

# 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, DECEMBER 24, 1856.

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## TERMS.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebersburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, in advance. If not paid, it will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conscientiously inserted at the following rates, viz:

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1 " 2 "	50 00
1 " 3 "	75 00
1 " 6 "	150 00
1 " 12 "	300 00
12 lines constitute a square.	

## Choice Poetry.

[From the Memphis Appeal.]

### JAMES BUCHANAN.

BY H. S. MILLET.

All hail, noble chieftain! thy life is a glory—  
Thy name is unbounded by land or by sea,  
Our children shall bless thee, and reverence thy  
story,  
Thou son of Columbia—thou child of the free!

Victorious hero! beneath thy glad steamer  
Our country shall flourish, Democracy shine;  
The future shall call thee the Union's redeemer,  
And look on thy walks with an awe all divine.

From infancy up in the hearts of the nation  
Thy image has lived, as pure and as bright,  
As the noblest star in the high constellation  
That gems with its radiance the mantle of night.

You have been through the fire—thy truth has  
been tested,  
Thy worth is recorded at home and abroad;  
Thy honor unstained, thy faith uninfected,  
And the President's chair is thy lofty reward.

Thy forehead is wreathed with a laurel undying,  
The elation of fame sounds thy pride from afar;  
The finger of Time and Death's power defying,  
Shall live as our guardian in peace or in war.

Buchanan! our hopes are all in thy keeping—  
Steer the great Ship of States through the bil-  
lows awhile;  
Spread the sails to the breeze, a rich harvest reap-  
ing,  
And the Goddess of Freedom forever shall smile.

May the God of all climes, with affection paternal,  
Watch over and guide thee with prosperous  
hand;  
And on all thy acts set his blessing eternal,  
And Freedom shall bloom like the rose of the  
land.

MEMPHIS, November 7, 1856

## Miscellaneous.

Talleyrand and De Stael.

Talleyrand's ingratitude toward Madame de Stael, may appear inexcusable—it certainly was not in any way creditable. But, in extension, it may well be borne in mind that she possessed an excess of that susceptibility which made her overvalue her success, and never cease bringing her services to the memory of the person obliged. He had never the same high opinion of her which the world professed. He thought her style pedantic and affected, and would explain, when any of her compositions were read to him, of their total want of nature and of true coloring. He was accustomed to say that those who read the writings might fairly boast of knowing the writer, for that nothing could more resemble Madame de Stael herself than the false, exaggerated sentiments and superficial erudition of her compositions. Of her mother, Madame Necker, he once remarked, "She has every virtue, and but one fault; and that is, she is insupportable!" The good lady never forgave his comparing her to a frigate riding at anchor, and receiving a salute from a friendly power, when she stood upon her own heart-raft at the Hotel Necker, upon the occasion of her weekly receptions; her ample proportions obscuring the light of the fire, as, with pinched-up-features and prudish smile, she listened to the compliments of the academicians, whom she assembled but for the delight of her own vanity.

He related to his friends an amusing adventure of Madame de Stael herself, in which he was a party. It occurred upon her first entrance into Parisian society, before the Revolution, at a rural fete, given by Madame Helvetius in the garden of her chateau. His account is thus repeated by one of these friends: "On her first appearance at the reunion, Madame Helvetius had, of course, with well-bred courtesy, paid her most particular attention, but having other guests to welcome, had left her, after awhile, to superintend the distribution of the amusement all out the grounds. Once or twice she had passed Madame de Stael sitting gloomily on the bench where she had left her, and at last sent Talleyrand to keep her company. But Talleyrand had tact enough to know that, being himself no literary lion, he was no company for Madame de Stael, and so immediately went in quest of society more congenial to her taste. He soon returned, in company with the Abbe Monti, whose poems were at that time the rage all over Europe, and whose coming put the fair authoress in the best of humors. Talleyrand sat down on the bench beside them, in silence, feeling himself quite extinguished by so much talent, and remained a passive listener, anxious for improvement. The conversation was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were poured forth like rain from an April sky. The abbe had never reckoned upon so great an honor as that of meeting the first writer of the age; Madame de Stael little dreamed when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbe.

"I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen," said the abbe. "I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian Tyrteneus," said the lady.

"Have you seen my last endeavor?" said the abbe.

"Alas! no, yet," sighed the lady, "although repeat speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it."

"I have it here," exclaimed the abbe, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. "Allow me to present it to you, madame; a poor homage, indeed, to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry."

"Thanks, thanks," cried Madame de Stael, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. "This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels."

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbe watched her with a charming self-complacency—then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning to the abbe a languid glance, 'You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbe; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, *'Fidèle'*—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?'"

"I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy," replied the abbe.

"How fortunate that should have one in my reticule!" said Madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbe bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting—was continued with redoubled vigor.

Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found that they had both left the bench where they had been seated so long together; leaving, however, the 'precious treasures,' which they had received from each other with so much gratitude, behind them! Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent jeering, when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—they were never sought and never asked for, and he has them now in his library, and loves to show them as he tells the story of their coming into his possession."

## The Yankee and the Greased Pole.

Eachiel Philip, from the head waters of the Penobscot river in Maine, arrived one day in Boston, with a load of apples, drawn by his old mare Dobbin. In due time the "mass" was disposed of to good advantage, and seventy-five dollars in his pocket. Zeke began to look around to see the sights. "Hello!" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one morning before a blazin placard which adorned one of the back walls in Flag Alley. "Wan't far gone's that? A Golden Ladder—a Road to Fortune—Oh, fortin, that's it—a road to fortin."

Zeke went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he gained the intelligence that on Back Bay, below the Common there was to be a pole twenty feet high raised, and upon the top of which the proprietor would place a prize of two hundred dollars, to be obtained by any one who could obtain it. Chances three dollars.

"Well, tew hundred dollars is some punks," soliloquized Zeke. "I've clumb some poety skinny trees in my day. I'll just walk into that fellow's tew hundred, rot me if I doent."

With the feeling of stupidity, Zeke started for the scene of action and as he was jumping around he knocked down a dozen apple woman that he remembered his entire ignorance of where Back Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he appeared to remember that the "old mare" hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horse keeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal. Thither he hastened his steps, and having fed and watered his beast, he took from his wagon box an old wool card, and raked down the mare in the most approved manner. To be sure the steel teeth moved a little more harshly over the bones than usual, but then Zeke was in a hurry, for that "tew hundred" was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Zeke found his way to the spot where the people had already begun to collect around the "Golden Ladder."

"Hallow!" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up; "Whar's the chap wot keeps this ere pole?"

"I am the man," answered a burly fellow with a red nose and a pimpled chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; "want to try a chance? Walk up, gentlemen, walk up—only three dollars. Who wants the tew hundred?"

"Hold on, ole feller," interrupted Zeke, "dew you mean to say as how there's tew hundred dollars in that ar bag up the top of that pole?"

"Certainly."

"An' if I can get it it's mine?"

"You can have a chance for three dollars."

"Mr. Zeke."

"Zactly. Wall, there's yer three dollars, an' now here's what goes for the tall lot."

Zeke divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and giving a powerful leap, grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—not longer—he stood there; and then slipped back to terra firma. Zeke looked at his hands, and then down upon his striped trousers. Then he looked at his hands again; and raising them to his nose, while a deep long smell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest, he uttered—

"The dewce! Hog's fat by thunder!"

A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeke to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tongue again, an old salt, "about three sheets in the wind," paid for his chance, and essayed to climb the pole. The sailor lunged halfway up, and then he slid. The crowd laughed again, but at this time their attention was turned from Zeke to the new aspirant, and after waiting a moment in a sort of "brown study" our hero quietly clipped away remarking to the red nosed man, "he was going to get three dollars more; and he'd be darned if he didn't try it again."

In an hour Zeke was again upon the ground. "New, ole feller," said he to the man who took the entrance money, "I want to try that ere thing wunst more, an' I want you understand 'at I shall jist take off my shews this time."

"Got nothing in your stockings," suggested the red nosed man.

"Nob'd! but my feet," returned Zeke, as he planted thirteen inches of flesh and bone into the lap of the querist.

Zeke paid his three dollars, and minus coat, vest and shews, he grasped the pole. Slowly, yet steadily, he crept up from the ground. He lugged like a blood sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a foot of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to get his breath. One more lift, and then another, and the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with two hundred dollars!

"Thar! know'd I could do it, I hain't clumb spruces and white maples all my days for nothin'! Good bye, folks, an' ef you ever cum down East, jist giv us a call."

Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to the stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trousers, he untied from the inside of each knee, one half of the steel-toothed leather of his old horse erud!

"Well, ole Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card-leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "rather guess I keent a farded to buy you a new keard new."

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The tragedy of Naacogoches, and the romantic incidents which led to the Texan war of Independence, find their parallel only in the Roman history of Lucretia and the elder Brutus.

Juan Costa was a person of influence and bravery in the wild fore-land, but he fell under the displeasure of Santa Anna, and his mission, Pedras, the commandant of the frontier, arrested the father at supper table, attended by his only daughter, a young girl of surprising beauty and intelligence. He loaded him with chains, and cast him into prison, notwithstanding her tears and entreaties. Finally he proposed to free the father if the daughter would consent to sacrifice her innocence and honor. She rejected the infamous proposal with a blow in the face. The armed ruffian swore a terrible oath to execute his will on her both.

With dark eyes, tearless, fixed as those of a corpse, yet flashing a noble portion of luminous fire she mounted a horse and hurried away wildly around the country.

She halted at every house, no matter Mexican or American, and rehearsed in tones of thrilling horror, her father's wrongs and her own.

All timid modesty, all weakness had vanished from her tongue, utterly consumed by the scorching thirst for revenge. She painted in passion's fiery language, and with awful minuteness, the fact of the damning deed. She bared her virgin bosom, and showed the vivid marks of the ravisher's fingers among the azure veins along the surface of snow, now so polluted and soiled, but before as pure as the gleam of an angel's wing.

And still, wherever the beautiful maid wandered, a deafening yell of wrath and vengeance rose up against the tyrants. The people of both races and all classes flew to arms, appointing a general rendezvous for the 14th of June at the residence of the absent and now imprisoned Juan Costa.

It was here debated by the people the mode of attack, and who should be their leader, but nothing being agreed on, the whole assembly bade fair to break up in confusion; when a tall and powerfully built stranger, who had just entered Texas from the States, came forward and addressed the multitude.

"I am a stranger, but am also a man, and I owe my life, soul, body, health, and happiness, all—all to woman—to my mother!—and if I turn a deaf ear to the prayers of an innocent woman, asking me aid against a villain, may both my mother and my God curse me! If you stay behind, I go for one to fight Pedras, and his armed ravishers of your wives and daughters."

The speech was received with three tremendous cheers, and a general shout that seemed to shake the solid earth, uttered the first call of the revolution.

"We will go! Death to the tyrants! Freedom for Texas, and the giant shall be our leader."

And then for the first time was heard in the land of the wild, the name destined to become an echo to the pulsation of all hearts—the name of Thomas J. Rusk.

The next day he led his raw recruits to the attack of Naacogoches, and stormed every portion against immense odds. After the assault of four hours, the carnage being dreadful on both sides. Fortunately among the slain was the dead body of the atrocious Pedras.

Such was the debut of Rusk in Texas, and from that day his popularity has gone on steadily increasing, without even a transitory eclipse, or even so much as could dim its splendor. In vain for three years Gen. Gos demanded his arrest, Mexico had not soldiers enough to take him, and in 1845—6, he resisted to chase the last of these out of the country. Afterwards he assumed a fortune at the Texan Bar; and was chosen one of the first Senators of the new State annexed—a place which he may hold for life if he wills it.

## Meeting of Gates and Burgoyne.

In Irving's Life of Washington we find this interesting chapter.

"Wilkinson in his memoirs, describes the first meeting of Gates and Burgoyne, which took place at the head of the American camp. They were attended by their staffs, and by other general officers. Burgoyne was in a rich royal uniform; Gates in a plain blue frock. When they approached nearly within sword's length, they reined up and halted: 'The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner,' said Burgoyne; to which the other, returning his salute, replied, 'I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency.'"

"We passed through the American camp," writes the already cited Hessian officer, in which all the regiments were drawn out besides the artillery, and stood under arms.—Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the field, the church, and the tavern. They stood however, like soldiers, well arranged with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharp shooters had rifles. The men all stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak to his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in a rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous that it was a pleasure to look at them; and we were surprised at such a handsome well formed race. "In all earnestness," adds he, "English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn and talent for war and soldiers' life."

"He made himself somewhat merry, however, with the equipments of the officers. A few more regimentals, and those fashioned to their own notions as to cut and color, being provided by themselves. Brown coats with sea-green facings, white lining with silver trimming, and gray coats in abundance, with buff facings and cuff, and gilt buttons—in short, every variety of pattern.

"The brigadiers and generals wore uniforms and belts which designated their rank, but most of the colonels and other officers were in their ordinary clothes, a musket end bayonet in hand, and a cartridge box, and a powder-horn over the shoulder. But what especially amused him was the variety of uncouth wigs worn by the officers, lingering of an uncouth fashion. "Most of the troops thus noticed were the hastily levied militia—the yeomanry of the country. "There were regular regiments also," he said, "which for want of time and cloth, were not yet equipped in uniform. These had standards of various emblems and mottoes, some of which had for us a very satirical signification."

"But I must say; to the credit of the enemy's regiments," continues he, "that no man was to be found therein, who, as we were marched by made even a sign of taunting, insulting, exultation, hatred, or any other evil feeling; on the contrary, they seemed as though they would rather do us honor. As we marched to the great tent of Gates, he invited in the brigadiers and commanders of regiments, and various refreshments were set before them. Gen. Gates is between fifty and sixty years of age, wears his own thin gray hair, is active and friendly, and on account of the weakness of his eyes, constantly wore spectacles. At head quarters we met many officers, who treated us with all possible politeness."

## The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted themselves to any scientific or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might raise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New-England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write in his eighteenth year, of a shipcarpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson the great Scotch Astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of Astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idle company, in conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of knowledge, the dulllest apprentice at any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.

(Rev. Dr. Murray.)

A STATE WITHOUT TAXES.—The State of Texas is in a most enviable condition in regard to her finances. She is the envy of the country. Her Comptroller, in a recent report, presents the following flattering picture of her condition: "The State is out of debt, with a surplus of over a million dollars in the treasury—a permanent 5 per cent. school fund of ten millions of dollars; an unappropriated public domain estimated at one hundred millions of acres, which, if judiciously used, would subserve all the purposes of internal improvements required by the State, and a tax lighter than is imposed on any other people, and which is adequate to all the wants of the Government. The aggregate amount of taxable property is very nearly \$150,000,000, being an increase of \$22,500,000 over the previous year."

TALK PISTOL SHOOTING.—Col. Hay, of the British army, recently tried his hand with the Volcanic Repeating Pistol, a Yankee invention. The pistol used on the occasion was an 8-inch barrel, which discharges nine balls in rapid succession. The Colonel fired the arm 27 times, making a number of shots which would do credit to a rifleman. He first fired at an 8-inch diameter target at 100 yards, putting nine balls inside the ring. He then moved back to a distance of 200 yards, and fired nine balls more, hitting the target seven times. He then moved back 100 yards further, a distance of 300 yards from the mark, and placed five of the nine balls inside the ring and hitting the "bull's eye" twice. The man who beats that may brag.

Coal, as is generally known, is the produce of burned trees. It has been calculated that an acre of coal three feet thick is equal to the produce of 1940 acres of fore t. The first coal mines were worked in Be gium in the year 1168, and very soon after in England, where now five times as much coal as in any other country is raised. It is estimated that there are more than 4000 square miles of coal yet to cut out in Great Britain.

Happiness is a pig with a greasy tail, which every one runs after, but nobody can hold.

What kind of a ship has two masts and no captain. A court-slip.

## EV GOODS, NEW CO.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he is now opening one of the largest and most desirable stocks of FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

LADIES DRESS GOODS! such as Tahmas, Vestries, Slaves, Silks, Merinos, Cashmeres, Woollen Plaid, De Laines, De Pages, Alpacaes, Ginghams, Calico; BONNETS Ribbons, Collars, Trimmings, &c. GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING! such as Over Coats, Dress Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Drawers, &c. Also Foreign stock of DOMESTIC GOODS! such as Brown and Beadest Muslins, Drills, Denims, Shirtings, Checks, Kentucky Jeans, Cottons, Casimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Tickings, Blankets, &c. Also Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Tinware, and a large stock of

GROCERIES! He would advise Farmers who are in want of GOOD CORN SHELLERS & STRAW CUTTERS to call and examine his stock; he would wish also to inform them that he has made arrangements to supply them with all kinds of FERTILIZERS, such as Peruvian and Mexican Guano, &c. He invites one and all to come and examine his large and well selected stock, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell at smaller profits than ever before known in this vicinity. THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM will be continued as heretofore, so that parents may send their children to make purchases with as much advantage as if they went themselves.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN,  
Tunnel Hill, October 8, 1856.

## GREAT EXCITEMENT!!

**\$10000 DOLLARS REWARD!!**

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebersburg and the adjoining vicinity that he has returned from Philadelphia, with the largest and most varied assortment of GROCERIES ever offered. The stock consists as follows:

GROCERIES:—Malasses, Sugars, Teas, Rice, Caudies, Soaps, Fish, Salt, Bacon & Hams, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Tobacco, Peaches, Dried Apples, Saleratus, Baking Soda, Dried Herrings, Pickles, Baking Powder, Sardines, Mustard, Spices, Holloways Worn Castellan, Vaqueran.

Confectionaries:

Candies, Rusins, Oranges, Lemons, Citrons, Prunes, Segars, Fruits, Figs.

Liquors:—Cherry Brandy, Blackberry Brandy, Raspberry Brandy, French Brandy, Port Wine, Old Rye Whiskey.

Brushes, &c., &c.—Horse Sweeping, Dusting, Scrub and White Wash Brushes, Bellows, Twine, Corn brooms, Baskets of all kinds, Tubs and Buckets of all kinds, Wash Boards, Butter Bowls, Nails, Lamp Globes, Curry Combs, Carpet Hammers and Backs, Window Glass of all kinds, Arnold's Ink, Haver's Ink, Steel Pens, Stationery of all kinds.

Together with a large assortment of cheap articles not enumerated, which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than any establishment in the county.

RICHARD TUDOR,  
Ebersburg, July 30, 1856—40.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Milton Roberts, dec'd, for costs as Prothonotary and Clerk of the Quarter Sessions are hereby notified to make payment without delay, as it will be very unpleasant for me to have to resort to compulsory measures and thereby add costs, which will be imperative unless paid shortly.

Howard J. Roberts, of this borough is duly authorized by me to receive said fees and costs per for the same. He will attend for that purpose, at the Prothonotary's office, in Ebersburg, at the ensuing Court in December next.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Ex'r.  
Ebersburg, Oct. 25, 1856. —11.

## Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I will sell at private sale that large and commodious BRICK HOUSE, situate on High Street, in the Borough of Ebersburg, being the property occupied by Milton Roberts, dec'd, at the time of his death. Also, a valuable LOT of GROUND situate on the Clay Pike, about one half mile from said Borough, containing 24 acres enclosed and in a good state of cultivation.

For terms apply to the subscriber residing on the premises, or to JOHN WILLIAMS, in Ebersburg, or to MRS. MALVINA ROBERTS, Sept. 17, 1856—47.

## NEW ARRIVAL!

GROCERIES! GROCERIES! GROCERIES!! HART & BRO., would respectfully inform their old customers as well as many new ones that they have received a large quantity of Groceries, which for quality and cheapness cannot be excelled by any similar establishment west of the Allegheny mountains. We are determined to sell lower than the lowest. We have also, on hand

20,000 CIGARS which we will dispose of wholesale or retail.

HART & BRO.,  
July 9, 1856.

## SOXS OF TEMPRANCE.

Highland Division, No. 84, Sons of Temperance meet at their Hall every SATURDAY evening, in the upper story of R. Davis' building.

## MEMPHIS, November 7, 1856

## The Union of Democracy.

BY A LADY.

Respectfully dedicated to our honored Statesmen, the President and Vice President Elect.

Hark! the Jubilant triumphant,  
Wafted on the wings of Fame—  
Hails the Freedom of the Nation,  
In the Democratic name,  
Hails the Patriot's pure devotion  
In the triumph of her cause;  
In her burning altars Glory,  
In her constituted Laws,

In the voice of this great Nation,  
Bids us guard the sword and shield,  
Worn unstilled by our Fathers,  
On the crimson battle field,  
Still as pure, preserve the Treasure,  
Wear by these devoted men,  
In the cause of Human Freedom,  
Guaranteed in blood to them.

Hail ye the Constitution,  
Sacred symbol of the free,  
Omnipotent of the Revolution,  
Bulwark of our Liberty;  
Patriot Statesmen, Freedom's great men,  
In our honor'd country's name;  
Hallowed to guard this great Republic,  
Consecrate to God, her Fame.

Strength of Nations guard the people  
From the curse of civil strife,  
Calm the tumult of wild passion  
In the bitter waters life,  
Naught may sever our loved Union,  
Save the Torch her children light,  
Patriots, raise a Rampart round Her,  
Guard our Union, God of Might.

Still, Columbia's Flag Triumphant,  
Guards our coast from sea to sea,  
By mighty pow'r sustaining  
Justice, Truth, and Liberty,  
Freedom, by our radiant story,  
By our martyr'd Heroes names—  
By our Patriot Fathers glory,  
WE ARE ONE, WHILE ONE REMAINS.

A PUZZLED FISHERMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Croguans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the mischief was four? Let me see—counting his fingers—the two Croguans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—he did! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now its meself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Croguans was two, meself was three, was three, and—and—be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all.

The following daguerreotype of the devil was given by a negro preacher in Virginia to his "cullid brethern":—

"Stan' side, biggers"—let me tell you I hab a dream and seed de debil. He had one eye like de moon; he hab a nose like a canoe; he hab a ear same as a "baeco leaf"; he hab a shoulder like de Blue Ridge, an' a tail like unto de rainbow!"

ANALYSIS OF A POP.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair—As to his remote ancestry, there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

One reason why the world is not reformed, is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephant's trunk can knock down a man or pick up a pin.