

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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Miscellaneous.

THE BEAUTIFUL DECOY.
[An unpublished Chronicle of a Traveler.]
It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico, that a regular system of highway robbery exists in every section of that miserably governed country; and that through a want of interference of the authorities, this has grown up to such a regular and formidable shape that every traveler must be prepared to put his neck at hazard at every stage, or be provided with a suitable contribution for *los caballeros* (the knights of the road), who, on the event of finding you ready and willing to make their levy with a politeness only equalled by the smiling landlord, when he receives your overcharged fare for your last night's entertainment. Why such systematic robbery is allowed—if not with the connivance of the government or State authorities—one of those mysterious matters which puzzle and perplex the foreigner, but that such is the case, every traveler through that wretched country can bear ample testimony.
Several years ago having business which first led me to the Capital of Mexico, and thence through the interior of the country to the southward, I met with several thrilling adventures, which I have recorded for the benefit of whomsoever may take an interest in the subject, omitting only the dates, they being confidential to the interest of the narrations.
The first of the series occurred on the route between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. The regular diligencia running between the two cities, passed through the beautiful city of Puebla, and entered the gloomy town of Perote, without meeting with any unusual incident, though being continually warned to be on my guard against the dangers of the road. At Perote, where we halted for a refreshment, all my fellow passengers took leave of me, very solemnly assuring that it would be much better for me to take my leave quietly, and suffer myself to be plundered, than to run the risk of having my throat cut for resistance, as I had heard that boldly proclaimed my intention of going. I thanked them for their advice, and replied that I would take the matter into my own consideration.
At Perote, I repeat, all who had been my companions from Vera Cruz took leave of me, and the end of their journey in that town, but there was one new passenger who went forward, whom to my agreeable surprise I found to be a beautiful young lady, named Senorita Paula. As I subsequently ascertained her name to be, was indeed one of those rare beauties seldom met with, except in the pages of fiction—tall, graceful, with a profusion of long black hair—soft, clear, melting features as perfect as ever came from the hands of the sculptor, and with an air, the most fascinating, varying in expression with every changing mood of the intellectual possessor. A glance at her beautiful dark eyes showed me that she was a woman of naturally a social disposition; and she was naturally away from the gloomy town to look the liberty of opening a conversation.
"They tell me," said I, "that the route between here and Mexico is a very dangerous one to travel."
"There is little to fear," she replied, with a sweet smile and in a melodious voice, "except from the professional robbers, and they do not harm any one who makes no resistance."
"It seems strange to me," I rejoined, "that you Mexican should take such things as a matter of course, and deem resistance a polite way of treating the knights of the road, instead of boldly asserting your rights, and abating the evil by a manly spirit of resistance. For myself, I must consider it most cowardly of proceedings, for any reasonable party to set out prepared to quietly defy the cupidity of the *ladrones*, and prepared to treat them to their just deserts."
Every traveler, Senorita, she replied, should, before setting out, count the cost of his journey, and of course value his life as a certain sum for positive safety rather than put his life in jeopardy. For instance in going from Vera Cruz to Mexico, if he takes the exact cost between the two cities, and that so much will be required for entertainment on the way, and so much for contingency you speak of, he will have the exact cost between the two cities, and if he will look at the whole sum of his journey, he will not seem to be charged by any one party more than the value of his life."
"That," I replied, "may be, I believe is, the Mexican mode of doing business, but does not tally with the preconceived ideas of us foreigners."
"But every one," replied the fair speaker, "should conform to the custom of the country."
"And do you then go prepared for this highway robbery?" and have you no fear in journeying by yourself?"
"Well, Senorita, what can I do? I am as unprotected a lady, who, for the reasons, am required to make the journey between Perote and the Capital some three or four years, and you certainly cannot expect me to be prepared to carry an armed band! As to fear, I will never have any share of that; but, so long as I have never met with any rough treatment, and of course I trust to the saints that I will never be ever as propitiously."
"And have you really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" I inquired.
"I think I have paid my share to the

ladrones for my transit through their country," she laughed.
"And you expect to continue a repetition of the same for your life?"
"Who knows," she replied. "At least I hope to be always prepared."
"And your fellow travelers," said I, "have you never seen disposed to resist these unlawful acts?"
"Once, Senor, an American and an Englishman, who were in the same diligencia with me, fired upon the robbers, killing one and wounding two."
"And did the robbers fire back?"
"Yes, but fled immediately, and fortunately injured none of our party."
"As I should have expected," returned I, "you were not robbed on that occasion, I suppose?"
"We were not, Senor; but the two foreigners paid dearly for their resistance; for, on journeying back and forth, both were killed separately and at different times, near the same spot. You see these crosses by the side of the road, Senor?"
"I have observed them frequently, but here they seem to be more numerous," I replied, looking from the vehicle.
"Each stands on the spot where some one has met a violent death," she rejoined; "and as we go along, I will call your attention to those which mark the places where the foreigners lost their lives."
"Do you know," said I, "that I am resolved to emulate their example, let the consequences be what they may?"
"Holy saints defend us!" she exclaimed; "you are not in earnest, Senor?"
"Seriously so I assure you."
"You would only bring certain death upon us both."
"Say, rather, I should lighten the expenses of the journey—for your knights of the road understand retreat as well as advance—and you yourself have acknowledged that firm resistance put them to flight for once."
"But there were numbers opposed to them, Senor, and you are only one."
"But, fortunately, I have a couple of revolvers, which, in two good hands, amount to ten or a dozen shots; and my friends have repeatedly told me that I am not a bad marksman."
"Ah! Santa Maria! you will think better of this, Senor—the very idea of resistance terrifies me!"
"But not the idea of robbery?"
"Because I never met with violence."
We continued to converse in a similar strain for some time longer—my fair companion gradually changing the subject, and seeming much interested in myself. I learned that her family name was Valerde, that she was unmarried, that her father and brother were officers in the army, and so forth, and so on; and in return I gave her my name, stated something of my history, business and prospects, and altogether became more communicative than I would advise any friend to be with any stranger of either sex in a strange country.
As we continued our journey, the conversation gradually changing from one thing to another, Senorita Paula suddenly brought it back to the point where it first started.
"We are coming upon a very dangerous part of the road," she said, "are you still resolved to defend yourself if assailed?"
"With your permission, Senorita."
"I don't think it advisable," she replied, "but still if such be your intention, I think it no more than right that you should give me a chance to take part in my defence, since my risk of danger will be as great as yours."
"I have two pistols," I inquired.
"If I had the means, Senor."
"I have two pistols," said I, "if you will accept one of them, it is at your disposal."
"You are very kind, Senor—but can I fire it?"
"With ease, Senorita;" and producing one of my revolvers, I explained to her the manner in which it was to be used.
"And this you say, will shoot some half a dozen times?"
I think it safe to calculate that five charges out of six will explode, Senorita."
"A very formidable weapon, indeed!" she replied; "and with such I can almost fancy we are safe. You have another, you say, like this?"
I produced it.
"What a beautiful invention!" she observed, reaching over and taking it from my hand. Then extending her hands, one of the revolvers in each, she continued; "armed like this, one might almost consider himself safe against a host! You say it is fired in this manner?" she proceeded, cocking one of the weapons as she spoke, and pointing it towards the road.
"Have you a care, Senorita, or you will discharge it!"
The words were scarcely uttered when her finger pressed the trigger, and one of the loads was exploded with a sharp report. A minute after, and while I was chiding her, we heard a loud, quick tramp of horses, and several sharp rapid exclamations. The next moment our conveyance was stopped suddenly and we saw ourselves surrounded by some eight or ten mounted men, one of whom in a loud voice exclaimed:
"Yield you prisoners or die!"
"Quick, Senorita!" said I, extending my hand; "quick! in heaven's name; give me one of those weapons! now is the time for decisive action!"
"Nay," she replied putting the weapon behind her; "you will be too hasty! Let them suppose we yield—let them open the door!"
"Oh no it will then be too late."
As I spoke the door was suddenly thrown open, and three or four swartly, heavily bearded men presented themselves to my view.
"Quick, Senorita, for the love of God!" I cried grasping at her arm.

"Hold!" she exclaimed, instantly presenting one of my own revolvers at my head. "Resistance is useless—you are my prisoner."
"Good God!" exclaimed I perfectly astounded. "Our prisoner did he say? Is it not possible that one so fair and lovely as yourself, can be in any way connected with these banditti?"
"It is even so, Senor," she replied with one of the most bewitching smiles, still keeping one of my own weapons turned against myself, and significantly pointing the other to the door. You will oblige me by stepping forth and giving yourself into the care of those good gentlemen, who will see that you are treated as a brave man should be, but who will trouble you in the meantime, for any little change or valuables you may have to spare!"
There seemed no help for it—the beautiful Senorita Paula Valerde was a spy and an accomplice of the *ladrones*. She had entered the diligencia of Perote for no other purpose than to ascertain the exact state of things inside, and be able to signalize her associates as she passed along, so that they might know exactly in what manner to conduct themselves, and make the work sure without risk. By a simple stratagem she had obtained my arms, just at the point where she knew the attack would be made; and the discharge of the pistol, as if by accident was the signal to show them that all was secure.
"I acknowledged myself conquered by being outwitted!" I said bowing to La Senorita.
Then turning to the robbers, who had collected in a body, in front of the door of the diligencia, I continued:
"Gentlemen will you permit me to alight and make you some valuable presents? In the language of your country all I have is yours."
The leader of the party bowed politely in return, and said with grim smiles:
"Si, Senor we will be most happy to receive anything which so distinguished a traveller may have to bestow."
With this I quietly stepped from the vehicle and one quick, searching glance put me in possession of the whole state of affairs. The diligencia had been stopped in a wild, gloomy place, and the driver was sitting carelessly on his box, taking every thing as a matter of course. He might also be an accomplice of the robbers, or he might not, but in either case, there was but little hope of assistance from him—any attempt of the kind would certainly bring upon him a severe punishment, sooner or later. I glanced up and down the road; where it wound between dark overshadowing trees, but discovered nothing to give me any hope. The robbers some ten or a dozen in number, and all armed, were collected around me, part of them mounted and the others standing on their feet holding mustangs by the bridle. Looking upon my case as a desperate one, so far as being plundered was concerned; I still retained my presence of mind, and did not wholly despair. True I had been outwitted and disarmed, and now stood singly between numbers; but the idea of yielding tamely to this outrage was repugnant to my very nature, and I resolved to put the least favorable opportunity for defence and retaliation to the strongest test.
"Will you accept this purse?" said I, producing one that held several gold coins, and handing it to the chief of the *ladrones*.
"Thank you, Senor you are very kind!" he said, as he took it in his hand, with a polite bow, and chinked the money.
"This diamond pin may prove acceptable to your friend!" I added, as I quietly removed it from the bosom of my shirt, and handed it to the gentleman on his left who received it in the same polite manner. This diamond ring I trust you will retain as a keepsake!" I continued, drawing the jewel from my finger, and presenting it to a third. "I beg your pardon, Senorita," I pursued glancing at Senorita Paula, who with my pistols still in her possession, was quietly standing with the diligencia regarding the whole proceedings with one of her sweetest smiles. "I must not forget this beautiful lady; I have here, I went on, at the same time producing the article, "a very beautiful gold snuff box—set, as you perceive, with diamonds—will your ladyship honor me by accepting this as a slight token of my regard for the pleasure afforded me by your company and conversation."
"You are a very gallant gentleman, Senor!" she laughed, taking the two revolvers in one fair hand, and presenting the other to me. I reached the box toward her—but my hand trembled a little—and just as the present was about to touch her fingers, it slipped and fell between us.
"A thousand pardons, Senorita, for awkwardness!" I said, as I bent down to pick it up. Now was the all important moment—the moment of life and death! All were in a measure off their guard, and one quick, furtive glance showed me that the girl still held my weapons in one hand, with the other remaining extended for the prize. I lifted the box carefully; but as I raised myself, I gave a wild, startling yell; and as the Senorita started back, I with the quickness of lightning seized both weapons and wrenched them from her.
To wheel and commence firing upon the party was now only the work of a moment. The first shot, fortunately, stretched, out the chief; the second shot took effect on the nearest to him; and by the time the third had been sent to his mission, there arose one simultaneous yell of dismay, and the astounded robbers began to scatter in every direction. I had no disposition to follow them, however another minute they might rally and turn upon me; and springing forward I grasped the reins of a freed mustang, and vaulted into the saddle. One more glance around me showed the Senorita Paula, upon the body of the chief, her laughter changed to grief, and some of the scattered fellows bringing their weapons to bear upon me.
"Adios Senorita and Senorita!" said I, bit-

terly, "he laughs best who laughs last!"
The next moment I was dashing away down the road, the half-raised robbers pouring after me a volley, but fortunately not touching their mark. They would have followed me doubtless, in hot pursuit, but for the wholesome dread they had of the still un-discharged weapon. As it was I escaped, and entered the town of Puebla in triumph; where it is almost needless to add a narrative of my exploit made me a hero and a lion for a time. Here I sold my captured mustang and trappings for enough to indemnify me for what I had disposed of in the way of presents and the next day saw me an inside passenger of the same diligencia *en route* for Mexico, where I arrived in safety, without any other event worthy of note.
What became of the robbers and their beautiful accomplice I never learned; but the lesson taught me on that journey I have not forgotten; and during the remainder of my stay in that country, no pretty woman ever had the honor of being my business confidante, or of getting possession of my trusty and unerring revolvers.
POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS
The following from the great American philosopher, Dr. Franklin, should be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every school room, side by side with the usual *a b c*, dog Latin, and other nonsense with which our children's minds are crammed, and which seems to be the rule in our modern system of tuition.
There will come a time when a Professorship of Political Economy will be considered an absolute necessity to every school. But that time is not yet. At present we have nothing but profusion and shameful waste on the one hand, while abject poverty, meanness of spirit, and total carelessness are too much observable on the other. These are the two extremes which characterize our present false state of things in a physical point of view: all laid to the score of false training, from the highest to the lowest. But hear what Poor Richard says:
1. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.
3. Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of good luck.
5. Pride breakfasts with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with infamy.
6. Extravagance and improvidence and at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some.
9. The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.
10. What maintains one vice will bring up two children.
11. He that goes borrowing returns sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, commences faster than labor wars.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.
15. Three removes are as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done go if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needest not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessities.
Scene in Court.
A few days ago a man who had been bound over on a serious charge of assault and battery, offered as his bail a very rough-looking customer, whom he introduced as "Judge Barnes, of Delaware county." The following dialogue will explain matters:
"Well, Mr. Murphy, you say you wish to give bail; pray, who is your man?"
"Judge Barnes of Delaware county."
"And who is Judge Barnes, of Delaware county?"
"As respectable a man, sir, as you'll find north of Mason & Dixon's line."
"Is there any one here who knows him?"
"Yes, sir; Mr. Wilson."
"Mr. Wilson, do you know Judge Barnes of Delaware county?"
"Yes, sir."
"What is he?"
"A Judge."
"Indeed! How long has he been upon the bench?"
"Some twenty-two years."
"Possible? It is very singular that he is never heard of. You are certain he is a Judge?"
"Yes, sir."
"When did you last see him act as such?"
"On Monday night, at O'Brien's cock-pit, Passyunk road."
"By Judge, then, you mean that he decides chicken disputes?"
"Yes, sir."
"But you said he had been twenty-two years on the bench. What do you expect me to understand by that?"
"That Mr. Barnes is a cordwainer, and has been a maker of brogans since 1834."
At the conclusion of this testimony, the magistrate came to the conclusion that "Judge Barnes, of Del. Co." was not just the person to give vitality to a thousand dollars bail bond, and the prisoner was incontinent sent below. Querer places these police courts. If you doubt it, spend a morning at the office of Recorder Enue, after a delegate election or a firemen's riot.—*Phil. North American.*
The widow of Helvetus said to Napoleon "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found in three acres of land." A rebuke to his ambition.

The Midshipman's Three Dinners.
I do not think there is any harm in putting the following story on record. It was told me, many years ago, by the hero of it, my very valued friend, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Beaufort. The oddity of the circumstance struck me so much, that I remember the details, almost the phrases. We were talking of a midshipman's appetite as a thing which bears a high character for energy and punctuality, and Captain Beaufort said it had never been fully tried how many dinners a midshipman could eat in one day. "I," said he, "got as far as three." I begged to know the particulars, and he gave them as follows.—"I had eaten my dinner at the midshipman's table, and a very good one, as I always did. After it the captain's steward came up, and said, 'The captain's compliments, and desires the favor of your company to dinner.' 'But I've dined,' said I. 'For mercy's sake, don't say that, sir,' said he, 'for I shall be in a scrape if you do. I ought to have asked you this morning but I forgot.' So I thought I must go; and two hours afterwards I did go, and I dined, and I think I made my usual good dinner. Just as we rose from the table, a signal was made by the admiral to send an officer on board, and, as it was my turn, I had to go off in the boat. When I got on board the admiral's ship the admiral said to me, 'Ah, Mr. Beaufort, I believe?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'Well Mr. Beaufort, said he, 'the papers you are to take back will not be ready this half-hour; but I am just sitting down to dinner, and shall be glad of your company. Now, you know, as to a midshipman refusing to dine with the admiral, there are not the words for it in the naval dictionary. So I sat down to my third dinner, and I am sure I did very well; and I got back to my own ship just in time for tea.'—*Notes and Queries.*
Letting the cat out.—A cute Yankee advertised that what is styled the "humbuggery of Spiritualism" would be outdone last evening at the City Hall, "by letting the cat out of the bag"—admission five cents. At an early hour the house was crowded, a goodly portion being women. The lecturer commenced and the audience was hushed to perfect stillness. After making a few remarks—very brief indeed—the lecturer took from beneath the desk a bag, and, ripping it open, out popped a large cat, which, squalling and spitting, made a spring among the audience. The applause that burst forth was tremendous, amidst which our Yankee took his hat and coolly walked out of the hall. He had fulfilled his promise—the cat had been let out of the bag—and his money was fairly earned. The ladies, we understand, did not take the joke so good-naturedly as the men, and from the irate spirit manifested by some, it is more than probable, that if they could have got him in their power there would have been a fine exhibition of what women can do when their dander is fairly aroused. While this humbugger was juggling his pocket full of coin and laughing in his sleeve, the humbugged slowly left the hall with the air and feeling of those who have been decidedly "sold."
—*Portland Advertiser.*
A Good Name.
Some time in 1838 or '39, a gentleman in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and he owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston backed by the names of the best men in Tennessee—Money was tight and Boston bankers looked closely at the names. "Very good," said they, "but—but—do you know General Jackson?" "Certainly." Could you get his endorsement?" "Yes, but he is not worth one-tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you." "No matter, General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money upon the strength of his name." In a few days the paper with his signature arrived. The moment the Boston gentlemen bankers saw the tall A, and the long J, of Andrew Jackson, our Tennessee says he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest trouble. So much for an established character for honesty. However men may have differed with Andrew Jackson politically, no man could deny him the merit of being an honest man.—*Evening Gazette.*
A FEARFUL SITUATION.—A young man named Lister, who was sojourning, a short time ago, at St. Bees, took a stroll on the bluff headlands, which all our readers are acquainted with if ever they have sailed to Liverpool, known by the name of St. Bees' Head. His footing, as he contemplated the gulf below slightly gava way, the shingle slipped, and he slid down about seven yards, when he caught a ledge of the rock with both his hands. In this perilous position he remained three hours, suspended over a rocky chasm, thirty yards deep. His cries attracted the attention of a staid, old man who was provisionally walking on the beach below and the gentleman immediately called out to the man to keep his hold, and, throwing off his gown, hastened to the nearest house for a rope, which he lowered from the top. Both of Lister's hands being engaged, he was only able to avail himself of the rope with his mouth; and not till he had grasped it firmly between his teeth did he release his hands. He was then drawn up to the top, and his miraculous escape was a theme of rejoicing both to himself and his preserver.
Landlord.—"Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best table in the city."
Editor.—"I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis."
Landlord.—"I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper, Editor." I thought you were glad to feed men for nothing." It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Exit landlord in a rage threatening to have nothing more to do with the office.

Mind Your Steps.—Do not "stop" at the bar room. Merry laughter may ring out from it as you pass by, and voices of friends may call you to enter. Within, it may shine brightly with light thrown back from polished mirrors, and gleams from crystal bottles, and the voices of mirth and gaiety may be heard there; but 'stop' not; there is danger in its brightness. Those gleaming bottles contain potions that lead to poverty, dishonor and death. The merriment there, is the laughter of fools and may end in the horrible laughter of the maniac. 'Avoid it, pass by it, turn from it, and pass away.'
Do not 'stop' at the gambling house. Those close shutters conceal treacherous fascinations, you may find yourself too weak to resist.
Maddling a Justice.—Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:
"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they *did not* see him steal it."
The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:
"If there are twelve that did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. 'Clear the room!'"
How to Punch a Man.—"Judge, you say if I punch a man in the fur, he can take me up for assault and battery?"
"Yes, sir, I said that. And what I say I repeat. If you punch a man you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."
"Ain't there no exceptions?"
"No, sir, no exceptions whatever."
"Now, Judge, I guess you are mistaken—suppose, for instance, I should brandy punch him, what then?"
"No levity in court, sir; Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case!"
"See there?" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited, with great exultation, his tall hat with a bullet hole in it; "look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a lower-crowned hat, I should have been kilt outright!"
"But the shot is in the back of the hat" observed a bystander.
"Och, to be sure," replied Paddy, "bein' in a hurry, I had turned the back in front."
"Had you your kapeack in front, too, Paddy," said another. "I see a bullet-hole there!"
Paddy vanished.
Genuine Poole.—He who wipes his nose on a nutmeg grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.
She who says "no," to a proposal of a gentleman when she has reached the age of thirty.
He who gets so drunk at night that he puts his clothes to bed and hangs himself on the back of a chair.
She who rubs her cheeks with brickbats in order to give them color.
He who puts on his hat, and takes his cane and starts out in pursuit of an honest and disinterested politician.
She who pinches and slaps a child to make it quit bawling.—*Punch.*
—Here is a copy of an original letter picked up in one of the streets of Des Moines—out West—"des Moines Iowa Nov. 12, 1857—my Dear miss—the pleasing prospect I have of taking you out a slaying the first good snow that comes is enough to lift my sole above the sordid vanities of this world with such an intelligent young lady as you are. yours in love purity and fidelity. E. S."
A friend asked a Dutchman what kind of a Winter he thought we should have. The Dutchman drawing himself up with an air of philosophical equanimity, and an ocular soap of the eye, said; "I think she will be very cold dis Winter or very hot—one of them both."
An Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet female canary, asked "How long it took them craters to hatch? Three weeks," was the reply "Och! shure, that is the same as any other fowl, except a pig."
An Irishman near Boston, becoming greatly alarmed recently at the severity of the thunder and lightning fell suddenly upon his knees, exclaiming;—"O Lord, forgive us, and stop this!"
One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the next question. "In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."
A witty dentist, having labored in vain to extricate a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with a felicitous apology. "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."
Henry VIII, after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess of Milan; but her answer was, "She had but one head if she had two; one should have been at his service."
By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandises of heaven.