

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEADED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XIII.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. JULY 30, 1857.

NUMBER XXX.

## Select Poetry.

### THE TRUTH DOETH NEVER DIE.

Though kingdoms, states, and empires fall,  
And dynasties decay to dust,  
Though the cities crumble into dust,  
And nations die away;  
Though gorgeous towers and palaces  
In heaps of ruin lie;  
Which once were proudest of the proud,  
The Truth doeth never die!

We'll mourn not the silent past—  
Its glories are not dead,  
Although its name is high renown  
Be numbered with the dead,  
We'll glory not o'er what earth has lost,  
It cannot calm a sigh,  
For the wrong alone hath perished—  
The Truth doeth never die!

All of the past's living still—  
All that is good and true,  
The rest has perished, and it did  
Deserve to perish too,  
The world rolls ever round and round,  
And time rolls ever by,  
And the wrong is ever rooted up,  
But Truth doeth never die!

## Select Miscellany

### KATE DOUGLAS;

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS IN DISGUISE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"She walks in beauty like the night,  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's good and best and bright,  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

WELL might this have been said of Kate Douglas, for a more bewitching beauty was seldom if ever seen. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, whose ever varying expression wore the impress of her soul. Her hair of the jettest black, she wore simply parted over her forehead, and tastefully arranged, displaying the finely moulded features to the best advantage.

She was a tall, splendid figure, and walked with a queenly grace. She was the last of the noble and wealthy family of the Douglasses, and the immense estates belonging to the different branches of the family were concentrated in her. At the time our history commences she was but eighteen, had just completed her extensive education, and was one of the most accomplished ladies in London. As the sole heir of a wealthy family, she was the most brilliant star in the family circle in which she moved, and was courted and flattered by all. But not the ardent vows and vehement expressions of her wealthy suitors could win the heart of this lovely heroine. She well knew that her wealth was the greatest attraction, and deprived of that she would be deprived of her adoration.

Kate Douglass possessed, besides her many attractions, a heart of uncommon loveliness, and virtues of the rarest quality. Her warm and affectionate heart was disarmed with the cold formalities of a city life, and she determined to seek in some retired spot that happiness which a child, raised in the city, knows little of, and where she would be loved for herself alone.

But come with me, reader, to the retired village of N—, about one hundred miles from London. Just in the outskirts of the village, half hidden by the foliage which surrounds it, is a beautiful white cottage. Let us, without an intruder, take a peep within. There, seated in the midst of a joyous group of happy faces, is a young lady whose face I think is somewhat familiar. Yes, this is Kate Douglass; when we last saw her she was the belle of the highest circle in London, and admired and flattered by all. She carried her determination into effect, and sought happiness in training the minds of a few innocent girls, and devoting her time and talent to their education.

Although in this new sphere of usefulness and natural worth, she comes nearly to her idea of happiness, yet the reality is not within her grasp. There is a great real want within every human heart, which is alone to be satisfied with true love. "Love is our being's end and aim." So fearful was Kate of losing this best of Heaven's gifts, by the deception of some heartless fortune hunter, that she decided to lay aside all the advantage of fortune and affluence, and depend alone on her natural gifts and graces of character to attract and secure the affections of one who was to become her future husband.

Under a disguised name, attired in a simple dress, suited to her situation, which cannot, however, conceal the surpassing beauty and loveliness—she had won the hearts of all who knew her, by her amiability and gentleness.

Her praises, and the recounting of her many generous acts, is the unremitting theme of her loving and beloved pupils.

#### CHAPTER II.

IN a splendid mansion in London, in a richly furnished apartment, sat a brother and sister, clad in the deepest mourning. Near them lay an open book, from which the young gentleman had been reading to his little sister, but seeing the tears stealing down her pale cheeks, he stopped reading to cheer her lonely heart with such words of tenderness and love as can be spoken by one other brother, and to only an orphan sister. Though few were the years that passed over the heads of these young people, yet their path through life had

been one of sorrow and bereavement. Scarcely had they followed to the grave the remains of one dear parent; when they were called to perform the same sad office for the other, which had left them entirely alone in the world.

Edward Lee had all the advantages of education which England could afford. He possessed all the noble qualities which make a gentleman both in heart and mind. All the finer sensibilities had been guarded and cherished by an ever watchful and affectionate mother, and when deprived of her guidance he could not forget her kind counsels; they had made a lasting impression on his memory. Such was the character of one in whose sole guidance was left his sister Lucy, now nine years old; and though surrounded with all that heart could wish, with respect to wealth and luxury, he still longed for one more tender than himself of instructing her young and tender mind.

He did not wish her to be reared amidst all the temptations of a city life, as he too well knew the effect it would have upon her simple heart. He had heard of a school in the village of N—, not far distant from London, and as it was spoken of in the highest terms, he thought it would be a suitable place for his sister, where she might have the advantage of not only pursuing her studies, but of regaining her health, which had been so much weakened by such trying circumstances. But leaving them to make all necessary preparations, we will change the scene.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE arrival of a new scholar is always a theme of excitement, but especially would it be so in such a school as the one of which we have spoken before.

Miss Kate Douglass, had finished her daily routine of school duties, and retired to her own room for the purpose of reading, and spending a few hours alone. Her little band of girls were playing on the lawn, when their attention was attracted by a large traveling carriage which was coming up the avenue.

Miss Brendan had scarcely become interested in her look, when a bright eyed little girl, the pet of the circle, opened the door and exclaimed: "Oh! Miss Kate, there is a traveling carriage before the door, containing a gentleman and a little girl, both dressed in deep mourning. Oh! don't you think she is a new girl? But perhaps her mother is dead. Poor little creature. If she is, you will be a mother to her. Won't you Miss Kate? You are so kind and good to every one."

One of Kate's sweetest smiles wreathed her face, as she inquired the name on the cheek of the little pet, and sent her down stairs where she soon followed with her usual grace and dexterity of manners.

After the usual preliminaries, she consented to take the little Lucy as one of her pupils. Mr. Lee, charmed with Miss Brendan's manners, was satisfied that with her little sister would find a friend, and he joyfully consented to her little circle, and bidding her good night, he promised to call again soon.

When Mr. Lee left his sister, he thought he never saw a more bewitching face combined with so much dignity of manners, as that presented by Miss Brendan.

She could not have been reared in this place, so far from the world. Her beauty and grace alone fit her for a higher station in life than that of a school mistress in so secluded a spot as this, thought he to himself.

It is a pity that one so fitted to grace the highest circles in society should waste her charms in such seclusion. The image of Miss Brendan could not be effaced from his memory; and even when sleep visited his pillow, her graceful form still hovered near him. But to return to little Lucy. When her brother left her, a feeling of her loneliness so overcame her that she could not restrain her tears. "Kate, thinking it best to allow her to give vent to her feelings, left her a few moments, and then returning with her usual kindness, told her not to feel lonely, as she would find a friend in her, and loving companions in her pupils. She soon became calm, and taking the hand of her teacher accompanied by the pupils they went to a lake near the house, where a delightful sail in the boat brought smiles to her face again; and, as if catching the infection of happiness from those around her, she soon became one of the merriest of the party, and when they returned to the house, her eyes sparkled brighter, and her cheeks wore a richer hue than they had for months.

Miss Brendan advised Lucy to rise early in the morning and take a walk, as she thought the morning air would be beneficial to her, promising to be her companion; and in compliance with her promise she tapped lightly at the door of her little charge, and before the sun had shed its first rays upon the earth, they were prepared for their walk. They enjoyed it very much as every thing was new to her. They had not gone far when they met Mr. Lee, Lucy was delighted to see her brother, and in compliance with Miss Brendan's polite invitation he accompanied them to the cottage and breakfast with them. Kate presided at the table with so much ease and cordiality, that she completely won the admiration of Mr. Lee, and he thought how happy it would make him

to raise her to her true sphere in society. Mr. Lee was fearful that the pain of separation would be too much for the feeble state of Lucy's health, and so determined to spend several weeks in the village. He therefore became a frequent visitor at the cottage, and accompanied his sister and Miss Brendan not only in their walks, but in many excursions on horseback through the country, being every day more entangled in the net spread for him by Cupid. But their happiness could not stay the realities of time; and Mr. Lee began to realize that the time was fast approaching when he must return to the city, and not until then was he aware that the presence of Miss Kate was essential to his happiness.

One evening he called as usual to see his sister, finding her prevented from being down stairs from slight indisposition he determined to take advantage of the opportunity to open his heart to Miss Kate. But as our readers are doubtless familiar with such scenes we will pass this over, leaving it to the imagination of the reader.

Suffice it to say that Kate was happy to find one who would love her for herself alone, and she determined to let Mr. Lee remain in ignorance of her real situation in life.

Before he returned to the city it was arranged that their marriage should take place the following spring at the white cottage where they had just known each other. Kate informed her pupils that this was to be her last session, as she intended to make a change in her course of living at the end of that time.

They were all very much distressed at this intelligence, but she soon brought smiles to their faces again by promising to visit them often, and saying that she intended giving a party at the cottage at the close of the term.

Little Lucy was almost beside herself with joy when she became acquainted with the fact, that her dear Miss Kate was soon to become her own sister.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WINTER passed away without any material change to the inhabitants of the cottage, but they all looked forward with anxious hearts to spring.

As long as the close of the season drew near, and the girls eagerly anticipated the long projected party. Their relations were arriving from all parts of the country to take them home; and they, too, were to participate in the festivities of the occasion.

The eventful evening came, and Miss Brendan, taking several of the largest girls to her own room, dressed them all alike in white, suited to the scenes in which they were to act as bridesmaids. The girls were curious enough to know what was to be done, but Kate looked very wise and said nothing. Little Lucy could with difficulty keep the secret with which she had been entrusted until they proceeded down stairs where they were met by Mr. Lee and several gentlemen, who had accompanied him from the city, who taking Miss Kate, and leaving the gentlemen to select a lady from the group of astonished girls, entered the parlor where a minister waited to perform the ceremony, and before the amazed company half understood the joke Miss Kate was Mrs. Lee.

Again we will let the curtain fall as it would not be very pleasant to see the parting of Kate with her scholars.

#### CHAPTER V.

COME with us now to the same house in London, where we first introduced Mr. Lee and his sister.

The house of mourning is now turned into a house of rejoicing, the splendid saloons are brilliantly illuminated, and the wealth and beauty of the city are collected there. The brightest of the gay throng is Kate. Though her lovely face seemed somewhat familiar to some, yet none dreamed of her being the beautiful Kate Douglass whose presence added such charm to their society, and whose strange absence had become so unaccountable. All were anxious to know the true history of the lovely bride of Mr. Lee; and the numerous balls and soirees given in honor of her presence, added to his pride in being the possessor of so rich a jewel.

Time passed rapidly away, when one evening in the third week of their married life, Mrs. Lee asked her husband's company in a ride to the Douglass park. The evening was a beautiful one, and Mr. Lee entertained his wife and the joyful little Lucy with the sudden and strange desertion of the beautiful heiress of the immense estate. He had scarcely finished when they arrived at the splendid mansion, and were ushered into a superbly furnished parlor, where Kate throwing herself into and laughing, as she only could laugh, said: "And how would you like to see this same heiress, Mr. Lee?"

"Extremely, but I had not heard of her return."

"She is here to my certain knowledge," said Kate; and making a polite courtesy to Mr. Lee, said, "Allow me to introduce you to Miss Douglas, now Mrs. Lee. You have brought me to my city home, permit me now to present you mine."

Before Mr. Lee could reply, Kate continued, "I have had my day of happiness as Miss Douglass and Miss Brendan, and now anticipate a happy conclusion as Mrs. Lee."

## A CONNECTICUT STORY.

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to the sheepfold of his neighbor, a wealthy farmer, for relief. The neighbor, having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any until one of the finest of the flock, very large and fat, was missing, and counting his sheep he found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he consulted a fortune teller.

About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well as to observe the conduct of the person as to find out, induced him to keep still. In the flock there was a ram with which, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.

"Well, Mr. Ram, said the nocturnal visitor, 'I have come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?'"

Upon which he replied himself, as in the person of the ram:

"Yes, I have sheep to sell."

By this time the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbors.

"What will you take for that fat wether?" said the purchaser.

"Four dollars," says Mr. Ram.

"That is a very high price," says the man, "but as you are so good to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him."

"Well, Mr. Ram," continues the honest sheep buyer, "let us see how many sheep you brought of you."

"If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this makes the fifth."

He then went on to cast up the account of the whole; and after giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for the pay, and bidding him good night, led the wether home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole.

A few nights afterward, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between the horns, on which he wrote in large letters: "I have come for my pay!" Under the line he footed up the whole amount of the five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near the door and went home.

When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied at his door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old ram with which he had been dealing so extensively, with his own sheep on his forehead, and the amount of five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram.

Suffice it to say he obtained the money, and after trying it up nicely in the bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, he set the ram at liberty, which immediately ran home, jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand, to the no small gratification of the owner.

The Court in session, the judges are on the bench, and the case of Smith vs. Brown is called up.

"All ready!" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the council for the plaintiff does not respond.

"Who's for the plaintiff?" inquires the Court, and the plaintiff replies, "May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pikins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now, over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got the sucker there, and he'll be sure to skin him, if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal for himself four aces, opponent four queens, so that your honor will perceive, he 'must rake the persimmons.'"

The look of impatience vanished from the face of his honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than of anger took its place. At length he said with a sigh:

"Dear me that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time, as I am very anxious to get on with these cases."

A Brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the Judge.

"Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pikins, who had spoken, "I believe you understand poker about as well as 'Pikins does; suppose you go over and play his hand."

"Well, Snow, does yer still pay your distresses to Miss Morningglory?"

"What for, Snow?"

"Cause when I axed her to deceive my hart an' wan, she sed she would rather be excused!"

"What did ye do?"

"O, jest like an ignominious nigger dat I was, I seduced her!"

"The wind it blew,  
The dust it flew,  
And raised particular thunder—  
With skirts and hoops,  
And kitchen cooks,  
And all such kind of plunder."

Do come and see us, sounds very well—very pretty, but how much heart is there in it in nine cases out of ten? How much, Miss?

## MARRIAGE.

Nature never did betray the soul that loved her; and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost forever—matrimony gives him ballast and right impulse. War with nature and she takes a sure revenge. Virtuous love, the honest love of man for a woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart; something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live. And the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path; it makes life for her no day dream, no idle hour, no painful shadow, no passing show, but something real, earnest, worthy of heart and head. But most of us are cowards, and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at the nursery maids, and becomes a man about town, a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead, it gets a woman fretful, a plague to all around her. He becomes a skeptic in all virtues; a corruptor of the youth of both sexes; and in whatever domestic circle he may penetrate. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart.

He may rush from one folly to another; associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around him; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what becomes of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry until they can afford to support a wife; and the boys wickedly expend double the amount in company. Hence it is, all wise men (like Franklin) advocate early marriages; and that all our great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth has written a splendid poem, a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare market, London, to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey we can't find any income at all when they got married. We question, at any time, whether Luther had more than fifty pounds a year. He had most humanity in his very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence; you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at the fair-table and at free-love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid the snare of marrying young, and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life-time—he is a base fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim, he has "No God, no Heaven, in the world!"

By a steambot explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out, panting: "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?"

"Yes, yes, pre-pretty hard, consider." "Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a workin' for o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I want to save them, I didn't care."

"Please, Mr. Smith, pappy wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?" "Certainly my son, what for?" "He wants to make a scare-crow to keep the corn out of the turkey bizzards." Exit youth, followed by Smith and a new axe handle.

Widow Drizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Drizzle, you needn't kick around so, and wear the sheets all out, if you are a dying!"

"Talk of the inferiority of the female mind," exclaimed an excited oratorian: "Why, Mr. President, woman possesses infinitely more of the divine afflatus than man, and any one who attempts to get around her in these days, will have to start early in the morning."

A country chump, who was caught in the waterwheel of a grist-mill and had the good fortune to escape, with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he intends to apply for a pension on the ground that he is a survivor of the revolution.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a despairing lover to a truant lass.

"It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way."

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a news-boy, to old Aunt Betsy.

"No, my lad," she replied they may live to the end of their days for me—I've nothin' against 'em."

## DEATH, A BRIGHT ANGEL.

Whence comes that still, small voice which tells the soul it may not linger here? Comes it from mysterious and shadowy movements which in the brightness of immortal dawning the expectant soul sees in the dim eternal future? or does some smiling cherub whisper it at the solemn mystic hour of midnight in stilly blissful dreams? It is as if there were a band of angels whose work it is, when the cloudy veil which hangs between time and eternity grows thin, to cheer the yearning spirit by fond intimations that Jesus is coming to unfold it in His bosom and take it to his home. Strange are these calm foreshadowings. But whencesoever comes their soft inspiration, Lella felt it in her heart; and in her bright and pined imaginings she already inhaled the pure odors from the heavenly fields. Death approached her with a gentle loneliness. She knew it was he; but he looked very beautiful in the pure spiritual light which shone out from her eyes. She felt only a tranquil, restful, trusting feeling; a sweet impulse throb, which seemed ever hastening her thorough flight, while amidst its soothing influence her spirit found entrance into the presence of the present so very beautiful and happy. It was a holy blissful emotion—just such a one as we feel while watching the setting sun glide over the blazing sea of fire until the bright golden doors of the west close after him, and we wish we had the wings of the light, that we might fly far, far past him into the glowing heaven of glory which we see beyond. There was no pain, no regret. Lella expected death as lovingly as the little stars watch their trembling shadows in the crystalline fountain. It was a sweet calum of spirit—like that with which we regard the ethereal loveliness of the last rose of summer, fading amongst the tender and melancholy shades of Autumn; and we cherish it more fondly, and think it looks every hour more beautiful, as its tiny stem droops nearer to the earth, and its frail life draws to a close.

## THE BRIDLE.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favorite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we all teamsters are as reckless? No, each thing. If he heard one cursing or swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "that man has lost his bridle," he would say. Without a bridle the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly elf, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on and it is one of the best servants the body has.

"How is it with you, my son?" "The boy looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton, answered: "Oh! very bad; and I want to go out—my innards is kicking up a revolution and the Fourth of July; and if ever I eat a currant pie again, my name ain't Jesus Collins."

A HOME THIRST.—An old toper, in the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being "tapped." His son (a witty little shaver), objected to this operation, saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't submit to it, for you know there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

RETALIATION.—A little boy of four or five years old, was much vexed with his grandmother for boxing his ears; but not daring to souse the old lady directly, he took up his favorite cat, and stroking it, said, "I wish one of us three was dead—any of 'em ain't you pussy, and it ain't me, pussy!"

A TEMPORARY wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

A man whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a "son of temperance," replied, "hie-no, no relation—not even a hie-acquaintance!"

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker," &c. is thus eloquently rendered in prose: Remove thyself from the place thou occupied aged and venerable Dan Tucker; thou art too tardy to participate in the vesper meal with juniors and betters.

"Mrs. Hobbs, did you say that my wife was a poor housekeeper?" "No, sis—but I did tell an intimate friend that you had not had a clean shirt on for ten weeks."

A western editor in puffing a village hotel, says that a new tooth-brush has been supplied for the wash room, attached to a strong iron cable, so that the public will always be accommodated in that respect.

"What is the difference between a school-master and an engine driver?—One trains the mind, and the other minds the train."

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we would have.

Swipes says that the lady's hoops are like charity—they cover a multitude of sins. What a villainous comparison.

At a wedding, the other day, one of the guests, who often is a little absent-minded, observed gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

## THE RAW MATERIAL.

A green un' in the New York Spirit gives the following in the oyster line:

"I never seed any of the animals till I went to New Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me, "Are you fond of oysters?"

"I ain't nothing else," said I.

"Reckon," says he, "I can punish more than any living man."

"I can take the shine out of you, says I, "and I'll anti on that."

"Done," says he, "we'll bet suppers and go right and get 'em."

I didn't know what to say, and I told him I'd take 'em any where he choose.

"Waiter! he sung out, "bring us a dozen raw to begin on, then a stew, and after that a dozen fried!"

Putty soon a fellow with his shirt tail hangin' down before, sot down a plate of nasty slimy lookin' things, that made me gag to look at 'em. I darsant say if I word for fear of bein' found out, but if I did't imbibe the brandy to keep them oysters in their places its a pity, and had nothing to do but to swallow and gag. My friend seed I looked kinder down in the mouth, and he ordered in champagne as he said to raise my spirits, and it was not long afore it did—it raised the oysters too, both come up together. I had the supper to pay for, but settlin' the bill did't settle my stomach. How I got to bed I disremember, but by friend and I had the same room, and he'd eat and drank into pretty much the same fix as me. So we spent the night performin' the catarrh Niagara. I played the American side and he played the opposite shore. The full particulars of the performance was found in small bills at the bar next mornin'. I've never said turkey about catin' oysters since. All this you see comes of bein' too oful smart.

How IS IT WITH YOU.—At a prayer meeting in the church in a village of Spunktown, in the state of Maine, a country lad was noticed by one of the elder deacons to hold down his head and wriggle in his seat while the tears seemed to start at every moment.

A clear case of repentance, thought the old deacon, as he quietly stepped to the side of the lad and in a whisper affectionately enquired:

"How is it with you, my son?"

"The boy looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton, answered: "Oh! very bad; and I want to go out—my innards is kicking up a revolution and the Fourth of July; and if ever I eat a currant pie again, my name ain't Jesus Collins."

A HOME THIRST.—An old toper, in the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being "tapped." His son (a witty little shaver), objected to this operation, saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't submit to it, for you know there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

RETALIATION.—A little boy of four or five years old, was much vexed with his grandmother for boxing his ears; but not daring to souse the old lady directly, he took up his favorite cat, and stroking it, said, "I wish one of us three was dead—any of 'em ain't you pussy, and it ain't me, pussy!"

A TEMPORARY wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

A man whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a "son of temperance," replied, "hie-no, no relation—not even a hie-acquaintance!"

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker," &c. is thus eloquently rendered in prose: Remove thyself from the place thou occupied aged and venerable Dan Tucker; thou art too tardy to participate in the vesper meal with juniors and betters.

"Mrs. Hobbs, did you say that my wife was a poor housekeeper?" "No, sis—but I did tell an intimate friend that you had not had a clean shirt on for ten weeks."

A western editor in puffing a village hotel, says that a new tooth-brush has been supplied for the wash room, attached to a strong iron cable, so that the public will always be accommodated in that respect.

"What is the difference between a school-master and an engine driver?—One trains the mind, and the other minds the train."

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we would have.

Swipes says that the lady's hoops are like charity—they cover a multitude of sins. What a villainous comparison.

At a wedding, the other day, one of the guests, who often is a little absent-minded, observed gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."