

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.

From the American Union, LEONORE.

Slow the midnight hour is stealing
Through the diamond silent room,
Where the dying silent slumbers,
Still, amid the deepening gloom;
Yet the pale and placid features
Show that life is almost o'er,
That the grave will soon receive thee—
Leonore!

On the hushed and weary household,
Yet a deeper glow lies
For the light of life is fading
From the bright and burning eyes,
And the deep and heavy breathing
Tells that death is near,
Where no sorrow e'er will reach thee—
Leonore!

Must it be that all that's lovely,
All that's dear shall pass away,
That our present agonies, treasures,
All shall shortly decay?
Can it be that this art going
Far away to come no more?
Will thou then as a new bewilder—
Leonore!

Ah! how sad will be the springtime
When the flowers bloom again!
I shall see thy gentle presence—
I shall feel that life is vain!
Yet I know that thou wilt hover
Over the ones thou loved below,
When the hand of Death has closed thee—
Leonore!

Hush! I feel the night's breathing
Soft upon my cheek and brow,
And I know that death is coming,
With a sudden stillness now,
And the fever still is burning,
Till the hours of life are o'er—
When thou hast passed the darkening curtain—
Leonore!

Cheer and seek the hande were folded
Over the still and silent breast,
Where no sorrow e'er shall enter—
No more clouds disturb her rest,
Thou hast found the angel's charge,
On the bosom that bright shone,
Where the spirit knows no division—
Leonore!

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT.
Yes, my lips to fight have spoken
Words I should not speak;
And I would I could recall them,
Would I had not been so weak,
O that one unguarded moment
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of my temptation
Would I appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart;
I am happy when beside him,
Wretched when we are apart,
I wish I knew his private
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never bear them
Half so often as it would.

And I would not, could not pain him,
Would not for the world offend;
I would have him know I like him
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep our secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell him
That I loved him—but I did.

Tales and Sketches.

A TURMPIKE AND A DIVORCE.

A certain Captain M., a hale, good humored man, beloved by all who knew him, and a certain Dr. R., one of the kindest men alive, and a gentleman all over, met a few days in Trenton.

It was during the session of the Legislature, which, as every body knows, is, when it happens, a great feature in Trenton life, and a pregnant item in the history of New Jersey.

Both the Captain and Doctor were lobby members—not for the benefit of their own pockets—but for the public, comprised within the limits of Camden, which, as you know, is a great city, located opposite to the retired hamlet of Philadelphia. The Captain was "boring" for Camden as the seat of government, court house and jail, for the great county of Camden. The Doctor was boring for Long-a-Coming, being a large city, composed of a blacksmith shop and two frame houses, and located somewhere between the extreme limits of Camden Co., and the Atlantic ocean.

In a word, the site of the county Court House was a disputed question—the voters of Camden wanting it in Camden, the voters of Camden county, just to spite the Camden people, wanted it in Long-a-Coming.

Well, the Captain with his hearty honest face, and the Doctor with his honest very handsome face, came to Trenton as lobby members, to press the respective merits of Camden and Long-a-Coming, upon the notice of the Legislature of New Jersey. A week, two weeks, three weeks, a month passed, and yet the Legislature took no action, and Camden county was still without a seat of government, court house or jail.

The Doctor grew quite impatient; meeting the Captain one day, in one of the passages of the singularly peculiar Capitol of New Jersey, he said to his friend—

"You are here for Camden, I for Long-a-Com-

ing, and here we have been for a month. Allow me to ask, in the most delicate manner, why in the devil don't this Legislature take some action in the matter, and let us go home? Your business is suffering, and my patients are dying, and yet we are dancing attendance on this cursed Legislature. Why don't they—the assembled wisdom of Jersey—say Camden, or Long-a-Coming, and let us go home?"

The Capt. drew his young friend into the recess of a corridor, and looked at him quietly, with one eye half shut, and his mouth fixed on a decided "pucker."

"The fact is, R., said he, "you are green. Are you not aware that this is a great country, that New Jersey is a great State, a New Jersey Legislature the tallest kind of jell?"

The Doctor confessed that he was aware of some of these points, but dark as to others—he had some conception of how the Legislature—a big animal with a hard name, known to geologists, which had the whole world to itself, a few millions of years before Adam—how the Legislature looked, when he was about, but Jersey Legislature was an animal he had looked at on all sides, but could not understand.

The Capt. took the Doctor good humoredly by the arm, and led him into a retired place, where a lighted candle shone upon the countenance of a bottle of champagne—made in Newark, but labeled "France."

Over this bottle the Captain proceeded to give the Doctor some idea of Jersey legislation; if you could have seen the fine Roman features of the Doctor, and the good face of the Captain, a little ruddy, and topped by hair which was partly gray, you would have much enjoyed the startling narrative which fell from his lips.

"Albany is a great place," so the Capt. began; "Harrisburg is another great place—legislators can be had there in great quantities at reasonable prices, but Trenton is the place."

"Expound," said the Doctor. Upon which the Captain illustrated his text by the following narrative:

One winter there came to Trenton two men named Smith and Jones, who had had of them designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman; so he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the by, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore, Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Long-a-Coming.

Well, they with these different errands came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments.

1st: Suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground of steak and venison.
2d: Liqueurs in great plenty from "Jersey lightning"—which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid shape—to Newark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, Jones, the divorcee man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the Turnpike man, followed a champagne breakfast. Under the mollifying influence of which, the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in parchment in their pocket—went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in the parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look! and five of her children asleep overhead, the other five studying their lessons in a corner of the room, he was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear, I am one of the directors, and will be president; it will set us up, we love, we can send the children to boarding school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face—"let me see it" and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own, as he looked at the parchment. But all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black—Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath:

"D—n it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have divorced us!"
It was too true. The parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eye with the corner of her apron.
"Here's a turnpike," she said, "and with the whole ten of her children staring me in the face, I ain't your wife."
"D—n the pike, and the Legislature, and—"
Well, the fact is, that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, and "cneted" into a stranger to his own wife, swore terribly.

Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith hid his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"What in conscience is the matter," enquired the clergyman.
"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off!" replied Smith.
"Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"
"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith desperately; "the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, sub-

known to me, and at the dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife; she is the mother of—of—nine children!"
"Ten," said Mrs. Smith, who was crying.
"Here's a turnpike."

Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pocket of the lugubrious Smith, married them over straightway, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was trying to be alone so that he could give vent to a suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home, and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smith's never knew that their father had mother had been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll go and get married to night. I know how to manage these scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper or breakfast—did the business for them. Put on your bonnet, and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow (who was among widows as peaches are among apples,) put on her bonnet and took her arm.
"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling the document from his pocket and with much rustling spreading the document out before her.

"Here is the law which says that Jacob Jones and his wife Anna Carolina Jones are two. Look at it!"
Putting her gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.
"Oh dear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back on the sofa.

"Oh thunder and blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, resting the fatal parchment in his hand—"Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was incorporated into a turnpike company, and which made it worse, and he had to go to Trenton, to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol.

When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river; you will perceive the hopelessness of Jones's case.

"It's all the fault of that d—n turnpike man, who gave on the champagne supper, or was it a breakfast?" cried Jones, in agony. "If they'd a chartered me to be a turnpike man, I might to Trenton Hollow I might have borne it, but the idea of making a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol is absurd!"

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, quite tearfully.
"No," thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his fingers, "and what's worse, the Legislature's adjourned, and gone home drunk and won't be back to Trenton till next year!"

The mistake had occurred in the last day of the session, when legislators and clerks were laboring under the effect of champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones's ought to have been, and "wisy wesy," as the Latin poet has it.

This is in substance, if not in words, the Captain's story.
"Do you mean to say that that is a fact?" asked the doctor, smoothing his whiskers and gazing round the restaurant "box" in which they were seated, and finally at the three quarters empty bottle of champagne.

"This is a sample of Jersey legislation," replied the Capt.
The Doct. sat a long while in deep thought, absently playing with the cork of the three-quarters exhausted bottle, and at last said, in a calm, decided way—

"Long-a-Coming and Camden may go to blazes! This very night I will repose in the bosom of my family. The next train starts at 5 o'clock, and I'll take it."
Whether this story is true or not, we cannot say; but both the Captain and the Doctor are men of truth, and the latter, our bleak autumn night, when we were both belted amid the pines, at the very Jersey of Jersey taverns, told the story to me by a bright wood fire, with a sincere and honest face.

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.—It was in the evening of a beautiful summer day, that I strayed into the silent graveyard of our little village, where I witnessed an affecting circumstance, which time or change can never efface from my memory.

As I wandered among the moss grown graves and broken stones, I was suddenly arrested by observing a little girl before me, whose actions unperceived by her, I was watching. She was kneeling beside a little mound of earth covered with grass and flowers.

Shortly after I had arrived there, she ceased the occupation in which she was engaged, and kneeling beside the tomb with upraised eyes to heaven, her fervent lips poured forth in ardent prayers, her feelings and affections to her heavenly father.

Raising herself from her position, I saw her hang a garland of flowers upon the marble tomb stone, wrought into the words—"My Father's Grave."

These simple words, so eloquent of feeling, so full of thought, could not but add a fresh sanctity to the spot.

Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion, without really professing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which other people were saved, although they were drowned themselves.

Wines.

We find in Putnam's Illustrated Weekly Record of the Industry of all Nations, some interesting facts about the wines of Ohio.

The vine chiefly depended on in Ohio is the Catawba, a native of Buncombe county, in North Carolina, where it was discovered on the banks of the Catawba river. Like the other native grapes of this country, the Catawba has a hard pulp surrounding the seeds, the sweet and flavoring portion of the fruit being between the skin and the pulp.

It appears to be settled by experience; 1st, that no foreign grape is suited to wine growing in the United States, and 2d, that the Catawba vine is the best for this purpose, which has been tried. It resists extremes of temperature. In the winter of 1851-52, on the 19th of January, the mercury sank 18 deg. Fh. below zero at Louisville, and yet no harm was done to the vines.

As all know, the soil and form of the ground near Cincinnati are particularly favorable to the growth of the vine. It requires six years to bring a vineyard into full bearing, although with roots of two years' growth some wine may be procured in two years from the planting. It is stated that the sweet juice of the Catawba vine has a specific gravity of 1.090, and after fermentation 0.997-0.998. The samples of the still Catawba were sent to the Agricultural Society of France, last year, by M. L. Rehnus, President of the American Vine Growers' Association. They report open them by Mr. Payen, published in the Western Horticultural Review, of May of this year, says—

"The American Winesamples particularly recommended themselves for their pure, clear color, and their ability to furnish carbonic acid, and become effervescent. The Isabella wine gave 52 dry residue, double the quantity of our best white sparkling wine. The Catawba contains eleven and a half per cent. of alcohol, and a large quantity of sugar. Evaporated to dryness it left 61 of solid residue, or three times as much as our Chablis wine."

There are in Ohio about 2000 acres in fruit bearing vines of which 1500 are hardy in Cincinnati. The average product is estimated at 300 gallons per acre. The present price of the still wine, as it is sold by the growers, is from \$1.25 to \$2 the gallon. The whole crop this year is worth about a million of dollars, to which may be added the crude tartar, the beandly distilled from the remainder of the press and refuse wine, as well as the grapes sold fresh in the market. In six years the product of wine will be at least five millions of gallons.

It is in consequence of the large surface put under vines this year, stimulated by the present high price of wine. This year four houses in Cincinnati, have prepared, chiefly from the Catawba vine over 250,000 bottles of sparkling wine, worth \$12 the dozen. The demand for the Ohio wine has been such that the merchants have found it impossible to keep the vineyards on hand sufficiently long to permit them to obtain a suitable price.

The still, or dry, and the sparkling wines are both procured from the same must or juice, the only difference being, that when the primary fermentation is over, and the dry or still wine is produced, a certain quantity of sugar candy is added to it, and a fresh ferment. After the collection of a certain quantity of sediment, the result of the second fermentation, the heavier portions just so much wine to escape as shall carry it all out. The very small deficiency is supplied with still wine, and the bottle is then stored on its side in the vault, to complete its fermentation.

If the primary ferment takes place upon the skins of the grapes, a higher color and a stringency is given to the wine.

Mr. Rehnus, finding that the early vines of Ohio were very acid, added to the soil of a certain vineyard potash salts; the wine of that year's growth was found to be of a superior quality, less acid, and to form a largely increased quantity of cream of tartar.

Enough has been stated to show that the growth of wine in America is likely to become an industry of great importance. It is already much greater in value than the growth of cotton at the time of Jay's treaty. Large districts in Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and other Southern and Western States, will be found to have equal capabilities of soil and climate with the vicinity of our sister city. In 1840 the total wine crop of this country was only 194,000 gallons. In 1850 it was 221,249 gallons. The amount imported last year was 6,150,000 gallons, an amount which the United States will be able to supply for its own consumption in 60 years, even at the present rate of increase.

Of the moral influence of this culture we have no room to speak. Gen. Samuel Cary, of Cincinnati, the Father Matthew of the West, denounces the use of Catawba on strong grounds. On the other hand, the New York Express is of opinion that the universal drinking of good wine might do away with the ordinary and intemperate use of other and more alcoholic liquors, and thereby the familiar fact that the wine growing regions of Europe are remarkable for their temperance, (such as Switzerland, Switzerland being almost unknown,) would have its counterpart on our side of the waters.

Among the innumerable anecdotes of John Randolph, the following is not the worst:—A young aspirant for Congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia. At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address the hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching out his long and nervous arm towards the seat of the complacent youth, with a half inquiring, half-contemptuous look, thus replied: "Mr. Speaker, who's that?"

Girls who want Husbands.

Girls, you want to get married; do you?—Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies who have a brookering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't go into a fit of the nips every time you see a hat and a pair of whiskers. Don't put the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men they will after you, Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puffers, she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at meetings, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. You will flirt with you and flatter you, simply because they love to do it, but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I was a young man I would have no more to do with such funny than I would with a rattlesnake.

New girls, let Nully give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it you stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is all well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect letter writing, or you dear mother teach you how to make head and get a meal of vicissitudes good enough for a long. No part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected. If you do not marry a wealthy husband you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage for you to know how to converse a servant girl, and instruct her to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affection is the most desirable of accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affection. It has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through. Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, so pleasing, and lovely an appearance, as a neat and plain dress. All the hummeries and tinsel work of the dressmaker and milliner, are unwise essays.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one particle, if you are homely, they do not subtract any, but your own goodness don't court your face and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger rings and foldovers may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and do not be so depressingly polite as to spill all yet say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling-tongs to make people believe you have negro blood in your veins. If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to dab on paint, thinking that people are so stupid as not to see it, and if your cheeks are not rosy, don't apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and take their advice in everything. Think less of fashion than you do of the realities of life—and instead of trying to catch beaux, strive to make yourself worth being caught by them.

Think.
Did you ever think? There are men who spend their lives without thinking or reflecting. When they speak, they utter the merest common place ideas, which are in everybody's mouth. Nothing new or startling comes from them. People may not present new truths, but they may produce old ones in a new garb. Reflection will enable them to do this. How few men of that live and breathe are really capable of imparting information and instruction. The reason is obvious. It is not because they have small minds, or dull of comprehension. It is because they do not think. They never set themselves down to reflect and meditate. Are you of that number? Can you impart no instruction by your voice or pen? No wonder you feel ashamed of your ignorance. Let this be the element of reflection—of deep, serious thought—so that the future, like the past, may not be a blank in your history.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—The Suffolk Chronicle relates the death of a Miss Mary Finch, aged 49, of Rickinghall. She had for the last six years lived alone, and a leg of pork which she was known to have bought about four years ago was found in the house at the time of her death. She kept seven cats, which she sometimes locked up in a room for many days without food. Although she had sufficient property she had not allowed herself common necessities, and her end was hastened from want. Six years ago an aunt left her about £400 but she would never go after it, nor would she take it when offered to her. It is stated that about ten years ago a dress and wedding cake were provided, but the gentleman disappointed her, and the cake still remains in the house.

Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the leader who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always foundering in the mud—if you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

Hungarian Anecdote.

During an engagement between a Hungarian and Austrian troop of light infantry, a Honved struck an Austrian officer with a bayonet and mortally wounded him. Natural generosity prompted the Hungarian Honved to extend his aid to the dying foe. The officer said to him with great exertion:

"I have your wife and a natured fellow; I will ask a favor of you. In my pocket-book you will find a package of documents, without which my family will be ruined—redeemed to beggary. Promise to send this package safely to my family in Prague, Bohemia."

"I will carry it to them myself," answered the Honved.
"Swear it to me," said the Austrian.
"Sir, I am a Hungarian; I gave you my word," responded the Honved.

In a few minutes afterwards the wounded man died in the arms of his generous foe, who, after covering the body with his own mantle, and putting the sword in his hands, crossing them, took the papers, and found his troop.

The conflict ended, and the Honved repaired to his captain and requested a furlough, which was denied. This did not discourage our hero; he went to the commanding general, Klappa, but even he did not grant his request. In the night following he left the camp, and in the course of a few days he travelled four hundred miles, and placed the papers safely into the hand of the deeply afflicted widow of the deceased Austrian, residing at Prague.

Soon after our hero, the Honved, rejoined his corps and reported himself to the captain who had him arrested as a deserter. A future court martial condemned him to be shot. The soldier calmly resigned himself to his fate which came to him unexpectedly. He prepared himself for death, and when the fatal muskets were aimed at his breast, he exclaimed—

"I pledged my honor and my word, and I was bound to keep them. Hurray for my native land!—and snuff dead, pierced by many bullets."

A little semi pagan, who for the first time was receiving some sort of religious instruction from a male friend when he was visiting, found some of the "inquiries" reading that Sunday had anything reasonable in it over any other day. At last, by dint of "line upon line and precept upon precept," he was made to comprehend somewhat the sanctity of the day. Unfortunately, however, soon after he began to understand things, coming from church one Sunday, he noticed the apostrophe shown above. His newly acquired moral sense received a terrible shock, and he entered into a very orthodox denunciation of the "unconscious compounders of similes." "But," he was told, "the doctors must keep open on Sundays, so that the sick people can get medicine."

"Why do people get sick on Sunday?" "Yes, just as any other day." "Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?" "Certainly!" "How can that be? Does Heaven keep open on Sunday?" It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.

MORNING REMEMBRANCE.—Every loathsome inmate of Penitentiaries and State Prisons, was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child, and every criminal who has expiated his crimes on the scaffold was once pressed to a mother's breast and drew from her bosom his life giving nourishment. But immoral training, wrong influences, and debasing examples do their work, and transform endearing offspring to be ferocious men; they shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt and monstrous audacity of their crimes. Yet how addon has one of those direful transformations been effected without the aid of strong drink.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—A gentleman on the other side in politics was one day walking in the garden of the White House at Washington with Henry Clay. "Though I am a Democrat, Mr. Clay," said he, "yet my wife is a Clay Whig!"
"God bless the ladies!" said Mr. Clay. "Here she is, (plucking a white rose at the same time,) give this to your wife for me with my best regards."

Two things Mr. Clay well understood—one was human nature, the other was the influence of women. That was not the Democratic husband! and one of them was that of his thrice husband!

An exchange paper says: We heard a bachelor, who sat smoking a cigar, with a face beaming with hope, remarking the following:
"A come we house, a come we fire;
A bonnie brow to praise and admire;
A sunny beam to warm my knee;
To soothe and cry I should to me;
See how ye get, and how ye get;
Ye little ken what may be said ye get;
A bonnie wee bodie to be my lot,
And I'll be come w' thinking o' it!"

We take it that he was under the inspiration of coffee.

Apocryphal of a late one did that Lola Montez has again committed matrimony. "Our John," who is a good deal more puritanical than polite, perpetrates the following epigram:
"Commended?"—of course—yes; you may safely infer, whenever the national price is—
The motive is willfully wicked—wilt her
Even marriage is one of the virtues!"

A lawyer went into a barber's shop to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the boy exclaimed:
"Why, how long your head is, sir."
"Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded with his vocation, and exclaimed, "it is as thick as it is long." Blackstone snuffed.