

# 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.

M. M. O'Neil

NEW SERIES.

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**Select Poetry.**  
**SAT DREAMING.**  
I sit thinking—lily dreaming  
Of the friends my heart once knew,  
Till my fancy brought their beaming,  
Laughing faces back to view,  
Gleaming features, scene of childhood,  
Passed before in shadowy train;  
Till I roused once more the wildwood,  
And I was a boy again.  
Back through years and sorrow  
O'er bright hopes that could not last,  
Till my heart did eager borrow  
Sunlight from the buried past—  
As these phantoms by me glided,  
In the twilight dimly there,  
I heard again the voice, that guided  
Mine so oft in infant prayer.  
Quickly turning, to the grasping  
Her pure hand within my own,  
Night before me—nothing clasping  
For the vision fair had flown,  
Oh my years may vanish,  
Disappear in time's dark sea;  
Kings of earthly grief can banish  
Thy remembrance dear from me.

**THE WORKINGMAN.**  
O men whose hands are brown with toil;  
Who, huddled by no ancestral graves,  
How down the woods and till the soil,  
And win thereby a proud fame  
Than follows king or warrior's name.  
The workingmen, what'er their task,  
To carve the stone or beat the hod—  
They wear upon their honest brows  
The royal stamp and seal of God!  
And brighter are the drops of sweat  
Than diamonds in a crown!  
God bless the noble workingmen,  
Who rear the cities of the plain,  
Who dig the mines and build the ships,  
And drive the commerce of the main;  
God bless them, for their swartly hands  
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

What in thunder makes you look so grim  
Tom?  
"Oh, I've had to endure a sad trial to my  
feelings."  
"To your pleurisy! What on airth was  
it?"  
"Why, ahem!—I had to tie on a pretty  
girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on!"  
"Sad trial indeed, Tom. Wonder you  
didn't faint!"  
"EASILY CURED.—FROCKLES.—Take a nut-  
grater and rub the skin entirely from  
your face and neck; then, with a hot iron,  
scald the surface perfectly smooth. Rub  
with oil of vitriol, and cover the tops of  
combs. The next skin that grows will be  
white, and perfectly free from frockles."  
A LITTLE girl said: "Mother is Tom a  
good cat?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, he'll go to heaven, won't he?"  
"I suppose so, but if you're not a better  
girl you will never get there."  
"Oh," said the little girl, "I'll hold on to  
Tom's tail!"

**BE GONE CRAZY.**—Well you've been  
out to look at Texas; did you see any thing  
of old friend —, there? "Yes; gone deran  
ped." "Gone deranged! Real crazy—what  
does he do?" "Yes, indeed; he does not know  
his own legs from his neighbor's."

**AT THE BURN'S** celebration in New  
York, Dr. Francis thus related his interview  
with Bonnie Jean—"Madame," said the doc-  
tor, "your husband was a great man." "So  
they all tell me," said the good wife, "but  
Robert never said a word to me about it and  
he was seldom at home."

A servant asked her mistress whether  
she would oblige her by going out on a par-  
ticular afternoon, as she was going to have a  
party, and wanted the loan of the drawing  
room.

A friend who recently returned from  
Washington, in reply to a question as to where  
he had been, replied, "I have been after an  
office, and got the refusal of it!"

If a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will  
it not interfere with his locomotion?  
Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage,  
but it will stop his wagging.

## Miscellaneous.

### JACK IN PROSPERITY.

Jack had now been in the service of his  
master for seven years, and wishing to change  
his situation, he said to him—

"Master, my time is out, and I should like  
to return home again to my mother; please  
pay me now the residue of my wages."

His master replied to him—  
"You have served me faithfully and hon-  
estly; and as your service has been so, you  
shall be rewarded."

And he gave him a lump of gold, which  
was as big as Jack's head. Jack pulled his  
handkerchief out of his pocket, and having  
tied it around the lump, he put it on his shoul-  
der, and started on his way home. And as  
he walked along step by step, he met a horse-  
man who mounted on a lively steed, was trot-  
ting by him merrily and briskly.

"Ah," said Jack, so loud that the traveler  
could hear him quite distinctly, "what a splen-  
did thing it is to ride on horse back. You  
can sit as comfortably as in a chair—there is  
no danger of your stumbling against any  
stone. You save yourself and shoes, and you  
get on you scarcely know how."

The horseman, hearing this, called out to  
him said—

"Oh Jack! What is the reason you are  
travelling on foot?"

"Why, because I am obliged to carry this  
lump here; it's gold to be sure, but I can-  
not carry my head straight with it, and then  
too, it weighs somewhat heavily upon my  
shoulder." "I'll tell you what," replied the  
horseman, stopping his horse, "we will ex-  
change; I will give you my horse, and you  
give me your lump of gold for it."

"With all my heart," said Jack, "but I must  
tell you beforehand, you will have hard work  
to get along with it."

The horseman dismounted, and took the  
gold, while helping Jack into the saddle, and  
after helping him to hold the reins tight in  
his hands, he added—

"Now if you want him to go fast, you have  
only to chuck a little with your tongue and  
call 'hoop, hoop.'"

Jack was delighted in his very soul, as he  
was thus seated on the stately horse, and rid-  
ing along as magnificently and merrily as a  
knight. But after a little while it occurred  
to him, that he ought to advance a little fast-  
er, and he began to chuck the horse a little  
with his tongue, and to call out 'hoop hoop!'

Whereupon the horse at once launched ahead  
in a very fast trot, and before Jack became  
aware of it, he was thrown and found himself  
lying in the ditch, which separated the field  
from the highway. His horse would have  
run away from him into the bargain, had it  
not been stopped by a farmer who happened  
to be passing that way, and who was driving  
a cow before him. Jack, however, soon  
picked himself up, and got upon his legs  
again. But he was very much out of humor  
and said to the farmer—

"It is no pleasant joke this riding on horse-  
back, especially if you happen to get a mare  
like this, that trots so hard, and throws you,  
so that you might break your neck. I am de-  
termined never to get on one again. I'd  
much rather have a cow like yours, where  
one can walk along behind at his leisure, and  
is sure to get him milk, butter and cheese  
into the bargain every day. I'd give any-  
thing to have such a cow."

"Well," said the farmer, "if that would be  
doing you so great a favor, I would be wil-  
ling to exchange with you, and to give you  
my cow for your horse."

Jack was too delighted to accept the propo-  
sition at once; and the farmer having vaulted  
into the saddle of the horse, galloped  
away with it as fast as he could.

Jack now quietly pursued his journey, driv-  
ing his cow before him, and thought over  
the lucky bargain he had made.

"If I have nothing but a piece of bread—  
and I shall certainly never be in want of that  
I hope—then I can eat my butter and my  
cheese with it as often as I please. If I am  
thirsty, I have only to milk my cow, and  
drink some of the milk. What more canst  
thou now devise my soul."

And when he came to an inn, he stopped,  
and in his great delight at his success, he eat  
up all the victuals he had with him, his din-  
ner and his supper both, and expended the  
last farthing he had in his pocket, on a glass  
of ale.

He then drove on steadily towards the vil-  
lage where his mother lived. But the heat  
became more oppressive the nearer the hour  
approached noon, and Jack found himself on  
a heath which might extend perhaps a league  
further. And he felt so hot that his tongue  
nearly cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"I can easily remedy the difficulty," said  
Jack to himself, "I will now milk my cow  
and get some refreshment from her milk."

Thereupon he tied her to an old withered  
tree, and held his leather cap under in place  
of a pail. But in spite of all his efforts not  
a drop of milk would make its appearance.—  
As he was rather awkward in his attempts to  
milk her, the animal at length got out of  
patience, and gave him such a kick on the  
head, with one of her hind feet, that he reeled  
and fell on the ground, and was for some  
time entirely unconscious as to where he was.

At that very moment it luckily so hap-  
pened that a butcher was passing that way,  
driving a wheelbarrow with a pig in it.

"What kind of a sorape are you in here,"  
said he, while he assisted poor Jack in get-  
ting up again.

Jack told him what had taken place, and  
how he got kicked over by the cow. The  
butcher handed him his flask and said to him:  
"There, take a drink and recover yourself!  
Your cow is not likely to give you milk at  
all, for she is too old a creature, and is  
scarcely fit for anything but the yoke or the  
butcher's knife."

"Ay, ay," said Jack, while he passed his  
hand through his hair, "who would ever have

thought of that. It's an excellent thing, to be  
sure, if one has such an animal to kill for  
domestic use, and what a quantity of meat  
one gets from it! But I am not very fond of  
cow's meat; it is not juicy enough for me.  
Yes, yes, if I had only a young hog like  
yours, that would be a different taste, to  
say nothing of the sausages."

"I'll tell you, Jack," replied the butcher,  
"to oblige you I will exchange with you, and  
give you my hog for your cow."

"God bless you for your friendship!" ex-  
claimed Jack, and surrendering his cow, he  
got the butcher to untie the pig from the  
wheelbarrow, and took the line to which it  
was fastened into his hands.

Jack proceeded on his journey homeward,  
delighted in his heart, as he thought, over  
the success of his exchanges, for what if  
sometimes he did get into a little trouble, did  
he not get out of it again at once to his entire  
satisfaction! As he was walking on thus  
musing to himself, he was joined by a young  
fellow who was carrying a splendid white  
goose under his arm. They bid each other  
good morning, and then Jack began to tell  
him what good luck he had met with, and  
how fortunate he always was in his bargains.

The young fellow told him that he was carry-  
ing his goose to a house where they were  
getting up a christening dinner.

"Just lift it once," he continued, "and feel  
how heavy it is. But this is not surprising  
when I tell you that she has been crammed  
these eight weeks. The man who gets a  
plate of a roast like this will have to use his  
napkin more than once at it if he wants to  
keep his chin clean."

"It is so," said Jack, as he was balancing  
the goose in his hand; "she is heavy enough,  
but then my pig is no sow either."

Meanwhile the young fellow began to look  
about him on every side as if he were suspi-  
cious, and now and then would shake his  
head.

"See here, Jack," said he after a little  
while, "I am afraid there is something wrong  
about your pig. The burgo-master of the vil-  
lage through which I have just passed has  
had one stolen from his sty quite recently,  
and I'm inclined to think this is the very  
one. It is so, and you are caught with it,  
you will be in a bad scrape. They'll have  
you shut up in the dark lantern, to say the  
least of it!"

Poor Jack was frightened at the very  
thought of such a thing.

"Mercy," said he, "then you must help me  
out of danger. You are better acquainted in  
these parts than I am; I wish you would  
take my pig and give me your goose for it."

"I shall incur some risk with it," morn-  
edly," said the young man, "but then I do not  
wish to be the cause of your getting into  
trouble, and so I will not refuse."

Whereupon he took the rope into his hand  
and drove the pig away on a by-path that  
branched off from the main road, as fast as  
he could go; but Jack, who now felt entirely  
free from care or apprehension, pursued his  
journey homeward with his goose under his  
arm.

This bargain properly considered, said he  
to himself, will prove even an advantage to  
me. For in the first place, I shall get out  
of an excellent roast for dinner, and when  
the quantity of fat which will ooze out of it  
in roasting, and which I can spread on my  
bread instead of butter for three months at  
and lastly the magnificent white feathers,  
with which I'll get pillows stuffed, and then  
I'll warrant you I'll fall asleep on it without  
being rocked or cradled. What a joy this  
will be to my mother!

He had just passed through the last village  
on the road, when he met a scissoring grinder  
with his cart, who accompanied the rattling  
music of his wheel with the song—

"I'm grinding my scissoring before and behind,  
And set up my sail to every wind.  
Jack stopped a moment to take a look at  
him, and by and by he spoke to him and  
said—

"You must be doing a successful business,  
since you are so merry at your grinding."  
"I am, indeed," replied the scissoring-grinder;  
"my trade has a golden bottom to it, and a  
good workman at it is a man that never puts  
his hands into his pocket without finding  
money in it. But pray tell me where did you  
buy that splendid goose of yours?"

"I did not buy it anywhere; I got it in ex-  
change for my pig."  
"And the pig?"  
"Why that I got for my cow."  
"And the cow?"  
"That I got for my horse."  
"And the horse?"  
"For that I gave a lump of gold as big as  
my head."  
"And the gold?"  
"Why, that was the residue of my wages  
for seven years' service."

"You have always got along very well, I  
see," added the grinder, "now if you ever get  
so far as when the money jingles in your  
pocket whenever you put your hand in it,  
your fortune is a made one."

"And how shall I set to work about that?"  
"For you must become a grinder like myself,  
and for that purpose you in fact want noth-  
ing but a grindstone, the rest will come as a  
matter of course. I have one here with me,  
which is already somewhat worn, but I will  
charge nothing more for it than your goose.  
Will you agree to that?"

"How can you ask me such a question?"  
answered Jack, "if I have money as often as  
I put my hand into my pocket, am I not then  
provided for life?"

And thus saying he reached him his goose.  
"Well," said the grinder, as he picked up  
a heavy field-stone which happened to be ly-  
ing by his side, "there I will make you a  
present of an excellent lap-stone which may  
be useful to you. You can hammer your old  
nails on it. Take it and preserve it careful-  
ly."

Jack went along with a merry heart, his

very eyes sparkling with joy, as he said to  
himself—  
"I must have been born with a silver spoon  
in my mouth, for all my wishes and desires  
are gratified as if I were a Sunday child."

But as he had been on his legs since day-  
break, he began to be quite weary now, and  
then he began to be tormented by hunger,  
too, for he had consumed all his provisions of  
once, in his delight over the grand bargain  
he had made when he traded away his cow.  
It was only with great difficulty that he could  
get on any farther now, and he was obliged  
to stop every moment, and then the stones on  
his shoulders, too, felt abominably heavy, so  
that he could not help thinking what a fine  
thing it would be if he were not obliged to  
carry them any further.

He thus moved slowly onward like a snail,  
until he reached a spring by which he wanted  
to bend over to get a drink. But in order  
that he might not injure the stones in setting  
them down, he laid them down by his side,  
close to the edge of the well.

Thereupon he turned around, and wanted  
to bend over to get a drink, when he inadver-  
tently hit his elbow against the stones, so  
that both of them fell plump into the water.  
Jack jumped up for joy, and then fell on his  
knees in gratitude to God, with tears in his  
eyes, for having shown this great mercy, and  
delivered him from his burden in so miracu-  
lous a manner, and said that this had been  
the only thing, he needed to complete his  
happiness. There is not another man under  
the sun as happy as I am now," he exclaimed,  
and with a merry heart, and exempt from  
every burden, he ran forward, until he was  
at home with his dear mother.

**A TALE OF UNEXPECTED LOVE.**—The editor  
of the *Epoch* "Union" relates as follows  
how he once fell in love and got the millen-  
nium—  
"We were once, kind readers, 'desperate  
in love' but once, and that was with a red-  
nose, Auburn haired girl with a freckled  
complexion, and who had but few pretensions  
to beauty; but then she had such really beau-  
tiful eyes, deep liquid orbs, through which her  
soul in moments of tenderness looked out  
with a passionate fervor, and in joyous mirth  
flashed and sparkled with the light of a thou-  
sand dew drops—diamonds we were going to  
say—but we never saw a thousand diamonds.  
Her name was Laura—which when breathed  
softly by a very soft lover, is a sweet name—  
and her clear ringing laugh fell all around  
you like a shower of silver bells. Moreover,  
she wore a dark wine colored dress, trimmed  
with lilac colored velvet and dark fringes,  
with a neat white collar of fine lace, which  
was the prettiest of dresses, and has the effect  
of making—very plain girl look absolutely  
charming. She never perforated her ears to hang  
thereby a pendant of brass and glass; and  
the only ornament on the little white hand,  
which needed none, was a plain gold ring,  
sacred to the memory of a maiden promise.  
Well, one evening, it was summer time—we  
sat alone in the porch by the cottage door  
holding that little white hand in a gentle  
pressure, one arm had stolen around her  
waist, and a silent song of joy, 'like the wai-  
st of the night,' was in our soul. Our lips  
met in a sweet, delicious kiss, and bending  
softly to her ear we whispered a tale of pas-  
sionate devotion—we proposed. In a mo-  
ment she tore her hand from ours, and with  
a look of ineffable scorn, she said in a voice  
trembling with suppressed rage, 'What,  
marry an editor! you git out!'"

**MONEY VS. HUSBANDS.**—A correspondent  
of a Western paper relates this incident:  
Just as the train was about starting for  
Greenfield, Friday morning, on the Vermont  
and Massachusetts Railroad, a sprightly little  
woman with a child, took a seat in the car  
near where I was sitting. The cars were be-  
ginning to move and the little woman looked  
anxiously through the end window of the  
rear car for her missing husband, who was in  
the depot attending to the purchase of tick-  
ets, &c.

The speed of the car increased and the  
woman looked more anxious. The husband  
now appears and commences to run. He  
gains on the cars at first, but they are too  
far ahead of him, and soon leave him behind,  
although he did run well for a season. It is  
now the wife's turn to try what she can do.  
In agony she implores the conductor that her  
husband is left, but he can't help that. I  
am starting on a journey and can't get along  
without my husband?"

"Then let him attend to his business next  
time," was the cold answer.  
"But," says the woman, "I have no money  
with me."  
The brakes were applied, and the cars  
brought to a stand still, and the panting  
husband orders the cars to the delight of all  
the passengers, especially of his wife.

Moral—money will stop traits of cars much  
quicker than husbands.

**ITALY'S GLORIES.**—The first modern epic  
poet, says a French writer, is an Italian,  
Dante; the first lyric poet, Petrarch; the first  
poet of chivalry, Tasso; the first romanticist  
poet, Ariosto; the first modern tale writer,  
Boccaccio; the first sculptor, Michael Angelo;  
the first vigorous political writer, and  
the first historian of Modern Italy, Machiavelli;  
the first philosophical historian, Vico; the  
discoverer of the New World, Christopher  
Columbus; the first demonstrator of the laws  
of the celestial sphere, Galileo—were all  
Italians.

**Morpheus's European Victories.**—The *Chess*  
Monthly gives a table showing Mr Morpheus's  
scores in Europe.—Out of 149 even games  
he won 117, lost 19, and 13 were drawn.—  
Of 33 blindfold games he won 29, lost 1,  
and 12 were drawn. Of 35 consultation  
games he won 17, lost 2, and 16 were drawn.  
Giving the pawn and move he won 18 games  
lost 2, and 5 were drawn. Giving pawn  
and two moves he won 14 games, lost 2, and  
1 was drawn.

### The Conflagration of Old Rome.

Crowded, as the mass of citizens were, in  
the close wooden dwelling chambers, acci-  
dents were constantly occurring which in-  
volved whole streets and quarters of the city  
in wide-spreading conflagrations, and the  
efforts of the night watch to stem these out-  
bursts of fire, with few of the appliances,  
and little, perhaps, even of the discipline of  
our modern police, were but imperfectly ef-  
fectual. But the greatest of all the fires  
which desolated Rome was that which broke  
out on the 29th of July, in the year 817, the  
tenth Nero, which began at the eastern end  
of the circus, abutting on the Palatine, whence  
they forked in two directions, following the  
draught of the valleys. At neither point  
were they encountered by the masonry of  
walls or temples, till they had gained such  
head that the mere intensity of the heat  
crumbled brick and stone like paper. The  
Circus itself was filled from end to end with  
wooden galleries, along which the fire coursed  
with a speed which defied all check and  
pursuit. The flames shot up to the heights  
adjacent, and swept the basements of many  
noble structures on the Palatine and Ave-  
ntine. Again they plunged into the lowest  
narrow winding streets of the Velabrum and  
Forum Boarium, till stopped by the rivers  
and the walls. At the same time another  
torrent rushed towards the Velia and the Es-  
quiline, and sucked up all the dwellings with  
its reach, till it was finally arrested by the  
cliffs beneath the gardens of Maecenas. Amid  
the horror and confusion of the scene, the  
smoke, the blaze, the din, and the scorching  
heat, with half the population, bond and free,  
cast loose and houseless into the streets, ruf-  
fians were seen to thrust blazing brands into  
the buildings, who affirmed, when seized by  
the indignation, who suffered, that they were acting  
with orders; and the crime, which was prob-  
ably the desperate recourse of slaves and  
robbers, was imputed by fierce suspicions to  
the Government.

**MELANCHOLY TRAGEDY IN THE PINE WOODS.**  
—A correspondent of the *Camden* (Ala.)  
Republican relates the following melancholy  
and shocking story:  
I learned from a source perfectly reliable,  
(on Saturday last,) while on a visit to the  
south-west of the county of Wilcox, that Mr.  
Davis, a very poor man, who resided with  
his wife and four children in a sparsely set-  
tled piney woods neighborhood in this coun-  
ty, was confined to his bed by a disease  
threatening his life, when his two eldest  
children, (sons,) who assisted him in the cul-  
tivation of his farm, after completing their  
tasks on Monday last, went in search of an-  
gelica, commonly called car-root. Procuring  
a large quantity, as they supposed, of the  
root sought, they ate freely of it, and  
took with them some for the children who  
remained at home. They also partook of it.  
The roots proved to be *deadly hemlock*. In  
a few hours the two first named were seized  
with convulsions and died. The remaining  
two, who had not eaten so much of the poi-  
son, were also seized with convulsions, and  
became blind and deaf. To add to the hor-  
ror of the scene, the mother was taken in  
labor, and gave birth to a fifth child. In  
this situation the family remained until the  
following Wednesday, no one of the family  
being able to leave the house, and no neigh-  
bor calling. On Wednesday, a passing neigh-  
bor, called, and found the dead children still in  
their clothes in which they died, and in a  
state of decomposition. Their condition was  
soon made known to all in reach. The dead  
were buried, and the living have since been  
properly cared for.

**A QUAKER'S OPINION OF A CHURCH ORGAN.**  
The following is vouched for as a fact by  
Harper's Magazine:  
The Society of Friends, as is well known,  
are among the most upright and worthy of  
the Christian sects. Their mode of public  
worship is very plain and simple. Divested  
of all forms and ceremonies, they profess to  
serve God in spirit and in truth; sometimes  
in silence, at other times by exhortation or  
preaching by some one who feels impelled to  
address them.

Thomas Coles—more familiarly known,  
from his great amiability and good nature, as  
Tommy Coles—was a consistent member of  
this society. At the delightful village of  
Glen Cove, Long Island, where he resided,  
the Episcopal congregation had just erected  
in their church a very sweet-toned organ,  
which was the admiration not only of the  
members, but to many others who were at-  
tracted to the service by the eloquence of the  
Rev. Mr. Mallaby, the rector. On some  
particular occasion our venerable friend,  
Tommy Coles, took a seat among the congre-  
gation, and his opinion of the organ was  
gathered from the following conversation a  
few days afterward:  
"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee  
has got such a fine organ in thy church."  
"But," said the clergyman, "I thought  
you were opposed to having an organ in the  
church."  
"So I am," replied Tommy, "but then if  
thee will worship the Lord by Machinery, I  
would like thee to have a first-rate instru-  
ment."

Mr. Fudge, in describing an interview  
with his Mary Ann says: She put one arm  
around my neck, and t'other one whar the  
circling goes round a hoss, tak the inturn on  
my her left foot, and give me a kiss.—  
My toes felt like as if minnies were nibbling  
at um—a cold streak run up and down my  
back like a lizard with a turkey hen after  
him in settin time, and my stumick was  
hot and omanisified like.

"What church do you attend, Mrs.  
Partington?"  
"Oh, any paradox church where the Gos-  
pel is dispensed with."

### Getting out of those Quarters.

Gov. C., of Florida, was as celebrated  
for his waggery as for his executive qualifi-  
cations. Giving a crowd of gaping listeners  
an account of the strange things he had seen  
during his peregrinations through the far  
west, he said: "Fact, gentlemen, that you  
may travel for days together without find-  
ing them more than three feet apart; and then  
the game, such vast numbers of buffaloes  
and bears and wild cats, but in all the world  
I never saw such deer."

"What of the deer, Gov. C.?" asked a  
squint-eyed descendant of Nimrod, who, to  
use his own expression, "I'd rather hunt than  
eat any time," and so he had.  
"O, the biggest bounding bucks you ever  
saw, why, my dear sir, the woods are perfect-  
ly alive with them, charging about with great  
branching horns full four feet apart."

"Well, but Gov. C., if the trees are  
only three feet apart, and the deer's horns  
four, I want you to tell me how they get  
through?"  
"O, well, well, that's their lookout, I have  
nothing to do with that."

**Caught Napping.**  
A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleep-  
ing at an inn together. The weather being  
rather warm, the Scotchman, in his sleep,  
put his leg out of bed. A traveler, in passing  
the room door, saw him in this situation, and  
having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a  
spur on Sawney's heel, who, drawing his leg  
into the bed, so disturbed his companion that  
he exclaimed—  
"Arrah, honey, have a care of your great  
toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails, I  
believe."

The Scotchman being sound asleep, still  
kept on scratching Pat, till his patience be-  
ing spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney,  
who not a little surprised at finding the spur  
on his heel, loudly exclaimed:  
"Hell damn the dafie child of an ostler, he's  
ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the  
spur."

**The Irishman's Pen.**  
An Irishman called at a bookstore in Jordan,  
the other day, to purchase a steel pen.  
The clerk handed him one, and after exam-  
ining it a moment, he threw it down, declaring  
that "he didn't want to be cheated in that  
manner. The clerk then picked it up and  
asked—  
"What is the matter with it?"  
"It's broke," said the man; "I want a  
whole one, or I'll not pay for it."  
The clerk assured him that it was whole,  
and a good one—he was effectually silenced  
by the Irishman, who pointed out its defect,  
exclaiming, "An' will ye be after calling  
that a whole one? Don't you see that it's  
split!"

May 17, 1809, fifty years ago, Napo-  
leon crossed the Alps. The march com-  
menced in separate columns, by five distinct  
routes over the Simplon, St. Gothard, the  
Great and Little St. Bernard, and the Mount  
Cenis. After four days of immense difficulty  
and hardships, the troops descended into  
the valleys of Piedmont. Driving the surprised  
Austrians before them, they passed the river  
Sesia and Ticino, and appeared on the 2d of  
June at Milan. On the 14th they crossed  
the Po. Then gained the battle of Monte-  
bello, and the 14th June saw Bonaparte  
victorious at Marengo. The first Italian  
campaign was ended. Five weeks had suffi-  
ced to cross the Alps and conquer Italy, and  
on the 3d of July the conquerer was again  
at Paris.

**EFFECTUALLY "CLEANED OUT."**—Col. Dick  
Nash once demanded the hand of a cross-  
grained Alabama planter's daughter.  
"Squire my business to-day is to ask for  
your daughter's hand."  
"It is, is it? What, you marry my girl?  
Look here young man, you leave my prem-  
ises instant, and if you ever set foot here  
again, I'll make my fingers skin you. You  
marry my daughter! You—"

Nash left; he saw the old gentleman was  
angry. After getting off to a safe place, he  
thought he would turn off and take a last  
fond look at the home of his last idol,  
when he espied the old man busy shoveling up  
his tracks from the yard and throwing them  
over the fence.

**Forethought.**—There never was a wiser  
maxim than that of Franklin: "Nothing is  
cheap that you do not want," yet how many  
persons are perfectly insane on the subject of  
buying things cheap.  
"Do tell me why you have bought that  
cast off door plate?" asked a husband of one  
of these notable bargainers. "Dear me,"  
replied the wife, "you know that it is always  
my plan to lay up things against a time of  
need. Who knows but you may die, and I  
may marry a man of the same name as that  
on the door plate?"

**WHILE Miss Fanny Fitz Farren, the ac-  
tress, was performing her part at the Holiday  
street Theatre, Baltimore, in the play entitled  
"Loan of a Lover," in which the song "Who  
will have me?" she paused a moment as if  
waiting for an answer, when a verdant youth**