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.

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Select Poetry.

ODE TO ERIN.

When first the glitt'ring em'rald isle,
From midst the ocean's waters rose;
When Phœbus blest her with a smile,
And kiss'd her ev'ry breeze that blows.

Just then, descending from on high,
Were seen the minstrels of the sky,
With long angelic train;
And golden harps, whose glowing sound,
Diffusing extacy around,
Entranc'd the savage main.

They sang, of happy days to be,
When green-rob'd Erin, great and free,
Amidst the winds around her roar,
And 'midst the seas that beat her shore;
Should raise her sea-green standard high,
Wide streaming to th' exulting sky,
And looking round, from pole to pole,
Wherever mighty waters roll,
Inferior should not see.

Sweet was the strain, and sweetly sung;
And Erin's genius smiled to hear
Tho' inexperienced yet, and young,
The glories of her new empire.

As spring, her form was soft and fair;
And her maternal bosom bare,
Which glow'd with bliss divine,
Luxuriant as the summer's wane;
Or as the undulating main,
When autumn's suns decline.

Hail, mother of the Irish race,
Again the heavenly choir began;
O may thy days succeed in peace,
And happy be the Irishman.

And blest and happy shalt thou be,
So long as thou remainest free
From foreign yoke immense:
So long as union bind thy land,
And all thy foes shall understand,
That union is defence.

When discord once admittance gains,
On thy soft, green, enamel'd plains,
Where honied streamlets flow:
Freedom will fly her much lov'd shore,
And agonizing ocean roar,
With sympathy of wo.

Then, shall thy tears unceasing flow,
Thy children will contest;
And foreign hands, will many a blow
Imprint on thy fair breast.

These direful evils to avert,
The sire divine who gave thee birth,
* * * * *
Inspir'd, the num'rous streams of wo,
Which, from the fount of discord flow,
With glowing hand to paint.

St. Patrick, in such gentle strain,
Shall preach of peace and mutual love;
That men shall pass the foaming main,
And angels listen from above.

And this, his constant theme shall be,
Recurring as the ocean's wave:
United Erin must be free,
Or disunited must be a slave.

Miscellaneous.

Horrible Indian Cruelties.

We have already announced the escape and return of Mrs. Jane Wilson, of Texas, to Santa Fe, who had been taken captive by the Camanche Indians, and subjected to the most extraordinary cruelties. The affair has very justly excited the greatest indignation in New Mexico.

From Mrs. Wilson's narrative, it appears that she is but 17 years of age. About a year ago she was married to a young farmer in Texas, and in April they joined a party of fifty-two emigrants, bound for California. They were attacked by Indians and the party compelled to return to Texas; but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson remained at El Paso, where their horses being stolen, they were compelled also to give up the plan of going to California, and set out on their return to Texas in July. In August, Mr. Wilson and his father fell into the hands of Indians and were murdered.

Mrs. W. returned to El Paso, and again in September started for Texas, with her three brothers-in-law and a small party. When within three days journey of Phantom Hill, an American Military post, they were attacked by Camanches while some of their men were off in pursuit of some of their horses that had been stolen. A Mexican, who was with Mrs. Wilson, was brutally murdered and scalped before her eyes, and she and her two brothers-in-law, lads of 12 and 10 years, were seized, bound, and carried off, with the entire property of the party.

The Indians with their captives, proceeded in a Northwest direction, each being appropriated as the property of one or other of the chiefs. They were stripped of nearly all their clothing, and otherwise brutally treated. Mrs. Wilson, although expecting soon to become a mother, was subjected to every conceivable cruelty and indignity; beaten and bruised; exposed to fatigues of all kinds, her flesh lacerated by lariats and whips, or by the loads of wood she was obliged to carry on her bare back; compelled to do the work of men, or punished for her inability by being stoned, knocked down and trampled on; almost entirely deprived of food—and all this for twenty-five days. At this time, she was sent in advance in the morning as usual, when she determined to attempt an escape, which she succeeded in accomplishing by secreting herself in some bushes till the Indians had passed.

For twelve days she wandered through this Indian country, subsisting upon berries, when she fortunately fell in with some New Mexican traders, who furnished her with some men's clothing and a blanket. In consequence of their meeting with a Camanche, they had to leave her behind, and she narrowly escaped a second capture. But, by the subsequent aid of one of the traders, a Pueblo Indian, she was enabled, after hiding herself for eight days, to escape. At the expiration of this time she was rescued by the traders, furnished with a horse, and brought to the town of Pecos, New Mexico, where Major Carleton and others, of the army, took care of her and enabled her to proceed to Santa Fe.

This is but an outline of a terrible story, the counterpart of which, in all except the escape, are said to be frequent. A letter from Santa Fe says that the white captives among the Camanches are as numerous as the Indians themselves. The same letter mentions the escape of a young Mexican woman who returnes, after a year's terrible captivity, expecting to become a mother of an infant whose father is a wild Indian. The Camanches practice cruelty in its utmost refinement towards their captives. Children are trained to be more Savage than they are themselves, and women are subjected to outrages too horrible to be mentioned.

The *Santa Fe Gazette* says: "The two brothers of Mrs. Wilson are yet in captivity, and unless soon reclaimed, will imbibe a taste for the wild life of the Indian, and be forever lost.—There are many hundreds, and we may venture to say, thousand of captives among the Indians of New Mexico, principally women and children; the former are forced to become the slaves of the men, and the latter are trained for warriors."

When Gov. Merriweather came out, he was fortunate enough to rescue two Mexican girls from the Camanches—one sixteen and the other eighteen years of age. They had been captured from near Chihuahua, one three years and the other ten months before. They were sent to the Governor of that State, who acknowledged the conduct of the Governor of New Mexico in very handsome terms. They said there were a large number of Mexican women in captivity, and they saw one American woman, with a small child; that an Indian one day, when they were travelling on horseback, took the child from its mother, threw it up into the air, and as it came down caught it on his spear, and that others rode up at full gallop, took it on their spears, and so it passed around among the party.

Surely our Government will not permit such outrages to go unpunished, even if it be necessary to exterminate the whole tribe of these brutal savages.

A good story was once told of a connoisseur in the fine arts, who said to a friend.

"I wish you would come up to my house and see a picture I have just purchased. I wish you to give me your *candid* opinion of it. A friend of mine, who thinks he's a judge, had the impudence to tell me last night that it was not an original. I should like to hear *another* man say that it was not an original; I think I should almost be tempted to knock him down! But you come up and see it, and give me your *candid* and unbiased opinion of the picture!"

Here was "freedom of opinion" with a vengeance; and something like the "liberty of action" said to have been granted by Colonel McLane to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.—They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Colonel McLane parraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows:

"Fellow soldiers! you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it almost makes me cry to see you tracking your half-frozen bloody feet on the cold icy ground.—But Congross can't help it, nor can I. Now if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front—*but*" (he added) "the first man that steps out, if I don't *shoot him*, my name is not McLane!"

It is needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer for home" was to be found in the ranks.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A lady went into a grocery recently, and acked for some self-raising flour. The clerk for the moment was a green Irishman, who, opening a barrel, showed her some of the ordinary superfine.

"This is not what I want," said the lady, with some pique, "I want selfraising flour."

"Oh," said Pat, with promptness, "the mischief a bit will ye find fault with its not rising, the whole barrel went up this morning from nine to eleven dollars, and if that don't suit, you are hard to plase, intirely."

The lady disappeared in a huff.

"Flour has ris," and it is owing to the "yeastern question," of course.—*Sunday Courier.*

The Respective Laws of the Olden Time.

We were reading recently a history of Connecticut, from its first settlement under General Fenwick down to the revolution. The volume was originally published in London, in 1781, and reprinted at New Haven in 1829, and we found some curious enactments therein. Here are some of the laws:

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectman shall tax the offender at £300 estate."

"A debtor in prison, swearing he hath no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction."

"No one shall read the book of Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jews-harp."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on Saturday."

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to, and from meeting."

"No one to cross a river, but with an authorized feryman."

"No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic."

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to cap," &c.

We find the following account of a punishment inflicted for entertaining heretics, on one Deacon Potter, whom Cotton Mather says was verily guilty, and that he had a fair, legal and candid trial, and was convicted on good and scriptural evidence:

"Deacon Potter," says Mather, "was hanged for heresy and apostacy, which consisted in showing hospitality to strangers who came to his house in the night, among whom were Quakers, Anabaptists, and Adamites." His wife betrayed him for hiding the spies, and sending them away in peace. There was also a political offence, the remedy for which is worth knowing:

"No man shall hold office who is not sound in the faith, faithful to this dominion; and whosoever gives a vote to such a person, shall pay a fine of one pound; for a second offence he shall be disfranchised."

"The Rev, Geo. Whitfield, in one of his sermons, gives the people of Connecticut the following character:

"They are the wisest of any upon the continent, the best friends, and the worst enemies; they are hairbrained bigots on all sides, and may be compared to a horse and mule without bit and bridle."

Rather Difficult to Please.

I wish to give you a few items as to the reception our new preacher has met in our circuit, together with some hints as to the opinions formed respecting him. He reached here in good time after Conference, went to work immediately, and has continued at his post up to the present. I have taken some pains to inquire as to what the brethren think of him, and now beg leave to report "in part."

Brother A. thinks he does not read and study enough.

B. says he reads and studies too much, and has too little to say in the families where he stops.

C. is of the opinion that he does not seem sufficiently inclined to visit the different families of his charge.

D. is very free to give it as his opinion, that he is too much disposed to "go about," thereby neglecting the Scripture injunction, "Go not from house to house."

E. rather inclines to the opinion that he is haughty and reserved.

F. is satisfied that he is too light, and too much disposed to frivolous conversation.

G. shakes his head significantly, and thinks he is too particular about his dress, and rather dandy-like.

H.—who, by the way, has several "very nice" daughters, and is herself very particular—declares he is too careless about dress, and not sufficiently neat and tidy.

I. is too much inclined to think his sermons too long to be profitable.

J. is sure they are too short, for he scarcely gets sound asleep ere they are finished, (you need not tell this, however, as Brother J. does not like for people to know that he sleeps in church.)

K. believes that he tries to make a show of learning and uses too many big words.

L. avers that his language is too "common-placed," low, and almost vulgar.

M. hopes he will do pretty well, but thinks he does not exhibit quite enough interest in the "temperance reform."

N. is satisfied he will get along finely, provided he will let temperance alone, and preach the Gospel.

O. is wonderfully put out, because he speaks so low that he can scarcely keep awake during the sermon.

P. says he speaks entirely too loud—in fact he "hollers and bawls."

Q. modestly suggests, that if he expects to do any good this year, he must say nothing about money matters, but just go on "in the old-fashioned way," preaching and holding class-meetings.

R. thinks there is no hope for him, unless he will say very little about class-meetings, and not be strict in matters of discipline, as was the preacher we had last year.

S. inclines to the opinion that he is too much disposed to preach on controverted points such as baptism, and the like, and thereby disturbs the unity that exists among the different sects.

Perhaps I. ought to remark, that in the neighborhood where Brother S. lives, there is great unity among the different sects. They are all frozen together.

T. is very decided in the opinion that he does not preach enough on points of controversy.

U. has not quite made up his mind, but thinks, perhaps, may be, he will do tolerably well, except that he seems to seek for popularity more than a preacher should.

V., good soul, is perfectly outraged that the preacher should manifest so little regard for public opinion.

W. is "hurt" already, because he is too plain and pointed in his remarks. Such a course, he thinks "is only calculated to hurt people's feelings," without doing them any good.

X. is very well satisfied that he will do no good this year, because he is too much afraid of "hurting people's feelings."

Y. is very much pleased, only he is afraid the preacher, being a young man, will devote too much time to the company of young people, young ladies in particular.

Z. likes to see a preacher social and polite, and pay some attention to society; but inclines to think that our preacher will be too formal and distant.

&. is in a wonderful "potter" about him, he hardly knows what to think or say; sometimes he thinks he will do well, and get on admirably; then again he fears. He has witnessed so many failures after fair starts, that, on the whole, he is about to suspend his judgment for the present, give the preacher a fair trial, and report hereafter.

These are some of the opinions of some of the old people, so far as I can gather them. I confess they seem rather contradictory, but that is certainly not my fault; and as "fidelity and impartiality" are set down as necessary requisites in a historian, I thought best to report things as they really exist. Among our young folks there is as great a variety of opinion as there is among their seniors.

A Curious Story.

Any one who has been this winter to the Italian Opera, must have seen the lady (a beautiful brunette), and the gentleman (a young handsome aristocratic looking man, who is, alas! one-eyed, and also limps)—both English people—who furnish forth the hero and the heroine of the following story, which is current and generally believed in the orchestra, of that Opera House. They are coussins. This is their history: Arabella ——— is the daughter of a Rear Admiral of the Royal Navy. When she was 16 her father married her to one of his friends, a Captain, who was greatly older than herself. Shortly after their marriage, being ordered to the Mediteranean, he took his wife with him, and lodged her suitably in Malta. Her cousin William, who is also in the navy managed to come to Malta by another ship of the squadron. He was soon at home in the Captain's house, although the latter felt somewhat jealous, which he was too proud to show. As the ship lay some distance from the quay, the Captain returned home late almost every night.

One night the sea was so rough that the captain sent in word to his wife, Arabella, that he would stay on board his ship all night. What's rough for a captain is rough for a lieutenant—the lieutenant staid on shore—he said with his cousin. They were sitting closely together, and talking so a greeably the time passed away unperceived, when at one o'clock in the morning there was a knocking at the door; the wife recognised her husband's knock. They felt guilty—I know not why—and they scarcely knew what to do. In his fright, William ran into a closet and hid himself behind the clothes which hung there. When the husband came in, he found his wife very much embarrassed; he was furious with jealously; suspecting something was concealed in the open closet, he drew his sword and gave some twenty viorous thrusts in every part of it. They seemed to produce no effect. He explained the cause of his unexpected return—his ship had just been ordered to Greece, to enforce the claim of Don Pacifico, and he sailed that night.

As soon as his trunk was packed, he left the house, convinced that his suspicions were unfounded. As soon as he had gone, his wife ran to the closet—"William? She saw a livid hand try to push aside the clothes there, and then a body fell covered with blood. William had received four wounds, but conquered his pain to save his cousin. Those wounds occasioned his blindness and his limping. The Captain heard at last of them. He separated from his wife.—Her father having died shortly after her marriage, she lives in Paris with her cousin William. They have each of them a fortune; and with gold dust one might blind Argus himself in Paris.—*Paris cor. of the Boston Atlas.*

A blacksmith's little boy, some three years old, was often in the shop among the workmen, one of whom delighted in teasing him.—One day, he lingered long in the house near his mother; until, noticing his seriousness, she asked:

"What does my Lyman want? what is he waiting for?"

"Why, Ma, I want to know who made me?"

When his mother had explained that question, so puzzling to all 'little folk,' telling him that God made him, and the world, and all things, his smile returned, and he ran off to the shop as usual. As he came near the anvil, his tormentor exclaimed:

"Now, boy, I'll *cut your leg off!*"

His mother's lesson fresh on his mind, he did not shrink, this time, but shouted back again:

"I don't care! I can go to God's *shop, and get it mended!*"

Our Country.

In 1765, the corner stone of our present Capitol at Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Sixty years afterwards, viz: on the 4th of July, 1852, the corner stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods:

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our population was three millions, now it is twenty-three millions.

Then Boston had eighteen thousand people now it has one hundred and thirty-six thousand.

New York had thirty thousand, now it has five hundred thousand.

Then our imports were thirty-one millions, now they are one hundred and seventy-eight millions.

The area of our territory was then eight hundred thousand square miles, now it is three million, three hundred thousand.

Then we had no railroad, now we have four thousand miles of it.

Then we had two hundred post offices, now we have twenty one thousand.

Our revenue from postage was one hundred thousand dollars, now it is five millions, five hundred thousand.

These are only a few facts going to show the rapid growth of our country: and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear, and obey the God of our fathers: to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.

Bonaparte's Poverty in Early Life.

M. Thiers, in his history of the consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had, at one time, only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, time about. At this crisis, the chief benefactor of the future emperor and conqueror, "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Palma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterwaads so famed for its classical mould, was, during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre form brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and maglignant, that it took all the skill and assiduty of his accomplished physician Corvisart, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years.

The squalled beggar then, the splendid emperor afterwards—the thread-bare habiliments and emperial mantle—the meagre food and gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and prisoner. Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

A New Society.

Constitution of the "Ladies' Anti-lace-too-tight Society." Established for 1854.

ARTICLE I. The object of this Society shall be to prevent in ladies those distortions of nature, seen in the wasp, hornet and other insects quite out in two in the middle.

ART. II. No member of this society shall wear stays made of a stronger materials than hemp, whalebone and steel.

ART. III. No cord shall be used in lacing of more than an inch in diameter, nor shall the same be of tougher texture than well twisted cat-gut.

ART. IV. No stronger means shall be used in bringing the stays home than that of a windlass worked by a stout nigger, or the capstan of a schooner, with cook, scullion, and loblolyboy at the bars.

ART. V. No member of this society when she shall distinctly hear her ribs crack, shall tell the man at the wheel to give it another turn, but shall always belay at the point.

ART. VI No member of this society, whatever may be her shape, shall compress her waist within less than one-third of its natural dimensions.

ART. VII. No member of this Society, so laced by accident or otherwise, that her heart has been obliged to seek her throat for breath, shall complain of headache, giddiness, suffocation or apoplexy.

ART. VIII. Any member of this society who shall violate any of the foregoing articles, shall be expelled for life, and at her death shall be delivered over to surgeons, who may cut and carve at will, and report in their medical books any shocking phenomena they may discover, as a warning to all who may now refuse to join this Anti-lace-too-tight Society.

"In my days of boyhood," (writes 'N. L.,' of Cincinnati,) "I read, with great pleasure the first effort of Samuel Johnson, at rhyming. As near as my memory serves me it read as follows. He was said to have been ten years of age:

"Beneath this stone, here lies the toad
That Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had lived, t'would have been good luck,
For then there'd have been an odd one."

Slaving for Money.

We pity the man who wears out his energies in the accumulation of riches, which, when amassed, he will have lost the capacity to enjoy.—He finds himself at the end of his labors, a guest at his own feast, without an appetite for its dainties. The wine of life is wasted, and nothing remains but the lees. The warm sympathies of his heart have been choked by the inexorable spirit of avarice, and they cannot be resusciated. The fountain head of his enthusiasm is sealed; he looks at all things in nature and in art with the eye of calculation; hard-matter-of-fact is the only pabulum his mind can feed on; the elastic spring of impulse is broken; the poetry of existence is gone.

Are wealth and position an equivalent for these losses? Is not the millionaire, who has acquired wealth at such a cost, a miserable bankrupt?—In our opinion there is little to choose on the score of wisdom between the individual who recklessly squanders his money as he goes along, in folly and extravagance and the false economist who denies himself the wholesome enjoyments of life, in order to swell the treasure, which, in the hardening process of scraping up, he had become too mean to spend, and too selfish to give away.

The only rational way to live, is to mix labor with enjoyment—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. There is nothing like a streaky life—a pleasant mixture of exertion, thankfulness, love, jolity, and repose. The man who slaves for riches, makes a poor return to that God who took the trouble of making him for a better purpose.

LITTLE TOMMY.—Does not this simple story remind the reader of some other little Tommy who has sanctified a trifle by the magic of his touch and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the Charleston News:

"Whilst passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb stone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and whole appearance indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely we were struck with the heart broken expression of his countenance, and marks of recent tears on his cheeks So, yielding to as impulse which always leads us to sympathise with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter? He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all—well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy shop and buy another"—and we dropped a fourpence into his hand—"That will buy one, will it not?"

"Oh yes," replied he bursting into a pasoxysm of grief, "*but this was little Tommy's and he's* DEAD."

We gave him the last piece of silver we possessed, but had it been gold, we doubt if he would have noticed it more than he did the silver.—The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little unsophisticated heart."

The ensuing parody upon the old and popular song of "*Ben Bolt*," is not only very good as a parody, but it includes a lesson that may reach the heart of some young inebriate, whom more serious, sober counsels might fail to reach:

"Oh! don't you remember the *boys* Ben Bolt,
The boys with noses so red,
Who drank with delight whenever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?
In the old grave yard, in the edge of the town,
In corners obscure and lone,
They have gone to rest, and the gay young sprigs
Have dropped off one by one!

"Oh! don't you remember the *jug*, Ben Bolt,
And the spring at the foot of the hill,
Where oft we've lain in the summer hours,
And drank to our utmost fill?
The spring is filled with mud, Ben Bolt,
And the wild hogs root around,
And the good old jug, and its whiskey sweet,
Lies broken and spill'd on the ground.

"Oh! don't you remember the *tavern*, Ben Bolt,
And the bar-keeper, kind and true;
And the little nook at the *end* of the bar,
Where we swallow'd the rum he drew?
The tavern is burnt to the ground, Ben Bolt,
The bottles are crack'd and dry,
And of all 'the boys' who 'spree'd' it there,
There remain but you and I!"

In the time of 'Tip. and Ty.,' politics ran, like 'the measles,' or any other infectious disease, through 'whole families,' and all 'took sides,' from prattling two-year-olds, to octogenarian grandmothers. Charley, like his father, was a 'strong Whig;' and, although very fond of his grandfather, with whom they lived, resisted all inducements to agree with him in politics. He was particularly happy when allowed to sleep with the old people, and it was only granted as a special favor. One night, they heard him pattering into their bed-room, but said nothing, and he soon called out:

"Gran'pa! don't you hear little feet a-coming?"

"Go back! you're a Whig. We can't have any *Whigs* here," was the reply.

Charley stood a moment: the struggle was evidently a hard one, but the temptation was too strong; a circumstance known, perhaps, to many older than he, he gave up his principles to secure a personal end.

The next day, at dinner, his grandpa mentioned his 'conversion:'

"You was a 'Loco' last night, at any rate?"

"Oh, it was *dark*, then!" responded the child as ready with an excuse as any other politician.

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money or study law.

Annie O'Neill