped when he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.

NOR LONG SINCE, three distinguished gentlemen, (know nothings) from New York were invited by a wealthy lady to dine with her should they ever visit Albany. The trio, being old schoolmasters, soon called, and were astonished to see a burly negro enter, and take the head of the table. The gentlemen were too well bred to notice the intruder, so kept up a political entertainment, by discussing the beauty and efficiency of "patting none but Americans on guard," until the negro left the room, when one of them asked the lady why she insulted them by bringing a nigger to the table? "Why gentlemen, he is my husband!" she replied.

"Your husband!" exclaimed the three astonished know nothings at once. "Yes! my sister first invited our family pride, and I resolved to quit her." "And who did your sister marry?" enquired one of the party. "Why, she married a Know-Nothing!" It is needless to add, that the gentlemen made a short visit.

ACORN WILL KILL CATTLE.—R. J. Lehigh, of Chester county, Pa., has written head of bullocks, worth a thousand dollars, as it was thought, from eating some of the tannic acid of which produced some of the disease resembling dry rot. Wild cherry leaves, which contain the same acid, will produce the same effect. Only mix a pint of molasses with a pint of tannic acid, and pour down the animal's throat. If the body is much bloated, add soapuds.