

Democrat and Sentinel.

M. M. O'Neill

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Select Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT.
Good night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead,
On which our own was leaning,
When in maddening music roll
That "last good night," along the soul.
Good night! in tones that never die,
It calls along the quickening ear,
And tender gales of memory
Forever wait to cheer,
When stilled the voice—oh, crush of pain—
That never shall breathe "good night" again.
Good night! it mocks us from the grave,
It overlaps that strange world's bound,
From whence there flows no backward wave
It calls from out the ground
On every side, around, above
Good night! good night, to life and love.
Good night! oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear world?
Why follows that good night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
Good night! now cometh gentle sleep.
Good night! now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain,
Good night! oh, holy, bliss and deep
The rest that follows pain:
How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no "good night."

Miscellaneous.

The General and the Emperor.

Everybody knows that it was Barras who induced Josephine de Beauharnais to become the wife of General Bonaparte; and it is equally clear that she was only persuaded to do so by the stringent representations which he made to her of her comparative poverty, and the duty that she owed to her fatherless children. That wounded vanity tended in no slight degree to render her averse to receiving a husband at the hands of a man who had so recently professed himself her slave, there can be no doubt; but in all affairs of the heart Barras had always been eminently practical. He therefore attempted no display of sentiment when she reproached him with what she termed his perfidy; and, with the ready tears for which she was celebrated, recalled to his mind the happy months of their residence at the Chateau des Eguillades, where, basking beneath a southern sun, in the midst of a magnificent landscape, and overlooking the sun-flashing waves of the blue Mediterranean, they had forgotten all the world in each other's society.
These months were past and gone; that dream was over; and if the fair widow loved to recall it, the awakening of the statesman had delivered him altogether from the thrall; and thus it chanced that Barras, having given his heart for the time being into the keeping of Madame Tallien, was anxious to dispose of the hand of Madame de Beauharnais on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself; nor had he long to wait.
Some months before the return of Josephine from the neighborhood of Marseilles, and her establishment in Paris, General Bonaparte—after the affair of Ollioules where he was a simple lieutenant of artillery—had been promoted to the rank of captain, (in which grade he served at the siege of Toulon,) and was subsequently invested with the command of the army in Holland; but had received a counter-order from Barras, with the appointment of Lieutenant-Commandant of the garrison of Paris; his courage, military skill, and strategy before the walls of Toulon having deeply impressed the latter, who felt that the moment had arrived in which the firm and unscrupulous ambition of such a man as Bonaparte was really essential to the success of his own projects.
The manner in which the young adventurer secured the interests of the Convention on the 5th of October, 1795, sufficed to convince Barras that he had been "right" in his conclusions. The Corsican exile had no "conspicuous visitings of conscience" where he drew a prospect of furthering his own fortune; and even as he had done at Ollioules so did he in the Rue St. Honoré, where his deadly battery commanded the church of St. Roch, the rallying point of the people, and where 12,000 men, that day, fell before his cannon.

Twelve thousand lives were sacrificed by the authority of a mere youth; but the Convention was saved, and Barras was thenceforward his avowed protector, while the first fruits of that protection was his appointment as General of Division.
The Convention was saved, and Paris no longer required the presence or services of General Bonaparte, who moreover during the struggle of the 5th of October, indulged in an independence of action, so undisguised, that it reduced his commanding officer to a mere cypher in the eyes of his own soldiers; and happy as Barras had felt at the successful issue of the day, he was nevertheless conscious that his own position throughout the affair had been the reverse of dignified. He consequently found no difficulty in convincing himself that Napoleon might serve the Republic more efficiently elsewhere than within the walls of Paris, and he had scarcely come to this conclusion when he arrived at another.
The young Corsican was a soldier of fortune, who had walked the streets of Paris for months without an aim or a hope—indebted to a college friend both for the coat he wore and the bread with which he broke his fast—Madame de Beauharnais had been enabled through the good offices of Tallien, to recover a portion of her late husband's property, and could he only induce Bonaparte to marry her—but we will not follow him in his deductions; let it suffice that after mature deliberation he broached the subject to his protegee, who evinced as little inclination as Josephine herself to the marriage which was proposed to him. He had been presented to Madame de Beauharnais in the salon of Madame Tallien, where he was enabled to contrast her soft and indolent grace with the more striking but less fascinating beauty of her magnificent friend, and that of all the loveliest women under the Directory, the fame of whose personal perfections has been handed down to us by the memoirs of that period, many of whom having shared the captivity and sufferings of Josephine, now enjoyed in her society the safety for which they had paid so high a price.
The favor of Barras, coupled with the bold exploit of the Rue St. Honoré, had caused the name of Bonaparte to be familiar, and his presence to be coveted by all which at that time constituted the fashionable world of Paris; nor was it long ere he became a constant guest in the modest drawing-room of Josephine, where he found temporary repose for his eager spirit in listening to her low musical voice, and watching the furtive glances of her down cast eyes; but that was all. No thought of her as a wife ever crossed his mind. He was wedded to his ambition, and even while he admired, he remained her whole. There were, moreover, other circumstances, which to a proud and aspiring heart like his, sufficed to keep his feelings within the bounds of friendship and regard; and he started like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet when Barras abruptly proposed that he should offer her his hand in marriage.
"I want no wife save this," he said, as he struck the hilt of his sword, "and even were it otherwise."
"Listen to me," interposed his patron, "you are brave, but you are poor, and this widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, although far from possessing the fortune to which, under other circumstances, she must have succeeded, is yet in a position to advance your fortune, and to secure your career. You are a foreigner and an exile, while she is highly connected and has influential friends, who will not fail to exert all their energies to serve the man who may become her husband. You will do well if you remember this."
Bonaparte remained silent.
"Hear what I have further to say!" pursued the commandant of Paris. "We are, as you know, preparing to send an army into Italy. Marry Madame de Beauharnais, and I will secure to you the command of that army, when it will be your own fault if you do not become one of the leading men of the Republic."
A flush passed over the face of the young general.
"Beside," continued Barras, "as you think proper, with the wife I have proposed to you, I pledge myself that you shall be General-in-chief of the forces of France beyond the Alps; decline the marriage, and I leave you to work out your own destiny."
"We all know the result of that conversation. The bribe was too tempting to be resisted, while Josephine proved as yielding. Assailed on all sides by assurances that not only her own interests, but also those of her children, were involved in her compliance with the wishes of Barras, she finally consented to become the wife of Bonaparte, who, for a short time, proved the most devoted of suitors, and the most uxorious of husbands.
The marriage was no sooner decided on than the republican General, asserting his privilege as an accepted lover, frequently accompanied his fair betrothed to the houses of their mutual friends, or sauntered with her along the stately terraces of the Tuilleries, and amid the leafy shades of the Bois de Boulogne; while if the heart of Josephine remained awhile untouched, her vanity was less passive, and as she listened to the glowing prophecies of the ardent young soldier upon whose arm she leaned, she began to indulge in the same visions and glory in the same hopes. On one occasion she requested him to accompany her to the residence of M. Raguideau, an old lawyer in whom she had long been accustomed to confide, and to whom she was anxious to reveal the forthcoming change in her destiny.
On their arrival, they were informed by the clerks in the outer office that M. Raguideau was in his private room; and Josephine, withdrawing her hand from the arm of Bonaparte, begged him to await her there for a few minutes, while she had a private interview with her friend. As she disappeared, however, she neglected to close the door

behind her, and from the chair upon which he seated himself, her intended husband was enabled to overhear, without losing a single word, the whole conversation.
"M. Raguideau," commenced Mad. Beauharnais, "I have come to inform you of my approaching marriage."
"Your marriage, Madame?" was the astonished reply, "and with whom?"
"A few days hence I shall be the wife of General Bonaparte."
"What! The widow of one soldier, you are about to marry another? General Bonaparte, do you say? Ah, yes, I remember; the Commandant of the army of the Interior, the young fellow who gave a lesson to General Cartuz at Toulon."
"The same, M. Raguideau."
"Pshaw, Madame! A soldier of fortune, who has his way to make."
"He will make it, my friend."
"When, and how?"
"Nothing, save his house in the Rue Chantre."
"A shed—and so you are really going to marry this adventurer?"
"I am."
"So much the worse for you, Madame."
"And why?"
"Why? Because you had much better remain a widow than marry a paltry general, without either name or prospects. You must assuredly be mad! Will your Bonaparte ever be a Dumouriez, or a Pichegru? Will he ever be the equal of our great republican generals? I have a right to doubt it. Moreover, let me tell you that the profession of arms is worthless now, and I would much rather know that you were about to marry an army contractor than any military man in France."
"Every one to his tastes, Monsieur," said Josephine, stung by the contemptuous tone in which he had spoken; "you, it would appear, regard marriage merely as an affair of finance."
"And you, Madame," broke in the excited and angry old man, "you see in it only a matter of sentiment, and what you, no doubt, call love; is not that what you were about to say? Again I repeat, all the worse for you, Madame—all the worse for you, Madame. I had given you more credit for good sense than to suspect you would allow yourself to be dazzled by a pair of gold epaulettes. Reflect before you make such a sacrifice; for rest assured that if you are rash enough to persist in this foolish scheme, you will repent your folly all the days of your life. Who ever heard of a rational woman throwing herself away upon a man whose whole fortune consists in his sword and great coat?"
While listening to this extraordinary dialogue, Bonaparte, who began to fear that the comments and advice of Raguideau, might militate against his marriage, was half suffocated with rage and impatience; he writhed upon his seat, and was a score of times upon the point of showing himself, and desiring the officious lawyer to attend to his leases and law-suits instead of interfering in matters with which he had no right to meddle. As he heard the words "sword and great coat" so disdainfully uttered, he sprang from his chair his eyes flashed, and regardless of the gaze of the astonished clerks, who were watching all his movements, he advanced towards the door beside which he had been sitting. Fortunately however, the fear of exposing himself to ridicule, restrained him, and he returned to his seat indignant at his own weakness.
A few minutes afterwards Josephine appeared, evidently ruffled and annoyed, and followed by the old lawyer, who accompanied her to the head of the stairs, where Bonaparte, drawing the hand of his betrothed bride once more through his arm, made a silent and contemptuous bow to the lawyer.
As they proceeded toward home, Madame de Beauharnais was conscious that Bonaparte had never before been so tender or so assiduous, but she did not open her lips upon the subject of her conference with her old and confidential friend; while he on his side preserved the same silence; nor was it until the day of coronation, that either Josephine or Raguideau, had the slightest suspicion that their conversation had been overheard by the very person whom it most interested.
Years went by; the Italian campaigns, and the Egyptian victories, had aggrandized the mere general; and then came the eighteenth Brumaire; and subsequently, Bonaparte, not satisfied with the life Consulate, dreamt of an Empire; while the French nation when called upon to express its opinion on this momentous question, replied by nearly four millions of written allegations, not only to the Empire itself, but to the extraordinary man by whom it had been suggested.
The Emperor Napoleon was to be crowned, and the Pope left the Holy City for Paris in order to perform the ceremony.
On the day of the coronation, as he was about to proceed to the Archbishop's palace, Napoleon appeared to remember for the first time the existence of Raguideau; and after having left his private apartments, as he was pacing up and down the throne room, he suddenly paused in his walk, and summoning by a gesture, one of his chamberlains; he desired that M. Raguideau, the lawyer, might be immediately sent for.
When informed that the Emperor desired his attendance at the Tuilleries, and that moreover on the very day of his coronation, the man of business was lost in wonder, not being able to conjecture for an instant the motive for so abrupt a summons. When he had reached the palace, and had traversed several apartments full of mirrors and gilding and crowded with Marshals, Ministers of State and Grand Officers of the Empire, he was ushered into a saloon where Napoleon was conversing with Josephine while awaiting him.
"Ah! here you are at last, M. Raguideau,"

said Napoleon, half smiling; "I am very happy to see you."
"Sire!"
"My good sir," pursued the Emperor, without giving him time to reply, "do you remember a day 1796, when I accompanied to your house, Madame de Beauharnais, now Empress of the French? and he emphasized the word Empress with all the depth of his finely modulated voice; "do you remember the eulogy which you uttered on the military profession, and the personal panegyric of which I was the object? Well, what say you now? Were you a true prophet? You declared that my fortune would always consist of my sword and great coat—that I should never make a name or a position like Dumouriez or Pichegru—and that Madame de Beauharnais was insane to sacrifice herself to a mere general. I have made my way, nevertheless, as you perceive, and in despite of your sagacious predictions. Think you that the 'army contractor' would have bestowed a brighter boon upon his wife, after eight years of marriage, than a crown, and that crown the Imperial diadem of France?"
As he ceased speaking, Napoleon raised the hand of Josephine to his lips; while she sat silent and motionless, bewildered by so unexpected a scene.
Stung by this deluge of questions, every one of which conveyed a covert rebuke, the unfortunate lawyer could only stammer out a few disjointed words; his legs trembled under him; his eyes were riveted upon the floor; and the Emperor stood by, evidently enjoying his discomfiture.
"Sire! I could not foresee—Sire, did you really overhear?"
"Every word, M. Raguideau. You are aware that walls have ears, and I owe you a full reprimand; for if my excellent Josephine had listened to your advice, it would have cost her a throne and me the best of wives. You are a great culprit, M. Raguideau."
At the words "reprimand" and "culprit," the poor old man became more agitated than ever the blood forsok his face, and he trembled in every limb.
"How could I tell?—how could I guess?" he gasped out; "I thought only of her—of her fatherless children—I had loved them for years—I was anxious to see them once more restored to prosperity and happiness."
"I believe you," said the Emperor, touched by the emotion of the gray-headed confidant of his wife; "you could not tell—you could guess; and for a moment he paused, and remained absorbed in thought. "The future is beyond the grasp of any living man, so now we will return to the present; and as I cannot altogether overlook the injury which you sought to inflict upon me, I condemn you to go to Notre Dame and to witness the ceremony of my coronation. Not in a corner—not behind a pillar, which will prevent my having ocular evidence of your obedience—but in the seat that I shall cause to be retained for you. Do you hear, sir? I must see you both in the cathedral and in the line of procession."
Once more able to breathe freely, and endeavoring to express alike his gratitude and his joy, Raguideau bowed himself from the room, and hastened home to prepare himself for the august ceremony, at which he had been commanded to assist while Napoleon, after having jested for a few minutes with his wife over the consternation of her farsighted counsellor, entered his carriage in the court of the Tuilleries, and proceeded to the Archbishopric. Ten o'clock was just striking from the clock of the palace, and a salute of artillery announced the departure of the Emperor; while, a quarter of an hour subsequent, second salute gave notice of his arrival at the Archbishopric.
As he left the cathedral, Napoleon recognised the old lawyer in the crowd; and when their eyes met, he smiled graciously, and the smile was answered by so profound a bow that, as he afterwards laughingly declared to the Empress, he was for several seconds in doubt whether the prophet of 1796 would ever again be enabled to resume the perpendicular.
Speaking in Dreams.—A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch—a remarkable good paper for its size, by the way—tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs:
An amusing incident occurred on the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke and half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy on her, remarking, at the same time, "the devil has got me at last." Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her—"Mollie, don't make such a noise, it is I, the not afraid." "Oh, misses, dat you, just to do bad place, I would see you dar." These remarks were uttered with such vehemence, that not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.
The sprightly and—we must say it—pretty widow edress of the Ashland Kentuckians, in reply to a correspondent who asks her if she wears hoops, exclaims:—"Hoops, indeed! why, we don't wear anything else."
The italics are her own. We suppose she tells the naked truth.
A few days ago four hundred and thirty-six slaves—men, women and children—were sold at auction in Savannah, Ga., for the aggregate sum of \$305,850. They are said to have belonged to Pierce M. Butler, of Philadelphia.

First Things.
Benjamin Franklin gave this advice, which we have followed with the results given below: "I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious or may be useful."
The first carriage said to be built in America was made in Dorchester, Massachusetts, by a man named White, for a private gentleman in Boston. It was copied from an English chariot, though made much lighter, and was a credit to its maker. It was, however, found that from the difficulty of procuring material, and high wages, it was expedient and cheaper to order them from England and France.
The first stage coach to Boston from New York, started on the 24th of June 1772, from the "Fresh Water." It was to leave each terminus once a fortnight. The fare was 4d New York currency, per mile. It reached Hartford, Conn in two days, and Boston in two more.—The proprietors promised a weekly stage "if encouraged."
The first Grand Jury in America met at Boston, Sept. 1st, 1635, and presented one hundred offences.
The first Insurance office in New England was established at Boston, in 1724.
The earliest institution for savings of any kind, was established in Berne, Switzerland, in 1787.
The first attempt to establish a post office system in the American colonies was made in 1693, by Thomas Neale, to whom a royal patent for this purpose had been issued; but his arrangements were very limited and imperfect. The utmost contemplated by Neale was a post office in each county, and his actual operations came far short of this.
Henry Cruger was the first American who sat in the British House of Commons. In 1774 he was elected one of the two representatives of Liverpool in Parliament, his colleague being Edmund Burke. He defended America during the Revolutionary War, and upon his return to New York, after the peace was elected to the State Senate, while he was still a member of the British House of Commons, his term of service not having expired.
The first Methodist Chapel erected in the world was put in operation in 1793, and from that time until 1857 the whole amount of gold coined was valued at \$181,422,678 70; value of silver coinage, \$107,527,917 53; value of copper coins, \$1,052,823 55, making the valuation of the whole coinage \$289,953,419 78. The whole number of pieces coined in this time was 623,640,499.
The first iron rails for a road bed were laid down at Whitehaven, England, in 1738.—This cast iron road was called a "plate way," from the plate-like form in which the rails were cast.
The first actual model of a steam carriage of which we have any written account, was constructed by a Frenchman named Cugnot, who exhibited it before the Marshall de Saxe in 1769. The first English model of a steam carriage was made in 1784, by William Murdoch, the friend and assistant of Watt.
The first Normal School on this side of the Atlantic was established at Lexington in 1839.
The first degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred at Harvard was conferred upon the Rev. Increase Mather, in 1692, then President of the University.
The first Agricultural association which was formed in this country was known as "The Philadelphia Society for promoting agriculture," established in 1785. Premiums were awarded for the improvement of certain articles of domestic manufacture, and a Mr. Mathewson, of Rhode Island, received a gold medal for the best sample and greatest quantity of cheese exhibited.
The first cattle show held in this country was held in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in October, 1819, and from this era sprang the system of agricultural societies and shows, as they exist at present, in most parts of the United States.—*Boston Transcript.*
Making an Acknowledgement.
Not many years ago, a young man at a seminary in one of the New England States, was found guilty of disobeying the rules of the school, as he had actually walked with a young lady, contrary to orders previously given, and perfectly well understood.
Mr. Edward (as we will call him) was accordingly called upon to make acknowledgements before the school, or be expelled.—Whereupon, the said Mr. Edward arose, and said:—"I prefer by all means making an acknowledgement to being expelled from school; I acknowledge that I walked with the lady mentioned, and with my umbrella protected her from the storm. I also acknowledge that had I not done so, she might have taken cold, and a serious illness, or perhaps a consumption, might have been the result, in which case I should have blamed myself, and my teachers knowing the circumstances, might also have blamed me."
The student resumed his seat with about as strong evidence of contrition in his countenance as was in his confession, and when a proper opportunity occurred, he inquired of one of the teachers how near a young lady and gentleman could walk, and not break the rules of the school.
"Well," said the teacher, "walking a distance of six feet from a lady would not be considered an infringement of our regulations."
Soon after Mr. Edward was seen walking leisurely on the common with a lady, he having hold of one end of a light pole, measuring six feet in length, while his lady had hold of the other end!
As they carried about the stick, (which in fact was no impediment to their enjoyment,) they chatted and walked and laughed, and walked and laughed and chatted to their hearts' content, but Mr. Edward was never called but once to make an acknowledgement.—*Oliver Branch.*

Hope and Memory
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
A little baby lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and flew, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.
The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said "look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."
The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt awake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sang thee."
But Memory said, "Hope is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long."
So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he woke they came with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a huzzah to each.
He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.
But at length Age found him and turned his temples grey. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair-like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"
And she answered, "I fear so, for the look of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are."
While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenly flight.
The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odor.
Her parting sigh was like the magic of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said, "Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine. Jesus hath redeemed it."
An Elegant Extract.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we feel now, and their lives were as active as ours. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright; our graves as they now are around our paths. The world shall have the same attractions for our offsprings yet unborn that she had once for our children. Yet a little while and all this will be stilled, and we shall be at rest.—Our funeral will find its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be but for a short time, we shall be spoken of, but things of life will creep in, and our names soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and the ear again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names. When we shall become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean gone out of mind.'"
An old lady was complaining a few days since, in the market, of the excessive high price of provisions. "It is not the meat only that is so exorbitantly dear," said she, "but I cannot obtain flour for pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make the eggs half so large as they used to be."
The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the links of a captive, is the web of the grosser man, compared with the pledge of the man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken—but his pledged word, never.
A sensible "down east" female is decidedly opposed to the interference of women with politics. She pointedly asks: "If men can't do the voting and take care of the country, what is the use of them?"
A precocious youngster, nineteen years old, named O'Donnell, is on trial in St. Louis for being married to three wives at the same time.
The citizens of Baltimore have contributed \$4,003,28 for the benefit of the widows and families of the late police officers Bouton and Rigdon.
An author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughters, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.
The physicians particularly notice the sad effects of a habitual use of alcohol, which is the exciting cause of many fatal diseases.
The increasing emigration to the western gold fields has caused an advance in the price of grain at St. Louis and neighboring cities.
All the Sims. A merchant, the other day, reproving the keeper of a low grocery for his disreputable mode of getting a living, said "I got my living as respectable as you do," "I got the runneler. Don't you live by your bargains?" "Yes." Well, so do I by my bargains!"