

# 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.

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## Choice Poetry.

### LOVE AND MAY.

With buds and thorns about her brow,  
I met her in the woods of May,  
Smiling beneath a loaded bough,  
She seemed so young, and was so fair,  
A sweet freshness in her air,  
Spoke morning gilding into day,  
Wild as an untamed bird of spring,  
She sported 'mid the forest ways,  
Whose blossoms pale did round her cling,  
Blithe was she as the banks of June,  
Where humming bees keep sweetest tune;  
The soul of love was in her lays,  
Her words fell soft upon my ear,  
Like dropping dew from leafy spray;  
She knew no shame, and felt no fear,  
She told me how her childhood grew—  
Her joy was known, her cares how few;  
She smiled, and said her name was May.  
My heart's delight, oh, darling May!  
Thy form is with the shows that fleet;  
And I am weak, and warm, and gray!  
I see no more the things I loved;  
The paths wherein their beauty moved,  
Do seem to fall beneath my feet.  
I marked her for a little space;  
And soon she seemed to heed me not,  
But gathered flowers before my face,  
O, sweet to me her unsought ways!  
The love I bore her all my days,  
Was born of that wild woodland spot.  
I never called her bride nor wife,  
I watched her bloom a little more,  
And then she faded out of life;  
She quailed the wave I might not drink,  
And I stood thirsting on the brink!  
Oh! hurrying tide!—oh, dreary shore!  
They knew not that my heart was torn;  
They said a fever left me mad,  
And I had labored of a thorn,  
A fevered May, and scattered bloom,  
A well of tears, and wayside tomb,  
Alas! 'twas all the love I had!  
And to this day I am not clear;  
My stricken mind doth grope its way,  
Like those who walk where woods are rare;  
I cannot see to set apart  
Two things so crushed into my heart  
As May and Love—and Love and May!  
Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,  
Glad children call upon her name;  
But life and time are crushed to me:  
The grass is growing where she trod,  
Above her head a blossomed sod—  
The very earth is not the same.  
Oh, heavy years, grow swift and brief!  
Death, lay thine hand upon my brow!  
I wither as a shrunk-up leaf,  
I perished while my days were young;  
The thoughts to which my spirit clung  
Consumed me like a sapsucker's tongue.  
And now, O May! my vanished May!  
Her thorns are gathered one by one,  
And all their bloom is borne away,  
The corn is reaped, the sheaf is bound,  
The gleaner's foot is on the ground,  
And pain is past—and life is done!

**AN UNFORTUNATE PAGE.**—During an assembly of the Diet, in Dresden, Augustus the King invited several of the principal members to an entertainment. Champagne was of course not wanting; a page stole a bottle of it, and put it in his coat pocket. Being necessarily employed, he was unobtrusively to put his booty in a place of security; but his constant motion having caused the wine to ferment, just as he was standing behind the king, it exploded; the cork flew up to the ceiling, and the champagne rushed out of the pocket in the direction of the king's wig, and bathed it so effectually that the wine ran in streams from the curls. One part of the company were frightened, while another part could scarcely refrain from laughter. The page, more dead than alive, threw himself at the king's feet, and his majesty immediately sent the pilferer away, not from his service, but for a dry wig, advising him at the same time never to carry bottles with such liquor so long about him.

**THE PETITIONER.**—A petitioner government is not more oppressive than formerly; it is certainly more so.

### A RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE.

Upon one of the coldest days of February, 1853, I left Orleans by the Paris railway. The weather was extremely severe, the frozen snow lay thick in the streets; the aspect of the Boulevards was slippery as glass; sledges scoured the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne. An icy wind whistled round the train as we quitted the shelter of the station, and I regretted as I buttoned my coat to the chin and shrunk into my corner, that the carriage was not full, instead of having but one occupant beside myself.  
Opposite me sat a hale man of about sixty-five, with a bright eye, an intelligent, good-humored countenance—somewhat weather-beaten—and the red rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. During the first half hour he poured over a letter, whose contents, judging from the animated expression of his physiognomy, interested him strongly. He seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last he put up the letter, and then, for the first time, looked me in the face. I had been but a few days out of a sick bed, and was sensitive to the cold, and doubtless my appearance was wretched and wo-begone enough, for I detected a slight approach at a smile at the corners of the stranger's mouth. To one or two commonplace remarks he replied courteously, but laconically, like a man who is neither unsober nor averse to conversation, but who prefers his own thoughts to that bald talk with which travellers sometimes weary themselves rather than remain silent. So our dialogue soon dropped. The cold increased, my feet were numb, and I stamped them on the floor of the carriage to revive the circulation. My companion observed my proceedings with a comical look, as if he thought me a very tender traveller.  
"This car must be badly closed," I remarked. "It is bitter cold to the feet."  
"For that discomfort I have little pity," replied the Frenchman. "A ride on the railway is soon over, and a good fire, or a brisk walk is a quick and easy remedy. Mine is a different case. For forty years I have not known what was feet were."  
"For forty years?" I repeated, thinking I had misunderstood him.  
"Yes, sir, forty years; since the winter of 1812—the winter of the Russian campaign."  
"You were in that terrible campaign?" I inquired, in a tone of interest and curiosity. My companion previously taciturn, suddenly became communicative.  
"All through it, sir," he replied—from the Niemen to the Kremlin and back again. "It was my first campaign, and came near being my last. I was in others afterwards; in Germany in 1813, when the combined Germans and Russians drove us before them, for want of the brave fellows we had left in Moscow's snows; in France, in 1814, when the Emperor made his gallant struggle against overwhelming forces; and at the closing scene in Flanders; but not all these three campaigns put together, nor, as I believe, all that this century has witnessed, can match the horrors of that dreadful war in Russia."  
He paused, and leaning back in his corner, seemed to rattle in his mind events of powerful interest long gone by. I waited awhile in hopes he would resume the subject. But as he did not, I asked him to what arm he belonged when in Russia.  
"I was assistant-surgeon in a regiment of hussars," he answered; "and in my medical capacity I had abundant opportunity to make acquaintance with the horrors of war. On the 7th of September, for instance, at Moscow—Heavens! what a shambles that was! Ah, it was fine to see such valor as that was, on both sides—for the Russians fought well—gallantly, sir, or where would have been the glory of beating them? But Ney! Ney! Oh, he was splendid that day! His whole countenance gleamed, as he, again and again, led the bloody charge, exposing himself as freely as any corporal in the ranks. And Eugene, the Viceroy, with what vigor he hurled his masses against that terrible redoubt! When at last it was his, what a sight was there! The ground was not strewn with dead; it was heaped—piled with them. They had been shot down by whole ranks, and there they lay, prostrate in line as they had stood."  
The surgeon paused; I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, beginning:  
"Even as they fell, in files they lay;  
But I said nothing, for I saw that my companion was now fairly started and needed no spur.  
"Monsieur," he presently resumed, "all these things have been brought strongly to my mind by the letter you saw me just now reading. It is from an old friend, a captain in 1812—a general now—who went through the campaign, and whom I was so fortunate as to save from the grave on those infernal plains where most of our comrades perished. We were talking of the battle of Borodino. Seventy thousand men, it is said, were killed and wounded in that bloody fight. We surgeons, as you may well think, had our hands full, and still could not suffice for a tide of the sufferers. It was a rough breaking in for a young hand as I then was. Such frightful wounds as were there of every kind and description, from shell, shot, and bullet, spike and sabre. Well, sir, all the misery I then saw, all the vast amount of human agony and bloodshed, whose stream, ascending to Heaven, might well have brought down God's malediction on his creatures who could thus deform and deface each other, was nothing compared with the horrible misery we witnessed on our retreat. I have read everything that has appeared in France concerning that campaign—Sogur, Lebeau, and other writers. Their narratives are shocking enough, but nothing to the reality. They would have sickened their readers had they told all they saw. If anybody who went through that campaign could remember and set down all he witnessed, he would make the most heart-

rending book that was ever printed, and he would be accused of gross exaggeration. Exaggeration, indeed! there was no occasion to heighten the horrors of the winter of 1812. All that frost and famine, lead and steel, could inflict, was then endured; all the crimes that reckless despair and ruthless cruelty could prompt, were then perpetrated."  
"And how," I asked, "did you escape, when so many doubtless as strong and courageous, and more inured to hardship, perished so miserably?"  
"Under Providence, I owed my preservation to the trustiest and most faithful servant that ever master had. Paul had been several years in the hussars, was an old soldier, in fact, although still a young man; and at a time when all discipline and subordination was at an end, when soldiers heeded not their officers, officers avoided their generals, and servants and masters were all alike and upon a level, Paul proved true as steel. As if the cold and the Cossacks were not enough, hunger was added to our sufferings; there was no longer a commissariat or distribution of rations; rations, forsooth! dead horse was a luxury I have seen men fight for till death—lean meat though it was, for the poor brutes were as starved as their riders. What little there was to eat in the villages we passed through fell to the share of the first comers. Empty larders—often smoking ruins—were all that remained for those that remained behind. Well, sir, when things were at the worst and provender the scarcest, Paul always had something for me in his haversack. One day it would be a piece of bread, on the morrow a handful of gram, or some edible roots, now and then a slice of horse-flesh—and how delicious that seemed, grilled over our smoky, scanty fires! There was never enough to satisfy my hunger, but there was always a something—enough to keep body and soul together. Paul, as I afterwards discovered, husbanded his stores, for he well knew that if he gave me all at once, I should save nothing, and if then I had starved for days together, and perhaps have fallen from my horse from weakness. But think of the courage and affection of the poor fellow, himself half-starved, to carry about him from day to day, and to refrain from eating the food set aside for me! There were not many men in the army, even of general's rank, capable of such devotion to the dearest friend they had for extreme misery had induced a ferocious selfishness, that made us more like hyenas than Christians."  
"I should think the cold must have been even worse to endure than the hunger," said I, screwing up my extremities, which the interest of the doctor's conversation had almost caused me to forget.  
"It was, sir, harder and more fatal—at least a great number died of it; but to say the truth, frost and famine worked hand in hand, and with such a unity of action that it was often hard to say which was the cause of death. But it was a shocking sight of a morning to see the poor fellows lying dead round the bivouac fires. Unable to resist fatigue and the drowsy influence of the cold, they yielded to slumber, and never found sleep into the arms of death. For these sleepers died."  
"But how then," I asked, "did any escape from Russia, for all must have slept at times?"  
"I do not believe that any one who escaped did sleep, at least not of a night at the bivouac. We used to rouse each other continually to prevent our giving way, and then get up and walk as briskly as we could to quicken the sluggish circulation. We slept upon the march in our saddles, and strange as it may seem to you, even those on foot slept when marching. They marched in groups or clusters, and those in the centre slept, supported by their companions, and moved their legs mechanically. I do not say that it was a sound, deep sleep, but rather a sort of feverish doze. Such as it was, however, it was better than nothing, and saved some who would otherwise have sunk. Others who would have given way to weariness on the long, monotonous march, were prevented from giving way to utter despair and self-abandonment by the repeated harassing attacks of the Cossacks. The excitement of the skirmish warmed their blood and gave them, as it seemed, fresh hold upon life. In one of these skirmishes, or rather in a sharp combat, a dear friend, a captain in the same regiment, had his left arm carried off by a cannon shot. After the affair was over, I came suddenly upon him where he lay moaning by the roadside, his face ashy pale, and his arm still hanging by the sinews. His horse had either galloped away or been captured by the fugitives."  
"Ah, mon ami," he cried, when he saw me: "all is over—I can go no further, I shall never see France again."  
I saw, that like the majority of those who received severe wounds in that retreat, his moral courage was subdued and had given way to despair. I was terribly shocked, for I felt how slight was his chance of escape. I need hardly tell you that there was very little dressing wounds during the latter part of that retreat. Most of the surgeons were dead; the hospital wagons, with medicine and instruments, had been left on the road; transport for the sick was out of the question. I assumed as cheerful a countenance as I could.  
"Why, Preville," I cried, "this will not do; we must get you along somehow. Come, courage, my friend; you shall see France again in spite of all."  
"Ah, doctor," replied he, "it's no use. Here I shall die. All you can do for me is to blow my brains out, and save me from the Cossack lances."  
By this time I had dismounted and was at his side. The intense cold had stopped the bleeding of his wound. I saw that there was no lack of vitality in him, and that, but for this mishap, few would have got out of the campaign in better plight. Even his desper-

deny was perhaps his greatest danger. I reminded him of his wife and child (he had been married little more than a year, and the news of the birth of a daughter had reached him on our forward march) of his happy home, his old mother—of all the ties, in short, that bound him to life.  
Whist speaking, I severed the sinews that still retained his shattered arm, and bound it up as best I might. He still despaired and moaned, but suffered me to do as I would. He was like an infant in my hands—that man who in the hour of battle was like a lion to courage. But long suffering, and the sudden shock—occurring, as when we seemed on the very verge of safety—had overcome his fortitude. With Paul's help, I got him upon my horse. The poor brute was in no case to carry me double, so I walked and led it, though at that time I could hardly hobble.  
"It is all useless, my dear doctor," Preville said; "this is my last day; I feel that, Far better shoot me, or leave me by the roadside, than risk your life for my sake."  
I took no heed but tried to cheer him. Those unclean beasts, the Cossacks, were hovering around us as usual, and at times the bullets fell pretty thick. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I set Preville on my horse, when a shot struck his right eye—not entering the head, but glancing across the globe, and completely destroying his sight. Well, sir, then there occurred a physiological phenomena which I have never been able satisfactorily to account for. This man, whom the loss of an arm had reduced to despair, seemed to derive fresh courage from the loss of an eye. At any rate from that moment he complained no more of his fate, resumed his usual manly tone, and bore up like a hero. Paul was lucky enough to catch a riderless horse, which I mounted. The worst was over, and we soon got a respite. Without troubling you with details, and incredible as it may seem to you, my poor friend escaped with life, although with a limb and an eye the less.  
"There must have been a great many extraordinary escapes from that campaign," I remarked.  
"Innumerable. There was a sergeant of dragoons, a former comrade of my servant's, who for many days marched beside me and Paul. He received a severe wound. There were still some vehicles with us at that time, and we got him a place in one of them, and made him as comfortable as we could. The following night we stopped at a town. In the morning as we were about to march, the Cossacks came down. There was great confusion; several baggage carts were captured and abandoned in the houses where they had passed the night. Amongst these was Sergeant Fritz. Not many houses in the town were in good condition—most of them had been burned and knocked to pieces by the soldiers.—The house in which Fritz lay was one of the most comfortable in the place; on which account it had been converted into a temporary hospital. Well, the Russians came in, bro't their wounded, and turned out our poor fellows to make room for them. Some who could not move quick enough, were brutally pitched out of a window into a garden behind the house, there to perish miserably.—Fritz was one of these. Only just able to crawl, he made his way round the garden, seeking egress. He reached a gate communicating with another garden. It was locked and pain and weakness forbade him climbing over it. He sat close to the gate propped up against it, looking wistfully through the bars at the windows of a house and at the cheerful glow of a fire, when he was perceived by a young girl. She came out and opened the gate and helped him into the house. Her father was a German clockmaker, long settled in Russia, and Fritz, a Swiss, spoke German well. The kind people put him to bed, hid his uniform, and tended him like a son. When, in the following spring, his health was restored, and he would have left them, the German proposed to him to remain and assist him in his trade. He accepted the offer, married the German's daughter, and remained in Russia until his father-in-law's death, when he was taken with a longing to revisit his native mountains, and returned to Switzerland with his family. I met him since at Paris, and he told me his story. But although his escape was narrow and romantic enough, there must have been others much more remarkable. Most of the prisoners made by the Russians, and who survived severe cold and harsh treatment, were sent to Moscow to labor at re-building the city. When the fine season came some of them managed to escape, and make their way in various disguises, and through countless adventures, back to their own country."  
I have set down but the most striking portions of our conversation—or rather of the doctor's narrative, since I did nothing but listen, and occasionally, by a question or remark, directed his communicativeness into the channel I wished it to take. We were now near Orleans.  
"The letter I was reading, when we started said my companion, and which has brought back to my memory all that I have told you—at risk perhaps, of wearying you, he added, with a slight bow and smile, and a host of other circumstances to me, of thrilling and everlasting interest is from General Preville, who lives in the south of France, but who has come unexpectedly to Orleans to pass a month with me. That is his way. He lives happily with a married daughter; but now and then the desire to see an old comrade, and to fight old battles over again, comes so strongly upon him that he has his valise packed at an hour's notice, and takes me by surprise. He knows well that the 'Generals' Room,' and an affectionate reception always await him.—I received his letter—full of references to old times—yesterday evening, and an unwelcome reply back to Orleans to see him. Very likely he may be waiting for me at the station; and you will see that for a man who

gave himself up for dead forty years ago in the snows of Russia, and begged as a favor that I would put a bullet through his brain, he looks tolerably hearty and satisfied to live. "There is one thing, Monsieur le Docteur," I said, "which I do not understand. Did you mean literally what you said, that since the Russian campaign you never had felt what warm feet were?"  
"Literally and truly, sir. When we got to Orleans, where Junot was in command, and where the heroic Ney, who had been separated from the army, rejoined us with the skeleton of his corps—having cut his way, by sheer valor and soldiery, through clouds of Platoff's Cossacks—we took a day's rest. It was the 20th of November, the last day of anything approaching to comfort, which we were to enjoy before crossing the Russian frontier. True, we made one more halt at Molodetschino, whence Napoleon dated his Lullein of our terrible disasters, but then only a portion of us could find lodging; we were sick, half frozen, and numbers died in the streets. At Ocha we found shelter and tranquility; the governor had provided provisions against our passage, the enemy left us quiet, and we enjoyed a day of complete repose.—My baggage had long since been lost, and my only pair of boots were torn to shreds. I had been riding with fragments of a soldier's jacket tied round my feet, which I usually kept out of the stirrups, the contact of the iron increasing the cold. At Ocha, the invaluable Paul brought me a Jew (the Jews were our chief purveyors on that retreat) with boots for sale. I selected a pair and threw away my old ones, which for many days I had not taken off. My feet were already in a bad state, sore and livid. I bathed them, put on fresh stockings and my new boots, and contrived with a pair of old trousers, a sort of leggings or overalls, closed at the bottom, and to work over the boots. From that day till we got beyond the Niemen, a distance of one hundred and ten leagues, which we took three weeks to perform, I never took off any part of my dress. During that time I suffered greatly from my feet; they swelled till my boots were too tight for me, and at times I was in agony. When we were comparatively in safety, and I found myself, for the first time since I left Ocha, in a warm room with a bed to lie upon and water to wash, I called Paul to pull off my boots. Sir, with them came off my stockings, and the entire skin of both feet. A flayer's knife could hardly have done the thing more completely. For a moment I gave myself up as lost. I had seen enough of this kind of thing to know that my feet were on the verge of mortification. There was scarcely time to amputate, had any one been at hand to do it, and had I been willing to preserve life at such a price. Only one thing could save me, and I resolved to try it. I ordered Paul to bring me a bottle of brandy; I put a piece of silver between my teeth, and bade him pour the spirits over my feet. I can give you no idea of the excruciating torture I then endured. It was agony—but it broke his teeth." (Here the doctor drew up his lip and exhibited a defective tooth, in company with some very white and powerful grindstones.) "The martyrdom saved me; I recovered, but the new incrustations which in time covered my feet, seem chilled by the recollection of their predecessors' sufferings, and from that day to this I have never had my feet otherwise than cold. But here we are at Orleans, sir, and yonder, as I expected, stands my old Preville."  
The train stopped as he concluded, and a fine looking veteran, with whitish hair, an empty sleeve and a sallow patch over one eye, peered inquisitively into the carriage. Like most Englishmen, I have a particular aversion to the continental fashion of men kissing and hugging, each other, but I confess I beheld with interest and sympathy the cordial embrace of these two old comrades, who then looked joyously and affectionately into each other's faces, whilst a thousand recollections of old kindness and long comradeship were evidently swelling at their hearts. In his joy, my travelling companion did not forget the attentive listener, whose journey he had so agreeably shortened. Turning to me, he presented me to the general, as an Englishman, and a new acquaintance, and then cordially invited me to pass the rest of the day at his house. But the business that took me to Orleans was urgent, and my return to Paris must be speedy. And had it been otherwise, I think I still should have scrupled to restrain, by a stranger's presence, the first blow of intimate communion to which the two pleasurable feelings. So I gratefully declined, but pledged myself to take advantage of the doctor's hospitality upon my next visit to Orleans. When that occurs, I shall hope to glean another Russian Reminiscence.

### An Arab Horse.

A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then Governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabal steadily refused. The Pasha then had recourse to threats, but with no better success. At length one Gafar, a Bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the Pasha, and asked him what he would give the man who would make him master of Jabal's mare? "I will fill his horse's nose-bag with gold," replied Hassan. The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end of which was fastened to her hind fetlock, whilst the other, after passing thro' the tent cloth, was attached to a picket driven in the ground under the felt that served him and his wife for a bed. But one night Gafar crept silently into the tent, and loosened the chain. Just before starting off with his prize, he caught up Jabal's lance, and poking him with the butt-end, cried out: "I am Gafar; I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time." This warning was in accordance with the customs of the desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honorable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is desirous of all the glory that may flow from the deed. Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of the tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but not equal to her; but nevertheless, he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him, "Fetch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel." Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit useless. The pinch on the ear and the touch with the heel were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. "O, thou father of a jack-ass," they cried, "thou hast enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel." But he silenced their upbraids by saying, "I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me utter it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved better than mine? I have, at least, this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match."—*J. R. Rarey's Art of Horse Training.*

**INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.**—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth which virtuous women are not admitted to, rely on it, are delirious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms to a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I profess I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kind woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our case; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray*

**A GENEROUS MONARCH.**—Alfonso V of Aragon was born in 1385, and died 1458.—His character, chivalrous and generous, is illustrated by the following anecdotes:—One day his treasurer was paying him ten thousand ducats; an officer who was present said in a low voice, not meant for the king's ear, "That sum is all I need to make me happy." The king, however, heard him, and said, "Thou shalt be happy, then;" and immediately ordered the ten thousand ducats to be paid to him. To render himself more popular, Alfonso was in the habit of walking in the streets of his capital on foot and unattended. When representations were made to him of the danger there was in thus exposing himself, he replied, "A father who walks in the midst of his children has nothing to fear." One of his courtiers having asked him who were those of his subjects whom he loved the most? "Those," he answered, "who fear me more than they fear me." Seeing one day, a galley filled with soldiers on the point of sinking, he ordered immediately that succor should be given. Seeing those around him hesitate, he leaped into a boat, and cried, "I like better to be the companion than the spectator of their death." The soldiers were saved. Alfonso seems to have had wit as well as nobleness. He was in the habit of saying, that to constitute a happy household, it was necessary that the husband should be deaf and the wife blind.

The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a young lady whose name was Stone:—  
Curious enough, we all must say,  
That what was Stone should not be clay;  
More curious still, to own we must,  
That what was Stone will soon be dust.

The son of a good father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."  
—The city of New York consumes ten thousand dollars a day in cigars, and only eight thousand in bread.