

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, SEPTEMBER 7, 1854.

VOL. I. NO. 50.

## TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Thursday morning, in Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, in advance, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 1 square 3 months, 3 00 " " 6 " " 5 00 " " 1 year, 12 00 " " 1 year, 25 00 " " 1 year, 50 00 Business Cards with one copy of the DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, per year, 5 00

## Select Poetry.

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. B. BRAKE.

When freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard in the air,  
She tore the azure robes of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streaks of the morning light;  
Then, from her mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand,  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rears aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the trumpet trumping loud,  
And see the lightning lanes driven,  
When strike the warrior of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven,  
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free;  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke;  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on—  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the gleaming bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Reave in wild wreaths the battle cloud,  
In fiery salvos rise and fall,  
Like shafts of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
Then covering thee shall fall beneath  
Each gleaming arm that strikes below,  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the sea! on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round each belted sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's redoubt rack,  
Fledgling wanderer of the sea,  
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee;  
And smile to see thy splending fly,  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!  
By angel hands to Valor given!  
Thy stars have lit the world's dome,  
And all thy lines were hewn in Heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where in a trill the foe that fills before us,  
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er us,  
An' Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

## Miscellaneous.

### The Battles of the Nile and Trafalgar.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Bonaparte embarking at Toulon, an expeditionary force, on board the most formidable fleet that had navigated the Mediterranean since the Crusades, left the English ministers in doubt as to the object he had in view. Did he propose to pass the straits and attack Great Britain in one of her European islands, or in the Indies? Was it his intention to seize Constantinople, and from thence to dictate to Russia and to Austria, and to command the seas of Europe? Lord St. Vincent, the admiral in chief command of the naval forces of England on the coasts of France, Italy and Spain dared not abandon the blockade of Cadiz and the French ports; he therefore dispatched Nelson, as the bravest and most skillful of his lieutenants, to watch, pursue, and, if possible, destroy the French armament. Nelson, successively reinforced by sixteen sail of the line, hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and hastened after the enemy without any certain indication of their course. After touching at Corsica, already left behind by Bonaparte, and examining the Spanish seas, he returned to Naples on the 16th of January, 1798, discouraged by a fruitless search, and in want of stores and ammunition. While there, the reports of the English consuls in Sicily apprised him of the conquest of Malta by the French, with the subsequent departure of the fleet as soon as that island was reduced and directed his thoughts toward Egypt.

The intrigues of Lady Hamilton, animated by her double attachment to the Queen and to Nelson, obtained from the court of Naples, notwithstanding their avowed neutrality, all the supplies necessary for the English squadron before they resumed their dangerous cruise. In a few days Nelson was ready to put to sea; he touched at Sardinia, coasted the shores of the Peloponnesus, searched the bays for his full extent, dispatched small vessels to look into the road of Alexandria, where the French had not yet appeared, traversed the Egyptian sea, sailed along one side of Candia, while the Republican fleet passed by on the other, came close to Malta, vainly interrogated every ship or boat coming from the Archipelago, learned that there was already an outcry against him at home for his dilatoriness or

incapacity (accusations which redoubled his anxiety), exclaimed against the winds, crowded additional sail, braved continual tempests, and finally, on the 1st of August, at early dawn, discovered the naked masts of the French fleet at anchor in the Bay of Abukir, six leagues from Alexandria, and close to the mouth of the Nile.

Bonaparte had already disembarked the army and marched across the desert toward Cairo. Admiral Bruyès commanded the fleet, which consisted of seventeen large men of war, four frigates, and a great number of lighter vessels. Every instant he expected the appearance of the English squadron. His superiority in the number of ships and weight of metal, in the equalized quality of his crews, would, under any other circumstances, have induced him to seek an encounter with Nelson in the open sea, and despite the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. But naval battles are subject to casualties, which the positive instructions of Bonaparte and the objects of the expedition forbade him to encounter. The French fleet, at once the support and arsenal of the land army, constituted the sole base of their operations. The destruction of this fleet deprived them of their only means of communication and hope of success. They had no other bridge between France and Egypt. To expose the ships, therefore, to be destroyed in open sea, would be to betray at one blow the army they had transported, and the country that expected their return. Bruyès, after fruitless attempts to enter the inner harbor of Alexandria, which was not then supposed deep enough to receive vessels of so much draught of water, determined to moor his fleet in the Bay of Abukir, the sand banks of which he had fortified. Six vessels at anchor, ranged in a concave crescent, according to the sweep of the shore, were supported on one flank by the little island of Abukir, a natural fortress armed with cannon, on the other, by an advanced arm of the bay. They formed so many immovable citadels, presenting their broadsides to the sea. Their combined force might be advanced to bear upon each single ship of the advancing enemy; unattackable from the land side, according to the conviction of Bruyès, this line of defence gave to a naval battle the solid impregnability of a rampart of fire.

At two, P. M., on the 1st of August, the French Admiral, apprised by signal of the appearance of Nelson in sight of the Egyptian coast, recalled every sailor of his crew on board. He ordered two brigs, the *Alecto* and *Raidleur*, which drew little water, to reconnoitre the English fleet within cannon shot, then to seek refuge in the bay over the shoals, hoping that the leading vessels of the pursuing enemy would follow their exact course, and run aground in the mouth of the Nile. But Nelson was well aware of these dangers, and escaped the snare. Without bestowing any attention on the brigs, he advanced in order of battle again at the head of the French line, as to direct assault upon the centre of a position. Then varying a little from his course, without sounding, hesitating, or firing a shot he passed between the moorings of Bruyès and the islet of Abukir in full sail, with half his squadron, leaving only the *Catfish* behind, which went aground on the sand-banks. As his ships cleared the passage they anchored successively in rear of their opponents. The remaining half divided, and ranged up on the outer side in front of the French vessels, who were thus attacked simultaneously on both flanks, and the thunder of a double fire poured into their immovable hulls. The French fleet thus deprived, by the error of their chief, of the protection they expected from the land, and without the power of motion by being at anchor, saw at once the disaster that awaited them. Nothing remained but to perish gloriously, and to envelop in their own destruction as many of the enemy's ships as possible. They proved themselves worthy of their fate. Commanded still by the brave warriors of the Revolution, they raised themselves to the level of ancient heroism, and presented another Salamis, to which nothing was wanting but the presence of Themistocles! The *Spartiate*, the *Frégate*, the *Orient*, the *Tonnant*, responded on the right and left to the double broadsides of the English seventy-fours, strewed the decks of Nelson with shattered masts and yards, with dead and wounded sailors. Victory was less the prize of naval superiority than the fatal mistake of engaging at anchor. The French mistake never conquered more gloriously than they now submitted. Every single ship became a Thermopylae, for the combatants fought no longer for victory, but for death. On every deck the captains, the officers, the gunners fell successively at their posts, and left nothing to the English but lifeless bodies and enormous funeral piles. Admiral Bruyès, severely wounded by an early discharge of grape-shot, remained erect on the poop of his flag-ship, surrounded by the remains of his staff, and invoking death to cover his misfortune. A cannon ball cut him in two, still with his dying hands he opposed the action of those who would have carried him below. "No, no?" he exclaimed; "a French admiral ought to die upon his quarter-deck." His flag-captain, the noble Casa-Bianca, fell a moment after on the body of his chief. The *Orient*, deprived of her commander, still fought as if her own accord. Nelson fell, wounded in the head of a splinter, the blood covered his face and the skin of his forehead falling over his remaining eye, plunged him in total darkness, which for a moment he conceived to be the harbor of death.

Confident of the victory, but believing his lust to be mortal he summoned the chaplain of the *Vanguard*, and charged him to deliver his remembrances to his family. A moment of terrible and anxious silence pervaded the ship while the surgeon probed the wound. A cry of joy burst from every mouth when they declared that it was only superficial, and that the conqueror would be preserved to his country. Night had fallen for about three hours, but

was unheeded in the fury of the combat and the reflected light of the cannoning. The French ships were silenced one by one, for want of hands to man the guns. They drifted from their cables toward the shore, or foundered on the rocks.—The *Orient*, in flames above, still fired from her lower decks, ready to be consumed in the impending conflagration, hastened and excited by the freshening of the night breeze. The English ships ceased to respond, and retired to a distance to escape the vortex of the inevitable explosion. Captain Dupetit-Thouars, commanding the *Tonnant*, never slackened his fire for a moment at sight of this disaster. He no longer fought for glory or life, but for immortality. One arm carried off by a cannon shot, and both legs broken by grape, he called upon his crew to swear never to strike his flag, and to throw his body overboard, that even his remains might not become captive to the English. The *Tonnant*, as well as the *Franklin*, covered with the bodies of their officers, became, in a short time, little better than floating corpses.

The increasing flames of the *Orient* served to light the entire bay, covered with the relics of battle. The sailors of this vessel flung themselves from the port-holes into the sea, and clung to broken masts and yards in the hope of floating on shore. They implored their commandant, Casa-Bianca, who was covered with wounds, to allow them to save him. Whether he was unable to move his shattered limbs, or was stoically determined not to survive the loss of his ship, Casa-Bianca rejected their entreaties. They wished at least to preserve his son, a noble youth of twelve years old, who had been induced, by affection for his father, to embark with him. The brave boy embracing the body of his parent, resisted their prayers and efforts, and preferred death in the arms of him who had given him life.

The catastrophe, which now approached rapidly, compelled the generous sailors to leave the melancholy group. The *Orient* blew up at eleven o'clock, with an explosion which made the land of Egypt tremble to Rosetta, and with a burst of flame that long illuminated the surrounding horizon. Her masts, spars, rigging, timbers, and cannon, fell down in a storm of fire into the bay, like fragments from heaven, bursting in a counter blow among the human combatants.—The rising sun discovered nothing in the Bay of Abukir but the hulls of stranded or burning vessels scattered at the mercy of the heaving swell. The fleet of Nelson himself, dismayed, and almost without sails, could with difficulty move away from the scene of action. Two of his ships, which had sustained little damage, secured the spoils of the night. Several French captains ran their vessels ashore, and fled there, to prevent their falling into the hands of the conquerors.—The French army, from that moment, became prisoners in the Egypt they had conquered. The subsequent capitulation of that army may be considered the second victory of Nelson. Fortune refused to give all to a single nation. To one she assigned the land, to the other sea.

This victory of Nelson is admitted by the French historians who witnessed it to have been the most complete that had ever been won at sea since the invention of gunpowder. It was indeed for it to his bold attack, and the mobility of the fleet of Bruyès. The heroic defense of that fleet at anchor, shows how they would have fought had they been under sail. They were not beaten, but annihilated? in their sacrifice they bore with them thousands of their enemies, and obtained for the French navy respect equivalent to the glory of victory.

Nelson, after returning thanks to the God of battles, occupied eighteen days in the repairs of his squadron before he was ready to put to sea. Fast-sailing vessels carried home intelligence of the triumph. Scarcely equal of his wound, he returned to Naples to enjoy his victory in the delirium of love. The royal family, restored to confidence, received him in the bay as a saviour, and conducted him in joyful procession to the palace. Lady Hamilton, overpowered by emotion, fainted in the boat, and was carried inanimate to his feet.

## SKETCHES OF RICH MEN.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

I cannot let this opportunity slip by without saying something of another mercantile celebrity of the United States, viz: Stephen Girard. This man was born in a village near the banks of the Garonne. He was the son of a peasant, and had left his own country as a common sailor. Having gradually risen to the post of second mate, he came as such to Philadelphia, where he remained and opened a tavern on the banks of the Delaware for such of his countrymen as were engaged in the West India trade, particularly that with St. Domingo. The revolution in St. Domingo caused an emigration which continually brought him fresh customers and having built some small vessels to bring his fugitive countrymen away in safety from the island, he bartered flour and meal for coffee, until his capital, which had been scarcely worth mentioning at first, gradually increased, and enabled him to build larger vessels, and extend his sphere of enterprise in all directions. His frugality bordered on avarice. Sailor's fare was to him the best, and the freightage of vessels his favorite pursuit. The success which attended his exertions at length became unexampled; for he never had his ships insured, but always choist himself and experienced captains, thus saving himself the heavy expense of taking out insurance policies, and continued acting on this principle, gradually increasing his capital more and more, until it had finally swelled to an enormous amount. Illiterate, as a French common sailor must needs be, and scarcely able to write his own name, he called all his ships after the great authors of his native country, and thus enjoyed the sensation of beholding the American flag waving about a Montesquieu, a Voltaire, a Helvetius, and a Jean Jacques Rousseau. His ships, which he was in the habit of sending successively to the is-

land Mauritius, at that time the Isle de France; to Calcutta and Canton, and each of which cost from forty to sixty thousand dollars, brought back cargoes worth from one to two hundred thousand dollars to Philadelphia, and thence to Europe, particularly to Messrs. Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, and were never insured. Remarkable good fortune attended all these enterprises. Until the year 1815, not one of his ships was ever lost or captured. It will be easy to form an idea of the amount of capital accumulated by this saving of insurance premiums, when one reflects that the latter went as high as from ten to fifteen, and even twenty per cent.

Girard's right hand man was a countryman of his, named Robertot, who, however, had received his mercantile education entirely at Hamburg under the tutelage of Professor Busch. This Robertot was the only man whom he now and then, and only now and then, took into his especial confidence, and he worked in the house of Girard for a respectable, yet very moderate salary, during the lapse of twenty years, frequently something was said about increasing it, but nothing of the sort was ever done. Robertot, who had some desire to be taken care of in his old age, resolved to let his patron know that if he desired to keep him any longer, he must take that matter into serious consideration, and give him a handsome sum, that he might put aside and turn to good account. Girard a little nettled by this, replied that he would give him ten thousand dollars, but Robertot demanded sixty. He was told to wait until the next day, when, without hearing another word in relation to the matter, he received what he asked for—sixty thousand dollars.

Magnanimous as Girard could be in many things, was on the other hand, equally pretty in many others. Of his numerous relatives in France, who were all poor peasant folks, he would never hear a syllable mentioned. When some of them upon one occasion ventured to cross the ocean and visit him in Philadelphia, he immediately sent them away again, with a trifling present. In one particular instance he exhibited unusual hard-heartedness. His captains had received the strictest orders not to bring either strange goods, passengers or letters back with them. One of his ships was returning from Bordeaux. Through another which had hurried on before it, he learned that it was conveying him some relations of his as passengers; he instantly sent to New Castle, on the Delaware, where the ships coming from sea usually touch, an order to the captain, forbidding him to land any passengers, but to remain at that point until another had been procured to take them back to Bordeaux, when he might come up to Philadelphia with his cargo. The captain was then replaced by another person. He, however, made an exception in favor of two nieces, the orphaned daughters of a brother who had died in poverty. He allowed these girls to come to him, and gave one of them permission, along with some twenty thousand dollars, to marry the brother of General Lallemon, who had emigrated to America upon the restoration of the Bourbons, after the battle of Waterloo. In his will he bequeathed to the other an equal sum.

## JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

The argument which Parish had made use of with Mr. Gallatin, for the purpose of procuring permission to send out ships in ballast, to bring back cargoes of money from abroad that were due in the United States, had found favor in the eyes of a man who had distinguished himself from the mass of German emigrants by his important successes, his speculative spirit, and his great wealth, and had won a certain celebrity. This man was John Jacob Astor, the founder of the American Pacific Ocean, on the northern coast of the Pacific Ocean, which has been so graphically and picturesquely described by the pen of Washington Irving. Astor was born at Heidelberg, where the original name of his family is said to have been Aschtur, and had come to New York as a furrier's apprentice. His first savings, that is to say, the wages he got in the peltry warehouse, for beating out and preparing bear, doe and other skins, he invested in the purchase of all kinds of peltry, bear, mink and rabbit skins, which he got from the Indians, who at that time wandered about the streets of New York, and so soon as he had collected a certain quantity, he sent them to Europe particularly to the Leipsic fair. There he traded them off for Nuremberg wares, cheap knives, glass beads, and other articles adapted to traffic with the Indians on the Canadian frontiers, and took them himself to the latter points, where he again exchanged them for furs of various kinds. As he has often told me, from his own lips, he carried on this traffic untruly for twelve long years, going in person, alternately, to the Canadian frontiers, and then to the Leipsic fair, and lived all the while, as he had ever been accustomed to do, humbly and sparingly.

At length he had managed to bring together a considerable capital, and gradually became a freighter of ships and fitted out on expeditions to the northwest coast, to trade with the Indians of Nootka Sound for furs. Another circumstance contributed to the increase of his means. At the peace concluded in 1783 between England and the revolted provinces the thirteen United States, many acres of land in the State of New York city, were voted by Congress to the German soldiers who had fought in the American army. The latter were chiefly Hesse Darmstadt. Most of them died in the course of the year, without having them succeeded in converting this property into money; but the relatives and heirs they left behind them in Germany did not forget these little inheritances. Upon the occasion of a visit made by Astor to Heidelberg in later years, most of the parties last referred to, as inheriting the allotments of the deceased German soldiers, and residing in Heidelberg, united, and made our friend

their legally authorized attorney, in order to realize, if possible, from their hitherto useless acres. But the hope of increase of the value of this property was, on the whole, rather slow in coming, and the heirs wanted money, quick and ready money. Astor having been applied to on this score, told them that, in order to get ready money, they must reckon up the real present value of the cash itself, and not any imagined value of the land, and that only through pretty considerable sacrifices could they get cash for the sum. Thereupon the parties advised with each other, and finally Astor received pre-emptory orders to sell, without further delay. Unknown speculators were found, the proceeds were small, but the heirs got what they wanted—money. At the present day, many of these pieces of ground are among the most valuable and most important in the city, and have gradually passed through Astor's into other hands; the unknown speculator, however, have faded from the memory of everybody.

Astor, at the moment of the embargo, was in the possession of several millions, so that he was able to give his son, William B. Astor, who was educated at Gottingen, the magnificent hotel on Broadway called the "Astor House," which cost the sum of \$800,000. The permission, procured by Parish to send out ships in ballast, to bring home silver, had given Astor the idea, that the same privilege might be extended to vessels despatched for the purpose of bringing home the amount of debts due abroad in goods. With this view he went to Washington, and there, under the pretence that he had an important depot of teas at Canton; obtained the desired permission to send a vessel thither in ballast. This step, however, was only the forerunner of another one. Astor, in reality, owned no depot of teas at Canton, and hence it simply came to this, that he would, according to the usual custom, send money thither to purchase the article.

The exceptional favor of sending schooners in ballast to Vera Cruz, which Parish had up to this time enjoyed, but which was now gradually extended to other vessels, whose destination was not to bring back gold and silver values, but goods on American account, sufficiently showed that, under certain circumstances, there was no indisposition to grant free exit to ships in ballast for a particular object. And now arose another point, namely, whether empty vessels which, however, had silver on board, could be regarded as in ballast. The precious metals are, in most countries, not looked upon as wares, although in some they are so classified.

It was not exactly advisable to bring on a discussion of the question whether the exportation of silver in otherwise unladen vessels should depend upon it or not. The query was, whether a foreign creditor who had come to collect the moneys owed him by American merchants, would be permitted to take the funds really thus received back with him. In Washington there appeared to be every disposition to allow this.—Now, it was well known in the northern parts of the United States, that the leading native merchants of Canton had never hesitated to accord their regular correspondents, returning year out and year in from the United States, certain credits, which amounted to considerable sums. Upon this Astor based his plan. He hunted up, among the Chinese sailors, or Leacers, on the ships lately arriving from China, a fellow suited to his purpose, dressed him as a Mandarin, and took him with him to Washington, where he had to play the part of the Chinese creditor, under the name of Hong-Qua or King-Ulin. No one dreamed of suspecting the Mandarin's identity, and Astor pushed his scheme safely through. The \$200,000 he sent to Canton were expended there in tea and other Chinese articles, and within a year afterwards returned in that shape to Astor's hands, and were used by him to excellent accounts. A stroke of skill had been achieved whose morality no one in the United States doubted for a moment.

Astor has left a fortune of about \$12,000,000, chiefly to his only son. His mind was incessantly busied with the increase of his resources, and had no other directions. He was compelled, by a physical infirmity, to repair to Paris, where he could avail himself of the skillful assistance of Baron Dupuytren. The latter thoroughly restored him, and advised him to rise every day. He frequently took occasion himself to accompany his patient on these rides. One day—and this anecdote I have from the Baron's own mouth—when riding, he appeared by no means disposed and at length Dupuytren declared that he must be suffering from some secret pain or trouble when he would not speak. He pressed him and worried him, until finally Astor loosed his tongue:—"Look ye, Baron," he said, "how frightful this is! I have here in the hands of my banker, at Paris, about 2,000,000 francs, and cannot manage, without great effort, to get more than 2½ per cent per annum on it. Now, this very day, I have received a letter from my son in New York informing me that there the best acceptances are from 1½ to 2 per cent per month. Is it not enough to enrage a man?"

A young lass went to a camp meeting, and came back full of the revival which they had, and did nothing the following week, but sing:

"Shout, shout, we're gaining ground!"  
She had the tune so pat, that all she said was but a continuation of that song, and not unfrequently the rhyme was too long for the tune. Old Jowel slipped in and took a bone off the table, and just as he was making for the door, she sung out:  
"If you don't go out I'll knock you down."  
Halle, hallelujah!  
You nasty, stinken, flop-eared hound,  
O, glory, hallelujah!"

A bill has passed the English Parliament closing beer-shops on the Sabbath.

## Washington vs. Know-Nothingism.

In the Know-Nothing journals we find one of the principles which they profess, set down thus: "The doctrines of the revered Washington and his compatriots." Perhaps it would be well enough to briefly test the sincerity of this assumed devotion by comparing the actions of Gen. Washington. Know-Nothingism declares that no foreigner or member of a certain sect should be trusted with an official position. Washington, if our memory serves us, appointed Lafayette, Kosciusko, and Hamilton, all of whom were of foreign birth, and the former of whom belonged to the proscribed church, his most favored aid-de-camps. If he had been blessed with the wise counsels of Judges Conrad and Pollock, of course he would have known better than to trust in such important positions such dangerous men.

When he came to form his cabinet he selected Alexander Hamilton, who was born in one of the West India Islands and who never saw this country until he was about sixteen years of age, one of his prominent advisers. He chose as another Jefferson, one of whose proudest boasts was that he was the author of the Virginia Statute guaranteeing religious liberty, in which Know-Nothingism is attacked in direct terms by such sentences as "that our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions more than our opinions in physics or geometry," and by the provision that "all men shall be free to profess and by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil powers." He also appointed at a later day Charles Lee, who had been born in England, an Attorney General, so that it is evident he did not approve of the Know-Nothing tests, but chose for the highest stations, when he deemed them the fittest persons, not only "foreigners," but members of the proscribed sect, and those who like Jefferson, made attachment to the great principle of religious liberty a corner stone of their political creed. Anybody but a Know-Nothing can therefore plainly see that instead of their principles being in accordance with the doctrines of the "reverend Washington and his compatriots," they are in direct contradiction to them.

## Amusing Dialogue.

The following dialogue occurred in an editor's sanctum in England. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin and ghostly visaged 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 next morning, the stranger said—

"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information."

"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."

"True."

"Condemned."

"Very true."

"Hung."

"Most true."

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

"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 de-raughted."

"It may be so, 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 to announce that the rope broke and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir, I never deceive."

A GOOD ONE.—The Editor's table of the Knickerbocker has the subjoined anecdote:

A young gentleman, a member of our college, was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room at night and letting them down in the morning, by means of a rope, and a basket arranged from his window. A great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies:

"Jane, do you really believe that students draw girls up to their rooms?"—Certainly, my dear; and more than that, I know they do."

"How?"—Well, I was going by the college one morning; it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning; and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the college buildings. I looked that way; and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket about half way from a three-story window to the ground; and just then the rope broke, and down I came!"—Oh! Jane?"

## RAIN.

It is refreshing to read of rain, if we are deprived of seeing and feeling it—and here is one of the prettiest things in print:

"Yet there's something very sweet  
In the sight  
When the crystal currents meet  
In the dry and dusty street  
And they wrestle with the heat  
And their might!

While they seem to hold a talk  
With the st. n. a. n. g. the w. k.  
And remind them of the rule,  
To 'keep cool.'

\* Sleeping in the Moonlight.

A young man, belonging to the 2d III. In fantry, stationed in Tampico, lay down in front of his tent, perfectly well, with the moon shining directly in his face, and having been on guard the night before he slept soundly until morning. When his cheeks were puffed he was nearly blind, his eyes were nearly closed and surrounded with circles of almost jet black, presenting a terrible sight. It was a full week before he entirely recovered.