

# 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, AUGUST 25, 1858.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE LAST 'GOOD-NIGHT.'

"Good night—good night!" a silvery voice  
rang through my midnight dream;  
A fair young face with flowing curls  
flashed in the fancied stream.  
The moonlight on my curtain couch  
With a wistful tender beam.  
"Good night!" broke from my answering  
tongue,  
And the beautiful shape was gone;  
I woke as the distant clock tolled out  
The hour of another dawn.  
And the holy moon was smiling down  
On the cottage porch and lawn.  
"She is dead!" a voice sobbed faintly forth;  
I knew she had gone before!  
To her sweet "Good-night!" my waking ear  
Would never listen more!  
The beautiful angel, Death, had come,  
And opened the pearly door.  
And down in her bedroom's mellowed light  
Lay Florence, white and fair;  
With the plying moonbeams on her brow  
And the curls of golden hair.  
I thought of the spirit above the stars,  
And only the casket there.  
—Harper's Magazine.

### Young Ladies' Letters.

The epistolary correspondence between unmarried, yet marriageable young ladies, is said to be intensely interesting, particularly to the parties immediately concerned. It is, however, that any sample of this confidential gossip meets other eyes than those whose inspection it is concocted. But Johnny Moony, a little roguish chap, seeing some papers drop from a skirt pocket of Miss (Miss) Boggs, at a moment when she was passing to gather touch-me-nots in the back garden, slyly secured one of the documents, hurried off to consult his uncle as to its value. Uncle Michael, on perusal, adjudged it to be worth more to the printer than to any else. Indeed he said it would gratify the world more than any disclosure of the secrets of Freemasonry. So Johnny dispatched the missive accordingly; and here it is:

Address: Miss Araminta Z. Fitzradish,  
397 Beacon street.  
398 Beacon Street, Aug. 1.  
"Dear Minty—You can't think how lonesome I've been since you went home last evening. I wanted to show you my new collar. Augustus Edward came in this morning, and a delightful fellow, and gay as a lark. His mother died suddenly about half an hour before. Don't you think he asked my you how funny? I said, how old do you think you are? He said, 'I'm old. I told him, 'I'm a little more than that—for you know, Minty, that I can't be less than thirty-four when the twentieth day of next November comes. I've had a present of three yards of beautiful ribbon from Aunt Mary. I took the family record, and altered the day of my birth, from 1824 to 1838; for I think Augustus' opinion is better than father's old musty memorandums. Charles Henry is anxious for an introduction to Jane Elizabeth Smith. He says my shell comb this morning—wasn't it a beauty? Ephraim, our man, went and changed three of the kittens. Eph is going to give me an elegant bouquet. I don't like the kind of Peavers—he wears a shocking necklace. I must quit here, and finish after meeting this afternoon. I've got lots to say. With new dress of Ida's is—  
[Here endeth the first instalment.]

Judge Jones, of —, Indiana, who never allows a chance for a joke to pass him, was peremptory the bench when it became necessary to obtain a jurymen in a case in which — was employed as counsel. The jurymen were an illiterate Hibernian, the latter being German in his modes of expression. The Sheriff proceeded to look round the room in search of a person to fill the vacant seat, when he espied a Dutch Jew and claimed him for his own. The Dutchman objected: "I can't understand your English."  
"What did he say?" said the Judge.  
"I can't understand your English," he repeated.  
"Take your seat," cried the Judge, "take your seat, that's no excuse; you're not likely to hear any of it."  
Under that decision he took his seat. Who would say that he was not as competent as any of the "intelligent jury."

## Miscellaneous.

### GUILTY, BUT DRUNK.

BY COL. BRADBURY.

It is a well known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called 'practical,' and that liquor which is termed 'bad,' have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called on just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown, was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much loved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the court, to get "comfortably combed" by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he could not succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year. Taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned but strong "carryall," he journeyed some forty miles and reached a village where court was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his better half, by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered an honor. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to a tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like him, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to see him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "it's a long time since we enjoyed a social glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course Sterrett, (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor than you had the last time that we were here—the stuff that you had here then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterrett, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to describe a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very 'devious' way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterrett to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge arose. Having indulged in the comforts of ablutio and abstergatio, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel, after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge, you are getting too old, you ought to leave off that business," said she reproachfully.

"Ah, Polly! what is the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterrett's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror, almost incredible, he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"Why, what on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where did you get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?—extending then towards her. 'I stole them!'"

"Yes, stole them?"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible from whom?"

"From Sterrett, over there, his name is on them."

"Good heavens, how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home last night I got it."

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among a lot of those lawyers."

"But I was very drunk?"

"Yes, you was?"

"Was I remarkably drunk, when I got home?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I would do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of such deliberate larceny!"

"But there may be some mistake Judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow Sterrett, keeps the meanest sort of liquor and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears; "go over to Sterrett and tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke; go and open court, and nobody will think of it again."

A little of soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterrett's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had little difficulty in set-

ting with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized the proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough sort of a customer was arraigned on the charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk."

"What's the charge against the man?"

"Grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May I please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel?"

"He is, ley? and he pleads—"

"Guilty, but drunk!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterrett's."

"Did you get none anywhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor, said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor at Sterrett's is enough to make a man do anything. *I got drunk on it the other day, myself, and stole all of Sterrett's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the court!"

From Randall's Life of Jefferson.

### JEFFERSON AND MADISON COMPARED.

A correspondence of a free and closely confidential character in regard to measures of government continued to be maintained between the late and acting president—the only example of the kind, it is believed, in our history. The relations which existed between Jefferson and Madison were not those merely of kindred politicians, who had acted long and harmoniously together, or of every day social friends. They were the strongest ties which can knit those of the same sex together—similar principles, similar intellectual capacities, similar degrees of knowledge, similar tastes and views, and finally similar personal interests—for with so general a concurrence on political questions, the public fortunes of the men had become necessarily embarked in the same bottom. They were just far enough removed from each other by the difference of age and experience for one to naturally lead and the other to gracefully follow; and yet they were not sufficiently apart to bring the dissimilar feelings of widely separated epochs of life into inharmonious contact. Madison was still in the full meridian of manhood, (58;) Jefferson had not passed the mellow autumn of old age, (66.)

There were enough minor contrasts in their mind and manners to give an agreeable piquancy to their intercourse. Madison was purely a reasoner; he was an unreluctant legislator. Jefferson could reason if the occasion demanded; but it was rather his taste and habit to reflect silently, and only announce naked and unadorned conclusions. He was averse to personal argumentation, and he abhorred it when it approached the precincts of controversy. It has often been said that Madison was a shade the most conservative. He was naturally, probably, several shades more conservative, and he had far more caution.—He struck not out on so bold a wing into theory—conformed not practice to theory so fearlessly and had not the same daring decision to defy the world on the strength of an intellectual, a moral, or a political conviction. He had less nerve, less of that force of will which sweeps along everything in its course, less marked and salient points of every description. He also had less genius. But Mr. Madison had equal talent, a sufficiency of passive firmness, more circumspection, and if he did not naturally and resistlessly control the portion of society inclined towards his views, he did not rouse a war, *ad intercessionem* with the other portion by his boldness and vehemency of his antagonism.

Jefferson was one of the kindest-hearted and most philanthropic men of his time, but he stands caricatured in the minds of many candid persons into a personification of intolerance, nay, ferocious bigotry, because he always spoke out and wrote out all he thought at the moment. His language never held from view a fiery tinge of the feeling that dictated it; he never smothered either the spark or the flame. There was a special excuse for him. He was engaged in a contest with a party who had without provocation transcended all the decencies of civilized life in their assaults on him, and to whose false, coarse, malignant, insulting and persistent accusations his own replies were only the milk of retaliation. John Adams was a well abused man, but the depraved ingenuity of his tormentors never invaded the domestic circle, to strike at him through the feelings of his children—to charge him with practices within that circle, and under the knowledge of his daughters, which of all others, would have been most revolting to the pride of womanhood, the most laudatory to the respect and tenderness of filial love.

The persecution and calumny which dogged Jefferson to the grave, and did not even then cease, fell lightly on Madison. There were, perhaps, two or three reasons for this. Perhaps Mr. Jefferson's adversaries had at length

discovered, that this was not the most successful way of keeping the public favorites from the presidency. Certainly no similar tactics were resorted to by any party for many subsequent years. Then, as heretofore remarked, it was Jefferson who was founder of the obnoxious system, the apostle of the hated creed; and on such the rage of opponents; and particularly of conquered opponents; falls with tenfold more violence than on the lieutenant or successor, however closely he may follow in the footsteps of his predecessors.

But, in truth, Madison owed much of his immunity to a kind of prudence which Jefferson never possessed. He so far concurred in all the practical political views of the former that it would be very difficult, we apprehend, to point out an important difference. — Nay; he had separated from the first great President, who had so loved and trusted him, to follow the standard of Jefferson. He sat eight years in the cabinet of the latter without a recorded nonconcurrence of views. But in expressing an opinion for the public ear, he carefully abstained from all but the pure logic of argument. He went not a word beyond the necessary point. He questioned no one's motives—he retaliated no hostile personal assault. He never suffered an extraneous sentiment, calculated to provoke prejudice, to creep into his writings, or even his conversation. Where such expressions were necessary, he guarded, so far as circumstances would allow, against their publicity; and he took special pains to recall and destroy his private political correspondence.

Jefferson, on the other hand, was a perfectly fearless talker and writer. We find him making some efforts, in his early career, to prevent the publication of letters which might compromise him as the leader of a party, and always dreading to get into newspapers; but an inspection of his entire correspondence will show that no man was ever more gratuitously open on the most dangerous topics. It was next to impossible for him to suppress an abstract conclusion growing out of or suggested by his topic, however much to his keen knowledge of men might admonish him of the danger thus incurred. In his conversation he was still more communicative. His political lieutenants often stood aghast at his freedom. And he sided greatly to the effect of his disclosures by the energy of his expressions. The thought that, uttered by another, would have attracted little notice, often issued like a fiery missile in his nervous and burning diction. And it also often happened that the pith of his expression kept the Congress rocket flying, which otherwise would have speedily dropped to the ground. The effect of his startling abstractions has already been illustrated in the case of conservative and excellent Charles Carroll. Mr. Jefferson, in the animation of writing and speaking, generally forgot to put in the limitations—the "ifs" and "buts," which not only take off the sharp edge of the thought, but leave such convenient holes for prudent men to creep out at!

Far be it from us to intimate that any little cunning, much less a shade of duplicity, marked the character of Madison. Nature had constituted him a different man, in some particulars, from his predecessor; and it was as appropriate and right that the one should follow out his own peculiarities as the other. Men may not be equally different, without blame, in their modes of action, but each will play his part most efficiently who plays his natural one. If, when extraneous moot questions came up, Madison relapsed into grave silence—it was like Washington; if he parried unnecessary curiosity by a neat turn, it was like Franklin. His caution was purely defensive. He never employed it to assail, or surprise, or take an advantage of an opponent. It was the result of temperament, and not of cowardice. He was passionate, because reason and logic guided the steady movements of all his faculties.

It has been perhaps already remarked that Jefferson and Madison were peculiarly calculated to be useful to each other. One prompted—the other restrained. One determined—the other followed up, and supplied the chain of argument, or like the cabinet trier, cautiously smote each link, to make sure that it had no flaw.

They also had that difference in personal peculiarities which seasons intercourse, and draws closer the bands of friendship. Jefferson was six feet two and a half inches in height; Madison five feet and between six and six and a half inches. Jefferson's movements were unrestrained, swinging and bold; Madison's, though graceful, were precise.—Calm authority sat in Jefferson's eye, and lurked in the firm intonations of his voice. In a stage-coach, in a crowd, in any situation, he at once attracted notice—at once was recognized by high and low as a leader of men. The impression which his looks conveyed was that of great firmness and gentleness combined—of powerful energy in perfect repose. Madison, in public, appeared to a stranger like a polished and contemplative professional man or student, who was taking a look out on the busy world.

A characteristic of Mr. Jefferson's conversation has been given—its boldness. It did not, as he became advanced in life, often evince enthusiasm; he made no effort at sustained brilliancy; and he utterly lacked wit. His discourse abounded with information and thought, and was garnished with old fashioned courtesy and compliment, as old architecture exhibits rich and quaint carving. This was in the style of the pre-revolutionary court of Virginia, or of that of St. Louis XVI., partly rubbed off by later associations. His conversation, however, was always pleasing to the listeners, and occasionally with the young deepened into that earlier strain, when his thoughts spontaneously arranged themselves into the striking and stately diction of his early writings. It then fell with indescribable force on the ears of his hearers.

Mr. Madison too had the old school elegance and super-abounded with information. His discourse, without being didactic or frigid, was weighty. He, perhaps, was never impassioned and was rather taciturn in public. But among private friends he was a delightful and humorous talker; and in very small and very confidential circles, blazed out into unrestrained facetiousness, and occasional brilliant flashes of wit. He told a story admirably, and had a long list of pot anecdotes against Jefferson, at which his victims always laughed until his eyes ran over. Many of these have been repeated to us by those "who were there to see." We wish we could give specimens; but the arena would all exhale in the recital. Some, perhaps, most of them, indeed, require the living narrator, as their humor depends more upon the manner than the matter. Mr. Madison's fund of geniality and liveliness was inexhaustible, and it defied age of pain. A gentleman who was intimate at Montpelier, long after its owner's retirement, mentioned to us visiting him on one occasion, when he was severely indisposed and confined to his bed. When the family and guests sat down to dinner, the invalid desired the door of his apartment to be left open "so that he could hear what was going on." Every few moments he was heard to cry out in a feeble but most humorous voice,—"Doctor, are you pushing about the bottles?—do your duty, Doctor, or I must cashier you."

He had the power of completely interesting and amusing Jefferson in any of the moods of his mind, and this is no small bond of amity between even grave statesmen. A companion to attend with—before whom care and blue-devils always fly—is a very serious luxury to a king or a beggar; is one that monarchs cannot always command. And when this play on David's harp is, additionally, the steady friend and trusted counsellor, the luxury becomes as complete as it is unusual.

Jefferson and Madison delighted to manifest their confidence in each other. When Madison was asked his opinion by a common friend, he very often replied by putting another question—"What says Mr. Jefferson?" Ask Jefferson for information and he would not frequently answer,—"Go to Mr. Madison; that was his measure; he knows a good deal more about it than I do." On being told this, Madison would smilingly say—"It was his measure, not mine; I only helped carry it into execution." They always spoke of each other with warm expressions of respect and attachment. We mention these facts on the authority of those who were intimately familiar with them, and that of members of their respective families.

The late President, as has been said, freely corresponded with his successor on public affairs. But he did not fall into the seamy mistake of putting on Mentor like airs to the full-grown disciple, or of descending to details of advice after the manner of those conceited and uneasy persons, who having once acted an important part, are impressed with a lively conviction that nobody will ever again entirely fill it—that after nature created themselves she broke the mould of excellence. Jefferson rarely gave an unasked opinion; and he gradually retrenched and finally almost discontinued writing to the President on public measures, owing to the foolish and scandalous insinuations of the press that the latter acted under his influence.

### Kiss or Fight.

A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good (?) old fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. —, the beautiful bride herself, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to get a taste of her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her heroic husband, who stood regarding the party with sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings—and I've just got this to say about it: Here's every gal in the room been kissed nigh a dozen times a piece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got to fight me—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

If Mrs. — was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

—Many years ago an old Mr. Coons attended to a bar and a small stock of goods for his worthy son, who has since become somewhat famous as being the founder and for many years the master spirit of the town of Razorville, Texas. The bar-room being large, and the stock of goods very small, they were kept in a large bar with the liquors, inclosed with a wooden grating. John McCabe, somewhat of a wag, was idling about the bar-room and observing that the old gentleman was careful to lock the door every time he came out of the bar, said:

"Uncle Coons, you needn't be so particular to lock the door every time you come out. A man couldn't wake day wages stealing out of your store, anyhow."

"SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ON."—This phrase originated with Dr. Chalmers, and is thus illustrated by Henry Rogers:—

"You remember the coachman who said to the gentleman on the box, 'Do you see that off leader there, sir?'"

"Yes, what of him?"

"He always shies when he comes to that 'ere gate. I must give him something else to think on.' No sooner said than up went the whirling thing, and came down full of its sting on the skittish leader's haunches. He had something else to think on, no time for panic, or affected panic, and flew past the gate like lightning. If we can but give youth, in time, 'something else to think on,' we may keep out of their minds, by pre-occupation, more evil than we can ever directly expel. One of the essential properties of matter may be said to be also one of the essential properties of mind, impenetrability. It is as impossible that two thoughts can co-exist in the same mind at the same time, as that two particles of matter can occupy the same space."

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Two Quakers applied to their Society, as they do not go to law, to decide the following difficulty.—A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, and meets B, an insurer, and states his wishes to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him; he therefore writes to B thus:—"Friend B, if the hasn't filled up the policy, thee needn't, for I've heard of the ship." "Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself, "cunning fellow; he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A:—"Friend A, thee best't too late by half an hour: the policy is filled." A rubs his hands with delight; yet B refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them.

—Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texan Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres o'nest," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in from an Indian hub, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots."

"For a pair of boots?" I cried out.

"Yes, for a pair of boots for each league."

"But why, on earth, didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"

"Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned the two leagues of land.

"Dr. Thompson, 'mine host' of the Atlanta Hotel, was in your Drawer," says a Georgia correspondent, "as Judge Underwood's 'Know Nothing Man.' The Doctor is a jolly, free-hearted Georgia landlord; but his wit is often blunt-pointed and misses fire. He had furnished a hurried breakfast for some Southern passengers by the cars—bustling about, with all sorts of better-sketter sayings.

"Gentlemen, here's your breakfast. I've seen better, and I've seen worse."

"I never did see much worse," says one of the passengers.

The Doctor was taken down. As they rose to pass out, asking what was to pay.

"Fifty cents down, or a dollar when we char. e. it," said the Doctor.

"Well, charge it, then," said our grumbling friend.

"I'm sold," said the Doctor. "Go on, gentlemen; I'll charge it!"—Harper.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Courier suggests an important improvement in the mode of laying the rails on railroads, so that the end of one rail comes opposite to the middle of that on the other side; thus preventing the jolt when both wheels of the axle pass over the junction at the same time.

This has been tried on the Boston and Maine road, and besides the additional security which it gives; it makes the motion of the train more even and continuous, and the whole rail having the effect to lift the wheel over the opposite joint. It seems natural that safety, convenience and economy should result from this simple arrangement; and it is only singular that it has not been tested before.

—A Lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,  
Wrote them on glass to show they may be broken.

The Hatters' Bank, of Bethel, Conn., was robbed Sunday night last of about \$86,000, chiefly in bills of said bank. No clue has been obtained to the robbers. The bank cautions persons against receiving the bills of the bank, until further advised.

—Many men are very entertaining at a first interview; but then they are exhausted; at a second meeting we find them flat and monotonous like hand-organs we have heard all their tunes, and unlike those instruments, they are not readily new-barrelled.

—Stephen H. Branch, editor of the Alligator, convicted of libel on Mayor Tiemann, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of \$250.

"I say, Pat, whatare you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat. "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."