

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

THE A. HARR has issued a volume of Poems by T. BURNHAM REAR. It is a neat book, and some of the poems are beautiful—instance the following:

INEZ.

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around with hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's sake)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-enameled lake.
And within a dell, where shadows through the bright-est days abide,
Take the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes scattered wide,
Fell a shining stream of water that ran down the lake-let's side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought may glide.
When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden through the maple and the pine;
And the russet thrush did singing from the alder to the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy whine.
And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the hickory pole,
And a scoldon like a meteor, gleamed along the oriole,
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine through my soul.
And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossom-thick imprints;
There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet words we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath their shade.
There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving maiden grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets from the leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaming 'mid the oriental sheaves.
Down we walked beside the lakelet—gazing deep into her eyes,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant, she only made reply,
"How deep within the water glows the happy evening sky!"
Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met each in each,
And the dainty, smiling ripples seemed to listen up the reach,
While thus slowly by a hazel wand she wrote along the beach,
"Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is stirred to speech."
Thus I gained the love of Inez—thus I won her gentle hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the writing from the sand!

Tales and Sketches.

FROM DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

THE BROTHERS:

OR, A REFERENCE TO CHARACTER.

Five years ago, my brother William and myself started as wholesale merchants in Honey-suckle lane, City, with limited warehouses, and still more limited capital. Had our commercial prospects been more cheering than the prospect from our little cobwebbed counting house, we should indeed have had small encouragement. I remember discussing with my brother, during the first week of our career, the style of our domestic establishment, and the extent of our personal expenditure. We mutually agreed, in order to throw as much capital into our business as possible, to dispense with the services of a cat upon the premises; and, both of us being about the same height and build, that one best suit of clothes and one visiting hat should suffice for both. It is true our hat used frequently to slip rather suddenly over William's eyes whilst nodding to a friend in the street, and that the fit of the coat on him was slightly baggy; but he bore it cheerfully.
The first year of our little business went on placidly enough. We felt our way gradually; and found that in business, as in other things, discretion is the better part of valor. We became known at the end of the second year amongst the trade; and, before the end of our third year, we actually possessed two real cats, and I'm afraid to say how many hats and coats; besides being acknowledged throughout the length of Honey-suckle lane, as rising and safe young men.
I think it was about this time that we started a small horse and a light cart—just the patient, meek animal that would not object to go in a gig on Sunday, if requested to do so. But with the increase of our business came a growth of vigorous cares and anxieties, that seemed to spring up like rank weeds. Our first griefs came in with

the gooseberries, about June. William took it philosophically. A few bad debts, a customer or two in the Gazette; but, on striking our periodical balances, we became quite reconciled to the frowns of Fortune.

Gooseberries had gone out. Apples were in. It was in one of the blindest months of autumn that we were favored with an extensive order—considering our then status—from a stylish person, verging on the flashy, but still within the bounds of apparent respectability. We were, of course, glad to do business. The terms were agreed on; one month's credit, and no discount. The affair seemed all but settled, when William hinted that, perhaps our new friend, being a perfect stranger, would not object to give us a reference. Certainly not—quite proper—not the least objection—owed endless apologies for not having been the first to suggest it. The reference was given, and we started, well-satisfied with each other. The reference was a man who had purchased and paid cash for several parcels of our goods, so that the newly-ordered articles were sent to the neighborhood of Kensington with a feeling that we had perhaps been a little too straight-laced and particular in the transaction. A perfect gentleman really.

When the month's credit had expired, and our customer called to settle the account with a bag of bright-shining sovereigns, I did feel that we had been over nice. But when—pleasant gentlemanly person that he was—he chatted about the weather, the hard times, and the crops, throwing in here and there a little flattery of our liberal and punctual mode of doing business, and the excellence of our goods, I suffered the remorse of the basest intrigue. After our patron had dashed off a few more pleasant remarks about the expansion of the Colonial trade and the tightness of the money market, he turned to business again, and delighted us with a commission for treble the amount of the previous transaction. The goods were put in hand forthwith—delivery having been promised within a day or two—and our warehouses became quite exhilarated with the warmth and bustle of that extensive order.

I can hardly remember how it first occurred to me; but when the pangs of conscience for our unjust suspicions had time to subside, the idea flashed across my mind that our customer sported too many rings on his fingers, and that there emanated from him too strong and stale an odor of bad tobacco for him to be a thorough man of business. Mere misgiving arose at length to grave doubt. This I mentioned, as a matter of course, to William, who, though not quite thinking with me, agreed that a little caution would be well employed, for the amount of the order was a serious consideration to us.

We were novices in the police of the commercial world; and, being utterly at a loss how to proceed, I stepped over the way to a sturdy Manchester warehouseman, and begged his advice how to proceed with prudent security. Our neighbor at once relieved a good part of my anxiety by telling me that I ought at once to enrol our firm subscribers to Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent Registry office, where we should be certain to obtain the fullest and most valuable information regarding all suspected or improper characters.

I took down the address; and, without pausing to tell William my mission, made my way directly to King's Arms Buildings, Change Alley. I had been through the Alley hundreds of times; yet had never caught sight of this office. Even now that I went in search of it in broad mid-day, it was no such easy matter to find it. Turning sharp round that corner of the paved court which is graced by dozens of gandy frames enclosing pictures of enormous mannsions, with parks, fish ponds, and a lady gracefully leaping a six-barrel gate, on a thoroughbred hunter with a neck like the middle arch of London Bridge (which I in my early days believed were the actual representations of the many fine properties advertised for sale at Garraway's close by), I found myself ascending a wide, dark and dingy staircase.

The strange old edifice abounded in lofty ornamented ceilings, carved wainscots, and heavy creaking doors. Once it had been a City Hotel; and when I turned in through the wide folding doors and looked about me, I saw that the apartment had been, in days long past, a concert and ball room. How changed since then! The little raised orchestra was piled up with dusty records of insolvency; the fiddles and flutes were replaced by files of the London Gazette and reports of police cases. The sounds of mirthful revelry were exchanged for a word or two murmured through that enormous old room from one of the few clerks, as though they proceeded from a defunct or smothered trombone. The whole place appeared gloomy and mysterious. An enclosure warded off all visitors from the interior.—From one end to the other nothing was visible but books—solid, grubby, hard-fisted books.—They looked—frowning solemnly down upon me—like the condemned ranks in Dante's Inferno, bidding me take warning; or winked at me, as if to lure me on to knavery, from miles of shelves. They beckoned to me hideously from acres of tables. Puckering up their parchment fronts, or turning upon me their forbidden backs, I felt myself tempted and menaced by turns; and surrounded by lost characters and dead reputations, fancied I had got into a Chamber of Commercial Horrors, or an Old Bailey with all its sentences ruthlessly docketed, and ready to be put in force at a minute's notice by the Recorder himself, who stood beside me, calmly waiting to execute judgment.

And his clerks, how solemnly they went about their work!—stealthily, suspiciously—as if they expected to find runaway bankrupts hidden between the leaves of the ledgers. How they kept moving about from one solid book to another! now making a scratch or a mark in some page;

then entering a note in a memorandum book.—And I watched them until I began to think that they might be unhappy insolvents, placed in this Basinghall Street Penitentiary, to expiate certain offences against the commercial code by the contemplation of ponderous loads of debt which they were unable to bear. Then I wondered whether the Sybilline Books could have been anything like those they were slaving at; for, if they were, I didn't wonder at the Roman king not liking the look of them.

In the midst of these reveries I was aroused by a mild voice at my side requesting to know my pleasure. An elderly, placid-looking man was before me clad in black, with waistcoat buttoned close to his chin. A single glance convinced me that he was the person I wanted; and I was right. He was the principal of the establishment; the Recorder. My errand was soon told, and as readily apprehended; for, when I hinted that I thought the affair I had come about would occasion some difficult and troublesome inquiries, he smiled, and assured me that he had dozens of inquiries far more complicated than mine, almost daily, since his registry was first opened forty odd years ago.

Had he been so long engaged in that peculiar occupation? Yes, he commenced his registry office so long since as the year one thousand eight hundred and ten, when business was not conducted to a tithe the extent it is now, and when there was not nearly the same necessity for protection to the honest trader against swindlers and reckless dealers; for that was the object of his institution.

Leading me inside the railing and within the long range of tables and desks, he assured me that, so perfect were all the arrangements connected with his business, that not a single bankruptcy, insolvency, or composition with creditors, occurred; not a single commercial fraud had been committed, nor one isolated case of swindling since one thousand eight hundred and ten, which was not to be found duly recorded and indexed with all particulars in his book.

Were those the records of misfortune and fraud? I pointed to a vast collection of ponderous omezes spread along three or four massive tables. One! those thirty-five huge volumes, of a thousand pages each, formed simply the Index to Mr. Perry's general sets of books.

To give me some idea of the extent and system of his business, he flung open one of these gigantic volumes. It yawned, and creaked, and groaned, as if it had been a bankrupt taken in execution. Such an array of Jones and Browns and Smiths was the digested within I never before witnessed. The Post office Directory is the merest child's spelling book beside these prodigious alphabets. Page after page contained nothing but William Browns and George Greens, and as for the Smiths, I thought the man never would leave off turning the pages of Smiths over. There were upwards of five hundred John Smiths more than three hundred William Smiths, a host of George Smiths, say nothing of Alfred Smiths, Benjamin Smiths, Charles Smiths, David Smiths, Edward Smiths, Francis Smiths, Henry Smiths, and armies of more Smiths, whose Christian names were initiated by every other letter in the alphabet. Then came the Smiths with a difference (a good many of them aliases) such as Smiths, Snyths, and Smythes. I felt quite bewildered amidst all this crowd of names, and was at once impressed with the wonderful power of this one man by the aid of his enormous books.

He need not have told me that those indices were never removed from their tables; for not only was there no room on any shelf to receive them; but I could see no machinery by which such masses of hide and paper could be lifted any distance; as to the clerks attempting to shift any of them, that was simply absurd. I could but wonder what would become of them in the event of a fire, and began to reckon how many of Hickford's largest wagons would have been required to remove them at two tons to the load.

In the strange excitement of the moment, I entirely forgot the business which brought me to his office; and, absorbed in the bewilderingment of ledgers, gazettes, and police reports, I followed my informant to another part of the room. He paused before a deep, well-filled receptacle to point out to me a complete set of the Imperial Gazettes, beginning with the first number as printed at Oxford during the Great Plague. Further on were perfect sets of all the Post Office, London and Provincial Directories that had ever been published. Every city in the United Kingdom that publishes a periodical list of its inhabitants was there represented, as well as many of the continental capitals. On several tables at the remote end of the room, beyond the abandoned old orchestra, were ranged books more enormous than any I had yet seen—voluminous monstrosities. They were old newspapers strongly bound, and used as day-books of a peculiar description for a particular purpose. On the right hand side of each of the wide leaves of these volumes was pasted, day by day, every police case involving a fraud on a tradesman, or a mal-practice connected in any way with trade. The immense collection I there saw was a proof of the enormous extent of current swindling, even in these days of vigilant police.

To satisfy my curiosity, Mr. Perry pointed out, on the face of each of these cases, a number, which indicated the volume and folio where every one of them were posted up into his criminal ledger with as much regularity as a banker's cash book. And here he begged me to observe that, although it formed his duty to obtain and classify information throughout the country, regarding trading and other defaulters for the purpose of protecting the interests of commerce; yet a very large number of those who came under his notice were persons of irreproachable character. It was his chief object to classify all bankrupts and insolvents; and, by keeping a record of the honest and dishonest

bankrupt, to put the fair dealer on his guard against the one, and when in his power, to befriend and maintain the character of the other.

I was anxious to see and understand how all this could be accomplished with such a mass of crude materials, and with the certainty of which he spoke. Mr. Perry explained. Opening one of the many volumes before me—number one hundred and thirty-seven, only—I there saw regiments of columns of various widths ruled from one side to the other. These columns were a complete key to each person's character and career.—His name and residence at different times; the various years in which he had become bankrupt or insolvent; the amount of dividend, if any, and if all of each dividend had been paid; the class of certificate granted, if any; the particulars of any fraud with which he may have been connected, referred to by a mark of direction to the exact page in the Criminal Ledger, and thence to the Police Case Book, with any fictitious names by which he may have been known.

He had that day, he said, put a tradesman on his guard against a reckless character, who had three made very unsuccessful appearances in the Court of Bankruptcy; having paid—somewhere in the provinces—but one dividend of ninepence in the pound; and who had, at Colchester, seven years ago, made away with his creditors' property, and appropriated the proceeds to his own unlawful purposes. The man was now at Glasgow at his old tricks; but Mr. Perry's faithful records warned his Scotch subscriber of the character of his customer in time to save him a heavy loss.

This reminded me of my own affair; and without further delay, I gave my guide, comforter and friend all the particulars; the name, address, present business, amount of order, name and address to reference, and some other items of intelligence respecting our jewelled and fangated patron. Away went the Recorder like a very vigilant cat after a mouse; scratching and burrowing, and tumbling, and tossing, and ticking off endless indexes, ledgers, day-books, gazettes, Criminal Ledgers, and Police Books. These researches were made with such a bright pair of spectacles, that in a few minutes my attention was directed to the whole history of our customer drawn up in one long line of words, letters and figures, and stretching quite across two pages of volume number one hundred and thirty-seven.

It was evidently a bad case. The real name of "the party" was pointed out; he had given us one of his favorite aliases. He had been, according to Mr. Perry's detective ledger, a clerk in the Post Office, was discharged for dishonesty which could not be legally proved, had been in the Gazette in one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and again in one thousand eight hundred forty-eight, his entire estate and effects sufficing to offer to his creditors exactly nothing in the pound. He had been insolvent more than once, and made his second look to the Commissioners for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors on the very day before he obliged us with his first order. He had been according to the Police Book, concerned in a cloud of swindling transactions, chiefly comprised under the head of obtaining money or goods under false pretences; but had always proved himself "too many" for the swindler, for the police, and for the magistracy. I thanked my informant sincerely, and congratulated myself on our fortunate escape. "Yet why," I asked, "did he lay for the first order?"—Ah, a lure; a bait; a sprat to catch a whale.

I of course enrolled our firm amongst the subscribers to the institution, and found our names coming after no fewer than twelve thousand others, bankers, merchants, solicitors, traders, agents, secretaries of public companies, and, strange to say, clergymen! What could clergymen want Mr. Perry to do for them? I felt puzzled, and wondered if they were ever troubled with insolvent churchwardens, bankrupt vestry clerks, or fraudulent sextons. He explained that clergymen, of all other classes, need the most advice and protection in money-matters. They are so easily misled, so little acquainted with the most ordinary business transactions, the money-lending sharpers always found them the easiest and readiest of their dupes.

Only a week or two ago a curate from the vicinity of the metropolis had sought Mr. Perry's assistance in what was by no means an uncommon case. He had been obliged to pay some sixty or seventy pounds for some immediate purpose, answered one of the many tempting advertisements in the newspapers, wherein the public are informed that loans of money to any amount will be granted on the slightest possible security. He had an interview with the very liberal advertiser, at what appeared to be an office, in a quiet of street. The most minute inquiries were made in regard to the clergyman's references, great caution having been professed by the capitalist; and, when all the pretended scruples were quieted, the borrower was told that seventy pounds was much too insignificant a sum for people of the enormous estate which the lender had at command to think of; but that if the borrower would make it two hundred, or even one hundred, or even one hundred and fifty, the transaction might be effected. The clergyman hesitated; but at length yielded, and placed his name to a bill at short date for one hundred and fifty pounds. He could of course repay the amount when it suited him. The financier left his victim to bring the money; but, in the course of ten minutes, returned with a very long face; and, pointing to a sheet of paper in his hand quite bathed in ink, told him with many expressions of regret, that he had accidentally upset his inkstand over the document, and would have to trouble him to sign a fresh paper. The clergyman made no objection. The inky paper was burnt before him, and another bill for a hundred and fifty pounds was signed. Again the capitalist left the acceptor anxiously waiting for the money; but neither man nor money was forthcoming.

At the date of maturity, the distressed curate was called upon to meet two bills amounting together to the sum of three hundred pounds.—Chancing to hear of the Bankrupt Register Office, the victim sought, the advice of Mr. Perry; who, without any difficulty traced out the swindler and his confederates' complete identification gave him their history, and sent him to a respectable solicitor; who, by dint of threats of exposure, succeeded in obtaining peaceable possession of the bills. This Mr. Perry assured me was only one out of innumerable cases of a similar character.

Before taking my leave of this Registrar-General of misdeeds and misfortune, I learned that as subscribers to his establishment we were entitled to receive every week a copy of a paper printed for circulation amongst his clients, and called the Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette; a periodical which has now attained its twenty-ninth year.—In it are chronicled not only every event of the previous week connected with bankruptcy and insolvency, but every meeting or official occurrence happening during the week ending in every part of the United Kingdom.

I joined my brother full of the news I had gathered, and we both congratulated ourselves on the narrow escape we had had. Our customer did not inquire for his goods; and we learnt shortly afterwards that he had left his premises rather suddenly, forgetting to settle many heavy accounts, and altogether omitting to mention to a single neighbor where he might be found.

On other occasions we have consulted our friend of King's Arms Buildings, and always with satisfactory results. Sometimes suspicions were entertained of new customers were happily dissipated by Mr. Perry. Gentlemen have sent us orders soon after we knew they had undergone bankruptcy, but our Registrar General was able to give us, notwithstanding, a good account of them. They had paid handsome dividends promptly and honorably, receiving from the court first-class certificates.

We never think of entering upon any new business without a walk up to the great old-fashioned concert room, and a gossip with the genius of the place. We could not conduct our business in safety, engaging as it constantly is, without his aid. That respected and useful person has become to us what he is to half trading London, and a good part of the provinces—a daily necessary of commercial life.

Recollections of Isaac T. Hopper.

FRIEND HOPPER IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery in Dublin, and kept his hat on, according to Quaker custom. While he was listening to the pleading, he noticed that a person who sat near the Chancellor fixed his eyes upon him with a very stern expression. This attracted the attention of lawyers and spectators, who also began to look at him. Presently an officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "your hat, sir!" "What's the matter with my hat?" he inquired. "Take it off!" rejoined the officer. "You are in his Majesty's Court of Chancery."

"That is an honor I reserve for his Majesty's Master," he replied. "Perhaps it is my shoes that meanest?" The officer seemed embarrassed, but said no more; and when the Friend had stayed as long as he felt inclined, he quietly withdrew.

One day, when he was walking with a lawyer in Dublin, they passed the Lord Lieutenant's castle. He expressed a wish to see the Council Chamber, but was informed that it was not open to strangers. "I have a mind to go and try," said he to his companion. "Will thou go with me?" "No, indeed," he replied; "and I would advise you not to go."

He marched in, however, with his broad beaver on, and found the Lord Lieutenant surrounded by a number of gentlemen. "I am an American," said he. "I have heard a great deal about the Lord Lieutenant's castle, and if it will give me no offence, I should like very much to see it." His lordship seemed surprised by this unceremonious introduction, but he smiled, and said to his servant, "Show this American whatever he wishes to see."

where he saw pictures, statues, ancient armor, antique coin, and many other curious articles.—At parting, the master of the mansion was extremely polite, and gave him much interesting information on a variety of topics. When he rejoined his companion, who had agreed to wait for him at some appointed place, he was met with the inquiry, "Well, what luck?" "O, the best luck in the world," he replied.—"I was treated with great politeness." "Well, certainly, Mr. Hopper, you are an extraordinary man," responded the lawyer. "I wouldn't have ventured to try such an experiment."

ignated was about a mile from the Cathedral.—The man stared at him, as if puzzled to decide whether he was talking to an insane person or not. When the imperturbable Quaker had seen all he cared to see, he deliberately walked away.

At Westminster he paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover yourself, sir."

"Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affectation of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat?" responded the man, smiling.—"No, indeed, I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper.

"I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker.—"Perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assemblies, I suppose thou art aware that it is the people, not the building, that constitutes a church!"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend again inquired, "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be permitted to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money, and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not quite strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice; and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

ON THE THRONE.
When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the sergeant-at-arms if he might sit upon the throne. He replied, "No, sir. No one but his Majesty sits there."

"Wherein does his Majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. "If his head were cut off, wouldn't he die?"

"Certainly he would," replied the officer.

"So would an American," rejoined Friend Hopper. As he spoke, he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him it was locked. "Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he. "Is this the key hanging here?"

Being informed that it was, he took it down and unlocked the gate. He removed the satin covering from the throne, carefully dusted the railing with his handkerchief, before he hung the satin over it; and then seated himself in the royal chair.—"Well," said he, "do I look anything like his Majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered, "Why, sir, you certainly fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.

AN ERRONEOUS NOTION.
An old farmer by the name of Elnathan Skinner, had "a place" near Montpelier, Vair-nour. He was an awful sly man himself, and expected everybody to be likewise. Now the old gentleman had a son, a youth he was. If he was not quite so brisk in his muscles as the old gentleman, he was at least a foot or two ahead—in wit. The old man was death on the pale horse on rousing up everybody about day-break every morning; and one morning when his hair appeared so was as soggy as a piece of lead, the old man bawled out, for the tenth time—

"Oh-h-h, Sam!"
"Sir-r-r!"

"Are you, I say, are you—"
"No, dad, I an't!"
"Are you going to get up?"
"Couldn't think of it, dad, possibly," roars the sonorous voice of Sam.

"Don't you know, you scamp, how your brother Bill has been up and shot a whole mess of pigeons?" exclaims the old man.

"Yes, dad," responds the hopeful, "I heard all that, dad, but only look what a darned set of fools these pigeons were, to get up afore Bill, and be ticked up just like salt!"

Sam turned over and went to sleep worse than ever, and the old man toddled off, vowing Sam knowed a heap to much for a child of his age!

They have some odd specimens of the genus homo "out in Wisconsin," if we may trust the report of a correspondent at Madison, in that flourishing State.

An anecdote is related of a somewhat noted politician hereabout, who was at one time a candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court. A gentleman inquired of another if he intended to support the candidate in question.

"No," said he, "never! I'll never vote for a man for circuit judge who spells God with a small j!"

A capital "J" would probably have removed his objection.

A couple of bad carriers lately fought a duel at San Francisco. Cause, jealousy; weapons, pickaxes; distance, a yard and a half. The third round, Mollony got his head caved in, while his antagonist had a prong introduced in the thorax. The seconds took along hand barrows to bring away the remains.

"How very seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors bred to the business."

"Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is bred to the editors?"

"I have asked permission to enter here to gratify my curiosity as a stranger. I hope it is no offence."

"Take off your hat!" rejoined the rude man.—"If you don't, I'll take it off for you."

Friend Hopper leaned on his cane, looked him full in the face, and answered very coolly, "If thou dost, I shall then wilt send it to my lodgings; for I hope have need of it this afternoon. I lodge at No. 25 Lower Crescent, Clifton." The place des-