

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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## TERMS.

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No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEE.

## A Poem of Beauty and Power.

We find in the St. Louis Republican the following eminently beautiful and powerful lines from the pen of the remarkable young poetess of this city, who is adding to her great fame by every new effort of her genius.—*Louisville Journal.*

## The Orphan's Dream of Fame.

I learned within myself to live. I saw  
Even in my childhood, that the heart's bright  
Withered and faded at the touch. I turned  
From all life's empty, heartless mockery,  
And wept my grief's away on Nature's breast.  
To me was given the deep and earnest love  
Of holy solitude. I strayed alone  
By rock and stream and through the forest  
And found a sweet and dear companionship  
In every sight and sound that greeted me  
In all my wayward wanderings.

I learned  
Glad music from the lark's free, gushing song,  
And my heart's sad and mournful minstrelsy  
Found sweet interpretation in the low  
And gentle wailings of the raven's breast.  
My spirit rocked upon the swaying tops  
Of the tall oaks; it danced upon the waves  
That leaped in light and music on its way  
Upon the shore; it rode upon the winds,  
Soft whispering to the softly whispering leaves,  
Or pealing like some deep-toned instrument  
Through the green banners of the wood; it  
Upon the clouds that floated beautiful  
Or dark with tempest; and it wandered off  
At eve to hold its joyous revelry  
With all the thousand spirit shapes that bathed  
Their purple plumage in the rosy waves  
Flowing the sunset. My dear Mother's smile,  
Caught by the stars from Eden, sweetly shone  
In their pure light on my uplifted eyes,  
And her soft words of cheer came to my soul  
On every gale of morn, and noon, and eve,  
And holy midnight. I was happy then,  
Aye, happy, my lost Mother was in Heaven,  
But Nature was my Mother on the earth,  
And both seemed o'er to love me well.

At length  
There came a change. The maddening dream  
Of fame,  
The wish to shine a mong earth's proudest, took  
Possession of my soul. No more I loved  
The voice of birds, the shouting of the stream,  
And the green surging of the woods. I bowed  
In seeming admiration of the throng  
And felt my cheek burn and my pulses leap  
To the vile breath of those I could but hate  
Within my secret soul. The sneering thought  
That started fiercely upward from my heart  
Brightened to smiles upon my lips, my brain  
Grew dizzy and the tear was in my eye.  
If with rude hand my spirit's chords were jarred  
By those I sought to spurn beneath my feet,  
I wildly struggled for the world's applause,  
But trembled at the faintest word of blame  
As 'twere the voice of destiny. I won  
The laurel crown, and with exulting heart  
I felt its thrilling pressure on my brow;  
But ah! a breath of poison from the crowd  
Passed o'er its blooming leaves, and nought re-  
mained  
But dust upon my temples. A bright name  
Was my soul's idol, but a feeble blow  
From hands unworthy, shattered and cast down  
That wildly worshipped idol from its shrine  
Forever and forever.

Now, alas!  
Joy, love, hope, pride, ambition, are all dead  
Within my breast. I smile in bitterness  
To think with what a madness of my soul  
I sought a worthless bauble. Like a gleam  
Of moonlight from the mountain, or a flash  
Of an expiring meteor from the deep  
Or the red glow of sunset from the west,  
That dream of fame has vanished from my life,  
And now I feel no pang of vain regret  
That it has perished thus.

But I look back  
With tears and sighs on the departed years  
When breeze and lullaby chanted to my soul  
Their morning hymn and evening psalm; when  
And beautiful night's silver crescent shone  
Upon my spirit, and when all the stars  
Were to my eyes God's living poetry  
Traced by His hand upon the sky's blue scroll,  
Ah! I am twice an orphan, for alas!  
My mother Nature now is dead to me.  
LOUISVILLE, 1850. MATTIE.

AN APPRENTICE'S ANSWER.—A mechanic, who  
kept a number of apprentices, and whose wife  
was not possessed of the beauty of Helen, was  
very strict in meal time devotion. It happened  
one day at dinner time, that the husband was  
absent; the lady looking round and seeing no  
one at the table to say grace, she thus addressed  
herself to the oldest apprentice:—"John, since  
your master is absent I believe you must supply  
his place." "I thank you madam," says John,  
"I had rather sleep with the boys."

## Josephine, "The Star of Napoleon."

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The fascination of Josephine's personal address, drew multitudes of friends around her, and her society was ever courted. As time softened the poignancy of her past sorrows, she mingled more and more in the circles of that metropolis ever devoted to gaiety. The terrible convulsions, of the times had thrown the whole fabric of society into confusion. Great efforts were now made to revive the festivities of former days. Two centers of society were naturally formed. The first included that in which Josephine moved. It was composed of those remains of the ancient nobility, who had returned to Paris with the fragments of their families and their shattered fortunes. Rigid economy was necessary to keep up an appearance of elegance. But that polish of manners which almost invariably descends from an illustrious ancestry, marked all their intercourse.—The humiliations through which the nobles had passed, had not diminished the exclusiveness of their tastes. The other circles were composed of merchants and bankers; who had acquired opulence in the midst of the confiscations and storms of revolution. The passion for display was prominent in all their assemblies, as is necessarily the case with those whose passport to distinction is wealth.

At the theatres and places of public festivity there were presented studied memorials of the scenes of horror through which all had recently passed. One of the most fashionable and brilliant assemblies then known in Paris, was called *The Ball of the "Victims."* No one was admitted to this assembly, who had not lost some near relative by the guillotine. The most fashionable style of dressing the hair, was jocosely called "*à la guillotine.*" The hair was arranged in the manner in which it had been adjusted by the executioner, for the unimpeded operation of the axe.

Josephine, a young widow with beauty, grace, intelligence and property, was sure to attract attention, and to meet with admirers who would seek her hand.

A new insurrection by the populace of Paris was at this time planned against the convention. The exasperated people were again to march upon the Tuilleries. The members were in extreme consternation. The mob could bring tens of thousands against them, well armed with muskets and heavy artillery. There were but five hundred regular troops, with which to resist the onset. Menou, the officer in command, acknowledged his inability to meet the crisis, and surrendered his power to Barras. He immediately, as by a sudden thought exclaimed "I know the man who can defend us. It is a little Corsican, who dares do anything, and is perfectly reckless of consequences."

The little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, the day star of whose fame was just beginning to rise over the smouldering ruins of Toulon, was presented to the Convention. His fragile form was almost feminine in its proportions, but an eagle eye calmly reposed in his pallid and emaciated countenance. He had been severely sick, and the Convention looked with amazement upon this feeble youth, as the one presented to rescue them from their peril.

The President looked upon him doubtfully and said, "Are you willing to undertake our defence?" "Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply.

"But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" "I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake," was the imperturbable response.

From that moment his authority was established. Every member of the Convention felt the mysterious fascination of his master mind. Barras surrendered the whole command into his hands. He instantly called in all the national forces which were around Paris, and disposed fifty pieces of heavy artillery under the command of Murat, so as to rake all the avenues of the Convention. His calm and almost superhuman energy sought no repose that night. The delay of but a few moments would have placed this very park of artillery, which secured its victory, in the hands of the insurgents. When the morning dawned, the Tuilleries, as if by magic, had assumed the aspect of a fortified camp. The little Corsican was calmly awaiting the onset, as secure of triumph as if the victory were already achieved.

But in every quarter of Paris, during the night, the insurgents had been mustering their forces, and the mutterings of the approaching storm were dimly echoed through the streets of the metropolis. Above thirty thousand men, all well armed with muskets and artillery, in regular military array, and under experienced generals, came pouring down upon the feeble band which surrounded the Convention.

Will the little Corsican dare to fire upon the people? Will this pale and slender youth, who had hardly yet entered upon the period of manhood, dare to deluge the pavement of Paris with the blood of her own citizens? Will he venture upon a conflict so unequal, when failure is his certain death?

Napoleon with his colorless cheek, his flash-

ing eye, and his air of mysterious melancholy, stood in silence, as the gathering thousands crowded down upon him. He offered no parley he uttered not a word of warning, he condescended to no threats. The insurgents, believing that he would not dare to fire upon them, advanced within fifty yards of his masked battery, when he opened his columns, and the voice of Napoleon was for the first time heard in the streets of Paris. The thunder of his tones was preceded by the lightning's bolt. A general discharge of grape-shot, from guns loaded to their muzzles, covered the ground with the dead and the dying. No mortal could withstand such a conflict. The advancing foe wavered for an instant, and then with the utmost consternation took to flight. Napoleon commanded immediately the most rapid discharge of blank cartridges. Peal upon peal with their loud reverberations deafened the city, and added wings to the flight of the terror-stricken crowd. But a few moments elapsed, ere not even a solitary stranger could be seen in the streets. The little Corsican, pale and calm, stood with folded arms as if no events of any moment had occurred. During the whole day, however, the conflict continued in different parts of the city, but before nightfall the insurgents were everywhere entirely discomfited.

## Real Life—A Hit at Husbands.

The following is one of the best things that we have met with for a long time. We fear, moreover, that it contains more truth than poetry, although of course, there are exceptions.—The author evidently has had some experience in the matrimonial line, and while this sketch is true to life in many particulars, it is quite possible that the other side would also furnish a very amusing and instructive picture. Will not some of our correspondents try a hand at it?

## AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air-castles, and talking of lovers and honey moons; it makes me sick, it's perfectly antinomial. Love is a farce—matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroes, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honey moon is short-lived as a lucifer match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash-tub, and your night-cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan; when he gets through he will aid your digestion, (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee), by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday; if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper that you have not had a chance to read; gives you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat tail vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday—thinks it doubtful if he can do it to-day—"so pressed with business." Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice-cream with some ladies at his coat-sleeves. Children by the ears all day can't get out to take the air, feel as crazy as a fly in a drum; husband comes home at night-nose a "how d'ye do, Fan," boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's pug-nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing-gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up family expenses; after which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till 9 o'clock. Next morning ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, and if half a dollar won't do." Gracious king! as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticoats could be had for half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap-dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrip and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economise AND BEE, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-brand, and—but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it somehow. I wish one half of the world wasn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do. Oh, dear!

Olive Branch.

## Jimmy Maher on Kossuth, England and Ireland.

Almost every man, woman, and child in this country knows or has heard of Jimmy Maher, Gen. Jackson's public gardener, and still the public gardener at the Capitol. Mr. Clay said last winter, in the Senate, that Jimmy's appointment "was one of the best appointments Gen. Jackson ever made," and undoubtedly it was. There are no public grounds in the Union so well taken care of as these at the Capitol of the Nation.

At the late dinner in Washington, given to the Irish Delegation, Jimmy made the following characteristic and patriotic reply to a toast from the Hon. Mr. Thompson:

Mr. President, I am extremely gratified at the exhibition which is here presented to the American people, of which I am a naturalized citizen, and I feel myself greatly honored by the allusion to my humble name in relation to the land of my birth, and my fidelity to the land of my adoption and my love. Nothing inspires my heart with more filial devotion to the great principle of republicanism—which is the cause of Old Ireland—than that which has been exhibited by my adopted fellow-citizens of Baltimore, in the cause of those who are now in exile, for manfully sustaining the great principles of humanity—the right to govern themselves. I ask you, gentlemen, what claim has Gov. Kossuth upon the American people in contradistinction to those who split their blood in defence of American principles before the walls of Quebec—*Montgomery and his associates?* No people are more intimately associated with the progress of the American government than adopted Irishmen and their descendants. Who was Andrew Jackson? He was the son of an Irishman, and his name was a terror to JOHN BULL, and all the bulls that infest Europe, who are this day doing all they can to absorb liberty and perpetuate despotism. Every Irishman loves his principles and venerates his name, because he is *bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.* My father was a captain in the Irish rebellion of 1798—a rebellion for political rights—and I hope I may yet live to be a general under the broad banner of our stars and stripes, against that government which, by its course of policy, has depopulated the land of my birth. Had I the command of fifty thousand men, composed of Irish soldiers, and American brigadiers, I would never draw a sword in defence of British principles. If such a principle was infused into our political system as the uniting of the arms of Great Britain with those of my adopted country, the first battle that would be fought would be within their own camp, because united Irishmen never can have any confidence in British professions for republicanism, so long as she exercises a tyranny against those who have won for her all of her national glory and honor. What did the British government call the united Irish in 1798? Rebels; whom they hung without judge or jury. What did they call the Americans in 1776? Rebels; and said, "never mind, we will yet bring them to subjection!"

"We will give them gun-powder tea, and make them rue the day they cried out liberty."

Honey and gall are not concomitants, the bitter and sweet we cannot swallow.

Take away from Great Britain the Irish soldiery and the produce of her population, where would she be? Just where she ought to be—"Down, Derry Down!"

Mr. President, I have been a close watcher of public opinion in this land of my adoption, and I frankly say give me the "*Union*" as it is, and the "*Union*" newspaper for its freedom of opinion and its independence as a press, "*now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

I have said more than I intended, and I will conclude by offering the following sentiment:

The Offsprings of 1776 and 1798—Young America and Young Ireland? Grafted together like the green gauge plum—united and inseparable. The fruit—May it never prove palatable to their enemies.

## SHARP JOKING.

Many years ago, a young man, twenty-one years of age, and whom I will call Daniel, was hired to a farm by Mr. W—, a man of considerable note as a farmer, in Massachusetts. Mr. W— had a daughter and a hired girl both about eighteen years of age, and Daniel being of steady turn, was not talkative enough to suit their fancy, and after trying various plans and tricks, without success to—as they said—raise his ideas, they caught a large frog and put it into Daniel's bed. On going to bed, he soon discovered the whereabouts of his fourlegged bed fellow, and pitched his frogship out of the window, and never afterwards betrayed the least sign of knowledge in regard to the joke.

About a month afterwards, Daniel found a lot of chestnut buds, nearly as sharp as thistles, and contrived to deposit nearly half a peck in the girls' bed, and after they went to their bed and had undressed, he took a candle, went to the door and rattled the latch, when the girls put out their light and jumped into bed, and such a squalling was seldom heard or seen before. Daniel now opened the door, and stood in it with light in hand.

"Dan, torment your picture; I wish you were as far beyond the light house as you are on this side," said Suky.

"Why, what is the matter?—have you any frogs here?" said Dan.

"Dan, if you don't shut the door and clear out I will call in Mrs. W—," continued Suky.

"Daniel," said Anna W—, "if you will shut the door and go back to the kitchen, there shall be no more tricks or jokes put upon you by us for six months at least."

Daniel thinking he had punished the girls enough, shut the door and left. A few moments after this Suky came out to light her candle.

"I thought you had gone to bed, Suky!" said Mrs. W—.

Suky made no reply, but looked daggers at Dan, and quickly returned. After this scrape the girls put no jokes upon Dan. He was a steady, faithful man—saved every dollar of his earnings, and six years from that time owned a good farm, married Anna W—, and was three years after elected first selectman of the town, which he afterwards represented in the State Legislature.

## The New Proposition to Lease the Public Works.

Last week we alluded to a proposition about being made to lease the Public Works, and we have since read the following petition from the transporters which is intended to effect that object. The amount might, perhaps, be larger, and a better agreement might be made, however, we give the memorial publicity so that the people can read and reflect on the policy of leasing the state improvements:

"The undersigned citizens of Philadelphia, submit the following proposition to lease the finished lines of Canals and Railroads of the State for a term of ten years, from the first August next, and keep the same in as good repair as when received, and pay for the first year \$800,000; for the second, \$850,000; for the third year \$900,000, and for each succeeding year one million of dollars—the payments to be made monthly, and secured by the deposit of \$100,000 in State Bonds. They further propose to expend, in addition the above payments, \$300,000 towards the improvement of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad during the term of the lease, and also to double the capacity of the locks on the Delaware Division of Pennsylvania Canal; and on the completion of the road to avoid the Inclined Planes of the Allegheny Portage Railroad, to pay eight per cent per annum on the monies hereafter appropriated and expended toward the construction thereof.

"They also further propose to pay seven per cent per annum on \$1,300,000, on the completion of the North Branch Canal, and its connection with the Chemung Canal in the State of New York—and they pray the Legislature to enact a law authorizing a contract to be made with the undersigned, or their associates, in accordance with the terms of this proposition.

The memorial is signed by E. G. Dutilh, Henry Graeff, John Bingham, Jacob Dock, J. K. Morehead, Israel Painter, George W. Harris, Wm. Findley Leech, Thomas S. Clarke, Jeremiah Butler, J. B. Moorehead, Wm. B. Foster.

## Northern Oregon.

Attention has lately been attracted to the region of country north of Columbia river, Oregon, about Puget's Sound. It is described as a beautiful country, of alternate prairie and timber land. It is stated that a Dr. Vannauden is taking out a colony of 800 German families from Pennsylvania, to settle on the Jeholis, in the best part of this region. Several cities have also been laid out, and a brilliant account is given of the whole country and its resources. The country immediately on the Sound, on the East side, is covered with heavy timber. Of the Western side near the Pacific coast, but little is known. It is confidently predicted that rich deposits of gold exist in the Olympus range of mountains. The Straits of Juan de Fuca are nowhere less than fifteen miles wide. Some 75 miles to the Southward of the Straits, is Admiralty Inlet, one of the best harbors in the world, about 100 miles in length, everywhere deep, and here it is anticipated, the third city in Oregon will be founded. An immense quantity of timber surrounds the harbor, "sufficient to lumber up the markets of California, the Sandwich Islands, Japan and China, for all time to come." This point is nearer to Japan and China than any other Pacific port; and it is thought may ultimately become the head quarters of the American whaling fleet.

## Anecdote of the Revolution.

Col. Williams, a delegate to Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions:

"If we are defeated in our struggle for Independence, the DAY'S WORK will make BAD WORK for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for the rebel newspaper; I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I have affixed my name to this rebel Declaration. My sins are therefore too great to be pardoned by our royal master! I then must be hanged."

The other gentleman answered:

"I believe that my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done anything obnoxious to the mother country."

The immediate and prompt reply was: "then, sir, you deserve to be hanged."

## Signs for 1852.

The people of this country have never re-elected a Whig President. They have never elected two Whig administrations in succession.

They have now put into power Democratic governors in twenty-six States out of thirty-one, leaving Whig governors to five States. They have elected Democratic legislatures in twenty-three States, leaving Whig legislatures in eight States.

They have a large Democratic majority in both house of Congress, prepared to maintain substantially as it now is the existing Democratic legislative policy of the country.

It is stated that, under the apportionment of electoral votes among the States by the new census, the Democratic candidate receiving the votes of the States carried by the Democracy in 1848 would be elected. Since that time the Democrats have fully carried New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Delaware; in the gubernatorial election, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Massachusetts, and Connecticut; and in congressional election, Tennessee—all of which States voted for Gen. Taylor. Meantime the Whigs have carried, even in the gubernatorial election, no single State in the Union which gave a Democratic majority in 1848 except Wisconsin, which is now regarded as surely Democratic in 1852—An offset to this loss is also given by the admission of California, which is also Democratic.

That the Democratic party, therefore, will triumph in the coming presidential canvass appears to be just as certain as that it will continue to exist as a national organization. If those who prefer the Democratic policy, and mean to vote the Democratic ticket, see fit to meet, by their delegates, at Baltimore, simply as Democrats, without regard to any other party distinctions, or party organizations, or party names whatever, the success of the Democracy would seem sure. The only hope of the Whigs is in the action of those Democrats who may be led to take part in an attempt to supersede the Democratic organization by some other of a sectional character, or else to interpolate into the Democratic creed some new issue. To divide and conquer is the policy of the Whigs—to unite and be proof against assault is the duty of the Democrats. Thus, in Louisiana, General Downs has been beaten because the Democrats were divided—and thus it will be in every other quarter of the Union where similar divisions are permitted to tell at the ballot-box. So true is this that it is almost a definition of Whiggery to say that it is whatever divides Democracy.—*Washington Union.*

## The Illustrious Farmer.

Custis, in his "Recollections of Gen. Washington," draws the following portrait of the illustrious farmer:

"Fancy to yourself a fine noble looking old cavalier, well mounted, sitting firm and erect in his saddle, the personification of power, mellowed yet not impaired by time, the equipments of his steed all proper and in perfect order, his clothes plain, and those of a gentleman, a broad brimmed white hat, with a small gold buckle in front, a riding switch cut from the forest, entirely unattended; and thus you have Washington on his farm, in his last days at Mount Vernon.

"His rides on his extensive estates would be from eight to twelve or fourteen miles; he usually moved at a moderate pace, passing through his fields, and inspecting every thing; but when behind time, the most punctual man would display the horsemanship of his better days, and a hard gallop bring him up to time, so that the sound of his horse's hoofs and the first dinner bell should be heard together at a quarter of 3 o'clock.

## VARIETIES.

We laughed heartily at the reply said to have been given by a little boy in London, to the following question asked him by a gentleman— "What occupation does your father pursue for a living?" He answered with great simplicity "He is a dreadful accident maker Sir, for the Newspapers."

A friend in California writes to us that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State that they use them to cook by. They hang their kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose, like pot-hooks. Great country that.

"John," said the schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes.

"Pa, how long does the Legislature sit?" "Three or four months my son." "Why, what a set of geese they must be; our geese sit only five weeks!" It is getting late, my son, I think you had better retire."

The old lady that used to dry her clothes with the equinoctial line, has gone to Greenland to get the north pole to draw cistern water with.

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus:— "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

## Rather Foolish.

Two young ladies hating each other on account of a gentleman who does not care a fig for either of them.