

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1853.

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TERMS:
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Select Poetry.

From the Waverly Magazine.
WINTER.

BY WILIAM EARLE BINDER.

Come! the winter,
With ice and snow—
Hark! to the hoarse winds
How they blow.
Hug thyself closer,
The dreary time's here,
The gloomiest season
Of all the whole year.

Come! the winter,
The summer has fled—
And the trees that were green
Their foliage have shed.
The flowers once so blooming
No longer could stay—
For the frost-king hath bidden
Them all pass away.

Come! the winter,
To rich and to poor—
Hoarding not how they
His presence endure.
Hark to his whistle!
So fierce and shrill—
Come! the ice-kings
With a good will.

Come! the winter,
The rich he lend not—
O'erflowing with plenty
Is their earthly lot.
All they wish for
They have it at command—
So they of his coming
In fear do not stand.

Come! the winter,
Alas! for the poor;
For they can but feebly
His cold reign endure.
Would that the spring-time
For them were eternal—
And the green trees, for their sakes,
Forever were vernal.

Come! the winter,
Oh, ye rich lend an ear—
Remember the poor—
In this cold time of year.
The wind is it whistles
But echoes the cry
Of the poor and the wretched,
Who languishing die.

Come! the winter,
Some laugh and some cry;
The rich are contented—
The poor can but sigh.
Fierce the wind whistles
From morn until night,
Bringing sorrow to some
To some but delight.

Tales and Sketches.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

BY ROWEN F. ROBERTS.

In the north of Europe, as well as in the northern parts of America and Asia, vast numbers of wolves abound. The great forests and the mountain districts of these countries afford them shelter, so that their extermination is next to an impossibility; and as they are creatures of prey, and hunt it down in vast numbers, the ravages they commit are sometimes as extensive as they are tragic and horrible.

When the snows descend and harden upon the plains, the wolves, pressed by hunger, prowling about, and as the people are necessitated, despite all perils of the way, to traverse extensive districts on sledges, these animals, spurred on by an insatiable hunger and eager scent, hover about the sledges, its occupants, and the flying steeds, to whom at that time their voracious jaws are directed. The horses outstrip them, or the untiring perseverance of the rabid animals prove too much for the noble brutes.

At the house of a wealthy farmer situated on the borders of a Swabian forest, a great festival had been held, which for various reasons was continued for several days, and which brought visitors from several distant parts, so that while the halls were thronged with guests, the court yards were filled with gay and well secured sledges, and the vast stables with horses, two being generally attached to each other.

The snow hardened on the ground, not to a solid consistency, but sufficiently so as to afford the peculiarly shod animals good footing, and quite enough to favor the rapidly gliding motion of the sledges, and after the festival had come towards its termination, the guests one after the other began to depart, and the sledges, laden with their occupants, hourly quitted the hospitable walls.—The merry jingle of the bells on the trappings of the horse gave a cheerfulness to the animated scene, and the free bracing air communicated to them a lightness and elasticity, which was denoted by their impatient pawing, and by the leaping gladness with which they plunged into the apparently boundless plain, while the severity of the cold was mitigated to the wayfarers by mantles of warm furs in which they encased themselves up to the very chins.

Among the number was the wife and two children of a proprietor who dwelt some fifty miles across an expanse of the undulating plain, that knew all white and gleaming with snow, that had

fallen. To the left, stretched like a white fringe, noble pines of the great forest, and within some distance of which, the level track of the sledge drove ran. This was indicated, if the outline of the ground was lost, by tall pieces of sticks at regular distances, in the form of mile stones, so that there was, at least, no fear of mistaking the way.

The lady was a woman of courage and self-possession, and had often traveled out in her husband's sledge; and though occasionally she had seen wolves hovering in the distance, no serious danger had as yet been encountered. She had, therefore, no fear, though apprehensions were entertained, that after a season of unusual severity the wolves would pour out of the forest in great force, and rendered untamably ferocious by the hunger gnawing their vitals.

Farewells, cordial and grateful, were uttered; messages of friendliness passed; the horses led out; and with a word, the sledge darted off into the white plain—the young children crouching snugly in the bottom of the sledge, on each side of their mother, with a sense of comfort and security that made her smile with pleasure. The hood was drawn over the tough ash poles to keep the falling snow away, should a storm happen, which the heavy blue of the distant horizon before them seemed not unlikely. Away went the noble steeds, away, sped the light compact carriage with a speed like that of the wind, and which seemed likely, with a few brief hours, to place them in safety and comfort within the walls of their own comfortable habitation.

With an occasional cry of encouragement the mother urged, almost necessarily, the horses to increase their speed, and she had forgotten, in the rapidity with which they were traveling, that there were such things as wolves in the country; when suddenly a long, low howling, rising upon the air, and increasing intonation, struck a chill like that of death to her heart, and framed the affrighted mother the wolves were out.

Horrible demon beasts, murderous and obscene! there is no creature in this wonderful universe that seems so much to have merited the abhorrence of man as the wolf; and still it would be arraigning the wondrous system of the creation if its use, in some sense or other, were ignored.—The sense of self-preservation, however, that places man in arms against that which is inimical to his safety, appears justified in waging war with it, and therefore every means that can be taken to subdue, and even to exterminate these frightful monsters, is sanctioned in its very purpose.

The horses too had heard this fearful cry, and their unerring instincts told them that a foe to be feared was on their track. With smoking nostrils, erect ears, and distended eyes, they dashed along with the speed of the whirlwind; and still the long melancholy howl gradually rose behind them; while the pale mother commended herself and her children to God, and prayed for succor, which only seemed to depend on the speed and wind of the brave animals.

The forest was pouring out its four-footed assassins. The flock thickened. They rushed panting on along the snow, and the black dots increased into masses. They beheld the prey that they must run down, and their red throats already thirsted for blood. The howling increased—the rushing speed with which they advanced became more quickened, and like a living torrent they swept over the plain. The bleak wind sang a low moaning song, as if it were the dirge of the human victims, while the horses strained every nerve and madly—madly on from the reach of their hirsute enemies they sought to fly.

"Oh! sweet mother of heaven protect us," murmured the mother, hoping against hope, and still urging the steeds on, when—crack!—one horse stumbled—a trace snapped—a pole broke; and while a score of infuriated wolves fastened like leeches on the poor horse, the other had at the imminent risk of overturning the sledge, thereby dooming its freight to certain death, detached himself and swept madly on.

For a short space there was a lull. The animals were gorging of their prey. With ravenous throats they tore the flesh from the bones, drank the blood, devoured the very heart of the beast; and those who still hungered and thirsted, not being able to obtain their desired food, or break the living ring around the poor brute, gathered up their energies for a fresh pursuit, and indomitably advanced upon the sledge, which now, alas! sensibly slackened in its tremendous pace.

In the struggle of the horse to free itself from its companion, the cape of the sledge was torn down, and the eyes of the mother were almost blinded by the awful sight. Scores of wolves, with lolling tongues, blazing eyes, and erect hair, were pouring on after them, and the children, who had slept till now, woke up, and perceiving their danger, increased the mother's alarm and apprehension by their cries.

God alone could save them from death now!

The heart of the mother sank. A deadly sickness came upon her as the cry of the filthy animals rose now into an almost exciting howl.—Their instinct told them that the horse must ere long give in, and the foremost, large, strong creatures, pressed on with redoubled eagerness. She saw the demon faces of the brutes behind; she almost felt their hot breathing on her cheeks—she heard their fierce and unrelenting panting, and still she encouraged the noble horse, though every moment lessening the distance between the pursuers and the pursued.

The hirsute monsters were close upon a sledge. At times their hideous heads would appear before her with their glaring, devouring eyes fixed upon her and her children, and once or twice, some bolder than the rest had made a bound over the edge, but the speed of the sledge struck them down, and they sped on, or so lamed them, that they fell yelping on the snow, and the next moment were devoured by their companions.

Still the horse sped on, though the poor animal

seemed to know that his strength was beginning to fail him. Still the hideous howling was heard, and still did the horrible heads appear before the half maddened mother's glance. At last, the boldest, fiercest, ran with ease almost abreast the sledge for a long distance, occasionally turning their ravenous eyes on their expected victims, or with a cool business-like manner, quickening their speed as the horse at times quickened his. One of the wolves seemed to have found it an easy task to keep up with them. Every now and then he appeared to measure his distance, as if to spring in among them, and only deferred it as if to what his appetite still more, and to take it easy when the horse was finally tired out.

Merciful God! the horse stumbles.

No, he is up again, and the wolf that had so securely counted on his meal lies on the snow with his neck broken, and the teeth of the pack rending him to pieces. A little more—only a little longer, good horse, and they are approaching habitations.

The horse droops—his body sways from side to side—his head nods—his strength is evidently going—his speed slackening. The brave horse has held out as long as he could. He stumbles a second time, and the infernal yell of the wolves arose like the cry of triumph from the fields behind the mother, who clasps her children to her breast, and having kissed them, meditates a leap out of the sledge in order to give them a single chance more, for her devotion is equal to the awful sacrifice.

The horse is down; the pack are surrounding the sledge. Already the two monsters, one on each side, prepare to leap on the children, when crack! crack! a couple of rifle balls knocked the brutes over, and there is rage and terror struck through the whole body of the pursuers.

Thanks to heaven! Mother and children are saved, but the noble horse has broken his heart in terror.

For the husband, who had anticipated his wife's arrival on this particular day, (punctuality is ever an advantage,) had set off to meet his family, accompanied by some of his servants, and all armed with their deadly rifles.

They are all saved, and who is there that cannot imagine for himself the thanksgiving and rejoicing in the proprietor's home that night, as clasping wife and children to his bosom, his grateful prayers are murmured from his overcharged heart.

An Extract from a Letter written by Dr. Franklin, on the Death of his Brother, John Franklin, to Miss Hubbard.

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But, it is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life.—This is rather an embryo state—a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely since the pain goes with it, and he who quits the body, parts at once with all pains, and possibilities of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chair was ready first; and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him? Adieu.

B. FRANKLIN.

The American Union.
1607. Virginia first settled by the English.
1612. New York first settled by the Dutch.
1620. Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1623. New Hampshire settled by the Dutch.
1624. New Jersey first settled by the Dutch.
1627. Delaware settled by Swedes and Fins.
1634. Maryland settled by Catholics.
1635. Connecticut settled by Puritans.
1636. Rhode Island by Roger Williams.
1650. North Carolina settled by English.
1682. Pennsylvania settled by Wm. Penn.
1683. Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.
1729. S. Carolina separated from N. Carolina.
1791. Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792. Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796. Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802. Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811. Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816. Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817. Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818. Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819. Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820. Maine admitted into the Union.
1821. Missouri admitted into the Union.
1826. Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836. Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845. Florida admitted into the Union.
1845. Texas admitted into the Union.
1846. Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848. Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850. California admitted into the Union.

A negro in Petersburg, Va., took up and "toted" on his shoulder, a hoghead of tobacco, from the depot to the Centre Warehouse. It weighed 385 pounds.

Annual Presentation.
The presentation of a Thanksgiving Gift, by the compositors of the Boston Post, to the venerable ex-engineer of that establishment, has become, by the authority of years, an institution. Though many of the places filled by the participants in the original scene are now occupied by others, and each year sees new changes, the spirit of kindness has been handed down, and new comers and all join with the same interest in the ceremonial. This year the occasion was marked with unusual interest, for, since the last celebration, the recipient's name has become allied with the inventors of the land, and his new railway for getting paper up stairs had taken its place among the achievements of the genius of the nineteenth century. Hence the occasion was a tribute to the inventive genius as well as the social worth of the man. The venerable gentleman received the offering of his young friends with becoming modesty, and with that staidly of manner that has characterized his life, bearing off the honors of the season and the Thanksgiving fixings with great pleasantness. His speech was worthy of his palmist days, when the fire of youth's ardor marked his eloquence, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm. When he retired from the rostrum, every voice did him honor, and every step joined in the tributary procession that escorted him around the office. The following are substantially the speeches made on the occasion, reported for the Post.

PRESENTATION SPEECH.
Sir: It is a pleasant privilege that we yearly enjoy of laying aside our implements of employment for a few moments, and gathering about you, as devotees gather about some olden shrine, dark with dust and decay, laying our floury offerings at your feet. (Emotion.) It is refreshing thus to come from our various alleys, from the destructive exhalation of the types, to breathe the atmosphere of benevolence, &c., that pervades a scene like this. (Cheers.) We are glad to meet with you, sir, to once more exchange the civilities and courtesies of the season, and harken to the tones of that voice whose notes have become so familiar and pleasant to our ears as those of home thrilled from the throat of a teakettle, or melodiously poured through the breezy lungs of November by the mouth of the chimney. (Applause.) We need the counsel of that voice and the experience that it represents. The road we travel is a weary one. In the language of Dr. Watts—his name
"Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe,"
and when we can, at stopping places like the present, pick up a gem or two of oracular wisdom, we pouch it with all the avidity with which anurchin scrambles to procure an estray penny.—(Cheers.) Sir, we have at this time to congratulate you upon your recent invention—an invention that does so much towards saving labor—that is, your own. It would seem that the genius of years, directed to one grand object, had herein culminated, and Utility and Elegance had shaken hands together over an invention the like of which the world had never before seen. (Hear, hear.) By the aid of this, labor becomes a mere pastime. This railroad has no rival. No fluctuation in its shares is seen at the brokers' board; no accidents occur upon its track; no damages from collisions; no complaints of engineers and conductors; no bursting of boilers. (Cheers.)—And though it is to be regretted that it could not be made to run down hill both ways, for your own convenience, we trust that the genius which achieved the present road may likewise perfect the improvement suggested. (Applause.) Sir, believe me, as the exponent of the compositorial corps of the Boston Post, that they are gratified at the state of your preservation, that their benevolent intention that surrounds you is yet whole from the insidious teeth of Time's attack, and that extension of years seems to add, most remarkably, to the chances of your perpetuity. (Rapture.) May you long continue to wave, and cling to me with the tenacity of a coroner to a subject.—(Cheers.) I have nothing more to add but to make my presentation in behalf of the men. Sir, please accept this votive offering of their regard, accompanied with wishes as fragrant as the breezes of the south over whole acres of vegetables, or the aroma of Carter's coffee mills upon the still stir of morning, and many a hearty Thanksgiving dinner give your internals a grateful memory of your friends, the compositors of the Boston Post.

The Chairman of the Committee on the occasion then addressed the beneficiary as follows:
Sir: Shakspeare, a writer of some note in old times, has said—
"It is cruelty to load a falling man,"
therefore I will request you to mount yonder stool, not of repentance, but of exaltation—of triumph—and accept the homage of our eyes as we listen to the words that flow from your venerable lips. And as the same author has said
"Courage mounteth with occasion,"
I trust your courage will be sustained to any amount on the present occasion.

The beneficiary then took the chair amid great cheers.

HIS SPEECH.
(Cheers.) Gen'lmen—It does my heart good to come before ye. (Hear, hear.) Gen'lmen—I thank you for your kindness to me, which I don't deserve. [Yes, yes.] I have been showed [the reporter understood the orator to say "chowered," but he is assured that showed was the word] with many things like this.—[Pointing to the bag of flour. Delighted applause.] You have been good enough to speak of my railroad. [Rapturous sensation.] It is not yet completed, and when it is done, I will call you in. [A voice—"We'd rather you'd take us out."] Laughter. Gen'lmen—with respect to Capt. Ingraham, we have reason to be proud of him, whose brave act in Smyrna has done so much to cheapen raisins. [Tremendous cheer-

ing.] I would also congratulate Mr. Foster for the basket of apples. [Applause.] About the new constitution, I say it was a good thing.—[Cheers.] It was for the benefit of the poor man, and instead of taking nine shillings out of the poor man's pocket, it made the governor give him nine shillings out of his own. [Enthusiasm.] Gen'lmen—I thank you for the flour, buckwheat, &c., [aside] to say nothing of other articles, which I have tried. [Cheers and laughter.] Gen'lmen, with regard to the Maine law, I don't think much of it, and it ought to be repealed.—[Applause.] [The venerable orator adverted to foreign politics, and jumping from Water street to the Danube, said:] About this trench they are digging in Water street, I hope the Turks will dig just such a one to bury the Russians in. [Great sensation and cheers.] May they have just such a trench to surround 'em, to keep off the Russians. [Cries of "good."] Gen'lmen—I am glad to see you round this festered board.—I don't expect to see you round many more of 'em. [Silence.] [He indulged in a few complimentary remarks about Mrs. Partridge, and the old lady bowed her thanks, and took a large pinch of snuff in honor of the occasion. He complimented the Post in an eloquent panegyric, which modestly forbids our printing, and concluded as follows:] "Finally, gen'lmen, to conclude, I am rejoiced to think my white brethren, the compositors of White & Potter, were saved from being burnt the other night by the ropes of my railway [great sensation], by which they were hoisted down. [Clapping.] Gen'lmen, I have done, and a merry Thanksgiving to ye."—[Ecstasy.]

The orator here dismounted amid mighty cheers, and the various articles were deposited on the wheelbarrow, the orator decisively declining a ride thereon himself, though the honor was proffered him by the men.—Boston Post.

The Methodist Church Property.
It will no doubt be highly gratifying to the community at large, to learn that the protracted difficulty between the Methodist E. Church North and South, has at length been brought to a close. The decree, which was drawn up by Judge McLean, is said to afford entire satisfaction to all parties, and will be published at large in a few days.

As the case is now happily settled, says the N. Y. Com. Adv., we are permitted to give the following synopsis of the decree, being all that is necessary for general information.

The Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, retain all the property belonging to the Book Concern, including the depositories at Boston, Pittsburg and Charleston, South Carolina, with the papers at Auburn and Pittsburg, and pay to the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, their pro rata dividend, amounting to the sum of \$69,662 59
And for their interest in the property, the sum of 121,837 41

Whole amount to be paid to the South \$191,500 00

The South retain their newspaper presses, with about \$40,000 in old notes and book accounts, within the bounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Ugly vs. Ugly.
In the eastern part of Delaware county, in this State, there resided a man named B., now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest looking individual in the whole country, being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was a hunting and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by odds, than himself. He could give the "Squire" fifty and best him. Without saying a word, B. raised his gun and deliberately leveled it at the stranger. "For God's sake don't shoot," shouted the man in great alarm. "Stranger," replied B., "I swore ten year ago that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, "replied, "Wall, if I look worse than you do, shute, I don't want to live any longer!"

For Housekeepers.
TARTS.—Cut out the paste with a tumbler, then lay in sweetmeats, &c., and bake on tins.

EGG PUFFING.—One quart of milk, nine eggs, nine spoonful of flour, a little salt, put in a bag and boil in boiling water one hour and a half.—Use a liquid sauce or one made of butter, sugar and nutmeg mashed together.

CHEERY.—Scrape and wash it well, let it lie in cold water until just before used, dry it with a cloth, trim it, and split down the stalks almost to the bottom. Send it to the table in a celery glass, and eat with salt only; or chop it fine and make a salad dressing for it.

BREAD OMELET.—Put a handful of bread crumbs in a sauce pan, a little cream, salt, pepper and nutmeg. When the bread has absorbed all the cream, then break into it ten eggs, beat all together and fry like an omelet.

THE MIRACLE.—A priest in extreme poverty resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks of several eggs into a hollow cane, and stopped the end with butter—then walking into an ale-house, he begged to fry a single egg for his dinner. The smallness of the repast excited curiosity, and they gave him a morsel of lard. He stirred the lard with his cane, and, to the wonder of the surrounding peasants, produced a handsome omelet. This miracle established his fame—he made omelets, and grew rich by his ingenuity.

ESCAPE OF AN INSANE PERSON.—RICH CORRESPONDENCE.—An inmate of the Insane Hospital at Augusta, Maine, named Samuel M. Whipple, but who calls himself Edgar Maurice, made his escape a few days since, obtained a horse and wagon of Mr. Sawyer, of the Cushman House, on the representation that he wanted to pursue a crazy man who had just escaped from the hospital, (he being the very man,) and thus equipped left town.

The only clue to his whereabouts is derived from the following letter, since received from him by Dr. Harlow, superintendent of the Hospital, who had taken pains to securely lock him up the night previous to his escape. The letter is one of the coolest imaginable. Here it is, verbatim et literatim:
"Five o'clock. I am somewhat in a hurry, so you must excuse any informalities of address, &c. I find that swimming a river in November is no envious job. Thank you, dear doctor, for the remarkable care with which you had me secured last night. I was really afraid something might have happened to me if I had not been so snugly ensconced. If you happen to see or hear anything of that key, please inform me by return of mail. I got one this morning that answered as well. I am writing in a fellow's shop who is so d—d surly, and I am so chilled, that I must close. To all inquiring friends please quote the following admirable lines from Harper's Magazine:
"Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?"
"If you wish to know concerning my *negro*, I have not time to write the particulars, but can say with the warlike Richmond, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched without impediment."
"God bless you and yours, doctor, and farewell.

Among the number of gallant spirits from Indiana who volunteered during the war with Mexico, was a Captain B—. He was in General Scott's line, and was made quartermaster at a port in Mexico, where he was faithfully discharging his duty to himself, and preparing to come home richer, if not a better man. The intelligence that Clifford had arrived to open negotiations for peace, found him dismayed, in the midst of his lucrative operations, at the prospect of their speedy termination. He determined to see the commissioner, and did see him. "I hear," said he, "Mr. Clifford, that you are sent out to conclude a treaty of peace. I am a poor man, sir, and have a large family at home; but I'm a good democrat, sir; I'm as good a democrat, sir as any man; and my father was a democrat before me. Now, Mr. Clifford, I'm United States' distributor Agent here, and I'm making a power of money while this war lasts; just you hold on a spell, won't you?"
Isn't it barely possible that some such motive sometimes prolongs, if it does not assist to create "war of conquest?"

Epitaph on a Kitten.
Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten.
To mouder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of woe;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
That land where other cats go.

A CONDUCTOR'S JOKE.—A great improvement has been made on the Camden and Amboy Railroad line by *petticoating* all round the cars, which prevents the dust from rising and annoying the passengers. You may now travel in these cars in your best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. A Frenchman traveling in the other line by way of Brunswick, which is Uncle Sam's line asked the Conductor, "what for you no have ze petticoat on zis line?" "Can't sir," answered he: "This is a mail line!"

A Western farmer found a very fine hog dead in the field after a heavy thunder storm, but to his astonishment he could discover no signs of the "halt," nor any external signs to indicate where he had been struck. The animal was dead though, and this drew forth the following verdict from the owner, who said it must been the thunder it would have knocked him all to smash.

Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, and one Pilcher, were rival candidates for office, and were stumping each other. Pilcher was haranguing about "his father having been a poor man, his father having been a cooper," and more of that sort of thing. Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to Pilcher,) he made a mighty poor deal out of his whiskey barrels!

A good old deacon, whose exhortations and whose example for many years blessed one of the back towns of this State, will always be remembered for his many quaint expressions which he bequeathed to immortality. "My friends," once exhorted the good deacon, "be aware of idleness, in cultivating the garden of your hearts; else the weeds of sin, springing up, will choke the seas!"

A waggish apprentice one day after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day. "Why about six cents," said his master. "Why then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some coppers, "here's three cents—I'm off on a bander."