

*M. J. Smith*

# 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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WOMAN OR WINE.

BY T. WARD.

The President of the New England Society  
who recommends the introduction of Wo-  
men in place of Wine at entertainments:—  
...and he is a reformer!  
...the glow of whose presence is warmer  
than any other of the wine.  
...and his wife are just  
...in a way which is  
...than ever from grain was distilled.  
...for beauty his whisky.  
...the change will be certain to  
...her eyes shed a spirit more  
...than lights more golden than sherry  
...will make as well the poor brain.  
...tapping necks than the bottle's,  
...to be more bewilderingly crowned,  
...and post from their ravishing throats  
...to claim that a sage will confound.  
...one makes us brutes, love is able  
...to turn us to feds with like ease;  
...one lays us under the table,  
...after brings us at least to our knees.  
...that tells some mischief she's brewing;  
...the first scrape acquaintance below  
...to these hidden taps of the toe.  
...all hands, between courses at leisure,  
...make friends when there's no one to mark,  
...All these golden grapes under pressure  
...then fingers thus speared in the dark.  
...to be the lover of beauty,  
...To whom his visage, poor elf!  
...How lovely she looks! How his duty  
...is left to take care of itself!  
...When thwarted, how pained his powers,  
...Till he sinks in despair at death's door;  
...Oh! if woman be so thin thus lower,  
...Say, what can the bottle do more?  
...No spirit so ardent as woman's—  
...So sure to intoxicate man;  
...A much is "debevis manens,"  
...that maddens him more than it can.  
...of glaucous her eye is "blue ruin,"  
...The bluish is the blood of the vine,  
...It is a punch in whose brewing  
...Tart, sugar and spirit combine.  
...Sighing, so heating, so heady,  
...So hope for her victim appears;  
...Should he merely render him giddy,  
...He'd be surely be drunk with her tears  
...At the grape juice of Eden made Adam  
...No rapidly forgot his ally;  
...The lure of his volatile madam  
...led him tipily on to his fall.  
...Of the wines of fair Cyprus the rovers,  
...So sure as the woman beguile,  
...Than steel where he is "half-frown over,"  
...Than steel for his fatal bliss.  
...Oh! then such a tempter as this is,  
...No conscience so hazardous court,  
...When embarked on the waves of her tress,  
...Will prove that he ventured from port.

From Reynolds's Miscellany.

THE FAMILY IJKENESS.

The pretty square farm-house standing at  
the corner, where Kibes Lane crosses the  
road, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane, (for  
the first phrase, although giving by far the  
best picture of the place, does, it must be  
admitted, look rather Irish,) and where the  
old maid brook winds away by the side of an  
old lane, until it spreads into a river-like  
entity as it meanders into the sunny plain  
of Stanley Common, and finally disappears  
amidst the green recesses of Henge Wood,  
that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by  
the tall elms in the flower court before it,  
with the spacious garden and orchard  
behind, and the extensive barn-yard and out-  
buildings, so completely occupies one of the  
places formed by the crossing of the lane and  
the stream—that pretty farm-house contains  
one of the happiest and most prosperous fami-  
lies of Aberleigh.

Whether from skill or good fortune, or as  
most probable, from a lucky mixture of  
both, everything goes right in his great farm.  
His crops are the best in the parish; his hay  
is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his chil-  
dren are never ill. He buys cheap, and he  
sells dear; money gathers about him like  
a hawk; yet, in spite of all this provoking  
and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves  
Mr. Evans—he is so hospitable, so gen-  
erous, so good-natured, so homely. There,  
after all, lies the charm. Riches have not  
spoil the man, but they have not even  
changed him. He is just the same in look, in  
manner, and he is his wife, with two sorry  
boys, one cow, and three pigs, began the  
world at Dean's Gate, a little bargain of  
rented acres, two miles off. Aye, and his  
wife is the same woman!—the same frugal,  
industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans,  
noted for her activity of tongue and limb,  
her good looks, and her plain dressing. She  
was at nineteen, Mrs. Evans at forty-five as  
she was at nineteen, and although in a different  
way, as good-looking.

Their children— they had six "boys," as  
the farmer used to call them, whose ages var-  
ied from eight and eight-and-twenty, and  
three girls, two grown up, and one not yet  
seven, the youngest of the family—are just

what might be expected from parents so sim-  
ple and so good—the young men intelligent  
and well conducted; the boys docile and prom-  
ising; and the little girl as pretty a curly-  
headed, rosy-cheeked puppet as ever was the  
pet and plaything of a large family. It is,  
however, with the eldest daughters that we  
have to do.

Jane and Fanny Evans were as much alike  
as has often befallen any two sisters not born  
at one time; for, in the matter of twin-children,  
there has been a series of puzzles ever  
since the days of the *Dionios*. Nearly of an  
age, (I believe at this moment both are turned  
nineteen, and neither has reached twenty-  
yet) exactly of a stature, with hazel eyes,  
full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear,  
healthy complexion, and that sort of a nose  
which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor  
aquiline, nor the *petit nez retroussé*, that some  
persons prefer to them all; but a nose which,  
moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-  
shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous.  
Although it be perhaps as common and as  
well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an  
English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of comely maid-  
ens, and being constantly attired in gar-  
ments of the same color and fashion, they  
always looked so much alike that no stranger  
ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and  
even their acquaintances were rather accus-  
tomed to think and speak of them generally  
as "the Evanses," than as the separate indi-  
viduals Jane and Fanny. Even those who  
did pretend to distinguish one from the other  
were not exempt from mistakes, which the  
sisters, Fanny especially—who delighted in  
the fun so often produced by the unusual re-  
semblance—were apt to favor by changing  
places in a walk, or slipping from one side  
to the other at a country tea-party, or play-  
ing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at  
once a grave and a merry laugh.

Old Tabitha Goodwin, for instance, who,  
being rather portly, was jealous of being  
suspected of seeing less clearly than her  
neighbors, and had defied even the Evanses  
to puzzle her "discernment, seeking in vain  
the out-thing she had dressed on Jane's,  
ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of  
her own incomparable eye, and could hardly  
be induced, even to the pulling off of  
Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lac-  
erated finger scored round by her own ban-  
dage.

Young George Babby, too, the greatest  
boast in the parish, having betted at a party  
that he would dance with every pretty girl  
in the room, lost his wager, which Fanny  
had overheard, by that saucy dandy slipping  
into her sister's place, and persuading  
her to join her own unconscious partner; so  
that George danced twice with Fanny, and  
not at all with Jane; a flattering piece of  
notice which proved, as the young gentleman  
(a rustic exquisite of the first water,) was  
pleased to assert, that Miss Fanny was not  
displeased with her partner. How little does  
a vain man know of woman-kind! If she  
had liked him, she would not have played the  
trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school-days, when  
Jane was chidden for Fanny's bad work, and  
Fanny scolded for Jane's bad spelling, down  
to this, their prime of womanhood, there had  
been no end to this confusion produced by  
this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature, who sets some mark of  
individuality upon her meanest productions,  
making some unnoted difference be-  
tween the robins bred in one nest, the flowers  
growing on one stalk, and the leaves  
hanging from one tree, had not left these  
young maidens without one great and per-  
manent distinction—a natural and striking  
discrepancy of temper. Equally industrious,  
affectionate, happy and kind, yet each was  
in a different way. Jane was grave; Fanny  
was sure. If you heard a laugh or a song, be  
sure it was Fanny; she who smiled, for cer-  
tain was Fanny. She who jumped the style  
when her sisters opened the gate was Fanny;  
she who chased the pigs from the garden as  
merrily as if she were running a race, so that  
the very pigs did not mind her, was Fanny.

On the other hand, she that was so care-  
fully making, with its own ravell'd threads,  
an invisible darn in her mother's handker-  
chief, and hearing her little sister read the  
white sheet that so patiently was feeding, one  
by one, two broods of young turkeys; she  
that so pensively was watering her own bed  
of delicate and somewhat rare plants—the  
pale stars of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster  
blooms of the white evening primrose,  
whose modest flowers, dying off into a bluish,  
resembled her own character—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to  
assert that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as  
well as the early steadiness of her character,  
arose from an engagement to my lord's head  
gardener, an intelligent, sedate and sober  
young Scotchman.

Of this I know nothing. Certain it is that  
the prettiest and newest plants were always  
to be found in Jane's flower-border; and if  
Mr. Archibald Maclean did sometimes come  
to look after them, I do not see that it was  
any business of anybody's.

In the mean time a visitor of a different  
description arrived at the farm. A cousin  
of Mrs. Evans had been successful in his  
trade as her husband had been in agriculture,  
and he had now sent his only son to become  
acquainted with his relations, and to spend  
some weeks in their family.

Charles Forster was a fine young man,  
whose father was neither more nor less than  
a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose  
manners, education, mind, and character  
might have done honor to a far higher sta-  
tion. He was, in a word, one of Nature's  
gentlemen, and in nothing did he more thor-  
oughly show his own taste and good breed-  
ing than by entering entirely into the home-  
ly ways and old-fashioned habits of his coun-  
try cousins. He was delighted with the  
simplicity, frugality and industry, which

blended well with the sterling goodness and  
genuine abundance of the English farmhouse.  
The young women, especially, pleased him  
much. They formed a strong contrast with  
everything that he had met with before. No  
finery, no coquetry, no French, no piano!  
It is impossible to describe the sensation of  
relief and comfort with which Charles For-  
ster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that  
the whole dwelling did not contain a single  
instrument, except a bassoon, on which  
George Evans was wont every Sunday at  
church to torment the ears of the whole con-  
gregation. He liked both sisters, Jane's  
softness and considerateness engaged his full  
esteem, but Fanny's innocent playfulness  
suited best his own high spirits and animated  
conversation. He had known them apart  
from the first, and indeed denied that the  
likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is  
usual between sisters, and secretly thought  
Fanny as much prettier than her sister, as  
she was avowedly merrier. In-doors and  
out, he was continually at her side, and be-  
fore he had been a month in the house all its  
inmates had given Charles Forster as a lover  
to his young cousin; and she, when rallied  
on the subject, cried "die" and "pshaw!"  
and "nonsense" and wondered how people  
could talk such nonsense, though at the same  
time she liked to have such nonsense talked  
to her better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state when one night  
Jane appeared even graver and more thought-  
ful than usual, and far, far sadder. She  
sighed deeply, and Fanny, for the two sisters  
shared the same little room, inquired tend-  
erly, "what ailed her?" The inquiry seem-  
ed to make Jane worse. She burst into  
tears, while Fanny hung over her and sooth-  
ed her. At length she roused herself by a  
strong effort, and turning away from her af-  
fectionate comforter, said in a low tone, "I  
have been greatly vexed to-night. Charles  
Forster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Forster? Did you say Charles  
Forster?" asked poor Fanny, trembling, un-  
willing even to trust her own senses against  
the evidence of her heart; "Charles Forster?"  
she repeated. "And you have accepted him?"  
asked Fanny, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no, no, no," said Jane. "Do you  
think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Be  
sides, I am not the person he ought to have  
asked to marry him. False and heartless as  
he is, I could not be his wife; cruel, unfeel-  
ing, unmanly, as he has been! No, not if  
he could make me Queen of England!"

"You refused him, then?" said Fanny.

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I  
was covering from the surprise and indigna-  
tion that at first struck me dumb," replied  
Jane. "But I shall refuse him most cer-  
tainly—the false, deceitful, ungrateful man!"

"My dear father," said Fanny; "he will  
be disappointed. So will my mother."

"They will both be disappointed, and both  
angry," said Jane, "but not at my refusal.  
Oh, how they will despise him!" she added;  
and poor Fanny, melted by her sister's sym-  
pathy, and touched by an indignation most  
unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could  
no longer command her feelings, but flung  
herself on the bed in that agony of passion  
and grief which the first great sorrow seldom  
fails to excite.

After awhile Fanny resumed the conver-  
sation. "We must not," she said, "blame  
him too severely, Jane. Perhaps my vanity  
made me think his attentions meant more  
than they really did, and you had all taken  
up the notion. But you must not speak of  
him so unkindly; he has done nothing but  
what is natural. You are so much wiser and  
better than I am, my dear Jane! He laugh-  
ed and talked with me; but he felt your  
goodness; and he was right—I was never  
worthy of him, and you are; and if it were  
not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the  
bottom of my heart," continued Fanny, sob-  
bing, "if you would accept—"

"But, unable to finish the expression of her gen-  
erous wish, she burst into a fresh flood of tears;  
and the sisters, mutually and strongly affect-  
ed wept in each other's arms, and were com-  
forted.

That night Fanny cried herself to sleep;  
but such sleep is not of long duration. Be-  
fore dawn, she was up, and pacing with rest-  
less irritability the dewy grass walks of the  
garden and orchard. In less than half-an-  
hour a light elastic step (she knew the sound  
well) came rapidly behind her; a hand (ah,  
how often had she thrilled at the touch of that  
hand!) tried to draw her over the wall;  
whilst a well-known voice thus addressed her  
in the softest and tenderest accents: "Fanny,  
my own sweet Fanny! have you thought of  
what I said to you last night?"

"To me?" returned Fanny, with bitter-  
ness.

"Ay, to be sure—to your own sweet self!"  
was the reply. "Do you not remember the  
question I asked you when your father, for  
the first time unwelcome, joined us so sudden-  
ly that you had no time to say 'Yes'! And  
will you not say 'yes' now?"

"Mr. Forster," replied Fanny, with some  
spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was  
to Jane you made the proposal yesterday.  
You are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister?" exclaimed  
Charles. "Propose to Jane! Incredible! You  
are surely jesting."

"Then he mistook me for Jane last night,  
and he is no deceiver," thought Fanny to  
herself, as with smiles beaming brightly  
through her tears, she turned round at his  
reiterated prayers and entreaties, and yielded  
the hand he so eagerly sought. "He mistook  
her for me—he that defied us to perplex  
him!"

And so it was; an unconscious and unob-  
served change of place, as either sister re-  
sumed her station behind little Betty, who  
had scampered away after a glow-worm,  
added to the deepening twilight and the  
lover's natural embarrassment, had produced  
the confusion which caused poor Fanny a

night's misery, to be compensated by a life-  
time of happiness. Jane was almost as glad  
to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one.  
Charles is gone home to his father's to make  
preparations for his bride. Archibald has  
taken a great nursery garden; and there is  
some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of  
the two sisters is to be celebrated on the  
same day.

From the Home Journal.  
**TALES OF THE SOUTH.**  
BY A SOUTHERN MAN.  
THE REPORTER TO THE SENATE.

J. H. of Alabama, is a humorist and a  
practical joker. A blind phenologist once  
examining his head, declared that his organ  
of humor was mountainously developed, and  
that it had, in fact, swallowed up, or dwarfed  
by proximity, all the neighboring bumps.  
Right or wrong in his theory, the phenologist  
was singularly correct, for once, at least,  
in the portrait of the leading intellectual  
characteristic of his subject. J. H.—for, by  
that familiar abbreviation of his Christian  
name he is best known among his friends—  
is the embodiment of frolic and fun. He looks,  
speaks and acts the humorist. Lean and  
gaunt in person, cadaverous in complexion  
and wrinkled in visage, he resembles, for all  
the world, an Egyptian mummy. He would  
be irredeemably ugly were it not for his eyes,  
which are black, piercing and full of the fire  
of genius. And a genius, as well as a chival-  
ric gentleman, J. H. is most unquestionably  
is. He writes well, speaks well, talks well,  
and, in short, does all kinds of brain-work  
well. He edits the best paper in the State,  
gets off more jokes on his friends and foe,  
and tells more amusing tales than the whole  
editorial fraternity combined.

He was once State Solicitor in one of our  
circuits, and gained more verdicts from juries,  
by his jokes and humor, than the best legal  
abilities and acquisitions. In fact, J. H.  
and his terrible battery of fun and anecdote,  
struck greater terror into evil-doers than the  
fiercest anathemas of most eloquent philippic  
attorneys counsel for the prosecution. He  
quizzed the witnesses, bamboozled the oppo-  
sition attorneys, poked his fun at the bench,  
tickled the jury, and many a time, got ver-  
dicts when he did not deserve them, from the  
law and the facts of his case. His whole so-  
litorship was the Saturnalia of fun on his  
circuit, and as full of forensic triumphs for  
himself as it was of laughter for the public,  
and of fines of imprisonment for the accused.

Impelled by the optitude of his natural  
instincts and endowments, J. H. wrote humor-  
ous tales and sketches, all of considerable  
merit, and, at length, produced a book which  
brought a grin to the face of the country,  
from Maine to California. Under a *Soubriquet*,  
which is now the synonym in the South  
for a practical joker, he embalmed old B. Y.  
of Tallapoosa county, for humorous immor-  
tality. The victim, it is said, has never for-  
gotten his embalmment; but the book lives and  
ranks deservedly as a classic in the depart-  
ment of letters to which it belongs.

But J. H.'s great passion is for a practical  
joke—one of those thunder-claps from the sky  
of humor which overwhelm the smitten party  
with laughter, and shake the sides of the con-  
munity for a month afterwards with inex-  
haustible mirth. He will undergo any  
amount of mental vigil and bodily toil to get  
up such a surprise and carry it into success-  
ful execution. Being at once fertile in the  
invention and wonderfully adroit in the man-  
agement of practical jokes, he almost con-  
stantly has some affair of the sort on hand,  
and rarely fails to draw down a exclamatory  
explosion from any quarter into which he  
chooses to sail one of his humorous kites.

At the session of 1857-8 of the Alabama  
Legislature, J. H. acted as reporter in the  
Senate for his own paper. The position ad-  
mits the one who holds it to a seat within the  
bar of the Senate, and to constant, familiar  
intercourse with the members. A man so  
companionable and jocular as J. H., of course,  
soon became a prime favorite with the Sena-  
tors. He was, in fact, a sort of honorary  
member of the body, without the right to  
speak or vote; but by no means without influ-  
ence in its deliberations. Ever ready, with  
pen or counsel, to assist all who needed or  
asked his help, he combined and admirably  
executed, the double function of a diligent  
reporter and adviser in ordinary to the Senate.

Now, the individuals composing the Senate  
of Alabama, however able in counsel or suc-  
cessful in the arts of debate, were never-  
theless but men, and subject, like the rest of  
mankind, to the appetites and frailties of hu-  
manity. Being neither teetotalers nor in-  
ebriates, they relished, the most of them, at  
least, an occasional infusion into their bever-  
age of that element which is warmer than tea,  
and more exhilarating than coffee. The rig-  
or of the winter and the tedium of protracted  
legislation, made moderate potation as harm-  
less to their consciences in an *ethical*, as it  
was agreeable to their taste in a *palatial*  
point of view. Besides the regular matutinal,  
ante-prandial, post-prandial and vesper obla-  
tions made at the shrine of the ruddy god,  
by a few of the more devout of his senatorial de-  
votees, there were occasional acknowledg-  
ments of his claims made by nearly all of the  
Senators, in the recess of the committee-rooms  
adjoining the chamber of the Senate. These  
interlarded acts of homage, rather futile in  
character, were rendered more some dull  
protraction of debate or some exhausting man-  
oeuvre of parliamentary tactics, and gener-  
ally by only two or three Senators at a time,  
who quietly left their seats, improved the mo-  
ment of absence, and as quietly returned.  
The supplies for these stolen interviews were  
drawn from bottles and *petit jugs*, which  
found their way into the committee-rooms by  
means known only to the initiated. Despite  
all this, however, he it remembered, the Sena-  
tor of Alabama, during the session of 1857-8  
was distinguished, as a body, for sobriety,

intelligence and devotion to the duties of leg-  
islation.

One day, during an unusually protracted ses-  
sion, the spiritual supplies in the commit-  
tee-rooms had all been exhausted. Owing to the  
length of the sitting and the torrid heat of the  
debate, the mouths and throats of the Sena-  
tors parched with a thirst, which water could  
not assuage, and both their minds and bodies  
needed the presence of the exhilarating com-  
forter. But the discussion was too interest-  
ing, and the presence of individual members  
too important at the vote which was soon to  
be taken upon the question under debate, to  
allow of temporary absence, farther than the  
adjoining committee-rooms, from the Senate  
chamber.

In this emergency J. H. came to the re-  
lief of the exhausting Senators. Despatching  
a messenger with instructions to bring him a  
certain large black bottle, which was to be  
found under a file of old papers, in one cor-  
ner of his editorial sanctum, he proceeded to  
inform the members of the provision he was  
making for their refreshment, more than half  
the body accepting his invitation to partake  
of it as soon as it was received.

In due time the messenger returned with  
the bottle, which was deposited in a recess in  
one of the committee rooms. J. H., officiat-  
ing as host and master of ceremonies, tipped  
the wink to the Senators, who repaired, in  
companies of two and three, to the place ap-  
pointed, partook of the contents of the bottle,  
and returned, with rufled faces, to their seats.  
In quick succession, all who had accepted the  
invitation, withdrew from the chamber, im-  
bibed, and returned. A shade of thought-  
fulness settled upon the brow of every one of  
the drinkers, and a slight pallor, accompanied  
by nervous twittings at the corners of the  
mouth, overspread their countenances.

It was recalled afterwards, but observed as  
an act of considerate forbearance at the time,  
prompted, as was then believed, by a desire  
not to diminish the spiritual supplies of his  
guests, that J. H. did not himself partake of  
the contents of the bottle. He urged the Sena-  
tors, however, with hospitable importunity,  
to replenish their glasses. But no one  
ventured a repeat. A majority of them gulped  
down at a single swallow the poison they  
had poured from the bottle. Some, with wry  
faces, took their share in broken doses. A few  
tasted and declined. All felt suspicious;  
many commented upon the peculiar flavor of  
the liquor, and every one left the room with  
a nauseous taste in his mouth, and a rapid  
flow of saliva to his lips.

The debate, in the meantime, was approach-  
ing the *finale* of a vote upon the measure  
under discussion. The refreshment of the  
committee-room had stilled, instead of quick-  
ening, the tongues of the imbibing Senators,  
among whom were included the leading dis-  
putants on both sides of the question. The  
pause in the debate soon became as embar-  
rassing as it was surprising. It was like the  
silence of death falling suddenly upon the  
uproar of clamorous life.

Unable longer to retain their seats, much  
less to deliberate or to debate, the Senators  
who had visited the committee room, rose  
one by one, seized their hats and hurried  
out from the chamber. As the debate seemed to  
have come to a sudden conclusion, a Senator,  
of the uninvited to J. H.'s treat, called for  
the final vote upon the question. It was  
suggested and soon ascertained by a count,  
that a quorum was not present. The door-  
keeper of the Senate was soon dispatched to  
recall the absentees. The partisans on each  
side of the question about to be submitted to  
a vote, anxious to rally all of their respective  
forces, joined in the hunt for their missing  
corades, leaving nearly every seat vacant in  
the Senate Hall.

The fugitive Senators were soon found.  
Around the rear corners of the Capitol build-  
ings, in sheltered nooks upon the surrounding  
campus, and in every hiding-place about the  
premises, they were—some prostrate on  
the ground, others perched on extemporized  
seats and not a few, though still on foot, leaning  
in most deplorable attitudes, and all of them  
with rufled faces and dolorous complaints,  
like a regiment of cholera patients. The  
spectacle was ludicrous beyond expression.  
The searching party greeted the absentees  
with peals of laughter. The news spread;  
the crowd and the merriment increased apace  
and the capitol hill of Alabama rang with  
laughter.

The cause of this senatorial upheaval was  
readily traced. A powerful emetic had been  
mixed in the brandy, of which the Senators  
had partaken in the committee-room. J. H.  
swore then, and avers to this day, that the  
mixture had been prepared for a sick servant,  
and that the messenger brought him, by mis-  
take, the wrong bottle. The law and the  
testimony, however, deducible from all the  
facts of the case, and especially from his own  
frolisome character, are against his solution.  
But he had the marvellous address to make  
it entirely credible to the victims, and so he  
retained both his popularity and his position  
as reporter to the Senate.

A GOOD SELL.—A Broadbrim owned a  
most beautiful horse. A gentleman saw him  
in the pasture, wished to purchase him, and  
asked the Friend if he could go well.

"Go!" said Broadbrim, "it would delight  
thee to see him go."

The gentleman therefore purchases him,  
harnesses him before his wagon, but to his  
surprise he is immovable as the Alps. He  
applies the whip, but nevertheless the horse  
is as still as death.

He then cries to the Quaker—  
"Look here, Shadbelly, you have cheated  
me; you said this horse would go."

"Nay, friend," said the Quaker; "did I  
not tell thee it would *delight* thee to see him  
go? and I hope thee may have that pleasure."

And with this he left the sporting gent to  
get over his *self* as best he could.

AN INTERESTING TALE.—the comets.

**The Happy Typo.**

A cheerful temper is a natural gift, the desirability of which cannot be questioned, but seldom do we meet with a spirit so thoroughly saturated with good nature that no disparagement, no poverty, deprivation or combi-  
nation of adverse circumstances can break it down or overcome its geniality.

A few days ago a man made his appearance before Justice Brennan, who seemed to have a perfect fountain of undiluted contentment somewhere in his composition, which no depressing influence of care or accident had been able to exhaust or adulterate—a type—a modern addition of Mark Tapley—a human barrel of jolliness without hoops on. He was arrested for being intoxicated. He gave his name as Getephat Take, said he was a printer, and hailed from "The Gem of Science" office; isa short man of beef cake figure, and a few as rubicund as if he slept in a room with red curtains. His answer to the questions of the authorities showed his contentment under all shades of fortune. The Justice being also in a good humor, was inclined to banter the disciple of Ben Franklin, and accordingly addressed him as follows:

Judge.—"Well, Mr. Take, it seems you have thrown aside the 'composing stick,' and gone to getting drunk for a living. I am afraid you're a 'bad case,' and stand in need of 'correcting.' I think I shall send you to 'quod.'"

These technicalities which were uttered in a tone of you-see-I-know-your-trade-as-well-as-you-do air, seemed to give Mr. Take the assurance which printers seldom lack, but of which the solemnities of a Police Court might temporarily have deprived him, and he answered:

Prisoner.—"Well, at any rate, I am glad we have no 'galleys' in this country, or I suppose you would 'empty me there, and 'well leaded' at that. But bless you, sir, going to jail's nothing; the last time I was there I tamed a 'rat' and taught him to chew tobacco, besides inventing three new steps for a horn-pipe—it's a good deal better than setting 'solid union,' more than three quarters 'figure work,' and getting only a 'price and a halt' for it. Lord bless you, Squire, I'd a great deal rather go to jail for ten days than not. I've got sick of work just now and I'll have a chance to get the bile of my stomach."

Judge.—"You seem to take it easy; how do you propose to employ your time this trip?"

Prisoner.—"Well, Corporal, I'm undecided whether I'll learn to whistle the opera of the 'Bohemian Girl,' practice standing on my head, or undertake to acquire the elegant accomplishment of balancing straws on my nose. If I could get a cat, I'd teach her to play the fiddle; if I thought the strings wouldn't remind her unpleasantly of intestinal discord, after her feline body has been nine times slain."

Judge.—"Mr. Take, you seem particularly happy under the circumstances; have you got a wife?"

Prisoner.—"Not now, Lieutenaut. I had one, but she ran off with a bow-legged collier. I was so glad about it I sent her her dresses and quit claim deed of her person, signed in capital letters. She left me one boy, but he was 'foul proof'—not a bit like me; I bound him 'prentice to the type-sticking trade, but the first day he quarrelled with the regular 'devil. He dropped the 'shootin' stick' into the 'alligator press,' and in the evening he and another hopeful boy were rehearsing a broadsword combat with a couple of 'column rules.' The foreman 'bartered' him with a 'mallet,' and when he got home he had a 'fancy head,' if ever there was one."

Clerk.—"Where is he now?"

Prisoner.—"He ran away with a circus, and the last I saw of him he was in the middle of a sawdust ring, trying to tie his legs in a bow-knot round his neck. I've been jollier since than ever before."

Judge.—"You seem to be always jolly."

Prisoner.—"So I am. I laughed when my father turned me out of doors at eleven years old—laughed when I broke my arm, and made funny faces at the doctor while he was setting it. The happiest day I ever spent was one time when I hadn't but one shirt and a pair of pants to put on, and had spent all the money I had, and gone hungry forty hours. I never was really unhappy but once in my life, and that was when I fell down stairs, fractured my collar bone, and skinned my leg so badly that I couldn't get on my knees to thank God I hadn't broken my neck."

The Judge relented and let Mr. Take go, and that profound individual left the room trying to whistle and sing at the same time, and also to dance an independent jig with each leg to a different tune.

A TOUCHING DITTY IN PROSE.—When Seth got home from mackereling he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had found another man. And then most awful fight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself for to cut oak all down in Floriday. He pined upon the live oak land, he murmured in the shades; his axe grew heavy in his hand, all in the wild-wood glades.— Mosquitoes bit him everywhere; no comfort did he get; and oh, how terribly he'd scold whenever he got bit. At last, despairing of relief, and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods a-piece and chopped off his own head.

An old red house standing near the line of the Troy and Boston Railway, is located in two States, three counties, and four townships—the States of New York and Vermont, the counties of Rensselaer, Washington and Bennington, the townships of Hoosack, White Creek, Shaftsbury and Bennington.— "T'would take a sharp officer to arrest the occupant of that house.

A handful of branmeal, mixed occasionally in the mess of a cow, will pay ten-fold its cost in the richness of the milk.