

Democrat and Sentinel.

M. M. O'Neill

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1859.

VOL. 6—NO. 28

TERMS:
"DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING AT FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS, AND TWO DOLLARS IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE TERMINATION OF THE YEAR.
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JOY TO THE ADMIRERS OF A FINE HEAD OF RICH GLOSSY HAIR.

Talk of beauty, it cannot exist without a fine head of hair, then read the following, and if you are not, see circular around each bottle, and you can doubt.
PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—We call the attention of all, old and young, to this wonderful preparation, which restores the hair to its original color, gray hair—converts the head of the bald with a luxuriant growth—removes the dandruff, itching, and all cutaneous eruptions—causes a continual flow of the sanguiferous fluid, and hence, if used as a regular dressing for the hair will preserve its color, and prevent it from falling to extreme old age, in all its natural beauty. We call upon the bald, the gray, or diseased scalp, to use it; and only the young will not, as they value the long locks, or the winking curl, ever be without it. Its praise is upon the tongue of thousands.
The Agent for Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative New Haven received the following letter in regard to the Restorative a few weeks since:
DEAR WOOD, Conn., July 23, 1856.
Mr. Leavenworth—Sir: I have been troubled with dandruff or scurf on my head for more than six months, and my hair has fallen out together. I saw in a New Haven paper "Wood's Hair Restorative" as a cure. I got at your store on the 1st of April last, and purchased one bottle to try it, and I found to my satisfaction it was the thing; it removed the dandruff, and my hair began to grow; it is now two inches in length where it was all off. I feel great faith in it. I wish you to send me a few bottles more by Mr. Post, the bearer of this. I don't know as any of the kind is used in this part; you may have a market for many bottles here.
Yours with respect,
RUFUS PRATT.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9, 1856.
PROF. WOOD—Dear Sir: Your Hair Restorative is proving itself beneficial to me. The front of my head is bald, and I have almost lost my hair—on the back of my head I have used two bottles of your Restorative, and a promise of my hair is well started with a growing top. My young hair, and the front is also growing in its beauty. I have tried other preparations without any benefit whatever. I think upon my own personal recommendation, I can advise many others to try it.
Yours, resp'y,
D. R. THOMAS, M. D.
No. 464 Vine street.

VINCENNES, Ia., June 22, 1856.
PROF. O. J. WOOD: As you are about to manufacture and vend your recently discovered Hair Restorative, I will state, for whomsoever it may concern, that I have used it and known its value to use it—that I have, for several years, been in the habit of using other Hair Restoratives, and that I find yours vastly superior to any other I know. It entirely cleanses the head of dandruff, and with one month's proper use restores any person's hair to its original natural color and texture, giving it a healthy, and glossy appearance; and all this without staining the hands that apply it, or the dress which it drops. I would, therefore, recommend its use to every one desirous of having a beautiful color and texture to the hair.
Respectfully yours,
WILSON KING.
O. J. WOOD & Co., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market st., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by all good druggists.
April 6, 1859:3m.

THE RAIL ROAD IS COMING.
THE Subscriber has just received at his New Store and Shoe Store,
One door East of Thompsons Mountain House
a new lot of ALL KINDS OF
SPRING AND SUMMER HATS,
which he offers very low for CASH.
CLINTON R. JONES.
April 12, 1859.—21-3m.

John McKeage
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Cigars, Chewing and Leaf Tobacco, Montgomery St. Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Constantly on hand, a fine and well selected stock of Spanish, and half Spanish cigars at the lowest possible prices. All articles sold on approval. No return warranted to be what they represent.
August 8, 1855.—ly.

ABRAHAM KOPELIN,
Attorney at Law—Johnstown,
OFFICE on Clinton Street, a few doors north of the corner of Main and Clinton.
April 29, 1852.

J. C. NOON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—
OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW.
Nov. 11, 1867:1-1f

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Existing in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children, and the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."
Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders the blood, deprives the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases—consequently, vast numbers perish by diseases which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.
One quarter of our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, STY, ANTHRAX, FIRE, ROSA, or ERYTHROEL, PIMPLES, PESTLES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, GONORRHOEA, GLEET, and, INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM ITTERED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief, in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,
are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely be cured or eradicated. Their penetrating properties cleanse the system, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health of energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, such as indigestion, flatulency, and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Colic, Constipation, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbidity of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.
So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what to do in order to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by T. DEVINE, Ebensburg, and by Merchants generally through the country.
Nov. 22, 1858:50-ly.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.
William Kittel Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jacob Behe dec'd. } No. 28 December Term 1859. }
vs. } Summons in Partition.
Susan McCoy et al. }
To Susan McCoy et al. heirs and legal representatives of Catharine Behe, late Catharine McCoy deceased.
You are hereby notified to be and appear at the next Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County to be held at Ebensburg, on the 1st Monday of June next, then and there to accept or refuse the real estate of the said Jacob Behe, dec'd at the valuation put upon it by the Inquest or to show cause why the same should not be sold to wit: a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Alleghany township Cambria County, adjoining lands of the heirs of John Phelan dec'd late of Matthias Behe and others, containing 99 acres and 21 perches, strict measure, valued and appraised at the sum of seven hundred dollars.
R. P. LINTON Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 12, 1859.—21-6t.

M. HASSON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
OFFICE adjoining the Post Office.
Aug. 24, 1853.

O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 425 meets every WEDNESDAY evening at the Hall on High st., in the upper story of Shoemaker's store
Job Work done at this office

Miscellaneous.

A DUEL IN A BALLOON.

From the Courier l'Europe.
An affair of this nature took place on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky aeronaut, Mons. Godard. Mr. Godard took with him that day as his *compagnon du voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who had paid 1000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of his expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.
'What effect does that produce on you?' asked Mr. Godard of his companion.
'Nothing,' said the latter ironically.
'My compliments to you,' said Mr. Godard. 'You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion.'
'Keep on mounting,' said the traveler, with gravity supreme.
Mr. Godard threw out some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.—'And now?' added Mr. Godard, 'does your heart beat?'

'Nothing yet,' replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.
'The deuce!' exclaimed Mr. Godard; 'you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualifications to be an aeronaut.'
The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher, Mr. Godard interrogated his companion.—'And now?' 'Nothing, nothing, not the shadow of fear whatever!' answered the traveler discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.
'Goodness me! so much the worse then,' said the aeronaut, smiling; 'I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough; we are going to descend.'
'To descend?'

'Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher!'
'That don't make the slightest difference to me, I do not choose to descend.'
'You! what?' asked Mr. Godard.
'I say that I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given you 1000 francs in order to experience some emotion; I must do so, and will not descend before I have felt some emotion!'
Mr. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.
'Will you ascend?' once more demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence 'when shall I feel some emotion?'

Mr. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him regarding the strangely dilated eyes of the *compagnon du voyage*; he had to deal with a madman; and to try to make a madman listen to reason! To ask for help amidst the clouds!
If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon, he would have been incapable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars. The earth was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth, and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to topple. Mr. Godard, with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many of his daring aerial expeditions, had all these reflections, in the short space of a second.
'Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow,' continued the madman, without loosening the grip. 'Ah! you think to rob me of my 1,000 francs as well as my emotion.—Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who is going to cut a caper.'
The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force. Mr. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. 'What do you wish from me?' asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.
'Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault,' answered the man, with a ferocious smile. 'But first,' (the madman appeared to bethink himself.) 'I have my ideas. I wish to see if I cannot find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semi-circlet.'

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking, he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon. Mr. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.
'But miserable man, you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo.'
'No remarks,' hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar. 'or I will at once pitch you into the abyss.'
'At least, observed Mr. Godard, 'allow me to put this cord around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon.'
'Be it so,' said the madman, who seemed to comprehend the utility of the precaution. This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb the rope with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon and placed himself astride the semi-circlet, as he said. Once there, he drew the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.
'What are you going to do?' asked Mr. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping the balloon. 'To make myself comfortable forthwith.' Uttering these words the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which Mr. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon the miserable creature must roll over the abyss. Mr. Godard shut his eyes in order not to see him. The madman clasps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight. He spurs the balloon with his heel, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.
'And now,' yelled forth the madman brandishing his knife, 'we are going to laugh—Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend

Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down in a moment, and quicker than that.' Mr. Godard had no time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to devise the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride the semi-circlet, had cut—oh! horror!—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclined horribly! It only holds by two—it was by one cord, so slight do they appear! It would have been all over with Mr. Godard if he had not grasped desperately at the two remaining. The knife of the madman approaches the last cord—yet a moment and all will be over.
'I do not ask for pardon; on the contrary, 'What is it you wish then?' said the madman astonished.
'At this moment, now,' continued the aeronaut hurriedly, 'we are at a height of 5000 feet.'
'Stop,' said the madman, 'that will be charming to tumble down such a height.'
'Yes,' said Mr. Godard, 'my experience as aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from that elevation. Tumble for tumble, I much prefer to fall from such a height and be killed outright, rather than risk being only lamed; have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9000 only.'
'Ah, that will do,' said the madman, which the mention of a more dreadful fall charmed amazingly.

Mons. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon made a powerful bound, and mounts five hundred feet in a few seconds. Only, and while the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another quite contrary. The quick eye of Mr. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws the cord, it opens the valve placed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess for the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for, was not long in making itself apparent.—Little by little the madman became drowsy, asphyxiated and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surrounded him.
The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, Mr. Godard allowed the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished!

Arrived on terra firma, Mr. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

A Good Story.
A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, a Senator in Congress, who is unfortunately cross-eyed. A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized County Court, in the eastern part of Ohio.
In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court-room, and the stable as a jail. One day during the session of the court the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two lawyers who were wrangling. An old looking customer who sat in one corner, listening apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof, and presuming on old acquaintance, and the Judge's well-known good humor, sang out:
'Give it to them, old gimblet eyes!'
'Who was that?' inquired the Judge.
'It was this ere old hoss,' answered the chap, raising himself up.
'Sheriff,' observed the Judge with great gravity, 'take that old hoss and put him in the stable.'

Rather Tough.
The following story said to be true, but it is rather tough to be swallowed in one month's time:
A farmer living on the line of the Lebanon Valley railroad, not long since concluded he would send a lot of beans to Harrisburg, for sale. Not being acquainted with the modes operandi of shipping goods for market by the cars he stationed himself by the side of the track and waited the approach of the cars. As they passed him, one of the doors being open, he threw his sack of beans into the car. The last that was heard of him he was bewailing his fate, and said he would send no more beans to them follows up there, for they never sent him a cent or a scratch of a penny. Hereafter he will take his beans to market himself.

Laying it on Thick.—An exchange says: 'One John Lehman was recently sentenced at Urbana, Missouri, to imprisonment for life for a heinous crime, and a day or two after, having been convicted of horse stealing, was sentenced therefore by the stern judge to an additional term of eight years.'
The only way that we can rescue this desperate judge from a charge of making a fool of himself is, by supposing that he intended, when the man was dead, that his body should be buried in the jail for eight years—the term of the second sentence.
This sentence puts in mind of a verdict rendered by a jury in a new Territory; a man was indicted for killing another man's cow; the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The judge ridiculed the sentence sent the jury back to their box, and when they came out again, they brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

Brigham Young Annot to Sell Out.—The Mormon imbroglio bids fair to be speedily and permanently settled. It appears that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists, to sell all their right, title and interest to Utah territory for a reasonable sum of money, and to leave the territory in a specified time. Some of the company are said to be in Washington, consulting with the Administration. The matter has been kept thus far a profound secret. They desire the aid of the government in carrying out this praiseworthy undertaking, and it is highly probable that the government will lend them aid in its power. If it cannot be effected any other way, the subject will be laid before Congress at its meeting.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was first established in the city of Baltimore, on the 20th of April, 1819. So rapid has been the increase of the Order that there are now 39 Grand Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States.—These are scattered through the States and territories of the Union and through Canada. There are 3,390 subordinate lodges, having 179,000 members. During the past year \$567,000 were expended in carrying out the benevolent work of the Order, to wit: Relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and educating the orphan.

How Mike Fagan Doctored his Pig.

Mr. Michael Fagan is a very worthy representative from "Green Erin," residing in a small dwelling in a small village near Boston. Michael is industrious and strives hard to turn an honest penny to account, whenever, and however, there may be the slightest prospect of profit. Michael has a little patch of ground behind his house, where he supports a few ducks and chickens; and the freshest eggs in the neighborhood can always be found on his premises, for he never allows himself to be possessed of more than a single dozen at any time before disposing of them. In addition to his stock of poultry, Michael purchased a young pig, which after four months petting and nursing, he prided himself upon exhibiting to his friends and acquaintances, as one of the "swatest and kindest crayers in the world."
But Michael's pig took sick, and from his coughing and sneezing symptoms, it was certainly evident that he had contracted a very bad cold.

Close by the residence of this honest Hibernian, there dwells the village physician, a kind hearted man, and very skillful, whose practice is none of the largest. As he came from his house, a short time since, Michael stood at his gate, ruminating upon the chances in favor of his favorite porker, and observing the doctor, he hailed him with: 'The top up the morning to ye docther?'

'Ah, Michael, how are you?'

'It's very well I am myself docther—but perhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man what he'd be after doin', for his pig; ahone! ahone! he's very sick, docther.'
'Pig,' exclaimed the doctor with a smile, 'what pig, Michael, and what's the matter with him?'

'Shure he's very bad indeed, so he is. A cold, docther, sneezin' and barkin the head off him and divil blash the thing I can do wid him.'
'Well, really, Michael, I can't say, I'm not a pig docther!'

'Shure it's meself that knows that.—But if it was a gossoon instead of the darlin' crayer-ther what would I be after doin' wid him for the cold he has?'

'Well,' continued the doctor, considerate ly, 'were it a child, Michael, perhaps I should recommend a mustard poultice to his back, and his feet put in hot water.'
'It's meself,' responded Mike, as the physician passed along, and he entered his house.
'Biddy!' he called, addressing his wife, 'we'll cure the pig, so we will.' In a short time the piker was invested in a strong mustard plaster from his tail to his ears. Notwithstanding his struggles, and his wheezings and torture from his action of the unyielding plaster, a tub of almost boiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soured above his knees. The result may be easily conceived.
Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at the gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance.
'Good morning, Mike, how does the pig come on?'

A Fish Story.

Old Joe Phillips was an awful story teller. When a stranger came to his tavern, if he appeared at all creditous, old Joe would tell a long yarn to his village acquaintances, but talk at the stranger.
A short time since a stranger came into his bar-room, with a rod, line, and other fishing paraphernalia, when Joe seized a friend and started him by the grand question:
'Did you hear about that big fish Col. Potter caught to-day in the river?'

The stranger picked up his ears, and Joe and his friend talked on after the following style:
'No,' said the friend, in answer to Joe's question.
'Biggest sturgeon ever caught in any river.'
'You don't say!'

'Yes—when I came away, he hadn't caught all of him, though he had about six feet of him ashore.'
'Now do tell!—how much did the monster weigh?'

'Three hundred pounds, and he made nine barrels of oil.'
'Nine barrels of oil? inquired the stranger, advancing; 'did you say nine barrels?'

'Yes,' said Joe, fiercely, 'I said nine barrels; is that anything very strange, sir?'

'Oh no, beg pardon,' said the stranger musingly; 'only I was thinking it a little singular that any man could extract twenty-seven hundred pounds of oil from three hundred pounds of fish; and gathering up his fishing tackle, he left.'

American Officers in the European War.
The Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes—Capt Jerome Bonaparte, who lately returned to France, from a visit to his parents at Baltimore has been placed in the most dangerous service in the army. He will command in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a body of light cavalry, every man of which is mounted on an Arab steed of great speed and endurance. This body is divided up and thrown forward in advance of the army in scouting parties, and is employed in all dangerous and rapid reconnaissances. The captain, on arriving at Paris, ten days ago left immediately for Algiers, to join his company, from whence he will most probably land at Genoa, on Sardinian territory, which is to be on account of its proximity to Toulon and Marseilles, the future base of operations of the French Army.
I have been told that Major Kearney, of New York has entered the staff of one of the French Generals of divisions as a volunteer. Major Kearney, it will be recollected, distinguished himself in the Mexican war, in which he commanded a volunteer cavalry company, raised and equipped entirely at his own expense.
Sut Lovengood and the Locomotive.—The first locomotive that Sut ever saw was standing with steam up, and nearly ready to go, making no noise save a suppressed humming from the safety valve. Sut had, in his skerry, cautious way, clambered to the top of the tender to find out 'what sort of a beast' it was, when the engineer slyly gave the whistle lever a long pull—shay-y-y! Sut lay twenty feet distant on a pile of cord-wood, and after running until he got straightened up, he turned round all eyes and said:
'What in the deuce did you do to it, mister?'

At this moment a negro came along trundling a truck, with a cooking stove, a joint of pipe on the fire hole, and pots and pans banging all around. Sut took a look first at the stove and then at the locomotive; a light broke out over his perplexity, and he shouted to the engineer:
'Oh, yes, I understand it all now; the darned old brute was jist a nickerin' for her colt!'

Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—then is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who never have loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

A Beggar having asked a lady for alms and met with a refusal, quitted her, saying, with a profound sigh: "Yet the alms I ask would have prevented me from the present resolution." The lady, alarmed lest he should make some rash attempt upon his life, called him back, and presenting a shilling asked what he meant by what he had just said:—"Madam," said the fellow: "seizing the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for a shilling should be obliged to work!"

There was recently a duel at Napoleon, Ark., between a doctor and a tailor, in which the doctor shot the tailor through the leg, and the tailor shot the doctor through the lower extremity of the coat. They were made friends on the ground of the doctor agreeing to dress the tailor's leg, and the tailor to mend the doctor's coat tail.

There are three dangerous institutions in the world, viz: kicking colts, pretty calico, and gunpowder.

If you want an ignominious to respect you "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.