

THE SENTINEL

W. W. PHELPS, Editor. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY MARTIN MAGINNIS. RED WING, MINNESOTA.

An Independent Democratic Journal. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF THE MASSES.

As a Political Journal it will try all measures and men by the standard of Democratic principles, and will submit to no test but that of Democratic truth.

CONTENTS:

The Sentinel will contain Congressional and Legislative, Foreign and Domestic, River and Commercial News—Literary Material—Sales—Biographical—Historical Sketches, &c., &c., &c.

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ACTIONS—NOT WORDS. HAWKINS & Co., WOULD take this method of informing their friends and the public generally that they are now prepared to do

PAINTING Of all kinds, such as House, Sign, Carriage, and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Staining, Marbling and Paper Hanging. Special attention paid to all orders from the country. Red Wing, July 17 1857.

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Will keep constantly on hand the very best harnesses, Saddles, Whips, Martingales, Fly Nets, Whips, Cards, Combs and Brushes, and everything in the Harness line necessary to fit out a Horse or Team. All kind of work made to order, and

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Leather and Saddlery Hardware at Wholesale and Retail. Country Shops will be supplied at the lowest prices. 102nd

REMOVAL! REMOVAL! REMOVAL! BROWN & BETCHER have removed their stock of Hardware, Stoves, &c. to their Brick Store on Main Street, heretofore occupied by S. B. Foot. Red Wing, June 18.

THE RED WING SENTINEL.

Minnesota Forever!

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WHOLE NUMBER 224.

RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1860.

HOTELS.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL. Located street, immediately opposite the Steam Boat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota. A. A. & E. L. TERLE, PROPRIETORS. THIS new, spacious and commodious house is now open for the reception of guests. It has been constructed under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, and nothing has been omitted to insure the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their patronage. The numerous rooms are all well lighted, ventilated and furnished in a superior manner. In connection with the house is a good and commodious stable. Red Wing, March 1, 1858. 84tf

RED WING HOUSE. RED WING, MINNESOTA. 127 Connected with the House is a large and convenient Stable. Stages leave daily for the interior. Teams and Carriages on hand to convey Passengers to any part of the country. April 14, 1858. 90-tf

CHILLSON HOUSE. CORNER OF BROAD AND THIRD STREETS. A. B. MILLER, Proprietor. THIS new Hotel is now open for the reception of the traveling public, where they will find the best of accommodations. There is a good stable attached. Passengers and Baggage conveyed to and from the Boats free of charge. 171-ly

HACK HOUSE. MRS. MARY FLING, Proprietress. This popular House is now open for the reception of boarders. Board by the day or week furnished on the most reasonable terms. January 7, 1860. 173-tf

GOODHUE HOUSE. L. F. HENDRICKSON, Proprietor. This new and commodious House is situated on Plum street, Red Wing. It has been built and furnished under the special supervision of the proprietor, all the rooms are well lighted, ventilated and furnished, and all persons wishing to get the worth of their money are respectfully invited to give him a call, and no pains will be spared to make comfortable all those who may favor him with their patronage. In connection with the House is a good stable, and well water. Outdoors always in attendance. January 2nd, 1859. 170-tf

CHAS. H. CONNELLY, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, RED WING, MINNESOTA. Office on Main street, over Brown & Betcher's Hardware Store. 293-tf

RED WING 1850. STEAM PLANING MILL AND SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY (One Block above Freeborn's Saw Mill.) WE SHALL BE PREPARED TO FURNISH at all times, anything in the above line of business, and shall keep on hand all kinds of planed and milled Lumber, Mouldings, etc. Orders promptly attended to, which may also be left with Brown & Betcher. Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work. COGEL & BETCHER, Red Wing, April 19, 1859. 142-ly

J. BRAND, Druggist and Pharmacist. Main Street, Red Wing, Minnesota. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Extracts, Gums, Barks, Roots, Herbs, Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Brushes, Dyes, Varinishes, Camphor, Fluid, Brandy, Wines, Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars. ALSO Sir JAMES CLARK'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. All of which will be sold for cash at a small advance from eastern prices. 103mu.

BOND & ESPING, WATCHMAKERS AND DEALERS IN AND REPAIRERS OF WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY, Red Wing, Minnesota. ALL WORK WARRANTED. Aug. 15, 1859. 150-tf

FAIRBANKS' PATENT SCALES OF ALL KINDS, FAIRBANKS & GREENLEAF, 33 Lake street, Chicago. L. F. HENDRICKSON, Rectifier and Wholesale Dealer in Domestic and Foreign WINES & LIQUORS, Corner Plum and Third Sts., 97tf RED WING, MINNESOTA

ALLEN SWAIN, SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Rooms over the Drug store, Main st. Red Wing.

THOMAS J. SMITH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR! Next door to Smith, Meigs & Co.'s Bank RED WING MINNESOTA. mbe 17, 559. 176-ly

AT E. L. HOWARD'S Blacksmith Shop, CORNER OF MAIN & BROADWAY. In whose you can get work done cheaper than at any other shop in Red Wing. Particular attention given to HOUSE SHOEING. May 21, 59.

THERE LIVED A MAN. Once in the flight of ages past, There lived a man, and who was he? Mortal however thy lot be cast, That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth— The land in which he died unknown; His name has perished from the earth, His truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear, Alternate triumphed in his breast, His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear! Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb, The changing spirits rise and fall, We know that these were felt by him, For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er; Enjoyed—but his delights are fled; Had friends—his friends are no more; And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved but whom he loved the grave Hath lost in its unconscious womb; O, she was fair but naught could save Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen; Encountered all that troubles thee; He was—whatever thou hast been, He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night, Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main, Erewhile his portion, life and light, To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye That once their shades and glory threw Have left in yonder silent sky No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race, Their runs since the world began, Of him afford no other trace Than this—there lived a man.

EDGAR A. POE. Dr. Maudsley, an English physician, has written an article in the Journal of Medical Science, on Edgar A. Poe. The writer proceeds to show why Poe's sins were partly forced upon him by temperament inherited from his parents—one an actress of brilliancy, beauty and passion, and the other an English law student equally passionate and reckless, who had sacrificed his hopes of "respectability" by indulging in matrimony with said actress. Of this marriage of David Poe, Dr. Maudsley says a pretty thing, as follows: So David Poe, deficient of decencies, bade farewell to law of which he was a student, along with respectability, and with Elizabeth Arnold, the beautiful actress, went forth into the wide world. On the whole, the wide world cannot be said to be a very suitable place for a man to enter upon who had given up a respectable routine for a beautiful actress—if he wants to do anything but to die therein. Oh, it was pitiful it was bad, irrecoverably bad, David Poe, for are not the sins of the father visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? We grieve for the transaction, yet we cannot well regret it; for had not things so happened, there would have been never for us no Edgar Poe, no Raven and no Lenore. Strange, and the observation is very true, how far back lies the origin of any event in this world. The thing done remains in action forever. One cannot help thinking of the young lawyer sitting with enraptured countenance in the pit of the theatre, absorbed in the enchanting actress upon whom every one of the multitude present was absorbed in admiration—for she was a great favorite—who should have pointed to that face, and have said, that in the sympathetic and admiring glance which beamed therefrom towards that actress, lay the germ of things which were to occupy the world's attention, as long, may be, as it existed. Edgar Poe, his poetry, and the amazement of mankind at this strange, lurid, irregular existence!

POLICY OF ELECTIONS. I was reading Governor _____'s message to my uncle Toby, and when I had got through that part where he speaks of the evil effects of employing money at our elections, the old gentleman smiled and related the following anecdote: "It puts me in mind," said he, "of a young clergyman I once knew, many years since, who preached an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he took occasion to remark on the impropriety of spending the evenings of the Sabbath in social visits—a custom, as he said, very common among young men. You remember the sermon, Trim?"

"O, yes your honor, perfectly well," said the corporal "and the clergyman too; he was a sedate looking man and wore spectacles."

"Well, as I was saying," continued my uncle, "he had been preaching against the evil of going to see the girls on Sunday evening—when after service he took me by the arm, 'Confer

said he, 'let us go to the deacon's, and spend the evening with his daughters.' 'How,' cried I, with much surprise, 'is it possible you can make such a proposal to me, after the sermon you have just concluded?' 'Pshaw!' says he, 'I only made those remarks in order that we might have the better chance ourselves.'"

A NEAT SELL. A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter cold and stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one, he cried out: "Who are you there?"

"Bardur, and Yancey, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to Tuscaloosa to attend Court. We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry, I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that is impossible." The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and already to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked: "Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?"

"Oh yes, gentlemen, can do that." Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire. As they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited until daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Bardur.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford. "You didn't? What in name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and that would be impossible for night was nigh onto two thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up.—Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

A HARD SHELL SERMON. BY THE REV. SLITHERTON SLATHER. Brethering, Saints, and Sinners: ah! It's sun time since yore beloved pastor has slung the Scripatur at yore pore osantified heads. He's not bin a wrastlin with Satan semowhar else tho. No, brethering. Thar's a paster for every flock, and the subscriber never mixes in with outside fights. I've bin a trainin for the fall and winter season—preparin fur to give old hons and spear tail another mill in this hyar twenty-four foot pulpit. I've bin a gatherin muscle and a gettin my house in order, for sich a fight as yore never dreamed of, and if I don't split old Satan's huffs up plum to his kneejoints and patty up his shettlers, it won't be for want of wind and bottom—that's so. Now yore beloved paster has bin a rastykating at Newport—ah, whar he drunk old port—ah, at the White Mountains—ah, whar the dimmers were black, and at the Sulphur Springs—ah, whar the devil war to pay, and generally collected all wanted, and down thar at Cape Cod—ah, whar the circulation megum ar fish scales and lobster's eyes—yes, brethering, thar's in whar I've bin. I've bin a lookin at sin in all its shapies. I've eat with it, drunk with it, loafed with it, and slept with it, but I hain't brought none of it home with me. Nary a wance. Thy couldn't spare a morsel of it in them places. It war a luxury.

I met Satan thar, but I didn't teach him. It's no use a takkin him in hot weather. Never tackle an enemy on his guano hill. Wait until you catch him away from home. Ketch Satan in cold weather, and it's as good as a hip theolt in a wrastle with a Jarseyman. But I knowed that the mitit the old fellar got through a collectin his dues thar, he'd make tracks fur yore neighborhood. I knowed that when I opened my fall season hyar, I'd find him ready for the fight, and a good menny of yore pore, miserbel sinners and backsliders, redly to go yore pilc on him. But you'll lose yore money. A parstor who's had Junie Jewlye and Orgust toe train in, and hez bin a practicin with the dumb bells of revelation, and punchin his mawleys inter the saw bags of Genesis, and a gettin up his Nebbyndnezzar generally, ain't to be put down by a passel of onbletwin heethin-ah! No; not of the paster understands his constitushun, and

wears spiked brogans to provide against slippin up on the bannauner rhines of temptation which sin throws in his way-ah!

DISTINGUISHED COMPOSITORS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—A correspondent of the New York Times in relation to compositors in a newspaper office in San Francisco, writes as follows:

In a little office where they employ but fourteen men, I passed the other day, while the foreman, himself an expublisher of a fine family of dailies, pointed out his famous men. That stout man was a Lieutenant in Stevenson's regiment. He was a printer on a paper in this town before the gold discovery was made, and used to go fishing with General Vallejo. That one who owns a fine rancho on the Sacramento river, on which there is, this year a noble crop of squatters. He was formerly partners on one of our papers here, for which Broderick offered \$60,000. He is fabulously old, but he made twenty-six hours work and was, not long since, in twenty-four consecutive hours. There is one who was partner in the State printing when, for setting a Spanish copy the Legislature allowed double price, and never discovered that the State printers, with a generous construction, took double wages for Spanish press-work also. The next man is the worthy brother of a member of Congress from close by New York City, who has made a good deal of noise during the last four years. He was formerly engaged in publishing a daily that still lives here. The next is a Doctor, and was a partner on the Chronicle when it was worth \$75,000. The next is a judge from one of the Western States. He has a shingle up and does some law, but likes type setting better, and suits his fancy with either, as either business presses most and pays best.

GOV. WISE ON THE CRISIS. The following we take from the peroration of Gov. Wise's speech at Norfolk, Virginia.

"So soon as the war already declared against my State and my section shall be actually commenced by the election of a Black Republican President, I stand ready to draw the sword of defiance. I will wage no private warfare. I will take part in no unauthorized foray. I shall first wait the action of my own sovereign State: In torturing suspense I shall wait upon her resolves and pray God that they may be worthy of the example of '98 '99. And, although I fully recognize the right of a sovereign State to select secession as her mode and measure of redress for the infraction of the Federal compact, secession is not the mode which I would desire or recommend. I am unwilling to yield one right for the sake of the privilege of maintaining another—no such compromise. I would not yield my right to the Union any more than I would yield my right to my negro property. No! I would keep both the Union and the negro, and fight to the last to maintain all of my right to both."

I have read, during the past week, in various papers, that the Papal States are the worst governed in Europe. I have read it often. The precise nature and extent of this despotism I am a little in the dark about, but our generous enlighteners, the editors, do not condescend to come down to particulars. Still a plain man may be permitted to ask a few questions.—For what does this despotism of the Papal government consist? Is it that clergymen hold office? For many years there has been a smaller proportion of the clergy men holding office in the Roman States than in some of the States of this Union, and their salaries have been smaller in proportion to those of similar officers. Is it in the expense of the Government? It is one of the most economical in Europe. The salaries of the higher officers of State do not exceed \$3,000 a year; and the whole civil list costs about \$600,000.

Are the people ground down with taxes? The taxes in Rome are far less than in England, France or New York. Are they deprived of the benefits of education? The Papal States, with a population of less than 3,000,000, have seven universities; and the city of Rome has more free public schools than New York in proportion to her population, and what is still better, a larger proportion of children attend them.

Perhaps the poor are not cared for and their suffering treated with neglect. There are more and better free hospitals for the sick the poor and the aged of every class, in Rome, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world. It is not asked in Rome what is a man's country or creed. Perhaps the bad government has reduced her people to pauperism? Holland, France, and the other free and enlightened countries, have from three to ten times as much pauperism in proportion to the

population? Where, then, is the horrible despotism? The government is an elected monarchy. It has a liberal constitution, light taxation, very little pauperism, and economical administration, a cheap and free education for all classes and abundant institutions of charity for the needy and suffering. I venture to assert that the single city of New York pays more taxes, more plundered by dishonest officials, supports more paupers, has more uneducated children, tolerates more drunkenness, rowdyism, etc., and suffers from more crime year by year than the whole, nearly 3,000,000 of people, of the States of the Church.

SENATOR DOUGLAS. Since the time of General Jackson there has been no man on the stage of American politics who has been so persistently slandered as Stephen A. Douglas. We remember some of the vindictiveness Old Hickory was assailed with. His estimable mother was pronounced a prostitute, his pure and accomplished wife an adulteress.—Himself was called a murderer and it was boldly proclaimed to be in proof that he had designs upon the liberties of his country—"military despotism" being the bean-idea of the Hero of New Orleans! These charges have passed away and those under thirty years of age can have but little recollection of the intensity of hate with which Jackson was pursued. He beat calumny at last and coward-like lay at his feet and licks the wounds its fangs had made. In five years after the grave had closed over his body the breath of detraction had turned to grateful incense. Now, as then the opponents of correct policy depend upon vituperation in the absence of argument. There is nothing too bad to be said of Douglas. The veriest snarler of a little village dips his pen in the bitterest gall furnished by the shops of Republican committees and marks Mr. Douglas as the basest man alive. The policy is not new. It began when Moses was on the mount seeking the good of his people; it culminated in the crucifixion of the Great Nazarine. The purer the subject marked for victimization the more relentless the hate which envelops his foes. Small men, the jackals of the party, have no chance in debate with an intellectual giant,—they find an escape for their envy and prospect of trifling official reward in the indulgence of their spleen towards a man so immeasurably their superior.

We are glad that there are among the political foes of Mr. Douglas men who have to high a sense of honor to malign him. In the Boston Traveler an able, fair, Republican paper we find the following: after stating "in 1853 he won the greatest political victory known in our history," the Traveler proceeds:

"Thus he has had eighteen years of Senatorial life conferred upon him, and six years Representative, besides having held half a dozen other offices; though he is now only forty-seven years old. Should he be elected President his Congressional career will have been exactly eighteen years, fourteen years of which will belong to his senatorial history. It is seldom that the life of any man presents so much success, in so short a time, as we find in the twenty six years that have passed away since his majority was completed. As a general thing, this success has not been undeserved; if we look at the intellectual side of things, Mr. Douglas has probably no intellectual superior among the statesmen and politicians of the United States. His speeches and writings are strong, clear, precise and logical. He has participated in all the great Congressional debates of the last seventeen years, not to speak of his enormous labors 'on the stump,' and in conventions and caucuses. Rarely has it been his lot to be beaten. He was more than a match for Webster in 1850, when that illustrious man had a warm contest with him.

AMERICAN VS BRITISH DIPLOMACY.—It is a noticeable fact and gratifying to American pride of country that the Diplomatic representatives of the United States negotiated favorable treaties with China by the mere force of reason, while Great Britain has spent millions of money and lost hundreds of the lives of her soldiers in the vain effort to bring the Chinese to believe that it is for their benefit to trade with Great Britain. The latter power, now backed by a formidable French armament is trying to force the Chinese to trade with them, but the arrogance and impertinence of the British have made such an unfavorable impression upon the celestials that under no other circumstances than by sheer compulsion will they have anything to do with British traders.

Why are women like bees? Because the younger they are, the sweeter. To relinquish his hopes of advancement too easily, even at the fiddling of his clamorous constituents.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes rates for Business Cards, One column per year, Half column per year, Four column per year, etc.

AGASSIZ'S GREAT MUSEUM. By the authority of the State of Massachusetts, certain lands owned by the State, upon the Back Bay at Boston, are to be sold for the benefit of scientific institutions. Forty-two of the lots were sold on Wednesday, and realized the sum \$250,000, \$88,000 of which is available. The Museum Comparative Zoology receives \$47,000, which is to be made up to \$100,000 from the proceeds of future sales. The Museum building has already been erected, and under the superintendence of Prof. Agassiz, will soon be the equal of any in the world. Besides a large lecture room, and rooms for the reception of unclassified specimens, the Museum proper consists of four spacious square rooms, each with a gallery, in which are to be arranged the four great departments of the animal kingdom. All kinds of quadrupeds, birds and fishes that have ever lived, will be represented, in the hall of the vertebrata; lobsters, crabs, worms and insects appropriate that of the articulates; oysters, clams, snails and other soft animals will dwell by themselves in the hall of the mollusca, and the radiata, including star fishes, corals and sponges, will occupy the outh.

THE GRACE DARLING FAMILY. The Grace Darling family have again performed a humane act. On the evening of Tuesday, the 8th ultimo, the sloop Trio Anderson, of Arbroath, (coal) for Leith, left Shields, with a fair wind, and was overtaken by the gale on Wednesday morning off North Sunderland; got as far as Skata Roads, when they let go both anchors, which during a perfect hurricane, were snapped, and the vessel drifted on the Longstone Rock, where the Forfarshire was lost. The master and crew had great difficulty in getting from the ship, and after being twelve hours on the rock, were picked off by the father, a brother, and two nephews of the heroine, Grace Darling—the father now being in his seventy-fifth year; fifty of which has been in the light house service—and, after being kindly treated by them, they were landed next day at North Sunderland, whence they were forwarded to Arbroath by the Shipwrecked Fishermen's Society.

ONE WAY TO GET THRO' A CROWD.—"Please make way for me, gentlemen!" exclaimed a stout, burly old man, as he was striving to effect a passage through a crowd in front of the Rev. one evening. "Please make way! I'm after a doctor!" "Who's sick?" inquired an incredulous individual. "My wife, sir," said the stout man, and he added something in a whisper that (whatever it might have been) induced the incredulous individual to incoincidentally draw one side, and as the cabalistic whisper was passed along from one to another, a path for the stout man was gradually made. "It's all very well," gruffly observed a wiry little man, as he rather unwillingly gave way; it's all very well, I dare say, but she had no right to take a time like this, any how!"

How sick that wife may have been and what the nature of her disorder—the writer of this knoweth not, but he does know that in less than ten minutes after the stout man was seen emerging from that crowd, he was observed quietly 'touching glasses,' in a neighboring saloon, with a few jolly old souls then and there congregated, Boston Herald.

"Well Cuffee" said a minister to his colored servant, "what wro you doing in meeting this afternoon?" "Doing massa? I was taking notes," was the reply. "You taking notes?" exclaimed the minister. "Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes." "Well let me see them," said he. Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrooled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had walked over it. "Why, this is all nonsense," said the master, looking at the notes. "Well, massa," replied Cuffee, "I thought so; all the while you were preaching."

On the occasion of the Prince's visit to Cambridge, a collation was provided at Harvard Hall. The Prince beckoned to a waiter, and requested him to get a glass of wine. The waiter promptly replied that they "havin't got any." President Felton here remarked to the Prince, in his bland, that it was not in accordance with usage on such occasions to provide wine. "Then," said the Prince, turning to the waiter "get me a glass of beer." For the second time he was obliged to reply "havin't got any." Cambridge Chronicle.

Frank Bates, the most fascinating dry-goods clerk in Council Bluffs, and the liveliest beau in the city, turns out to be a girl. Her success in captivating the fair, proves that all the ladies require to beat the males in gallantry, is a coat of broad-cloth pants, plug hat, a cigar, and a few other trifes.