

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1853.

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**TERMS:**  
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## Select Poetry.

### THE RECOLLECTION.

BY SHELLEY.

We wandered to the pine forest,  
That skirts the ocean-foam,  
The lightest wind was in its nest,  
The tempest in its home.  
The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play.  
And on the bosom of the deep,  
The smile of heaven lay:  
It seemed as if the hour were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which scattered from above the sun,  
A light of paradise.

We pined amid the pines that stood,  
The plants of the waste,  
Tortured by storms to shapeless rinde  
As serpents interlaced.  
And soothed by every azure breath,  
That under heaven is blown,  
To harmonies and hues beneath,  
As tender as its own.  
Now all the tree tops lay asleep,  
Like green waves on the sea,  
As still as in the silent deep  
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was—the silence there  
By which a chain was bound,  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made still by her sound.  
The invisible quiescence  
The breath of peace we drew  
With its soft music in the trees,  
The calm that round us grew,  
There seen from the remotest seat  
Of the wide mountain waste  
To the soft flowers beneath our feet,  
A music crept from the daisy,  
A spirit interlaced around,  
A thrilling sleep lay  
To momentary peace it bound  
On nature's harp the strain  
And still I felt the centre of  
The single star that shone,  
Was one fair form, that filled with love  
The ether atmosphere.

We pined beside the pebbles that lie  
Under the forest-logs,  
Each covered as 'twere a little sky,  
Gilded in a world below;  
A glimmer of purple light,  
Which in the dark earth lay  
More luminous than the depths of night,  
And purer than the days,  
In which the lovely sunset grew,  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue,  
Than any spreading flower.  
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,  
And through the dark green wood,  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Out of a speckled cloud.  
Sweet views, which in our world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were mingled by the waters to  
Of that farthest green  
And all was interlaced beneath  
With an Elysian glow,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A softer day below,  
Like one we loved, the scene had lent  
To the dark water's breast  
Its every leaf and lineament,  
With more than truth expressed,  
Until an evening wind crept by,  
Like an unwelcome thought,  
Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
Blots one dear image out.

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE SURRENDER OF BURGUYNE.

From the Utica Observer.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

We recently had the pleasure of perusing a letter written by the venerable Samuel Cody, of Vernon Centre, in this County, now in his ninety-third year, in which he describes many of the incidents connected with the surrender of Burgoyne, on the 17th of October, 1777, of which he was an eye-witness. The writing is even and regular—"plain as print"—and the lines so compact that sixty-two are written upon a page of common letter paper. Congress had ordered the deficiencies in the Continental regiments, to be made up by drafts, "but," says the venerable patriot:

"My father said he would take the place of one and I should that of another. This was in the spring of 1777 and our term of service was to expire on the 10th of January, 1778. We were placed in Captain Keep's Company, Col. Shepherd's Regiment and Gen. Glover's Brigade. We marched to Claverack, on the Hudson, where we endured the greatest sufferings from disease, want of provisions, clothing, &c. We soon learned that Gen. Schuyler was retreating before the British. We were ordered northward and joined Gen. Schuyler near Saratoga. The Indians picked off our sentries at night, and great dissatisfaction existed until General Gates took command, when new spirits were instilled into our soldiers, our rations became ample and good, with a gill of New-England rum each man per day. Gates says:—"My boys, we will now go back and meet them—no more retreating."—"Amen," said every heart. We recrossed the spruce (stream) and met the British near Stillwater—told them by our fortification they could come no further. Here they were strongly fortified, but must have known they were in a bad situation. I suppose they thought of Bennington, and that the Green Mountain boys would be at their backs. Soon they chose to risk a battle, and

attacked the right wing of our army. This was a bloody half day until dark at night, and our forces lay on the ground ready for the event of the morning. The British returned to their quarters, rested awhile, and then attacked again on the same ground. Here, as in the former engagement, Arnold had command of the fighting forces. He did not lack skill or courage in this battle, and would give the *dieu à la mort*. The enemy fell back, and we took some prisoners and several pieces of artillery. We lay upon our arms that night, and were so near the British that we could hear the Hessians relieve their guards. A great noise was kept up in their camp all night. At daylight we marched for their camp, but when we got where they were, they were not there, except wounded, sick and doctors to attend them, where they were quartered in large tents. We pursued the main body, passing dead horses, the wreck of wagons and other things burned on their retreat, and came up with them at Saratoga Creek, where they had planted their artillery. They complimented us with balls and shells for perhaps two hours, without benefit to themselves or detriment to us, except to one poor fellow, who was killed. We were under a steep hill, and I saw the balls and shells pass over us, but we lay as easy and quiet as chickens under a hen's wings. We fortified a hill on the opposite side of the creek, nearly as high as that occupied by the British, and frequently went to drive parties from the creek, where they came for water, as it was scarce in their camp.

As we were about to open our fire, a flag of truce arrived, attended by six very tall, richly dressed men, with very tall caps, the tops of which were, I judged, seven feet high. An armistice of three days, with a view to surrender, was asked. Six of the tallest men in our army, with the best clothes we could procure, and with caps so high we had to look twice to see their tops, were selected to meet the flag. Terms of surrender were finally concluded. Our brigade was ordered to march down the hill and parade on the road leading South, with all the music of the brigade in the centre, playing 'Yankee Doodle.' We were but just paraded when the British General, officers and staff, met close by where I stood in the ranks, and so near that I could hear all that was said. An American officer said: "Gen. Burgoyne—Gen. Gates." Your servant, sir. "Your servant, sir," passed around. Gen. Burgoyne said, "Through the misfortune of war, Gen. Gates, I am your prisoner." "It is not through any misconduct of yours, Gen. Burgoyne," replied Gates. Then came the British troops in columns, as richly dressed, clean and sizable men as ever I saw. I saw not a smile on the face of Americans or British. Next came the Hessians—and how shall I describe the most miserable, filthy, ill-looking beings I ever saw in human form. But the bug end was the women, I suppose. Many of them led horses, upon the backs of which were thrown large oblong bags loaded up at the ends. These bags contained provisions, blankets, clothing utensils, &c., and in many cases were the heads of children sticking up above the horses' backs, through holes in the bags. Our orders were to maintain a respectable silence, but this last was too much! One ventured a suppressed laugh—his neighbor took the disease in a more violent form, until in a few moments the whole American lines were convulsed with the most uproarious laughter, and all at the expense of the poor Hessians, their women, children and equipage.

"As soon as they had all passed, we marched south a few miles and halted for the night, but by sunrise the next morning we were on our way to Albany, and marching all day and night, the next morning found us upon the east of the river opposite Albany, where the bare ground was an easy bed for a short time. The reason of this forced march was that the enemy were ascending the river to join Burgoyne, but hearing of his defeat, they returned to New York. In a few days we went down the river several miles in sloops—landed on the west side—crossed the Jerseys—joined Washington in Pennsylvania, (the British being in possession of Philadelphia,) and arrived at Valley Forge in the latter part of December, 1777. Sometime previously we hid our tents, cooking utensils, &c., and as we did not draw bread, we kneaded our flour in a knapsack kept clean for the purpose, and baked it by the fire in hot embers, if we had any. One of my mess had a small copper tea kettle, which I suppose he stole. We made bush hats, and afterward those of logs. After sleeping during the night on the ground, I have awaked in the morning and found myself covered with snow, but I did not suffer much from cold.

"My term of enlistment soon expired, and I was discharged 300 miles from home, without money, as Government had none to pay us. Washington sent an officer to draw rations from the country stores on the route. After a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the North River, in twelve days we arrived at our homes in Connecticut."

Mrs. Partington says, it is a great mercy the President has a *cushy* in his cabinet: he must want to set down prey often, poor man. But what on earth did he do with old Loss Dobbin? Did he ride him to the Texico wars, like General Taylor did old Wiley. I wouldn't a gone to North Carolina to go a boss any how, for they do have some of the fiercest looking beasts that ever you seed. And that *Conel*, too—what does he do with him? Is the poor, dear general a goin' to fight the Arabs? Or did he get the camel and old Dobbin after the t'other loss broke down, the tip he fit the Texicans. My husband had an d boss Dobbin—I do wonder now if that thar's the same one! And they do say he keeps all them animals in a cabinet! *Marcy* on us, whif quar cabinet that must be!—*Piedmont W.*

### The Autumn and its Lessons.

All that is earthly must fade. This annual lesson, taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence which pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation as each returning Autumn assumes her reign. Another Autumn is upon us now. The tassels of the corn are dead and the husks of the standing have lost their green. Flower stalks that but a few short weeks since stood green and growing, bearing proudly up their wealth and floral beauty, now stand stark and dead. The first intimation of approaching dissolution rests upon all vegetation, yet amid these scenes, the fruits of autumn are spread upon every side. Apples bend from the bow, nuts wait on the trees for the losing fingers of the frost, wagons go creaking home with homely roots, the granaries are already filled, and soon housed and garnered, the product of the year will await the grateful use of man and animal.

All that is earthly must fade. We all do fade as the leaf. Men has his Spring, his Summer, his Autumn, and his Winter. Some leaves wait not for the frost and fall early, but we who grow crisp and dry with age, and we who grow golden and glorious in the frosts of time, must all alike follow them to the earth. There are worn, olden fruits and blasted corn ears in the fields of humanity, as in the fields of vegetation. The good ones only can find a place in the storehouse of the great husbandman. The lesson of the autumn bears upon and illustrates the whole subject of the close of human life.

The year is but a hollow vase without fruit as the great result. A human life, in its Autumn, in which he has seen no fruit, betrays a perversion of soul that might make an angel weep, as the angels look down upon the world, may they find graces which bush like apples among the leaves, characters well fitted out and clean from all impurity, true wisdom, filling all the storehouses, and seeds of an immortal life perfected, and ready to be unfolded.

Those everlasting glades  
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wanders.

### The Talk of Authors.

Hazlitt's remark that authors were seldom gifted with conversational powers, seem to be abundantly verified by fact. He says:—"Authors ought to be reared, and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comely and force at a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion; some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow men. They had golden ingots, which in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; LaFontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview: "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, whilst it sparkles, dies for Charles II, the witliest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. He witty friend found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written a clever book.—*Said for the Solitary.*

**CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.**—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to cry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of the called tub-women. The brewer observing a girl looking girl in this low occupation, took her in his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hide was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hide, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage, there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James the II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

**PRECOCCITY.**—The Tyler, Texas, Telegraph, of the 10th, says: "A good deal has been said of late about the precocity of American youth, but all that we have seen of them is completely outstripped by a Mexican boy of San Antonio. He attempted to give in his vote at the late election, but from his youthful appearance his vote was challenged, and it was proven on oath that he was but thirteen years of age. The Ledger says that he has a wife, and a child one year old, and for the sake of gratifying curiosity, the editor of that paper was led to consult a physician on the subject, and was assured that this boy could not have been exceeding 11 years at the time of his marriage."

A Yankee has invented a machine which will churn, pound clothes, and pump water, and when complete will milk the cow, get tea and whip the children. Wives will be abolished altogether, after this!

### Gross Insult to Our Flag!

The last intelligence from Peru records a serious disturbance that occurred at the Chinch Islands, between a large number of masters of American vessels and the Commandante of the Island. It appears that two seamen, belonging to the American ship *Defiance*, were arrested by the police and confined on board the guard ship for shooting a pelican. The captain of the *Defiance* upon learning the fact, repaired to the guardship and asked the lieutenant in command what was the fine imposed, and was informed it was a dollar. This amount he refused, and requested the release of the men. The commandante refused to release them.

The American captains then held a public meeting, remonstrating against such arbitrary proceedings, and appointed a deputation of twenty-five of their number to wait upon the commandante and inform him of their proceedings. Upon their arrival on board the guardship, the commandante treated them with the greatest rudeness, and ordered the troops on deck, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and then presumptuously ordered the captains comprising the deputation to obey, but whilst in the act of getting into their boats, the guards rushed upon them with their bayonets, and several of them were seriously injured. The captain of the *Defiance* was supposed to be mortally wounded.

The outrage has been represented to the United States Government at Washington by the Minister residing at Lima. Mr. Quincey (Adam & Co's messenger from Australia) is the bearer of the Minister's dispatch.

In speaking of the difficulty with the crew of the *Defiance*, at Chinchcha, the *Aspinwall Courier*, of the 23rd ult., says:—"Sometime after the first difficulty, the *Defiance*, when going to sea, gave a salute to the other American vessels, was fined therefor, and paid the fine to the officer who boarded her, telling the latter, however, that he might collect for another salute in a few moments. The Peruvian mandate was enraged at the discharge of the second gun, went on board the *Defiance* with three armed boats' crews, and after a severe encounter, seized the captain, bound him and threw him into their boats, severely injuring him. A Peruvian officer and crew then took the *Defiance* to Callao, the captain being retained in confinement. Mr. Clay, United States Minister to Lima, for which charged the *Br P S Naval Co's* steamer *Bolivia*, and went to the *Chimchar* to investigate. He has sent dispatches to the home government respecting the matter."

### What Mrs. Smith Said.

"Saint Agatha! not been out of the city this summer?"  
"No, Jones said he couldn't afford it."  
"My dear, innocent Abigail. Mr. Jones smokes his forty-nine cigars a day, as usual, don't he?"  
"Yes."

"Well, he plays billiards, and takes his sherry and brandy, and all that sort of thing down town, don't he?"  
"I suppose so."

"Well put that and that together? Just so Smith told me—couldn't afford it! I didn't dispute the point. It was too much trouble. I just smiled sweetly at him, as if I didn't know it was a humbug, but I very quietly went to my box, and de-patched a note to that jewel of a doctor, — that I should be taken violently ill about the time Smith came home to dinner, and shouldn't probably recover till after a trip to Saratoga or Niagara, or some of those quiet places. Well, he is as keen as a briar, and when Smith came home and told him, he found me in a state of *paroxysmal exhaustion*, in the hands of my maid Libby. She felt my pulse, looked wise and oracular, and said, 'she must have a change of air.' Of course I objected; declared I never could be moved; was quite entirely run down, &c. Doctor said he wouldn't answer for the consequences, and finally, to oblige Mr. Smith, I gave in. Understand? Nothing like a little diplomacy. Always use the check rein, my dear if you want to start Jones off in any direction.—Men are a little contrary, that's all. They'd be perfect treasures, every other's son of them, if it was not for that.—*Fanny Fern.*"

**GEN. ARABIC.**—In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after a rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days, it thickens in the furrow down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval and round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg; of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest last six weeks.

The gum is picked in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. Gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man twenty-four hours.

The new postage envelopes do not appear to meet with favor in Texas, if we judge by the following notice of them, which we find in the *Colorado Tribune*:—"They take the rag off the bush. We've seen 'em, bought three cents worth of 'em and got cheated; and we can say we don't think much of the artistic skill of Mr. Nesbitt. The paper is A. No. 1 poor, and ranges from muddy white to several other colors not prismatic, and the stamp is an impression from a piece of wood engraved with an oyster knife. That's our impression."

### Bread and Butter.

Bread and butter is a theme, however homely, on which a volume might be written. Although the appetite may tire of other things, on this substantial ground it makes a stand. It must be trained to the liking of a far-fetched cookery, while the taste acquired at so much pains departs suddenly. Civilized men enjoy one kind of food, and cannibals another. Some are very simple in their habits, and like of Cyrus, at the courtly table to his grandfather, wonder at the multitude of dishes. But no man, Christian or heathen, can quarrel with his bread and butter. It is acceptable the year round, and the taste, universal, and never fails. You cannot eat it to a surfeit or ever return to it with disgust. If it is a bad quality, that does not destroy your affection. You blame the baker, but stick to the bread. Good bread and butter in the summer time are peculiarly delicious, the very staff of life. When the flour is the finest wheat, the yeast of a buoyant nature, and the loaf, with its crust properly baked, has whiteness of snow and lightness of a sponge; when the butter has the flavor of fresh grass and the color of new-minted gold, eat to your heart's content, and desire nothing else. When you have come in at the noon-tide hour, wearied with your expedition to the mountain-top, your walk in the woods, your sail on the lake, or your boating on the meadows; when you have labored faithfully in the garden, rooting out the weeds from the cucumbers, green peas, sweet corn and cauliflower which are to grace your table, contracting a sharp appetite from the smell of the mould, when you have returned with woodcock from the swamp, or have been "a fishing," and then the golden butter and fresh bread are set before you, garnished, perhaps, with a well-dressed lettuce, or a few short-top scarlet radishes, each crackling and brittle as glass well may you disdain the aid of cooks—for is a feast which an anchorite might not refuse, and which an epicure might envy.—*Knickbocker.*

The following dialogue once occurred in an editor's sanctum in England. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin, and ghostly gentleman was announced. With an asthmatic voice, but in a tone of civility; (for otherwise the editor would have transfixed him with a fiery paragraph.) the stranger said:—"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information."

"Impossible, sir; but tell me to what you allude."

"You said that Mr. M. had been tried."

"Condemned."

"Very true."

"Hang."

"Most true."

"Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself."

"Impossible."

"I assure you it is a fact: and now I hope you will contradict what you have alleged."

"By no means, sir."

"How? what do you mean? You are deranged."

"I may be, sir; but I will not do it."

"I will complain to a magistrate."

"As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you is to announce that the rope broke and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir; I never deceive."

**BROKEN BANKS.—ASKED.**—Who, that has had a dollar or two at home in bills, and has heard of a broken bank, has not felt anxious until he has ascertained that the little heard is not lost by the failure of the institution? We heard a good story of a fellow who related his experience in the matter when the Nahant Bank failed.

"As soon as I heard of it," says he, "my heart jumped right up into my mouth. Now, think I, 'I suppose I've got my bills on that 'ere bank? I'm a gainer, that's a fact. So you see I on coat and put for home as fast as my legs would carry me—run all the way. So when I got there I looked and found I had got my bills on that bank—*not my other!*' He felt somewhat easier upon the discovery."

**INSTINCT.**—There is at Saratoga Springs, a fine Newfoundland dog, that for the last year and a half has watched the approach and departure of the railway cars from that place.—The animal was accidentally left at Saratoga about eighteen months ago, and since that time not a train has departed nor one arrived, but this devoted dog is at the depot, anxiously and faithfully watching for his master. For eighteen long months he has not failed to be on the ground. He examines every stranger minutely, but makes acquaintance with no one. Nobody knows where he cats, sleeps, or anything further about him than that he has not found his master yet.

Parson Green is in the habit, sometimes, of drawing upon a barrel of sermons, bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister. Upon one occasion he got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State Prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation was becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the Governor, every one of them told *have been hung a long time ago.*"

**SHE HAD HIM THERE.**—In his lecture lately, at Boston, Dr. Boynton related, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts its shell, when it has outgrown it, said:—"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them *aside* don't you?"

"O, no," replied the little one, "we let out the *tags!*"  
The Doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

### How a Coat was Identified.

In a Justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in a novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish and full of grit, "ready to spend all they had rather than to give up beat." The affair had been carefully examined, and the court was in a "quandary," not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair. Said Patrick:—"Timothy Maguire, now you say that coat belongs to yourself entirely. I say it is my own. Now mind ye, Timothy, that both of us will take the coat an' look it all over, an' the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy.  
"An' ye'll stick to the bargain?" said Patrick.  
"To be sure," answered Timothy, and "ye" rejoined looked on both sides.

"Thin look at it," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it to Patrick, boastingly saying, "an' now let us see if you can be findin' the likes of your own name on the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the 'greement,'" said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.  
"Upon the honor of a man," replied Timothy.

"Thin hold on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them in his hand—

"There do you see that?"  
"Yes, but what iv that," said Timothy.  
"A devil a dale it has to do wid it—it's me name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Powers, be Jabers!"

He got the coat, he did.—*Boston Bee.*

**DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.**—Mr. — resides in Henry street. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.

"Is Madam within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied:—"And suppose she is, what do you want with her?"

"I'm dying for her, sare."  
"You dying for my wife—get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic in the street, as the lady made her appearance, and set the matter to rights.

A stroke of wit, accompanied by a delicacy of insult, was played off by a lady, who was engaged shortly to be married. The intended bridegroom, perceiving her talking for a considerable time, and with much apparent pleasure, to another gentleman, said to her—

"I will be revenged of your fidelity, and show the letters which you have written to me."  
"Do," said the lady, "I have nothing to blush for, except the *DIRECTION.*"

"I have brought you this bill until I am sick and tired of it," said a collector to a debtor, upon whom he had called at least forty times.

"You are, eh?" coolly replied the debtor. "Yes, I am!" was the response.

"Well then, you had better not present it again. There will be two of us pleased if you do not: for to tell the truth, I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself!"

Lord Byron's first rhyme was written in his tenth year (1798) on an old woman who had offended him, and who believed the souls of the dead inhabited the moon:

In Nottingham town, very near to Swine green,  
Lived as cross an old woman as ever was seen;  
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,  
She firmly believes she will go to the Moon.

"Julius, why didn't you oblige your stay at the Springs?"  
"Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much."  
"How so, Julius?"  
"W-y, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealin' de spoons."

A country clergyman, being opposed to the use of the bass-viol in church services, was overhauled by the congregation. The first Sunday after it was brought into use, he announced the psalm as follows:—"To praise God, we will now fiddle and sing the 46th psalm, second part, short note!"

"Did you ever see a forte?" asked a city gent of a lady from the country, at one of Maretz's Operas. "See forte!" she said, with an indescribable air, "I ain't thirty-five yet."

It is estimated that not less than four millions of dollars have been spent by Southerners this summer in sight-seeing and dissipation at the North.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks thro' the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

It was a maxim of Gen. Jackson's—"Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."

Keep him at least three paces distant from you, who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

Young folks tell what they do; old ones what they have done; and fools, what they will do.