

# Mountain Sentinel

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

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## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEE.

## Negro Minstrelsy.

The following account of Western river Minstrelsy, is from a correspondent of the Musical World. The "Cornelyah," is a Pittsburgh built boat, and when we saw her down South nearly a year ago, she was beautiful and fleet enough to have won poetical praise from a more finished than the one mentioned, if such had been so fortunate to travel on her. I am told that some of the negroes on the boats are free; and that others are slaves hired out to the Steamboat Companies; but it is impossible for a stranger to distinguish the slave from the free man; all appear to enjoy the "harmony" and "music." The writers are quiet, industrious, respectful and attentive; but the freedom that inhabit the "Pittsburgh" "dressed down below," are certain the merriest, "drolliest, jolliest set of fellows I ever saw. Some of the freemen, I am sorry to add, are awfully profane, but their jests and witticisms, their songs and dances seem to be their life, day and night; and now, when or where they get their rest is more than I can tell. The last sound one hears at night, and the first at break of day, is the merry peal of their stentorian voices. You are lulled to sleep by their melodies; you awake with the sound still ringing in your ears. In listening to the vocal performances of one of the writers on a boat in which I performed a recent trip from Louisville to St. Louis, I was struck not only with his fine voice—which was really clear and sonorous—but also with his poetry, or, to use his own expression, "his made up his verses as he went along." The theme on the present occasion, was the steamboat in which we were rapidly gliding up the Mississippi, which bore the romantic name of Cornelyah. The ebony improvisatore set forth in his song some of the most prominent merits of the beautiful Cornelyah—her excellent accommodations, her great speed, and her superiority over all her rivals on the Western waters, always managing to work in an "invitation" to all travellers to "come on board." One of his songs were as follows:

## From the Western Reserve Chronicle.

### PEGGY BROWN.

By the sickly dyin' embers, warm'n' his unfeeling members, In one of those dusty chambers, down in town, Jenkins Wiggins sat a tryin' to darn stockings, tho' a cryin'.

And with every stitch was sighin', "Peggy Brown," And the echoes mock'd, replyin', "Peggy Brown." "Here in loneliness," he snivelled, "I am dyin', I love bedrivelled, Like an aged heron, shrivelled, in my gown, Wantin' wife and wantin' money, bearin' with it lest a dun a Day, all for my charmin' honey, Peggy Brown." Echo whispered, "All for money, Peggy Brown."

"The 'I have one standin' collar, than my ears a little taller, Yet my purse is something smaller than the town; And there's not a copper due me, or to clothe me, or to shoe me; Nought but debt is comin' to me, Peggy Brown!" Echo questioned, "comin' to me, Peggy Brown?" "Nought have I to hang a hope on, and with Fate I cannot cope on, So I'll make and try a rope on, of my gown, Life is but a chain of bubble, so I'm quits with debt and trouble, Nor expect my fate to double, with Miss Brown." Echo answered, "Fate to trouble, with Miss Brown?" Then his neck the rope entangled, and "strapped" From the bed-post where he strangled, down in town, Warnin' to those who falter, when they fail to lead by halter, To the matri-mony-al altar, Peggy Brown.

### Tyranny of the Petticoats.

"We males straggle and talk of our superiority, but only the savage has practical dominion over the weaker sex, simply because he bangs his refractory female in a lordly style! We don't beat our women, and are, therefore, slaves; we are forced to kneel under, because we have fastidious notions of knocking them down!—This may be quite correct; I only state the fact without commentary. Unbent women is a tyrant. A little blond creature with fair eyes, nutty grasp, and a cold, crush in your self-trembling before her, as before a crowned potentate. She bends you to her purpose, to her caprices, if you quail not before her anger, she rushes into hysterics! What is helpless, and above all, clubless man to do? Be meek and acquiescent!"

Of course; no other way, my dear sir, if you want your shirts made to suit you, your old pants resurrected, your dinner kept hot, or any other little accommodation, (when you are in a hurry) and can't stop to discuss matters, "Clubless man!" I like that, I'd like to know if they don't always resort to ARMS when they intend to subdue us! I merely ask for information, as I am an old maid myself! Now there is no use in trying to drive any of the female gender (I'm one of the sisters, and feel myself qualified to take the floor, Mr. Chairman!)—There's no necessity of making such a bungling piece of work of matrimony. Were a man, I'd engage to manage any wife you can bring along. (Between you and I, I should keep the bits and reins out of sight!) but I'd do it! She should be as docile as a kitten, and believe herself master of the house too! Oh, pooh! You don't understand the philosophy of the thing—'tisn't every man that has a will to be a husband.

Do you suppose if you feed and clothe a woman, and keep her warm, that's the end of the chapter? Please! imagine me to be TOM FERRIS. When I came home from the office, I should take a microscopic view of my dear Fanny's face to see which way the wind blew. If she looked dull, from the thousand petty annoyances of housekeeping, I should just put my arms around her blessed little neck, never minding collars and fixings, and tell her I didn't care a damaged cigar whether I had my favorite pudding or not, if she only loved me. Wouldn't she brighten up, hey? Do you suppose I'd go starvin' up and down the room like a hyena, and knock over her work basket, and tread on the baby, and break the bell wire, and scowl till I looked like one of those "gutta percha pills"? No, sir! Then I'd kiss her, and tell her to keep up her spirits till I came home at night, and we'd have an early tea, and dear Tommy say his prayers, and go to—(well I haven't said it, but I'd take her there.)

Well, sir, the consequences would be she would see I was the same fascinating Tom who begged her on my marrow bones on moonlight evening, to make me the happiest of men; and there'd be one woman in a thousand (treated that way) that wouldn't love me!—you were as happy as a fly in a molasses cup! As to neck man, defend me from Betty, in corridors! I'd prefer to endure the "laning of a refractory female!" I'd rather be UNDER A TYRANT THAN OVER A WIFE!—FANNY FERRIS.

"Come all ob yo passengers, What want to ride fast, Come on de Cornelyah, You will neither be passed, "Come all ob yo passengers, And know how to move, But what will she do, When her engines get smooth!"

"She is a fast boat, She'll make you late in; Leaves St. Louis at five, And Cairo at eight; But when she is comin', Be ladies they will say, "Behold, it is Cornelyah, She has come before day, Oh, go it Cornelyah, She is de boat, I reckon."

"But what will she do, When her engines get smooth?"

is pregnant with meaning, and can be interpreted as many different ways as a presidential aspirant's political letters.

Let us now go "below," among the fun loving, hard-working freemen. After "wooling up," and "striking up" the great fires, and closing the heavy furnace doors with an immense iron "long pole," one of company turns his shiny face to his comrades, and with a tremendous open countenance, strikes up a sort of solo, *ad libitum*, with variations adapted to his taste or vocal powers, at the conclusion of which the whole company join in, swelling the chorus to a most fearful extent by an accumulation of power on the same part. There they go, now "carolling a strange melody—a sort of serio-comic strain, thus:

"I saw my true love weep; I heard my true love cry, Away down to Cairo, This nigger's gwine to die."

Here is another refrain, or rather less poetical pretensions; but it was given with a more grinning, shiny countenance, which could not be withstood, even by Horace Greely.

"I wish I had some 'baccer, Who'll give me a chaw tobaccoer? I want a chaw of 'baccer so bad I'm almost froze."

This song brought the "baccer," as I am told it invariably does. I could not withstand the appeal, but hastened to the saloon, purchased a roll of the "navigator," as called out here, went back and supplied my entertainers with tobacco enough for the night, and immediately retired, to escape their profuse thanks. As I left their precincts, they struck up a farewell song, something like the following as near as I can remember. Premising that "char," means "hair," and "dar," "where," I give the freemen's farewell strain, leaving the reader to imagine the pleasing train of ideas it must have suggested. Here it is:—

"Good night, kind white man, Good night, kind stranger, May de angels guard you sleep, And keep you from all danger, An' if de biler burst, May he not singe your bar, An' when de snags pokes through your berth, I hope you'll not be dar."

The last two lines suggest pleasant ideas on the subject of River and Harbor Improvements!

A FARE REPORT.—A party of wits once supped at a tavern. When the feast was over one of the number called in the hostess.

"Angelle," said he, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of that great plaitonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Know, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be living on the same day and at the same hour—Will you give us credit till then?"

The hostess, however, had her reply.

"I am perfectly willing," she returned, "but I'm just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; so the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

## From the Washington Republic.

### THE CENSUS REPORT.

We complete our abstracts of the documents presented to Congress in connexion with the President's message, by gathering together in brief form the most important of the facts which the Superintendent of the Census has embodied in his report. The document is evidence of his unwearied industry in the prosecution of the labor entrusted to him, and embraces particulars of deep interest to all classes of readers. It displays the present physical condition of the Republic—its progress in population, industry and wealth—the extent and variety of its resources; supplying figures which serve to correct many erroneous impressions, and suggest interesting inquiries into matters that have as yet received little attention.

The rate of increase of the population of the United States during the last sixty years has been about 52 per cent. per annum; that of Great Britain during the last fifty years 1.37 per cent. In Ireland, from 1821 to 1841, the increase was about the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, while during the ten succeeding years there was a decrease at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum. From 1840 to 1850 the population of the United States increased from somewhat more than 17,000,000 to over 23,000,000, or 36 per cent.; the increase in Great Britain—leaving Ireland out of view—being at the rate of 12 per cent.

In the United States the houses occupied by free persons number 3,353,427; the houses in Great Britain amount to 2,669,427. Belgium, with a population of about five millions, has about 820,000 houses.

Of the free inhabitants of the United States, 17,736,792 are natives of the soil; 5,210,828 were born in foreign countries; and 1,052,980 are colored persons, of whom 1,052,980 are colored persons, and 1,052,980 are colored persons.

The population of the United States, including 321,000 colored and 291 slaves; 15,700 idiots, of whom 439 are free colored, and 1,040 slaves.

The papers are set down at 134,372, of whom 68,538 were of foreign birth; a large number of others being free persons of color. The entire cost of the support of these individuals during the year preceding June, 1850, was \$2,954,896. The number actually receiving relief on the 1st June was 53,353.

The criminal convictions during the same year numbered 27,000; 13,000 being native and 14,000 foreign-born.

About 4,000,000 youth were receiving instruction on the 1st June, 1850, occupying nearly 100,000 colleges and schools, and employing more than 115,000.

The average annual mortality in the United States is 1.38 per cent., being in the ratio of 73 to 1000 of the number living. The New England living of 1 to 64; the Middle States, with Ohio, 1 to 72; the central States, 1 to 73; coast planting States, 1 to 73; Northwestern States, 1 to 80. We do not accept these figures as indicating precisely the relative salubrity of the different portions of the Union. The new States are settled chiefly by persons in the prime of life; while the other States compare unfavorably simply because of the emigration from the ranks of their youthful population. Taking the data as given, the annual deaths per cent. in Massachusetts, on an average of all ages, is slightly more than that in England; in Maryland the average is less.

The real and personal estate owned by residents in the United States is valued at more than \$7,133,369,725. The wealth of New York is estimated at \$1,080,309,216; Pennsylvania, 722,486,129; Massachusetts, 573,342,286; Ohio, 504,726,120; Virginia, 436,701,082; Georgia, 355,425,714; Kentucky, 301,638,457; South Carolina, 285,257,698; Louisiana, 233,908,704; Mississippi, 228,951,517; Alabama, 228,304,332; North Carolina, 226,800,472; Maryland, 219,217,354; Indiana, 201,650,254; Tennessee, 201,946,686; New Jersey, 200,000,000; the other States range from 156,265,000 (Illinois) to 18,652,053 (Delaware); the District of Columbia having 14,618,874 assigned to it.

The churches in the several States number 36,011, and there 210 in the District of Columbia and the Territories; the total value of church property being \$6,416,630, one half of which is owned in New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Indiana, Florida, Delaware and Ohio have the greatest number of churches in proportion to the population, while the proportion is least in California, Louisiana, and Iowa. The average number that each church in the Union will accommodate is 385.

The cash value of the farming land in the United States is \$8,270,723,093, and of farming implements and machinery 151,000,000. The aggregate of improved land is 118,457,622 acres. In New York and Pennsylvania there is an average of little less than four acres to each person; in the New England States a little more; in Tennessee, five acres; in South Carolina, six; in Virginia, seven; in Kentucky, twelve.

Turning to domestic animals, we find that there are, altogether, 4,250,000 horses or about one to five inhabitants. There were 500,000 horses less in 1840. Of asses and mules there are 559,074, but 30,000 of which are in the South.

The neat cattle show an increase in ten years of about 20 per cent., the number in 1850 being 18,355,287. The produce of butter in that year was 3,994,542 lbs., the average product appearing to be about 49 lbs. per annum to each cow, with 16 1/2 lbs. of cheese. The increase of sheep has been only 12 per cent., during the ten years, but owing to improved breeding and other

causes there has been an augmentation of 46 per cent. in the weight of their fleeces. The increase in the number of sheep has taken place in the States south of Maryland and west of New York. In 1840 New York had 5,118,000 sheep, which produced 226,000 pounds of wool less than were produced in 1850 with 3,458,000 sheep.

On the whole wheat crop of the United States there was a gain during the ten years of 15,445,378 bushels. In the New England States the crop has decreased. The greatest proportionate increase has been in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The increase in those States is, indeed, equal to the whole increase in the United States. Rye has fallen from 18,445,567 bushels in 1840 to 14,188,637 bushels in 1850. The production of Indian corn has increased to the extent of 214,000,000 bushels, equal to 56 per cent. In regard to this crop the State has retrograded. Ohio produces most, and Kentucky, Illinois and Tennessee next. Oats advanced from 123,071,341 bushels in 1840 to 146,078,879 in 1850; buckwheat from 7,292,743 bushels to 8,556,916 bushels; barley from 4,161,504 bushels to 5,167,016 bushels. In the last year, 3,780,000 bushels of barley were used in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors.

The rice crop in 1850 was 215,312,710 pounds, nearly wholly derived from S. Carolina, Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., and Texas.

The production of tobacco was decreased about ten per cent. In 1840 it was 319,163,319 lbs.; in 1850 it was 199,752,646 lbs.

In cotton there has been a gain of 196,970,325 lbs. The returns of 1850 give 987,449,000 lbs. as the quantity cultivated. Alabama occupies the first place as a cotton growing State, having almost doubled its production in the last ten years. Mississippi appears almost stationary, while there has been a heavy falling off in Louisiana—the inundations of the Mississippi and its tributaries being assigned as the principal cause in both cases. In Virginia and North Carolina, the culture has largely diminished.

The product of potatoes has fallen from 108,298,060 bushels in 1840 to 104,655,483 bushels in 1850; the prevalent disease, or "rot," being unquestionably the main cause. The quantity of sweet potatoes raised in 1850 was 38,250,159 bushels.

Of wine the total product in 1850 was 221,240 gallons. California and New Mexico gave 60,718 gallons. The increase in other portions of the Union has been but 36,000 gallons; a fact which conflicts with the ordinarily received opinion in regard to the production of this article in Ohio and other States.

The quantity of ale and spirituous liquors produced in the United States in the same year amounted to 82,000,000 gallons—being at the rate of nearly four gallons per head.

The increase in the culture of hops has been nearly 200 per cent. Almost the whole of the increase has been in the State of N. Y.

The returns of 1840 exhibited 95,251 tons of flax and hemp as the quantity raised in the United States; those of 1850 give 35,093 of hemp and 7,715,961 lbs. of flax. Mr. Kennedy suggests that in the former case the mariners may have written tons where pounds were intended.

In the culture of silk there has been a large decrease, having been only 14,663 lbs in 1850 against 61,663 lbs in 1840. Connecticut is the only State which has continued the culture without suspension.

The cane sugar made—according to the census of 1850—was 247,581,000 lbs., besides 12,700,906 gallons of molasses; maple sugar, 34,259,886 lbs.; being an aggregate increase in ten years of 26,739,077 lbs.

### Ruins of an Ancient and Magnificent City at Tinian Island, in the North Pacific.

Capt. A. K. Fisher, of this town, informs us that when on his vast whaling voyage, in the ship America, of New Bedford, (which was about 8 years ago,) he had occasion to visit the island of Tinian, (one of the Ladrones Islands,) to land some sick men. He stopped there some days. One of his men, in his walks about the island, came to the entrance of the main St., of a large and splendid city, in ruins. Capt. Fisher, on being informed of the fact, entered the city by the principal street, which was about three miles in length. The buildings were all of stone, of a dark color, and of the most splendid description. In about the centre of the main street, he found 12 solid stone columns, 6 on each side of the street; they were about 45 or 50 feet in height, surmounted by capitals of immense weight.—The columns were ten feet in diameter at the base, and about 3 feet at the top. Captain F. thinks the columns would weigh about 60 or 70 tons, and the cap-stones about 15 tons. One of the columns had fallen, and he had a fine opportunity to view its vast proportions and fine architecture. From the principal street, a large number of other streets diverged. They were all straight, and the buildings were of stone. The whole of the city was entirely overgrown with cocoanut trees, which were 50 and 60 feet in height. In the main street, pieces of common earthenware were found. The island has been in possession of the Spaniards for a long time.—Six or seven Spaniards resided on the island when Capt. F. was there. They informed him that the Spaniards had had possession about sixty years—that they took the island from the Knakas, who were entirely ignorant of the builders of the city, and of the former inhabitants. When questioned at to the origin of the city, their only answer was—"their must have been a powerful race here a long time ago."

Capt. F. also saw on the island immense ledges of granite, from which the buildings and fine architecture had evidently been erected. Some portions of them exhibited signs of having been worked. Here is a food for speculation. Who were the founders of this once magnificent city in the North Pacific, and what has become of their descendants? Whatever the answer may be, they were evidently a race of a very superior order.—*Edgar Allan Poe, Mass.*

Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

An Irish journal says—"The following bill was presented by a farmer to a gentleman in this town: 'To curring your pony that died, 21. 10.'"

They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those whom they have injured.

### Thrilling Incident.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, writing from Detroit, Michigan, under date of Oct. 14, relates to the following:

An incident occurred on last Thursday afternoon which filled the town with much excitement, and which called forth many a legend of the kind remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

A few boys who had been out on a hunting excursion called at one of their neighbor's and began shooting at a mark. A little girl, about eight years old, who had formerly had an illness that had affected her head, got alarmed at the firing and ran into the woods.

In a short time she was missed, and it was remembered that she had been seen running towards the woods, and consequently a search began, but night came on, and with it rain, which rendered further search for her that night impossible. Morning came, and yet the little wanderer had not returned. Her frantic parents, with one other child, made further search till the sun had passed the hour of twelve, and yet no tidings of the lost one were had. The neighborhood was alarmed, and dogs, horns, and every instrument of the rustic kind were marshalled for the search; but again night, with its Egyptian horrors, set in, without restoring the little cherished one.—Minutes seemed hours with the distracted mother.

At length the long wished for morning came, & with it a milder sun and breeze, who, notwithstanding the still continued storm, went forth into the depth of the woods, in search of the child, with an eagerness that was commendable beyond the compass of words to express; and yet again night set in and still the lost was not found. What the agonies of the mother were, as the marshalled force returned without her little charge, tears, shrieks, groans, incoherent ejaculations, and a picture of despair, can only poetry—words are inadequate. Another dreadful night was passed. An increased force was raised, who marshaled themselves with the dawn of the Sabbath, before the door of the bereaved parents Prayers were offered to Almighty God, and the aid of heaven invoked to direct in the search. The preliminaries being arranged, a long line was formed upon the section lines, and the march renewed. Hour after hour passed, and not a vestige of the missing one was discovered.

Every tree, stump and log, possessing a suspicious cavity, underwent the closest scrutiny; every bush and thicket thickly foliaged, every fir and crumpled knoll, was visited as the band pressed onward. Long ardent was the search, and many fears for the lost little one were entertained. The sun had far passed the zenith, and hastening behind the western hill, when an elderly man and son, partly discouraged, as well as wearied with the search, were drawn as by the hand of an invisible pilot, in an opposite direction, far from the main body, and, while standing and discussing upon the propriety of abandoning further search, a distant sound broke upon their ears. They hastened in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and having traveled as far as practicable, they halted and listened a few minutes very intently; again that sound was heard, and turning a few steps in another direction, what was their surprise to behold the little object of their search sitting upon the ground, having just awakened an alarm from a bed of leaves, which it had collected by the side of an old log. There the little innocent sat, in her tattered dress; sob and sighs heaved her little bosom, and large tears rolled down her swollen cheeks.

As she caught the first glimps of her deliverers, she asked for something to eat. "Oh," said she, "I have been obliged to go to bed of nights without my supper; please to give me something to eat." They took up the little sufferer and started for home, which was about four miles distant. While passing through a snarl of tall grass, they asked the girl if she had passed through any such grass. "Oh, yes," said she, "I have travelled a great way through much taller grass than this, and I would call for my father to come and get me, but he would not; I would call for my mother to come and get me, but she would not; then I would call on my little brother, and he would not come after me.—So I travelled on." On being then asked if she slept warm of nights, said, "Yes; but the first night my little brother went to bed with me, and in the night he pulled off all the cloths, so I got cold. Arrived in sight of the house, the distracted mother rushed forth, her haggard countenance now irradiated with the gratitude of heaven for the deliverance of her child; and as she received an pressed the little wanderer to her breast, exclaimed, "My daughter is safe."

### From Washington.

The following are among the latest rumors:— "The administration do not wish to be forced by the resignations of incumbents into a precipitate choice of successors. In one case, where an incumbent tendered his resignation, the President requested the gentleman to withdraw it.

Mr. Hodges, the Commissioner of Patents, resigned and left his post on the 3d of March. Gen. Shields has been a candidate for the office of Minister to Spain, which he desired on account of his health, but it is understood that Senator Soule will receive the appointment.—General Shields will probably get some other foreign appointment.

Mr. Marshall, of California, has a good chance of being appointed Commissioner to China. Ex-Secretary Buchanan, for England, and Hon. John A. Dix, for France, are still spoken of.

Thomas N. Carr, formerly Consul at Tungier, is a candidate for that consulate.

To-day, in reply to a gentleman who asked him how he liked the air of Washington, General Pierce said, "I don't know, for I have not had the opportunity of getting a breath of fresh air. Have not even time to shave"—which was evident by looking at the President's face.

At the cabinet councils held on Saturday evening and to-day, the Mosquito affair was anxiously discussed. I cannot furnish you with the details, but I have reason to believe there will be no want of pluck. General Pierce has declared that his administration will, at all events, be an effective one. The government received a telegraphic message on Saturday from New Orleans, in reference to the affair."

A Western editor speaking of the venerable appearance of a stumporator, said that he stood up like one of 'em with his bald head and aude in his breeches pockets!"

ERITHIOPAN PHILOSOPHY.—"Mr. Crow, can you explain to de subscriber why dat lidians vegetable called de nutmeg never comes to maturity?"

"Never comes to maturity?"

"Yes; why dey am always small 'potatoes'?"

"Why dey always small 'potatoes'?"

"Yes, Mr. Crow. Why dey never get to be some punking?"

"Why dey never?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Crow. 'Wily don't de nutmeg, as a class, grow large instead of always growin' small'?"

"No, Julius Caesar, I don't know nothin' about it. You must ax some gardenier man about vegetables."

"Well, Mr. Crow, I kin tell you why nutmegs, as a class, don't grow large. It's because ebery is antipathical nutmeg knows dat de largest nutmeg in de world am liable to come across a greater."

### Talleyrand in Philadelphia.

An intelligent correspondent has furnished us with the following, which is no doubt authentic:—

During the latter part of the last century, the exiled Monsieur Talleyrand resided in a small attic room of a house in Goddard's court, between Front and Second streets, in Philadelphia. He was very poor—all his furniture consisting of one chair and a straw cot bed—depending for his means on some of the French residents.—Opposite Christ Church, in Second street, was a small dry-goods store, kept by T. P. C., now a wealthy retired merchant, where Talleyrand and a French General, his companion in exile, frequently stopped on their accustomed walk down town to Wm. Young's bookstore, at the corner of Second and Chestnut streets. One cold morning in December, Talleyrand came into Mr. C.'s store, and offered his watch in pledge for a small sum of money, as he was starving and without fire. The money was given him, and he was referred to Benjamin Ferris, watchmaker, who lived nearly opposite to dispose of his watch. So reduced was the man to whom years after as Prime Minister of Napoleon, first Consul of France Kings paid homage!

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SON OF ROBERT BURNS A NOBLEMAN!!—We see it stated that John Victoria either has or is about to create Major Burns, son of the Bard of Scotland, a Baron. We hope, in respect for his father's memory, he will not stoop to pick up the idle honor. He certainly has not forgotten the patent of nobility which his noble sire has bequeathed to him:

"The King can make a belted knight, A Marquis, Duke and Earl, But an honest man's aboon his might; Gude faith he maun be fat! fat! For a that and a that— Their dignities and a that, The man of independent mind— He looks and laughs at a that."

### A Greater than Ericsson.

The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser says:—"A complete revolution in the means of steam navigation and locomotion is anticipated here from a recent invention by Dr. Carosin, of this city. He has, it is said, succeeded in constructing an apparatus for the decomposition of water by electro-magnetism, which will introduce the gas thus generated into the engine, in a way to save all the expense of fuel! His invention has been approved by savans and practical engineers, and a company has subscribed the means of giving it a full experiment. Means have also been adopted to secure patents in all other countries." Mr. J. B. Mussof, a respectable merchant of this city, has just started for the United States, with letters from our Minister at Turin to the heads of the Patent Office at Washington.

### A Bear Shot With a Candle.

A few days ago, a large bear, owned by Mr. Private, who resides on the Peninsula, opposite Toronto, (Canada), was shot in rather a novel manner—a common candle having been put in place of a ball into a gun. The candle entered immediately behind the ear, and almost instantly deprived the animal of life. It was very fat, and was about four years old.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

"How melancholy it is to think," said a modern philanthropist of the sentiment school, "that so many of our fellow creatures should, under the arbitrary laws of man, be immured in prisons." "Yes," replied a philanthropist of another class, "yes, truly, but not half as melancholy as that so many should be at large who deserve to be there."

A man making haste to be rich reminds us of a wheeler at a wheeling match. He starts off straight, perfectly blinded by visions of gold, big houses, fine cattle, &c. but before he proceeds far he wonders from his course, and when the harness is removed, he finds himself a considerable distance from no where. Keep your eyes open and move along slow, but sure.

Do you know the difference between a mason and an anti-mason? Yes, sir, I believe I does. Well what is it? If my brains tell me the truf, an' it never fails mason is de man what lays de mortar, an' de anti-mason is de man what carries de load."

There is a man in Boston, the father of two rampish daughters, who attributes their wildness to feeding on caper sauce, of which they are excessively fond. He is second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls from running off with the young men, fed them on cap-teleps.

An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite, writes to a friend that if he wants to find out what illegal living is, he must come to his house where the breakfast consists of nothing, and supper of what is left of breakfast.

"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lendin her a stick of fire wood—fillin this cruet with vinegar—puttin a little soft soap in this pan—and please not let your turkey gobble roost on our fence!"