

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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1860.

VOL. 7—NO. 20.

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
The Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at a Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

Subscriptions will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
Per line per week, Three dollars
Per line per month, Ten dollars
Per line per quarter, Twenty dollars
Per line per year, Sixty dollars
Single insertions, 50 cents per line.
For a column, 15 00 22 00 35 00
For a page, 12 00 18 00 25 00 35 00
For a page, 4 00 7 00 12 00 18 00
For a page, 6 00 9 00 14 00 20 00
For a page, 10 00 12 00 20 00 30 00
All advertisements must be marked with the name of the advertiser, and they will be inserted until ordered, and charged accordingly.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease of the digestive system; but, as the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of common sense, they may be able to resist the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired end, the true course to pursue is certainly to take the least hazardous of vital strength and health. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has introduced to this country a preparation bearing his name, which is not a new medicine, but one which has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters are powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

By the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, or any bilious complaints, arising from a morbid inaction of the Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters are equally effective. They are generally used by new settlers, and caused principally by a change of diet or interruption of the regular habits of life, and will be speedily cured by a brief use of this preparation. It cures a disease which is probably more prevalent in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive system. It is a disease which is probably more prevalent in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive system. It is a disease which is probably more prevalent in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive system.

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Marshall's Sale.

BY virtue of a Writ of Vendition Exponas issued out of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at the United States Building, corner of Fifth and Smithfield Streets, in the City of Pittsburgh, Penna., on **MONDAY THE 7th DAY OF MAY 1860,** at one o'clock P. M., All the right, title, claim and interest of Luke McGuire and James McDermitt, of, in and to a tract or parcel of land, situate in Clearfield township, Cambria County, adjoining lands of Murray Hoffman, Jr., lands of Bingham and Holliday, and others, containing seven hundred and seventy acres, more or less, about thirty-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a frame house one story high, two log houses each one story high, and two stables, one saw mill, with the appurtenances in the occupancy of John Weakland and Samuel Witt. Taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Luke McGuire and James McDermitt.

Also—All the right, title and interest of Luke McGuire, of, in and to a tract of land, situate in Clearfield township, Cambria County, adjoining lands warranted in the name of John Faunce, Jacob Faunce and Christian Hannan, containing three hundred acres, more or less, about fifty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Luke McGuire. Seized and taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Luke McGuire, at the suit of Murray Hoffman, Jr., and will be sold by me.

JAMES G. CAMPBELL, Marshall.
Marshall's Office, Pittsburgh,
March 14, 1860.—16—St.

AN ORDINANCE.

IN RELATION TO THE BOROUGH OF CARROLLTOWN, IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Carrolltown, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same. That from and after the first day of May A. D. 1860, no person or persons, shall be allowed to hitch any horse, mare or gelding or any other animal, within any fenced or unfenced limits of the streets, or either side of the streets within said Borough of Carrolltown. Provided however, that any person or persons, may erect hitching posts, for the purpose of hitching horses or other animals, ten feet from the outside of said streets, and in the manner and on the ground as directed by the Street Commissioner of said Borough of Carrolltown. Any person or persons, violating the provisions of this section, shall be subject to a fine of FIFTY CENTS for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for every subsequent offence, to be recovered according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relating to Boroughs, in such cases made and provided for.

SECTION 2. That from and after the first day of May, aforesaid, any person or persons, which exhibits bad conduct within the limits of said Borough of Carrolltown, by being drunk or intoxicated, or by cursing or swearing, or by offending any citizen in any manner whatsoever, shall be subject to confinement in the Lock up-House of said Borough, for not less than twelve and not more than thirty-six hours, and pay a fine of Fifty Cents for the first, and One Dollar for every subsequent offence, to be recovered as like penalties are recoverable by law.

SECTION 3. That from and after the first day of May next, no person or persons, or occupier, of any house within the Borough of Carrolltown, shall be allowed to have stove pipes running through the floors of said houses, without having them secured of not catching fire, either by having stone or earthen crocks in said floors, or other wise secured; and that no person or persons, or occupier, of any house in said Borough of Carrolltown, shall be permitted to have stove pipes or chimneys running through any roof of any house in said Borough, and that every person or occupier of any house in the Borough of Carrolltown, is required to build a chimney secure of fire proof and as directed by the Committee of Inspection appointed for that purpose by the Town Council of said Borough of Carrolltown. Any person or person violating the provisions of this section, or any part thereof, shall be liable to a fine of FIVE DOLLARS, to be recovered as like penalties are recoverable by law.

Done and ordained in Council in the Borough of Carrolltown, this 10th day of March, 1860.
JACOB JAECKLE, Burgess.
JOHN E. MAUCHER, Clerk.
Carrolltown, March 21, 1860.—17—St.

ESTATE OF IGNATIUS KOONTZ.
WHEREAS Letters Testamentary on the last Will and Testament of Ignatius Koontz, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, have been issued by the Register of said county, to the undersigned, I, the undersigned, in and against the said decedent are hereby notified to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make payment without delay.

BENJAMIN WERTNER,) Executor.
PETER STRITTMATTER,)
Carrolltown, March 7, 1860.—15—St.

Estate of James Conner Deceased.
LETTERS of Administration having been granted on the estate of James Conner, late of Susquehanna township, Cambria County, dec'd, by the Register of said County, to the undersigned (residing in the township aforesaid,) all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make payment without delay.

FRANCIS BEARER.
Susquehanna tp., March 14, 1860.—16—St.

JACKSON & CLARK,
SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during the first ten days of each month, during which time all persons desiring his professional services can find him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel.
[May 25, 1859.]

JOHN SHARBAUGH,
Justice of the Peace, Summitville, Pa.
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIS care will be promptly attended to. He will also act as Auctioneer at Public Sales whenever his services in that capacity are required.
April 28, 1858:24

Select Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles,
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth,
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened earth.
Hearts there are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain head,
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Miscellaneous.

A MAIDEN WARRIOR.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

No struggle in history has produced more noble instances of heroism, than that of our glorious Revolution.

The achievements which light up the expanse of the deadly conflict, like the stars in the firmament, put to shame the melodramatic heroes of Greece; indeed it is too much to say that every mountain pass has been a Thermopylae, and every battle field a Marathon.

Occasionally these deeds of war have been lighted by the sweetest of all passions, love; and it is a tale of love and patriotism we have now to tell.

Sergeant Jasper belonged to that gallant band, Marriot's Brigade, where his valor and talents soon won him distinction. Among other daring deeds his rescuing our flag at the battle of Fort Moultrie deserves to be mentioned. In the hostile conflict the flag was shot away and fell without the fort. Leaping over the rampart he seized the flag, and returned amidst the shouts of even the British. For the daring deed, Gen. Rutledge presented him with a sword.

Like many other families at that time, his was divided on that great occasion. His older brother took the side of the English, and served in their army. Out of affection to his brother, and a wish to examine into the strength and condition of the enemy he resolved on condition in company with another patriot soldier, Sergeant Newton, to pay the British a visit. His brother's position in it, enabled him to receive his two friends without any suspicion of their being spies, and they were entertained for two or three days with great hospitality.

While they were thus engaged, a party of Americans were brought in prisoners, and as they had deserted from the British, and enlisted in the American ranks, their doom would have been to die.
This the brother of Jasper assured him was to be their fate. With them were the wife and child of one of these prisoners. Her husband's approaching fate touched the heart of Jasper. Confiding in his friend Newton, he bade adieu to Jasper's brother and took their leave. They had no sooner got outside of that camp, than they made a detour and stretched across the country so as to elude all suspicion should they meet any British soldiers.

It was the custom of the English then to send all the prisoners taken in that quarter to Savannah.

At a little spring about two miles off from the latter place, Jasper and Newton secreted themselves, awaited the arrival of their prisoners. It had occurred to Jasper, perhaps they might rest here for a short time to refresh themselves—and the woody nature of the spot would favor their rescue.

After some anxious suspense they saw the escort with their prisoners approach. The guard was ten in number and armed. The Corporal with four men conducted their captives to the water, and told them to rest themselves for an hour, at the same time giving them some provisions.

The Sergeant then told the men that they should ground their arms and rest themselves. The prisoners then threw themselves upon the earth in hopeless despair. Near to the wretched man and the wife and child, two of the men kept their arms as sentinels. As the rest of the men were filling their canteens with water, Jasper and Newton came stealthily along behind them, seized two of the muskets that were stacked, shot the two sentinels, and rushing upon the others, stunned them with the butts of their muskets. Deprived of their arms, they abandoned the conflict and fled. Releasing the prisoners, they escaped across the river to the Americans.

But the most romantic incident in this brave man's life was his love for Miss Sally St. Clair, or as she is termed in our annals the Maiden Warrior.

This was a beautiful Creole girl, who returned his passions with a purity and intensity seldom known upon this cold orb. When he was called upon to join the defenders of his country, her grief knew no bounds. The hour of parting came, and the gallant soldier sprang upon his horse and joined his regiment. Hardly had the sound of horses feet died

upon the ear, than her romantic nature suggested the plan of rejoining her lover by enlisting in the same brigade.

Her project was fully resolved upon and immediately put into execution. After securing a suit of male attire as near her own size as possible, she severed her long and jetty locks, dressed her hair like a man's, and purchasing a horse she set off three days after, alone, to offer her services to the noble Marion. Her offer was accepted, and a lithe, active stripling was added to the corps to which her lover belonged.

The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, massive faces, emaciated and discolored by rain was indeed striking. But no one was eager for battle so indifferent to fatigue, as the fair-faced boy. It was found that his enery of character, resolution and courage, amply supplied his lack of physique. None ever suspected him to be a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although he was often by her side, and penetrated her disguise.

The romance of her situation, increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that unknown to him, she was ever by his side, watching over him in the hour of danger.

Her passion was fed by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber, hovering near him when stealing through swamp and thicket, and being always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentiment over the poor girl's mind. She had been tortured with hope deferred, the war was prolonged, the prospect of being restored to him grew more uncertain.

But now she felt that her dreams of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die and he never know to what length the violence of her passion had led her.

It was an eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into repose, the watch fires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air, as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves to a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone brightly.

The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent over his couch. It was the smooth faced stripling—she bent low as if to listen to his dreams, or to breathe into his soul pleasing dreams of love and happiness.

But tears traced themselves down the fair one's cheeks, and lay upon the brow of her lover.

A mysterious voice had told her that the hour of parting had come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There was one last, long look, and then the unhappy maid is seen to tear herself from the spot to weep out her sorrow in privacy.

Pierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow rages on that spot. The foremost one in the battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side that light stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke, gleams suddenly on the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, fought the lover's side by side. A lance is suddenly levelled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is the smooth-faced warrior. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life-blood gushing from the bosom, which has been thrown as a shield before his breast. He did not hear the din and danger of the conflict, but down by the side of that dying body he kneels.

Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is his love; that the dim vision, in his slumber of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies.

Her name, her sex and her noble devotion, soon became known throughout the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave—there wasn't one of those hardy warriors who did not bewail her grave with tears.

They buried her near the river Santee, in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of paradise.

Flirtation of Married Women.—The innocent flirtation of married woman is one of the abominations of modern society. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one and his approval, should be all that she should desire. Let her be ever so beautiful it is a disgusting sight to see her decorating that beauty for public gaze, to see her seeking the attention of senseless fops around her, and rejoicing in the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. Her beauty should be for him alone, and not for the gaze of the fools that flutter around her. There is always among the sedate and the wise a sensation of disgust, when a married lady attempts to ensure or entrap young men by profuse display of her charms, or an unlicensed outlay of smiles. Such charms and such smiles are loathsome to the indifferent beholder; the trail of the serpent is over them.

Don't despair. Let not anxiety "have you on the hyp." Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of its foibles, as you can.

Listen what a Western Editor says about this time: "Wood, chips, coke, coal, corn-cobs, feathers, rosin, sawdust, shavings, splinters, dead leaves, old rags, fence rails, barn doors, flints or anything that will burn or strike fire, taken on subscription at this office."

The Sailor's Dream.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon I was walking the quarter deck of a fine ship running down the northeast trades. Wm. Thornton, an old weather-beaten sailor was at the wheel, and I could occasionally hear him humming the air of "Black-eyed Susan," when my back was towards him. He was an excellent helmsman, and kept the ship to her course, true as the needles to the poles. Although it is still, as it was then, contrary to rule to enter into conversation with the man at the wheel, yet, observing William smile, and raise his hat upon "nine hairs," I asked him sympathetically, "what are you thinking about, William?" "About my sweet heart, sir." "Are you going to get married again when you return?" "I was never married, sir, nor never will be, yet I have a sweetheart. It's just forty years this day since I saw her, and I never saw her but once. But what interest can you have in an old salt's love dreams?" Go ahead, William tell me about this sweetheart. I'm in love myself, and can sympathize with you.

"Well, sir, it's just forty years this day since I strolled into one of the biggest churches in Broadway, and was invited to a seat in a grand pew by an elderly gentleman. There were two ladies with him, one of them, the moment our eyes met, said as plainly as eyes could—"I'm glad to see you again." I was sure I had seen her before—I felt that we were old playmates—but for the soul of me I could not tell where. I could hardly take my eyes off her, she looked so good. When the services commenced she put a prayer book in my hand and pointed to the lesson of the day. I was then young, sir, and good-looking too, and had about as much self-conceit as most young men, but the more I looked at that sweet girl, the less I thought of myself. When the services were over, I followed her to the door of her carriage, and could not help saying as the gentleman handed her in, "God bless you my sweet angel!" and to my surprise, instead of being offended, she replied, "Thank you sir, and may He bless you to." The gentleman raised his hat to me and smiled. "Good bye, Jack," said he "good bye to you. It was the voice of a sailor, and he was no doubt a sea captain. Both the ladies, though I had neglected one entirely, bowed to me out of the carriage window. In a moment they were gone, and I never saw them from that time to this, yet from that day to this I have truly loved that sweet girl!"

Washington's Mother.

What a meeting was there of mother and son after the glorious ending of the strife for independence! Late in the year 1781, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, the mother of Washington was permitted again to see and embrace her illustrious son, the first time in almost seven years. As soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, after reaching Fredericksburg he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now, reader, mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent instructor.

No paucity of war proclaimed his coming; no trumpets sounded, no banners waved.—Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortunes and his fame; for full well he knew that the nation was made of sterner stuff than to be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, and all "the pomp and circumstances" of power. She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told, that the victor chief was waiting at the threshold.—She bid him welcome by a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of George—the familiar name of his childhood; she enquired as to his health, remarked that the lines which mighty cares and toils had made in his countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word.

A BAD MEMORY.

Tim McGowan, a gallant fellow lost his life in the Mexican war. He had lost his arm when a boy, by having the limb crushed under a wheel of a jaunting car, in the "ould country."

His surviving brother, Dennis never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits. In a Moyamensing bar room, the other evening, Dennis began on the old theme of the Mexican war, dwelling with particular emphasis on the heroic deeds of his deceased relative.

"Och, murther, but ye ought to have seen Tim at Rye-sack-a-dollar-pole-me, (meaning Resaca de la Palma.) He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuffs of their necks, and killed them both as dead as a herring by knocking their heads together.

"How could that be, when your brother had but one arm?"

"Bless your soul," answered Dennis, "one arm had he! That's true enough for ye; but then you see, Tim forgot all about that when he got into a fight."

Walking the Water.—A gentleman residing on one of the inland lakes of Wisconsin has been making a series of experiments with water shoes for the purpose of walking upon the water as upon land. He has written a letter to one of the Chicago papers describing his experiments, which have all been made at night, when the lake was calm. It is stated that with the aid of a miniature pair of sails attached to his arms, and which can be reefed or spread in a moment, the inventor of this novel contrivance has crossed a lake three miles wide in half an hour.

Time and Eternity.—We step on earth, we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived, and knew but a portion? They circumnavigated it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of water, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, an hour shall seem long. As we grow older the time shortens; but, when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

Some years since a poor boy in T— county, Virginia, named Timberlake, was sent to school gratuitously, by a gentleman, by the name of Stark. This boy was plowing one day with a one horse team, and his horse being disposed to turn aside from the true course, he bawled out to him, "why don't you come hither I tells you!" A gentleman happened to be near and overhearing the boy's exclamation, calls out to him and says, "I thought Stark sent you to school to learn grammar."

"Humph!" retorts the boy, "do you think that I am such a fool as to talk grammar to a horse?"

Charity.—Charity embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your moving thorns and stones from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's good wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

An Artful Deceit.—An Irish farmer living in the township of Dorr, Allegan county, Michigan, having for sometime past been annoyed by an ugly customer in the shape of a huge black bear, which was in the practice of making nightly visits to his premises, hit upon the following plan for his extermination: Loading his gun heavily, and fastening to it an old bench with the muzzle pointing slightly downward, he took a piece of pork, and crowded it into the mouth of the piece, and then tied a string to it, and run it back through the bands that usually hold the ramrod, and secured and carefully fastened the other end of the cord, with a purchase, to the trigger-Soon old Bruin, as usual came along, and smelling the pork, began pulling away at it, when the gun was discharged and a bullet planted in the unsuspecting animal's head, killing him instantly.

Julius is evidently well acquainted with the diagnosis of his own disease. His explanation is as clear as mud, and must be satisfactory to all:

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"
"No, I was better yesterday, but I've got ober dat!"
"Am dere no hopes, den, ob your discovery?"
"Discovery ob what?"
"Your discovery from de conbollescence what am fotehin' you on yer back."
"Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogether on de prognosis which amplify de disease. Should dey continue fatally, he hopes dis colored individual won't die till aonder time. As I said afore, it all depends on de prognosis, and till dese come to a head dere am no no telling wheder dis niggar will come to a discontinuation or not."

A married woman was telling a staid single lady somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband." "He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is better than none."

An Irishman maintained, in company, that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth. "But how then?" said one to him "is it possible that, having reached the west, where he sets, he can be seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?" "How puzzled ye are," replied Pat; "he returns the same way; if it be not perceived, it is on account of his coming by night."

A Roland for an Oliver.—A wag of a fellow by the name of Thornton, one day got during service and walked out of church making a rather prominent display of a gold headed cane. The preacher, a well known eccentric character, with a wooden leg—the result of his love of fox hunting—immediately pounced upon him in this wise; "Pull that cane from under your arm, my young friend, and throw it away. There are no gold headed canes in heaven." Whereupon, Thornton, turning around, replied: "Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend, and throw it away. There are no wooden legs in heaven."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark, hit his nose against the post; "I wish that post was in h—l," said he. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander, "you might run against it again."

Said Tom, "Since I have been abroad I have eaten so much pork, that I am ashamed to look a pig in the face!" "I s'pose, sir, then," said a wag who was present, "you shave without a glass."